

Angel to a Cowboy

By Laney Cairo

Emergency Room triage was mad, completely insane, but Rhonda was past caring about the chaos. She'd stopped caring about the confusion, noise and mess some time the previous year. She'd seen it all.

"When did the pain start?" Rhonda asked the young woman on the other side of the security screen, who was retching into one of the plastic bags provided for the purpose. "Have you had a fever? Noticed a rash?"

The woman retched again, and Rhonda shrugged and typed '3' into the urgency box on the electronic assessment form. "Take a seat, you should be seen within an hour. Next."

The injured and sick people waiting to be seen weren't actually looking at her or trying to get her attention, for a change. They were all peering through the glass to the forecourt of the ER, where ambulances parked, and Rhonda could hear a commotion.

She slapped the buzzer to call a security guard to the forecourt, and pushed herself up out of the plastic chair, her legs sticking to the worn plastic through her pantyhose.

She didn't need to shove her way through the press of sick and wounded, there was a side entrance to her cubicle which led out to the forecourt through the ambulance access doors.

"Well I'll be..." she said.

There was a horse in the forecourt, shaggy and filthy, with a man slumped forward across the saddle and onto the horse's withers, hand clamped over one shoulder, blood seeping through the caked-on dirt.

"Two!" Rhonda called over her shoulder, to the rapidly swelling group of Emergency Room staff.

"Hey there," she said to the man, moving the battered Stetson that covered his face so she could see him better. His face was bristled with stubble, smeared with dirt, but he opened his eyes when she touched his face.

"Hey, sweetie," she said. "How about you get off the horse, and let me look at your shoulder?"

He grunted, the dirt creasing around his smile.

"I'd be dead then?" he said, voice a drawl of Mid-west accent. "You'd be my own angel?"

"I'm a nurse," Rhonda said. "Think you can slide off the horse?"

"If you're going to catch me, darlin', I can do anything," the cowboy said, and he slung his far leg over the back of the horse and dropped to his feet in front of Rhonda, his hand still clamped tightly over his left shoulder.

He was unbelievably filthy, stinking of sweat and horse shit and unbrushed teeth, but so were most of the people that fronted at Emergency, so Rhonda breathed through her mouth and steadied the cowboy with both of her hands.

"There you go," she said, as an orderly trundled a gurney across to her. "How about you sit down on this, and I'll take you indoors and someone can have a look at your shoulder."

"You won't leave me?" the cowboy asked, and his left hand curled around Rhonda's wrist.

Rhonda lifted her eyes for a moment, and the other nurse, Terri, nodded at her. Terri could cope with the mess in triage.

"I'll stay with you," Rhonda said.

The cowboy kept hold of Rhonda's wrist, and his eyes were fixed on her as the orderly wheeled the trolley through the sliding doors, to the staging area for Emergency.

"I'm Deputy Sheriff Edwin B Daniels," he said. "And I ain't never seen a woman as fine as you, darlin'. Figures I'd have to go to heaven to see an angel."

"I'm Rhonda, and I don't think you're dead," Rhonda said. "I think you're in Los Angeles. Where are you from, Deputy Sheriff Edwin B Daniels?"

"Osceola, Missouri," Edwin B Daniels said, and the orderly wheeled the gurney into a cubicle that was still littered with medical packaging and mess from the previous occupant.

"I need to look at your shoulder, see what's wrong with it," Rhonda said. "So you'll have to let go of my hand."

"Apologies, Miss Rhonda," Edwin B Daniels said, and Rhonda shook her hand as she reached for a pair of latex gloves from the box mounted on the wall. "Though, if I'm dead, surely a scratch like this don't matter."

Rhonda smiled at Edwin. She really loved the mad ones, they were never dull. One time, a guy in a suit of armour had walked into the ER, having broken an arm jousting. He'd insisted they all call him Sir Bedivere.

"Does it hurt?" she asked as she began to unbutton Edwin's flannel shirt. "Can you let me see it, please?"

Edwin was three-baths-dirty, with the kind of filth matted into his chest hair that took years to generate and days to remove, but he let her ease his shirt open and pull the blood-caked material away from the wound.

It was a gunshot wound, ragged and messy, but still only superficial. There were no in-and-out points, it looked like the bullet had merely grazed the surface of the shoulder, tearing at the flesh but not breaking any bones.

Edwin hissed when Rhonda squeezed a small bottle of normal saline over the wound, but made no other complaint, not even when she picked over the flesh with forceps.

"It's not a serious wound," Rhonda said. "So you can decide what you want done to it. If you've got health insurance, or can afford to pay for your care, you can get a doctor to have a look at it, perhaps even have a graft put over the top of it. If you can't afford that, I can stitch the edges together for you, at minimal cost." She had to report the wound to the police too, but prior experience told her that if she mentioned that, the patient would be out of the door in an instant, untreated and unbilled.

"I've got money," Edwin said, feeling around in his jeans pockets with his right hand, and pulling out a small purse. There were three small coins in it, gleaming gold. "I've got legal tender, honestly come by, not like some other folk."

Rhonda looked in the purse, then at Edwin. She knew a little about coins, and they were Indian Heads, worth thousands each, more than enough to pay for a stitch job.

"You must be thinking I'm not a civilised man," Edwin said while Rhonda set up a sterile field and unwrapped a suture kit onto it. "I'm not usually unwashed, but I've been chasing that outlaw Jesse Woodson James for days, and ain't had the chance to bathe."

"Would you like a wash?" Rhonda asked, looking up from pulling on sterile gloves. "I can get you some warm water and soap, and you can fix yourself up."

"That'd be right kind of you, Miss Rhonda," Edwin said. "Perhaps you could check on my horse too?"

"When I've fixed your shoulder," Rhonda said, picking up plastic forceps and soaking the gauze in sterilizing solution. "This'll sting."

Edwin hissed again when Rhonda cleaned his wound, but didn't flinch at the suturing. "Dr. Lewis don't have hands like yours, Angel," Edwin said.

Rhonda smoothed the sterile dressing over the wound and smiled at Edwin. He was a very attractive man, under his dirt, and his gentle manners touched her.

"I'll get you a basin and a towel," she said. "And I'll have someone check on the horse."

She bundled the trolley of used supplies away, out of the cubicle, and took in a bowl of warm water, a bar of soap, and toothbrush and toothpaste.

She left Edwin washing his hands and face and trekked tiredly across the ER to the nursing station. "He's worried about his horse," she said to the ward clerk. "Can you check get security to check on the horse?"

The ward clerk crossed her arms and leaned back smugly in her chair. "I can tell you that the horse started eating the roses out the front, so someone caught it and tied it up in the ambulance bay. Your cowboy might want to check out of Hotel Healthcare in a hurry, before someone bills him for the roses as well as his care."

"Thanks," Rhonda said, levering herself off the counter the ward clerk sat at.

She opened the cubicle curtains and peered in.

Edwin was sitting on the edge of the bed, his filth-caked jeans around his ankles, washing his groin.

"Sorry," she said. "I'll wait outside."

Edwin looked up at her, his eyes twinkling, and he was really hot without the grime on his face. Scrubbed clean and shaven, he'd be a hunk.

"You could stay," Edwin said, and he held out a hand to her, his skin clean apart from around his nails.

She had to smile, he really was adorable.

"I can't," she said, but she was tempted enough not to just close the curtains and walk away.

"You'd be doing me a favour, Angel," Edwin said.

It was stupid, but it had been so long since anyone had called her Angel, and even longer since someone had wanted her, and she was so tired and frazzled. She flicked the 'procedure in cubicle' light on, to stop anyone from walking in on them and stepped closer. It wouldn't hurt to watch him.

His cock was thick and long, and she couldn't remember the last time she'd seen an uncut man. The German tourist with the burns, that was right. Edwin stroked himself one-handed, and she took hold of the other one, where he was still reaching out for her.

"Come here, Angel," he said, his voice low and rough. "Let me touch you."

The scent of soap overlaid the sweat and horse, even his breath was soapy, and she had to giggle at the idea of him brushing his teeth with soap.

He let go of his cock and lifted a hand to her uniform, pressing against the blue cotton, cupping her breast, making her ache. God, if that was what one touch felt like...

His hand squeezed her breast gently, and his eyes were just as gentle when she lifted her gaze from his hand.

"Let me..." she said, and he lifted his hand enough for her to unzip her nurse's uniform down to her waist.

She owned decent underwear, but she certainly wasn't going to wear it to work, though Edwin didn't seem put off by the sagging cotton of her bra. If anything, his other hand, which was stroking his cock, worked harder, the slide of skin on skin suddenly loud over the background din of the ER.

She reached behind herself and unclipped her bra through the back of her uniform, then pulled it forward so it slid off her breasts.

“Sweet Lord,” Edwin murmured, and he ran his fingertips over the fullness of one breast, then dipped his fingers into her cleavage before sliding them across the other breast to brush over a nipple.

Rhonda was so fucking turned on that it felt like her nipple was wired directly to her clit, making her ache inside.

She curled her hand around Edwin’s cock, covering his fingers and squeezing, and Edwin leaned forward and nuzzled whiskery lips over her nipple, his eyes closed and a look of bliss on his face.

“Sit back,” she said.

Edwin slid back on the gurney, pushing his jeans lower, and Rhonda hitched her uniform up and reached for her crotch. She had pantyhose on, support hose to stop her legs from aching, but she could always buy another pair. Her fingers snagged on the tough lycra hose, and she tore the crotch of her pantyhose out, the fabric rending and Edwin gasping.

It took a moment to check the brakes were on the gurney, then Rhonda clambered up and knelt over Edwin. Her underwear was wet when she gripped the edge of the crotch and pushed it aside, exposing her cunt, and she didn’t think she’d ever been so hot before.

“Edwin B Daniels,” she whispered. “You might just be the sexiest man I’ve ever met.”

The first brush of the head of his cock against her labia made them both moan, and the gurney squeaked a little. She knew the gurney could take their combined weight, she’d clambered over enough patients during emergencies, she just hoped the brakes would hold this time.

Edwin’s head lolled against the upright back of the gurney, his mouth open and eyes closed, and the head of his cock eased into her body. “Angel,” he gasped, and she worked herself down his length, her lycra-clad knees settling beside his body, her hands pushing his shirt all the way open then bracing against his chest.

She rocked forward, grinding her clit against his pubic bone, then grinding back, steady rock, and his hands settled on her hips, over her bunched up uniform.

It was delicious, feeling how hard he was, watching the delight slip across his face, his breath quickening, his hands tightening on her flesh, hard enough to mark.

Rhonda’s cunt burned, the heat building with each grind, his cock hard enough and thick enough to be pushing against all the right places inside her, until she was moaning and Edwin was groaning and rocking too, pushing deeper and deeper inside her.

She came, painfully intense waves rushing through her, making her cunt clamp around Edwin’s cock, so she had to close her eyes and try not to scream.

Edwin came just as she was finishing, hot, slippery come flooding her cunt, soaking into her underwear, and she slumped forward against his chest, his hand stroking the back of her neck.

He crooned quietly, humming to her, until she extricated herself from his arms, lifting herself off his softening cock, letting him slip out of her reluctantly.

Her legs were wobbly when she clambered down off the gurney, and she wasn’t quite able to meet Edwin’s gaze while she settled her underwear and did her bra back up, then smoothed her uniform down.

Edwin pulled his jeans up and buttoned the fly, then swung his legs over the edge of the gurney.

“Mighty appreciative for that, Angel,” he said, and he took out his purse and opened it. “Here’s a dollar for the doctoring, and a dollar for you,” he said, pressing two gold coins into her hand. “You can buy yourself some more clothes, since I ruined those ones.”

Rhonda glanced down and grimaced. Not only was she rumples, but there was dirt smudged over the front of her uniform where he’d touched her.

“Oh,” she said. “But I’m not a…”

"A whore?" Edwin said, buttoning his shirt up and jamming his hat back on his head. "No, you're an angel. Think you can show me where my horse is tethered?"

They walked back out through the ER, through the whirl of activity, of shouted instructions and crowded gurneys, but Edwin's eyes stayed on Rhonda's face, making her acutely aware that her cheeks were flushed and her skin glowing.

The horse was tied up to the fence, beside an ambulance, and Edwin loosened the reins and slung himself up into the saddle.

He lifted his hat to Rhonda, his smile a warm secret, then dug his boots into his horse, urging the animal forward.

"Goodbye, Angel," he called out over his shoulder, and Rhonda stood in the forecourt, beside the ambulances, and watched Deputy Sheriff Edwin B Daniels ride off into the darkness.

Terri slung her arm around Rhonda's shoulder and said, "You get some fucking weird ones, don't you?"

"I think he was really a cowboy," Rhonda said.

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She paid his medical bill with her credit card. He left her with two gold Indian Head coins, his lucky bullet and the conviction that her job was rewarding. It wasn't everyone that got to be an angel to a cowboy.

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