



losing

Control

a novel by
desiree wilder

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By Desiree Wilder

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First Print Edition: August 2013



Limitless Publishing, LLC
Kailua, HI 96734
www.limitlesspublishing.com

Cover: Eden Crane Designs
Formatting: Limitless Publishing

ISBN-13: 978-1491079676
ISBN-10: 1491079673

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~ Dedications ~

This book is dedicated to women everywhere who are struggling, wanting and needing. Find yourself and your happiness and they will lead you to your truth and your peace. Don't give up and don't underestimate the power of positive thinking!

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Chapter 1

Gia

I glanced up at the clock, 4:41 p.m. *I swear that second hand keeps getting stuck. Well, only nineteen more minutes until I'm outta here for the weekend.* I'd finished all my to-do's for the day and even started on a few for Monday morning, as I had a feeling I'd need a jump start after the weekend I had planned.

“Gia, I need you to type up a memo for me,” Mr. Evans demanded over the intercom. *Shit! Just when I was in the*

home stretch!

“Yes, Mr. Evans, I’m on my way,” I answered, trying not to sound too disappointed. Mr. Evans had been my boss for the last five years. He was good-looking, about six feet tall, and worked out a lot, so his body was fit and trim. He and his wife were smart set and vacationed a few times a year, so he was usually nice and sun-kissed, too. I really liked Mr. Evans, he was a very fair and understanding man. However, I was just ready to go, so I couldn’t help but be a little irritated.

I opened the door to Mr. Evans’ office, which had the most unbelievable view of the city. It was a huge space with windows lining the east wall and a

dark mahogany desk with a leather high-back chair in the center. The north wall was lined in mahogany bookcases that went all the way to the ceiling and the south wall had a bathroom which put the bathroom to shame in my little apartment. There was also a small gray couch with two matching chairs atop a huge indulgent gray and black rug, and artwork of the most serene places in the world scattered throughout.

I couldn't help but notice Mr. Evans seemed somewhat frazzled, unlike his usual cool, calm, and collected self. As he hurriedly put things in his briefcase and tidied up his desk, he started, "Gia, I'm sorry to dump this on you at the end of the day, but I need you to send a

company wide e-mail ASAP explaining that the building is being inspected for the next few days as we're having some foundation issues and we're anticipating a brief delay for the upcoming work week. All staff is not to report to work Monday morning and tell them to check their e-mail Monday evening for further instruction for the remainder of the week."

No work Monday? A three-day weekend? A smile spread across my face so big I was sure if I hadn't been looking down at my little notebook, Mr. Evans would have thought I just came. I blushed at the thought.

He continued, "So, I'll need you to assist me in getting that e-mail sent out

when I get the information on Monday. I'll let you know. Thank you, Gia.”

“Of course, Mr. Evans.” I managed to stop smiling and look half way professional, even though all I wanted to do was jump up and down and shout, “three-day weekend, three-day weekend!”

I think Mr. Evans could see right through me because as I got to the door to leave, he said, “Oh, and Gia?”

I turned to see him with that light-up-the-room smile he had. “Yes, Mr. Evans?”

“Have a good three-day weekend.”

“Thank you, Mr. Evans, you do the same.”

On the way back to my desk, I

couldn't help but wonder, and not for the first time, how Mr. Evans was in bed. Not that I wanted to sleep with him or anything, I mean he was fifteen years older than me, and his gorgeous wife was fifteen years younger than me, and both of them were really great people. I just wondered. I had a sex dream about him once, but just as he was about to enter me, my alarm jolted me awake. I couldn't look Mr. Evans in the eye for a week after that, but every time he flashed that great smile of his, I could totally see what attracted a twenty-five year old beauty to him in the first place.

As I finished up the e-mail, my stomach started doing flips. I didn't know if it was because all I had eaten all

day was a veggie salad or if it was because I was so stinking excited to get this weekend started, and now there was an extra day! As I pushed Send, I glanced up at the clock: 5:13 p.m.

I got off the elevator in the parking garage and made my way to Frank. Frank was the only man in my life that was always there for me, never expected much from me, saw me at my worst, and still there he was, waiting for me, right where I left him.

“Hi, Frank!” I said out loud, giggling to myself.

“Still talking to your car, I see,” I

heard a familiar voice say. I turned and saw Jason approaching from the corner of my eye.

“Hey, Jason,” I said as I tried to hide my childish behavior. Jason was a sexy, smart, rich kid who worked a couple of floors above me as an investor. He and I met at a concert about a year ago and went on a couple of dates. Even though he was about eight years younger than me, we actually had a lot in common. I wasn’t looking for a relationship, as I’d only been divorced for about seven months, but my sister Lilly and my best friend Dana insisted it would be good for me. They both agreed I needed a good lay and he was just the man, or boy, for the job. We had a good time

together, he was an amazing kisser, and I gave him an unforgettable blow-job, but when it came down to actually having intercourse, I couldn't do it. I had only had sex with two other people, my high-school boyfriend on prom night, and my ex-husband, Lex. Jason was real sweet about it. He said he understood and that when I was ready, he would like to take me out again. I'd heard he'd been with several women since then, plus he was too young for me, so I didn't see that happening, but he was a sweet guy, and you never know.

“Hey, gorgeous!” he said as he put his hand on my arm and kissed my cheek. “Are you going to the rock festival this weekend?”

“Of course!” I said enthusiastically, trying to hide the fact that his tiny touch, peck on the cheek, and smell of cologne made me wet and weak in the knees. *Man, I do need to get laid!*

“Awesome! And now we have an extra day off to recuperate—it doesn’t get much better than that!” he said, and looked so damn good saying it.

“I know, what a bonus!”

“Well, maybe I’ll see you up there. Save me a dance, I would love to dance with you again if you’d let me.” He pretended to give me sad puppy dog eyes. This guy was such a flirt, but it really worked for him.

“We’ll see if I can fit you in, my schedule is pretty booked,” I joked.

“I’m sure it is, but seriously, save me one.” Then he turned to Frank and said, “Get her home safe, Frank, we have unfinished business.” I didn’t know if he was talking about the dance or the intercourse—hell, I didn’t care—when a guy like this flirts with you, you just go with it.

“Bye, gorgeous!” he said with a grin, pecked me on the cheek again, and he was off. *Damn, you’d think I would’ve got me some of that when I had the chance.* I wondered if I was ready now, if I could forget all that had happened in my failed marriage long enough to feed my body what it was starving for.

“Home, Frank,” I said aloud with a giggle.

Chapter 2

As Frank and I were making the twenty mile trek to my friend's house, we drove past the elementary school as the kids were having their evening baseball practice. They were so cute in their little white pants, matching team shirts and cleats. I remembered Lex and how he coached Little League. He couldn't wait until we had our own family so he could teach them how to play sports, ride bikes, push them on the swings, and all the other stuff good dads taught their children. All the things I wanted so badly to give him, I tried so

hard to give him all those years, only to disappoint him. *I wonder how he's doing.* He met someone right after our divorce was final. She had a couple of kids from a previous marriage and Lex was more than happy to step into their little family. I couldn't bring myself to attend the wedding even though several members of my family went. We're still friends, the divorce was civil, split everything in half, neither of us fought for anything, just took our half and walked away like the last 10 years never happened.

My phone began to vibrate, bringing me back to the present. I grabbed it and wiped the tears from my eyes.

“Where are you? We're ready to get

this party started!” It was my best friend, Dana.

“Sorry, I’m running a little late. I had some last minute stuff at work, be there in ten minutes.” I tried to sound upbeat, funny how some hard memories could bring you down so quickly.

“Get on it, girl. There are hundreds of men waiting for us to show our tits at the concert tonight and we don’t want to keep them waiting!” Dana always knew what to say to get me in the concert-going party mood. I only lifted my shirt once at a concert and I was way beyond drunk. Dana, on the other hand, could barely keep hers on! She’d never been married and had only a couple relationships which lasted longer than a

year, but she was a free spirit, very independent, owned a successful business, sexy and she knew it, and had helped me through some tough shit.

“Are the other girls ready?” I asked, referring to two of our other friends who were coming with us.

“Brittany is here and Jo just called, she’s filling up the motor home with gas and will be over to get us!” Dana said. Brittany was a twenty-nine year old blonde double-D who worked for Dana part-time. She was a lot of fun to be around, but not the sharpest pencil in the box. Jo lived next door to Lex and I for eight years and we became each other’s shoulder to cry on when our marriages were falling apart. She, unlike myself,

got just about everything when she and Rick divorced, of course he was sleeping with a co-worker. So Jo was able to be a stay-at-home mom with their two kids.

“Pour me a glass of wine, I’ll be there soon!” I smiled as I hung up. I needed to let loose this weekend and have some fun. Maybe if I saw Jason I’d take him back to the motor home and show him I could do more than give head. Maybe I’d show my tits again, maybe, just maybe, I’d meet someone new.

Chapter 3

As Frank and I pulled up at Dana's house, my stomach started again. *I've got to get something to eat soon.* It was like there were a hundred butterflies in there! I popped the trunk and grabbed my suitcase and overnight bag.

“Sweet ride!” Brittany yelled as she came bouncing across the lawn to greet me.

“Thanks,” I said as I pushed the lock button and stuck the keys in my purse. “He was a gift to myself when I got divorced. I'd always wanted another Camaro like I had in high school. His

name is Frank.”

“You named your car?” Brittany sounded confused.

“Yes, and I talk to him sometimes, too.” I just wanted to confuse her a little more.

“Oh, okay then, let’s get your stuff in the motor home and hit the road!” she said as I saw Dana and Jo headed our way.

Dana already had herself all rocked out. She looked like that chick in the rock videos, the one who was sliding all over the car. Jo was a little more reserved, she was wearing blue jeans, a white tank, and a jean jacket. Brittany had her double-Ds shoved into a black lacy tank top that looked two sizes too

small and Daisy Dukes that hugged her ass. She was younger than the rest of us, so the 80's hair bands look didn't mean much to her, although she looked totally amazing and could probably snag any guy she wanted to, including the band members. I still had my office attire on, so I had to get ready on our two hour drive up to the festival.

Dana ran up and gave me a huge hug. "Hey, sweetie, how was your day?" I could tell she had started drinking.

"It was long. The whole building has Monday off though, some kind of inspection, so I have the next three days to relax!"

"Wow, that's awesome for you. I know how hard you work and you totally

need this! Brittany, grab Gia a glass of wine!” Dana could be so bossy; I could just imagine how she ordered Brittany around at work. Somehow she didn’t even seem to notice. She just bounced around following Dana’s orders, it was actually kind of entertaining.

Jo was double checking everything on the motor home. You could tell she was a mother of two, making sure all was taken care of so we’d have a safe trip. “Thanks so much for driving and letting us all shack up with you,” I told her as I put my stuff in the door.

“Absolutely!” she said. “I’m so excited for this, as much as I love taking care of the kids and all their stuff, I’m still a woman with needs, and I need a

party weekend!” She gave me a wink and a hug.

Brittany showed up with my glass of wine and we all climbed up into the motor home. As I took my first sip, I couldn't stop the butterflies from fluttering around in my stomach. Did it know something I didn't about this weekend?

As we pulled out of the driveway, I began to change out of my dress, and with each article of clothing I took off, I felt myself getting further from my real life and closer to the life I was going to live this weekend.

I pulled on my button-fly jeans with intentional rips in them, my retro AC/DC t-shirt, which was thin and faded even though it was new, a belt with silver studs, short black leather boots with spike heels, and a worn black leather jacket. Then I applied black eyeliner, neat but thick, and ratted up my normally straight light brown hair. There, now I needed another glass of wine, a Marlboro red, and something to eat, and I was ready to rock.

As I made my way to the front of the motor home where Dana and Brittany were keeping Jo company as she drove, I was wondering to myself how we would all look on our way home on Sunday. What the mood would be, who

would've gotten laid, who would've got puking drunk, who would've shown their tits to anyone and everyone. I smiled, this was going to be one fun weekend!

At eight o'clock we pulled into the huge campground that bordered the concert area. The place was packed with campers, tents, buses, vans, anything you could crash in and get a few hours sleep. I was so grateful for Jo and her motor home. She could maneuver it to go wherever she wanted and even backed it into our spot like a pro. Our spot, by the way, sixty-nine, made me think of Jason and what I may do to him later. I'd

finished my third glass of wine and drunken horniness was setting in. I'd better get something to eat.

“Who's hungry?” I asked, hoping someone else hadn't eaten yet.

“Starving!” Jo said, “And then I need to start drinking to catch up with all of you!”

We had all pitched in and Jo went shopping during the week for food and beverages and stocked the fridge and two coolers. We decided on sandwiches and raw veggies so we didn't have to waste time cooking. Dana and Brittany said they had already eaten, but I was pretty sure they just wanted to check out who was camped next to us. Plus, eating would've ruined their buzz and they

were definitely buzzed.

“We’re going to wander out while you two are eating, be back in fifteen minutes,” Dana called as they were almost knocking each other down to get out the door.

Jo and I just relaxed, ate our dinner and visited about the bands we were most excited to see this weekend. She was such a beautiful woman, inside and out, and I felt really lucky to have had her in my life while Lex and I were having so many issues, and to have her in my life still. While she chatted, I made her a double vodka tonic and cleaned up.

We decided to set up our chairs outside on our little lawn and wait for

the girls to get back. "I knew they wouldn't be back in fifteen minutes," I said as I settled into my chair and lit a cigarette. It was all good though, we had plenty of time to get to the arena before the ten o'clock concert kicked off the rock festival. We were completely content watching the passersby, checking out all the hot guys, visiting with a few of them as they stopped to say hi and check us out, I supposed. People watching at those types of venues was so entertaining, there were all kinds. We saw a sixty plus year old man in a Speedo, a topless gal with body paint, which looked like a bikini top, and a clown, yes, literally a clown!

About 9:15 p.m. Dana and Brittany

returned, so we all grabbed whatever we needed and headed to the shuttle that would drive us over to the arena. While we waited, I couldn't help but fixate on a couple beside me who were having the most erotic make-out session I had ever seen in public. The pleasantly plump, yet beautiful girl was riding the dude's leg like she was on one of those spring horses and he was sticking his tongue so deep into her mouth I was sure she was going to gag up something any moment. Even though it was disgusting and even a little disturbing, it was totally turning me on and I couldn't look away. As their rhythm picked up, my breathing picked up. Luckily the shuttle arrived or I may have passed out.

When we got on the shuttle, I was relieved the couple sat in the back so I couldn't see them anymore.

“Geez, Gia, you were really getting into the porn show out there!” Dana blurted.

“Yeah, you have *got* to get laid,” Brittany chimed in.

My face turned red but I smiled because I knew they both had valid points.

“Leave her alone, she lives a pretty sheltered life,” said Jo, knowing that my day consisted of work, going to the gym a few days a week, a frozen dinner, and maybe a date with my vibrator before bed if I wasn't too tired.

“I wanted to look away,” I whispered,

“but I couldn’t. It was like the time Dana wore those hideous hot pink shiny pants to the fair, very entertaining.”

We all laughed, even Dana. She was a good sport and she realized a couple days later how ridiculous she had looked.

The shuttle pulled up to the gate and we all glanced at each other, grinning, ready to start our weekend.

Chapter 4

After entering the gate and trading in our tickets for wristbands, we decided to get drinks. There were little bars set up all around the arena, along with t-shirt shops, tattoo and piercing joints, and eateries. We grabbed our first round, made a toast to the weekend and watched through a Plexiglas wall as a chick was getting a little rose tattoo on her shoulder.

“We should all get matching tattoos!” said Brittany excitedly, “Or maybe belly button rings!” She was still young enough to want those things, but the rest

of us agreed it wasn't going to happen, no matter how drunk we got.

We heard the announcer getting ready to introduce the first band, so we made our way to the crowd of thousands in front of the stage.

“Do you wanna have a good time?” the announcer yelled into the microphone. The crowd went wild.

“I said do you wanna have a fucking good time?” he screamed again. The crowd roared louder. I got goose bumps and those butterflies were back.

“Here they are—Trixter!” The crowd exploded as the four band members ran out on stage and started belting out one of their biggest hits. Everyone, including the four of us, began singing along and

dancing. It didn't take long for some guys to come over and start dancing with us. The one I got stuck with was about six and a half feet tall and reeked of skunk. I was checking out Dana's dance partner, nice ass, tan, muscular guy with really white teeth, she seemed pretty happy. Jo and Brittany were more so dancing with each other and the guys around us seemed pretty happy about watching that. I had to get away from this skunky dude, so I grabbed Dana to head to the restroom and get another round. She told White Teeth she'd be right back and he winked at her.

"I'll be looking for a new dance partner when we get back," I told Dana. "That guy is giving me a headache."

“Mine will do for now,” said Dana, “until someone better comes along.” She smiled a devilish smile. “I can tell he’s a little too straight-laced for me!”

The bathrooms looked like porta-potties, but when you entered them they were much nicer, they even flushed. They had attendants who went in and wiped down after each person came out and there was soap, hot water, towels, and hand sanitizer by the entrance. They were also separated, men’s and women’s, although I think the men’s actually were porta-potties. As I walked out of mine, I happened to glance across to the men’s and there he was—Jason. My butterflies were back.

He didn’t see me right away, so I

followed him to the sinks, came up behind him, and whispered right behind his ear, “I saved you a dance.”

He swung around so fast he almost knocked me over. “Hey, gorgeous!” he said and gave me his usual peck on the cheek. It felt so good to see him. He looked amazing in his faded jeans and Crüe shirt, which emphasized his muscles, and those lips—yummy! The smell of him made me start to salivate. I was so relieved to have run into him, now I didn’t have to dance with Skunky anymore!

Dana walked up. “Hey, Jason, you’re just in time to buy us a drink,” she teased.

Jason laughed. “Of course I would

love to, but, uh, I'm kind of with someone tonight. Sorry, Gia. I would've loved to get that dance—maybe another time, okay?" Just like it was no big deal, like I was just any girl, no one special. My heart sank, the butterflies flew away.

"Sure," I said, trying to mask my heartbreak. I wanted to say, "Please don't go, be with me tonight. I need you, I'm lonely and horny and you have been in my thoughts since I saw you in the garage, what about the 'unfinished business' we have?" But I didn't, of course.

"Have fun girls, and be careful. There are a lot of drunk guys out there tonight," and he was off.

I felt like an idiot. Here I'd been

thinking of running into him, dancing with him, touching him, kissing him, even fucking him this time, and he's "kind of with someone tonight." *What the hell does that mean, anyway? He ran into some bimbo up here and knows she's a sure thing, so she trumps me? Screw him, he's nothing but a he-whore, even though he makes me feel so good when he calls me gorgeous and touches me every time he sees me, screw him!*

Dana could tell my mood had drastically changed. "Gia, what's wrong?"

"Let's get a drink; I'm fine," I said.

I made a beeline for the nearest bar. Dana had to jog to catch up. "Sweetie,

what happened? You know you can tell me anything, did Jason say something to upset you?"

"No, I was just reading into something that wasn't there, that's all. I just really don't want to talk about it, and I don't want to be around Skunky anymore, either, so I hope you weren't too attached to White Teeth."

"Not at all, we'll get our drinks, go get the girls, and move to a new spot, a hot spot, a Gia's-gonna-get-her-groove-back spot!" She always knew how to get me to smile. I felt like this night could be salvaged. *Thank goodness I have Dana.*

As we were waiting in line for drinks, the band started singing one of our favorite songs. Dana and I were singing and dancing along. I noticed this guy, this really hot guy, kept looking my way. I figured he was trying to figure out who the two spazzes were dancing in his beer line. But as we got closer, my eyes caught his and he smiled. I looked around, thinking I had to be mistaken. There must be a really hot girl he was looking at. But, no, when I looked back, he was still looking at me and smiling! My face turned red and the butterflies were fluttering. He was behind the counter, helping the two scantily dressed, very pretty bartenders. *Was he a barback? Whatever, I don't care, he's*

smiling at me and he's absolutely hot!

While I was trying to process all this, Dana noticed. "Holy shit, Gia, that God behind the counter is totally checking you out!" She looked at him, then at me, then back at him again. Our eyes stayed locked on each other until one of the half naked girls said something to him and he grabbed some ice and dumped it in her sink.

"Do you know him?" Dana asked.

"No, but I want to," I said in a half whisper, still watching his every move.

"The way you two were looking at each other, I thought maybe you knew him, from way back or something. Gia, take a breath, for crying out loud."

I hadn't noticed I was holding my

breath, but I knew I was standing very still, like if I moved I would wake up, and I definitely did not want to wake up yet.

“Four Michelob Ultras, please.” I heard Dana’s voice. I hadn’t even noticed we were up.

“I got those,” the babe behind the bar said. His voice was super sexy, I wanted to jump over the bar and straddle him.

I looked at him and our eyes locked again. “That’s really nice of you,” I said, “but you’re gonna be broke by the end of the night if you’re this generous to all the girls.”

The girl at the register giggled. I wasn’t sure why, but he responded, “I’ll take my chances, besides, that’s the only

round I've offered to get so far tonight, so I think I'll be okay."

"And why are we so deserving of your generosity?" I couldn't believe I was able to carry on this banter, what with my heart racing, butterflies fluttering, and knees about to give out.

"Well, what kind of guy would I be if I didn't buy the girl with the most beautiful eyes I've ever seen a beer?"

I blushed, still locked into his stare, not believing what he had just said, right here in front of all these people, who were now looking at me, probably thinking, what the hell is that guy talking about, she doesn't have the most beautiful anything. I didn't want to look away, but I had to, I was losing my

confidence, feeling embarrassed.

“Thank you,” I managed to mumble, “that’s really sweet.” I sounded like an idiot, what happened to the clever banter I had just moments ago? *I get the best compliment I’ve ever gotten from the hottest guy I’ve ever seen, that sounded as sincere as could be, and I turn into a dork. Nice, real nice. I’ll be alone for the rest of my life.*

“You’re welcome, enjoy,” he said and his walkie talkie started blaring something about a fight and with a quick smile at me, he rushed off.

“Next!” The half naked girl brought me back to earth. Dana and I grabbed our beers and started back to find the girls.

“Gia, you have *got* to find that guy again, he’s totally into you, and he is seriously smoking hot,” she slowed down as she said ‘seriously smoking’ and pronounced them very meticulously.

“I know, right?” I said because I couldn’t say anything else, I was still in idiot mode, just trying to remember every word he said and exactly how he said it so I would never, ever forget it.

When we reached the girls, they grabbed their beers like they hadn’t had liquid for days and continued their girl-on-girl dancing show, which seemed to please everyone around us.

“I’m gonna say good-bye to Kevin and then we’ll find a better spot!” Dana shouted to me so I could hear her above

the music. *Oh, her and White Teeth must be on a first name basis.*

“Okay!” I yelled back, shaking my head up and down enthusiastically. I needed to make sure our new spot had a clear view of that bar we were just at because as soon as *he* returned, I was going to become very thirsty. Dana was close when she called him a god. He was Herculean. I could see him dressed like a Roman gladiator, the brown leather body armor that ended about mid-thigh, leather wrist cuffs and arm bands that held tight around his huge biceps, leather sandals that laced up the calf hugging his perfectly toned leg, and the bare thighs, so strong and powerful, pulsating with each step. A matching

leather headpiece with gold medallions and his dark hair spilling out all around it, yes, I could picture it so clearly, even though I hadn't actually *seen* his bare legs or chest, I was quite certain they matched the tan athletic build of his upper body. The t-shirt he had on was plain black and just said "Staff" on it, just like fifty other dudes running around this place had on. Of course, none of them were filling it out the way Hercules was.

"Let's roll!" Dana interrupted my Roman fantasy.

I led the way through the crowd because I had to be able to see him when he returned to the bar. I stopped when I found a hole big enough for the four of us

to stand. There were some really cute guys around, so it would do.

“Jo and I will go get another round and use the restroom before the next band starts,” Brittany said as she grabbed Jo’s arm and headed back through the crowd. Dana and I started making chit-chat with the people around us, having a great time. I was feeling buzzed and on top of the world. I didn’t know if it was a contact high from Skunky or the compliment from my Roman gladiator, but either way, I was glad to have this feeling, especially after my run in with Jason.

The girls got back just in time for the next band to be announced. We all loved them and knew all their songs. We sang along, as did most of the crowd. We shoved our drinks up in the air every time we wanted to emphasize a word or phrase and danced with each other and everyone around us. This was my thing, my favorite thing, outdoor concerts with good friends, having a few drinks, laughing, and carrying on. I made sure to keep checking out the bar, no sign of him. *What was I going to say to him when he came back? Was he ever coming back? What if I never saw him again?* No, I couldn't think like that, we were here until Sunday and he worked here, so I had to run into him at some

point, didn't I? I wasn't going to get obsessed about it, I was just going to continue to have as much fun as I wanted and whatever happened, happened.

All the lighters went up in the air as the band was acoustically starting their most popular love song. The guy behind me that had been dancing and flirting with us all night grabbed me around the waist and pulled me in to him to dance. He seemed very sweet and non-threatening, so I went with it. It was nice to hold his hand and sing to each other with goofy faces as we were pretending to hit the high notes. Every once in a while he would twirl me around and hug me back to him. This was one of the things I loved about this place, sharing a

good time with someone I'd never met, didn't even know his name, probably would never see again, but felt close to at the moment because of our mutual love of a song. He dipped me at the end, what a doll. I kissed him on the cheek and gave him a little wink. He winked back and we all started bouncing up and down as the next song blared out. This must be their encore, two big hits, make the crowd go wild and remember why we loved them so much, and "good-night, see you next year, keep-rockin'!"

"Wow, what a show!" Dana yelled at me, although the music had stopped and we didn't have to scream anymore.

"I know! I'm having such a great time!"

“Me too,” Dana said, quieter this time. “One more band to go tonight and then we get to do this all again tomorrow and Sunday, life is good!” She had a drunken smile and looked as though she was having some kind of spiritual moment.

I laughed. “You look like you’re feeling as good as I am. Shall we get another round and use the bathroom before the next one starts?”

“Absofuckenlutely!” she said with a wicked grin.

The four of us took off, we made sure to have our new friends save our spot, as we loved it there. I could see Brittany leading us through the crowd, her double-Ds thrusting out, showing her the

way. All the guys were google-eyed and making whistling noises at her, which she was eating up like crazy, but hey, if ya got it, flaunt it. Jo was right behind her, a huge smile on her face as she turned to look at me and made sure I was keeping up. It looked like she wasn't feeling any pain. And behind me, Dana was singing out loud. As she walked by, people either sang along or looked at her disapprovingly, but those were the sober ones, and there weren't many of them. She didn't care, that was one thing about Dana, she was who she was and she didn't give a shit what you or anyone else thought about it. I adored her.

We finally made it back to our spot, having had the best damn time enjoying

each other's drunken company on our trip to the outer circle. I brought a beer back for my dance partner, who was really surprised by this, shocked actually. It made me think he must've dated some real bitches and I felt bad for him. I could imagine him being bossed around by some high-maintenance girl who couldn't even bring the poor guy a beer. I'd have to be sure to give him some extra attention, boost his ego, and show him not all women were like that. He was cute, not a total dazzler, but his personality made him more attractive than if you just saw him on the street. I liked him, not in a I-want-to-fuck-him-right-here-right-now kind of way, but I felt comfortable around him and

considered maybe kissing him later.

I lit a cigarette and leaned my head back to blow the smoke up to the sky, most people around me were smoking, but no one wanted it blown into their face. I took another drag and blew it upwards again, my dance partner asked for a drag.

“Well, I should know your name at least if our lips are going to be sharing the same spot,” I teased. “I’m Gia.” I held out my hand to shake his.

“I’m John,” he said as he gently took my outstretched hand, and instead of shaking it, put it to his lips and kissed it.

“You’re quite the gentleman, John, if that’s your real name. Nice to meet you.” I handed him my cigarette, not caring that

we were sharing spit. I had pretty much decided I was going to kiss him later, anyway.

“Now why would I give a girl like you a fake name?” he said and took a drag.

Before I could answer, he took my face, ever so gently in his really soft hands, put his mouth to mine, and exhaled the smoke. As I caught on to what he was doing, I inhaled, leaned my head back and blew it upwards. As I looked back at him, he took another drag and blew it up to the sky. I didn't know why, he was kind of an odd little character, but that was somewhat erotic. He handed the cigarette back to me.

“A girl like me? What do you mean by

that, John?” I asked, curious.

“Girls who look like you—beautiful, I mean—and have the confidence you do. I can tell you’re a fun-loving, thoughtful, romantic woman, and well, usually women like you don’t give guys like me the time of day. So, I really am John, and it’s really nice to meet you, too.”

Yes, he was kind of odd. He thinks I’m confident, ha! You should have seen me turn into an idiot after the last compliment I got, and a “romantic” woman? Most men would’ve used the word “sexy,” but John would probably never use any part of the word “sex” in front of a woman because he was a gentleman. But he did put his lips to mine and exhale, maybe he’s into some

kinky shit behind closed doors.

“Guys like you? You mean cute, sweet, shy, mysterious little gentlemen? I think you underestimate yourself, John.” I winked at him.

John turned red, but beamed brightly. “Thanks, Gia,” he said and gave a nod toward the stage, indicating the announcer was coming to introduce the next band.

As the band members came out, fireworks blasting in the background, I got goose bumps. I looked over at the girls, Dana and Brittany were being hoisted up onto a couple of guys’ shoulders and I knew what was coming next. *Yep, Dana’s got her boobs out!* Flashes from cameras were going off all

over the place. Everyone was begging Brittany to give them a peek of her double-Ds, which, of course, she did, but not before making them wait and plead for awhile. I looked back at John, wondering how he was handling the peep show, but he was looking right at me, still beaming. I should have known he wasn't the type to be interrupted just because a couple of hotties got their tits out for the world to see.

I smiled back at him. "You're welcome, John," I said.

Then, after a quick peek at the bar, I turned my attention back to the stage. I hadn't listened to this band too much, but I knew their big hits and even some of the smaller ones were familiar to me,

having heard them on the radio. I scanned the crowd, it was roaring, everyone seemed to be having a good time.

John said he was going to the restroom and asked if I wanted a beer, I shook my head yes and off he went. He had a cute little ass, he needed to gain some weight, though, and I wondered what he did for a living. Probably worked in some office or something, his hands were too soft for manual labor type stuff.

The band started playing one of their big hits, the four of us girls huddled together and belted it out, knowing every word, every “ooh” and every “aah,” right on cue.

Speaking of being right on cue, here came John with my beer, just in time for a ballad. He put his hand out as if to ask for the dance and I took it. We were getting used to dancing with each other and it was a nice feeling, I decided it was time to kiss him. After he twirled me and brought me back into him, I wrapped my arms around his neck and put my mouth to his. This seemed to surprise him, but he parted his lips and responded, softly, sweetly. His tongue tasted minty, which surprised me, I'm sure mine tasted like beer and cigarettes, but he didn't seem to mind. It felt really good. I bit his bottom lip and pulled away, teasing him. Then I went in again, I loved making out to loud music and

being under the influence, it made me feel young again. John bit my lip and it made me jump, it was a little hard. I knew he was kinky, I bet he wanted to spank me, too. The song was nearing the end and we both knew it, the kissing got more intense for a few seconds and then it was over. John dipped me again.

We could tell the band was about done, so we made sure we danced hard and sang loud, as if to get the most of it. Loud cannons went off and colored confetti shot out everywhere. It was over for the night, but what a night it had been! I looked at the girls and they were saying good-bye to the new friends they had made. Jo was putting her phone number into some guy's phone, Brittany

was hugging some guy and Dana was taking a picture with a guy she'd met.

“John, you’ve been such a fun date, thanks for everything,” I told him as I gave him a hug.

“Thank you, Gia,” he said as he hugged me hard. “You’re an amazing woman, I’ll never forget you or this night.”

I could tell that John knew, as I did, that this was it for us, we wouldn’t exchange numbers or pretend that we were going to meet up again, and I appreciated that.

“You know, John, I meant what I said about you underestimating yourself, don’t forget how much you have to offer, and you can add ‘great kisser’ to that list

of attributes I gave you earlier.” I winked at him.

“One for the road?” he asked.

“Sure, why not,” I said and he planted one on me.

Chapter 5

Ethan

I looked at the clock, 5:52 a.m. The alarm would sound in eight minutes and I had a long day ahead of me. This rock festival kicked off the season and it was always the biggest weekend of the year. I wanted to get an early start so everything would run smoothly later.

I remember when Gramps broke ground out here when I was a kid. Just a little thirty spot campground, c-store, and a dream. Too bad he wasn't here now to see the place. Although he never saw it make much money in his lifetime,

he never gave up on it, and neither have I. My buddies were so excited when the three of us sold everything we had and borrowed everything we could to buy the place back. My dad sold it after Gramps died; I couldn't believe it. Of course he'd always been all about money, not dreams. We hadn't spoken much since Mom left. She always tried to get us to be closer, but she knew how he was and eventually left him because of it. Pete and Randy stuck it out with me for a lot of years but they had wives and kids and the place wasn't making enough to support us all, especially considering the amount of time we all had to put in. So, I had to borrow again—everything I'd paid back and more, to buy them out.

It has been a struggle the last seven years on my own. But for the last two years I'd finally started making some money and could see the light. Gramps would be proud.

I got out of bed, showered, and made a power smoothie. I stepped outside. The weather was perfect. I wouldn't have to worry about getting rained out and that was a serious load off my mind.

"Let's do this," Trey said after he pulled up in the truck. We were headed over to check in the beer and liquor orders, meet some of the staff for a quick meeting, and then check up on everything else that needed to be done today. Trey had been working with me for six years now. I hired him the year after Pete and

Randy gave up and he'd been my right hand man ever since. I had a real tough year that year. If it wasn't the weather, it was the staff, or the bands, or the lack of money—you name it and I was beaten down. I was seriously considering throwing in the towel but Trey knew that it would get better and he also knew I would hate myself if I let it go. So he talked me into one more year, and he was right. He's a one of a kind, give you the shirt off his back, do anything for you and never expect anything in return kind of friend.

I jumped in the truck. "We have to stop at the c-store and gas up," Trey said.

As he was pumping, I walked over to

say hi to one of our maintenance men, who was replacing some bulbs on one of the other pumps. “Hey, Josh, how’s everything goin’?”

“Can’t complain,” Josh answered. “How ‘bout with you, boss?”

“Well, the weather looks good, and that’s the main thing, because we can’t fix that. Of course, you’re known to fix anything, so I don’t know why I even worry about it.” He was the best maintenance man I knew, and I wanted him to know it.

Josh laughed. “I hope I never have to try to prove that one to ya, boss!”

As I headed back to the truck, I purposely took myself back to this spot ten years ago. I was doing some

maintenance over here. I couldn't afford to pay someone else to do it back then, and I saw this beautiful girl coming out of the c-store. She caught my attention immediately. She was holding the door for an elderly gentleman who was coming up the sidewalk, and she had this huge, infectious smile on her face. The man, who was sort of bent over and using a cane, actually straightened up, and I swear got a little pep in his step. He nodded at her and she gave him a little pat on the shoulder. *That's probably the biggest thrill that guy's had for a month.* I chuckled. I kept watching the beauty. She hopped off the sidewalk and practically skipped across the parking lot. She stopped and chatted

with a lady who was walking a huge dog. All the while, the beauty was petting and playing with the slobbering animal. I couldn't take my eyes off her. The lady laughed at everything she said and then off she skipped, probably to make more people adore her. The rest of that day, I kept thinking about the mystery girl. I wondered what her life was like and what our lives would be like if we treated everyone like she just treated those people. A girl I had never met, a girl I saw from a distance for ten minutes, made me want to be a better person.

“Ready to roll!” Trey called out.

“Rock and roll!” I said, excited about the weekend.

We checked in truckloads of beer, liquor, and ice, met with the barbacks before they got busy stocking the seventeen bars which were scattered throughout the property, worked through some problems with the sound system, and headed out back to make sure the VIP area was ready to accommodate the bands we had coming in today and tomorrow.

“Looks good, looks real good,” I told Vince, the entertainment manager. “You know you’re the best and I couldn’t do it without you. Thanks, man.” I shook his hand.

“Oh, I’ll bet you say that to all the boys!” Vince squealed in a high-pitched voice and we all laughed.

My walkie went off. “Ethan, could you stop over when you have a minute?” It was Marcus, my campground manager.

“Be right there.” Trey and I headed over.

As we backtracked through the main area and headed out the main gate, we were taking mental notes on what still needed to be done and what to work on after we saw Marcus. It was somewhat overwhelming, but I knew we’d get there. I knew I had the best crew I’d ever had. Everyone had the same goal in mind, everyone had a job to do, and from the looks of it, they were enjoying getting it done, and that was all I wanted. It’s hard to find a group of people that want to be part of a team, there’s always

someone who wants to take over, and that one person can disrupt the flow so fast it's over the banks and running wild before you even know what happened. Once you weed those people out, the team comes together in a way that no matter what problems arise, and there will be plenty, we can take care of it quickly and move on.

“We'd better head over to the main office when we leave the campground and see how the orientation with the bartenders is going,” Trey said with a smile.

“You just want to check out all the new girls,” I told him. “Hey, did I tell you I decided to let Tonya come back this year?”

“You’re so full of shit!” Trey knew me better than that, but he did look panicked for about a second.

Tonya was new last year, long story short—she developed a pretty serious obsession for Trey over the summer, and on the last weekend, she snuck into his place with nothing on but a holster. He woke up and she was straddling him. He knew she had a few screws loose and saw the holster with something sticking out of it, and because he was half asleep, in a split second reaction, he punched her right in the face and knocked her out. Turns out she had a pretty realistic looking squirt gun in the holster.

“Yeah, I told her since she couldn’t get the job done right last year, she’d

have to come back this year and cap it off.” I couldn’t keep a straight face.

“I could have drowned!” Trey said and we laughed like hell.

Turned out Tonya had a bit of a mental breakdown, not funny at all, but she’d gotten the help she needed and had apologized over and over for what she did. I hoped she was doing well.

“I still think my idea on how to recruit new bartenders would work superbly,” Trey said.

“We’re not having a Pamela Anderson look-a-like contest and give all the contestants jobs,” I said for the hundredth time. “Do you ever give up?”

“Never!” We were still laughing when we pulled up to the campground.

Marcus was giving a map to one of the campers and pointing out the various shower houses and picnic areas. He was really good with people. I saw it in him right away, even when he was fresh out of high school. Some people have it and some people don't. "If you need something else or have a concern, don't hesitate to ask, we want you to have a great time here," he told them and he meant it. I knew I'd made the right decision about giving him a percentage of the campground take this year. When I sat down with him last week and told him about it, he acted as though I'd given

him the world. He said he'd have the best year ever. I didn't doubt it and I knew he'd earn every penny.

“Cal, could you take over my line and check these next guys in while I visit with Ethan for a minute?” he asked one of the staff.

“You got it,” Cal answered and quickly grabbed the clipboard from Marcus.

“Ethan, I had some trouble with a few of the early campers that checked in yesterday and I wanted you to be aware of the situation,” he started. “Seems a couple of the guys decided it would be fun to see how high they could get the flames on their campfire, and although it stayed within the grates, they singed the

side of their tent and a few fingers. Shawn and I went over and put it out. They were feeling pretty stupid and we could tell they'd had a lot to drink, so when their buddies told us they would make sure they went in and went to bed, we gave them the benefit of the doubt and allowed them to stay. I don't think they'll be causing any more trouble and I have the staff aware to keep an eye on them. They're in number twenty-five."

"Are there other campers next to them now?" I asked, concerned.

"Not yet. I've already rearranged the schedule and put some of our regulars in there just so we know we don't have a bunch of young guys together or young ladies next to them, just in case. Better

safe than sorry.”

“Sounds like you’re on top of it, thanks for letting us know.” One of the most important things I’d learned out here is that if there was a situation with a customer, everyone needed to be in the loop. We needed to keep a safe environment so everyone could enjoy their time here. All of my employees knew this.

“I better get back to work,” Marcus said, “We’re gonna have a full house by the end of the night!” He was proud of the fact that we were booked solid, and he should’ve been.

“Keep up the good work!” I said as he headed to the next camper pulling in.

Trey and I drove through the

campground. We wanted to check out the guys in twenty-five. When we drove by, it looked like they were drinking coffee and making breakfast. They seemed pretty mellow and nodded to us as we passed. I noticed the tent with the charred side. Luckily, the nearest tree was far enough away to have survived.

“Looks like they slept in and sobered up,” Trey said. I agreed.

When we got to the office, Rose was going over the dress code with the bartenders. “No thongs, ass cheeks must be at least fifty percent covered. String bikinis are okay as long as the nipples

are covered. No clothing advertising beer or liquor brands, we aren't pushing one drink over another. You must have shoes on at all times, so keep in mind, if you wear heels, you may want to bring something else to change into when you get tired. I think that about covers everything. Don't forget, smoking only when you are outside on break, no drinking while you're on duty, and when you're off duty, we expect responsible drinking. Also, ladies, keep an eye out for each other. Don't take flirting too far, we want you all to be safe, that's number one. You all have a panic button, don't hesitate to use it if you feel uncomfortable or threatened in any way. Any questions?"

I scanned the room, pretty much the same as every year: young, good-looking, half dressed girls, eager to get out there and make an unbelievable amount of tips having a good time, but working their asses off, too. No one was raising her hand or asking any questions, so I broke the silence.

“Most of you have worked here before, but for those of you who don’t know me, I’m Ethan. I want to welcome all of you and hope you’ll feel like part of our little family here. We’re a team, and each one of you are an important part of that team. Like Rose said, your safety is number one. When you push the panic button, one of the guys will be there within seconds. Staff and security

are everywhere. Don't feel like you have to have an emergency to push, use your intuition and trust it. Most of the time, all it takes is the presence of a security member to make someone back off and behave or even to ease your mind if you feel uneasy. Enjoy yourselves, the music, and the people, just be safe and responsible." I turned to Trey. "This is Trey. You'll see him a lot, he'll be checking in with everyone periodically. Don't hesitate to tell him if you need something or have any questions. Shelley and Gwen are going to go over the cash registers with you. They've been here for a lot of years and will be heading up the two busiest bars right inside the entrance. They know more about what

you'll be doing than anyone, so use their experience and ask them whatever you want to know. We'll leave you ladies to it, see you out there in a couple of hours."

Shelley and Gwen stood up and introduced themselves and started the training process on the cash registers.

Trey and I visited with Rose off to the side. "Looks like a good group this year, Ethan," Rose said. She had been with me ever since the beginning. She and her husband, Don, had known Gramps and helped him in the campground in the summers. She went to college for accounting and she handled all my financial affairs. She'd always been a big part of managing the bartenders, too.

I thought having a mother figure in that position made the girls feel more comfortable and Rose was definitely that, having four daughters of her own. Don loved taking care of the grounds. He did all the mowing, took care of the trees, shrubs, plants, and flowers, and kept the place looking tip-top. I'd always had a great connection with them. Don treated me like the son he never had and I considered him more of a dad than my own. For a short time I dated one of their daughters, Lucy, and I knew they were disappointed when it didn't work out.

“I think so, too,” I told her. “How's everything else going? You're not overdoing it, are you?” Rose had some

health problems a few months ago and I'd wanted to hire someone to help her this year, but she wouldn't hear of it. She was stubborn and I couldn't talk her into it, but I made her promise not to overdo it.

"Of course not," she said. "I made you a promise and I'm actually enjoying the afternoon naps every day!"

"Good to hear, let me know if you need something. You know you're the number one woman in my life, right?" I teased her with this all the time.

"Oh, Ethan, get out of here before Don catches you trying to get me in the sack!" She smacked me on the arm, laughing.

"Let's get some lunch before it's dinner time," Trey said as we hopped

back in the truck. “The place is filling up and I think everything is under control for now.”

“Okay,” I said, “but stop and trade the truck for the golf cart, we shouldn’t need to leave the arena anymore today.”

We hopped on the golf cart and headed over to the sub shop. After we ordered, Trey noticed something wasn’t right with one of the huge banners in front of the stage, so he took the cart over to fix it. He was such a perfectionist sometimes, like he couldn’t have eaten first. Speaking of perfection, I used this moment alone to recall

another memory. The second time I saw her was a couple of months after the first. She was shopping right over here in this souvenir shop. I was bringing some change over and about tripped when I saw her. She was the girl from the c-store, the one that I had thought about so many times, the one that made me want to be a better person, just from watching her for ten minutes! She was looking through the racks of shirts, talking on her cell phone. She said something about having had a great time at the concert the night before, not to worry about her, she was fine, of course she would be at dinner tomorrow, and then, 'love you, too, Dad,' before she hung up. I wasn't spying or anything, I

just happened to have heard her lovely voice and couldn't stop listening. I gave the change to the cashier and went back out. *Well, here was my chance to meet her, I would wait until she came out and then what would I say? Shit, here she comes and I haven't even made a plan yet, and then I saw it.* She had a wedding ring on. Of course! Why would I have doubted that? She was so beautiful, I would recognize her in a second even though I had only seen her once before. She had a light around her, a peacefulness about her, and now the voice of an angel. Since she had a ring on, I couldn't think of anything to say fast enough to catch her, so I had to watch her walk away. She had a Red Hot Chili

Peppers shirt on, so I named her Hotness.

“You look miles away,” Trey commented as he came back to eat his sandwich. “Everything okay?”

“Yeah, just the usual daydream about a life I’ve never known.” Trey and I talked a lot about women and relationships, I had even confided in him about Hotness.

“Man, if she’s here this year, I don’t care if she’s remarried or with some guy or what, you’re going to meet her! You’ve seen her, I don’t know, over a dozen times in the last ten years, and never spoke a word to her—it’s ridiculous! You know that, too, don’t you?” He sounded irritated.

He was right—of course I knew it. But I think it was easier to fantasize about who I thought she was. She was mysterious and captivating and wonderful in my mind. And as busy as I was and as lonely as I got, she was always there smiling and lighting up everyone around her. I knew it sounded stupid to Trey, but it made perfect sense to me. However, Trey was right about one thing, I did need to meet her, and if she was here this weekend, I would.

Trey changed the subject. “How’s Shelley? Is she still seeing that cop?”

Shelley was one of my best bartenders. She and I had a ‘friends with benefits’ thing going on for about five years. She’d call when she was lonely,

usually ended up spending the night, snuck out in the morning, and we'd act like nothing was going on between us in the light of day.

“I don't know,” I told him. “I told her I was done with her when I found out she was cheating on him with me and she hasn't called since. I mean, we were never exclusive, we slept with other people, but I'm not into the sleeping with other people when they're in a relationship with someone, ya know?”

Trey nodded. “That's fucked up. Well, I hope your little Hotness is here this weekend because you're about to drive me nuts with all this shit. Now that you have the place running like you want it to and you have more time on your

hands, you need to ask her out, take her on a real date. How long's it been since you've done that? Yeah, that's what I thought. You don't even remember. Find out what she's like and then you can either live happily ever after or move the fuck on." He wadded up his garbage and stood up.

"You're right. Next time I see her, I'm not letting her out of my sight." Of course, I'd thought this to myself before. The year before last when she was here with her husband, I saw her standing in the back watching a concert. He was next to her, but they weren't touching and the light that normally surrounded her was gone. *What did that bastard do to her?* I worried about her. But then last

year I saw her on the video surveillance with her girlfriends and she was shining again. I looked closely and saw that she wasn't wearing a ring anymore! Yes, finally! I headed straight over to where they were, but by the time I got there, she was gone. Two hours later, after the concert, I saw her on the shuttle sitting on some guy's lap. Trey was right about another thing. I didn't care if she was remarried, with some guy, or what—all I needed was five minutes to talk to her and I'd know.

“Good. I just can't stand to see you like this, buddy.” He was less irritated.

Chapter 6

By now the bartenders were starting to head to their stations. Vince had texted me that the first two bands of the night were already here and we could see the lines of people coming in.

“Looks like it’s gonna be packed tonight,” I told Trey. “We’d better start our rounds.”

Trey and I always made our way around the entire arena, stopping at every bar and shop, making sure everyone had what they needed and were rolling. Sometimes we each started at separate ends and met in the middle,

but today we had an early start, so we decided to stick together. The first few bars we stopped at were just opening up, so we helped the girls get situated, visited for awhile, and moved on. The next ones were all running smoothly, most had at least one girl who'd worked here before, so she knew what she was doing and could help the other if she needed to. "Wow, rounds have never been that quick before," Trey said as we got back to the golf cart.

I looked at my phone, it was 5:00 p.m. "You ain't kidding," I said. "Two hours is at least half what it usually takes. Let's grab a beer." I was proud that we'd taken care of everything so early. Of course, I knew a lot of it had to do

with the great staff I had this year and everyone working as a team.

“All right!” Trey said, surprised. We never got to do that, especially on opening night.

We jumped on the golf cart and headed out the main gate. We stopped and talked to Mike, head of security, for a minute. “Hey, Mike, did Marcus let you in on the incident at the campground last night?” I was sure he probably had.

“Yes, and I let all my guys know. A couple of them went over and got a look, they seemed pretty harmless today. We don’t anticipate anything more from them, but at least we all know they may need to be watched a little closer.” Mike was always business, so I didn’t do my

usual joking around with him.

“Thanks, Mike,” I said and we headed to my place.

I grabbed a couple of beers out of the fridge and we sat on the porch, watching the lines coming into the campground and the arena. “I could get used to this,” I told Trey.

“No kidding, man. This is the life. We’re usually in shit up to our eyeballs about this time on opening night, but here we are, watching the money roll in.” He held his beer up and I smacked it with mine. “Cheers, man.”

“Cheers,” I said. “We wouldn’t even be sitting here right now if it weren’t for you, bro, and without getting all mushy and crap, I have to thank you for that.”

He hated when I brought up the fact that I thought about giving up and he talked me out of it. He says I never would've actually gone through with it.

“Don't even start that shit with me, you know who made this all happen? You. No one but you. Nineteen years of your blood, sweat, and tears. And don't forget that. I'm just happy to be a part of this now, sitting here with you watching it finally start to pay off.” He was smiling at me like a proud dad, he was genuinely happy for me.

“Let's have another one,” I said as I headed for the fridge. I wasn't a heavy drinker and usually didn't drink at all on opening night, but tonight was an exception, tonight was a celebration.

Plus, I needed a little liquid confidence if I happened to see Hotness tonight. I had to talk to her, face to face, I had to know.

We sat on the porch drinking our beer, relaxing. We knew shit could hit the fan any second. I definitely wouldn't have another beer, just in case we had big problems, but I really didn't foresee anything my staff couldn't handle and that was such a great feeling.

After we finished, we walked over to the main gate and visited with a few people we saw coming in. I always liked to hear how far people had come to be here, how many times they'd been here, and what their experience had been. It was interesting and helped me

decide what to change or what needed work.

We stopped by the ticket counters. People could either get a one day pass or an all weekend pass. Most bought them in advance online, printed out the confirmation tickets, and traded them in for wrist bands here, so we already knew we had record breaking pre-sales, but I wanted to check and see how many were buying day-of-show passes. Looked like we may break records with that, too. The concerts started in two hours, so this would be our busiest time, getting people shuttled over here and through the ticket booths. "Call me if you need help getting the crowd through," I told them. I liked to help wherever I was

needed.

Trey and I decided, since we had time, we would help relieve staff for breaks if they wanted them. They had a long, busy night ahead and I wanted everyone to be on their A-game. We split up and figured we'd meet back in a couple of hours when the concert started.

I liked filling in temporarily for the barbacks and the bartenders. You could get a good idea on how much people were drinking, if they were having fun, just the whole vibe of it all. Most everyone took advantage of their break, went to the bathroom, smoked a cigarette, made a phone call, whatever—it gave them a little refresher before they got slammed. These people worked

their asses off, but they also made a pile of tips, so that was why they did it, and I was sure glad they did!

I heard the announcer up on stage, the crowd was roaring. He introduced the first band and we were off and running! I had one more bar to relieve and then I'd meet Trey.

As I was waiting for the last barback to return from his break, the band started playing one of my favorite songs. I hoped he would get back soon so I could get out there and see them perform some of it. Just then I noticed some commotion in one of the beer lines. I leaned up to get a closer look and that's when I saw her—Hotness and her friend singing and dancing in the beer line! I just stared.

I couldn't look away, there she was, right in front of me, getting closer with every sale, and I just stood there staring at her and smiling. Finally, she saw me, then she looked away and looked around her. What was she looking for? Did she have a guy with her? *Please don't have a guy with you!* Then she looked back at me. I was still staring and smiling. *She must think I'm a complete moron.* Our eyes were locked and she had the most beautiful eyes I'd ever seen! I couldn't look away. *What am I going to say to her?*

“Ethan, could you grab me some ice?” Tina asked, and it took everything I had to look away from Hotness and get some for her. *Say something,* I told myself as

her friend ordered their beer.

“I got those,” I blurted, because it was all I could think of. Our eyes locked again and I got a rush of warmth throughout my body. Her eyes were so captivating.

“That’s really nice of you, but you’re gonna be broke by the end of the night if you’re this generous to all the girls,” Hotness said. It made Tina giggle.

“I’ll take my chances,” I said. “Besides, that’s the only round I’ve offered to get so far tonight, so I think I’ll be okay.” And that was the truth. *Did she think I just ran around here and bought drinks for thousands of girls?*

Hotness asked, “And why are we so deserving of your generosity?” Oh, she

was good. She was making me work for this. So I told her the truth.

“Well, what kind of guy would I be if I didn’t buy the girl with the most beautiful eyes I’ve ever seen a beer?” Everyone looked at her. I think I embarrassed her. *Oh, good one, Ethan, I thought, now she thinks you’re a dick.* She looked away from me. *No! Don’t look away!* I thought

“Thank you, that’s really sweet,” Hotness said. At least she thought I was sweet. That was good, right?

“You’re welcome, enjoy,” I said as Trey came over my walkie. He needed help by the bathrooms with two guys fighting. *Shit, I had to get over there.* I smiled at Hotness. She was so

breathhtaking. Then I ran off.

Why did this fight have to happen right now? I could be back there staring into those eyes. Oh, those eyes, I could get lost in them. She'd never looked at me before, I never knew they existed until now, and I needed to be in those eyes again. I'd find her later, I was so relieved she was here, and I didn't think she had a guy with her. I was still smiling.

“She’s here,” I said to Trey who was holding a guy in a choke-hold by the fence.

“What? Who?” he said, gasping. He

was totally out of breath.

“Hotness. What do you mean, who?” I said, irritated by his lack of interest.

“A little help would be nice here!” He was pissed, so I grabbed the fighter and held onto him, letting Trey catch his breath.

“Did you hear me?” I said, still annoyed. “She had a purple wrist band on, too! She’ll be here all weekend. You have to help me find her!” I was excited now, my adrenaline was pumping.

Security showed up and took the fighter off our hands. “Good job, guys,” I told them.

“I’m glad she’s here, but I almost got my ass kicked by that dude, and we’ve got another situation to take care of, so

you're gonna have to suck it up for a bit." He hopped on the golf cart. "Let's go!"

"What's going on?" I thought everything was running so smooth tonight.

"While I was waiting for you to finish up at that last bar, I decided to go get the cart so we could drive through the campground and check it out. When I was driving back over here to get you, I saw the fight, alerted you and broke it up. While I'm holding the dude, right before you showed up, Don messaged me." My heart sank. "He said to get you and come over to his and Rose's place."

We drove in silence. I was praying that Rose was okay. *What had*

happened? Did she overdo it like she promised me she wouldn't? Dammit! I should've insisted that she let me hire her some help. What would I do without Rose? I couldn't bear the thought of it.

When we pulled up, everything looked normal. I jumped off the cart before Trey even stopped it and ran to the front door.,

Rose opened it. She had a huge smile until she saw me. "What's wrong, Ethan?" she said, panic in her voice.

"Is everything okay? Where's Don?" I was confused.

"Everything's fine." I saw Don come out of the kitchen. I could breathe again. *What the hell was going on?*

"Oh good, Ethan, you're here," Don

said. “I asked Trey to bring you over so Rose could tell you the good news.” He looked at Rose.

“Ethan, we sold out for the whole weekend. The campground is to capacity and all concerts, too! When you revamped everything, adding on so much here and there, and everyone thought you were crazy, including us, no one ever thought you would fill this place up, but you’ve done it, you’ve really done it!” Don shook my hand and Rose gave me a big hug. “We are so proud of you!”

“I thought something had happened to you!” I blurted. I thought I might cry I was so relieved. I sat down and put my head in my hands.

“Sorry, guys. I assumed something

was wrong when Don asked me to get Ethan and come over.” Trey had come in and heard everything. “Just give him a couple minutes to get his heart pumping again and let the news soak in. He’ll be all right.” He patted me on the shoulder.

I looked up at all of them after I’d done exactly what Trey said I was gonna do. “Thank you all. Not only could I not do it without you, but I wouldn’t want to do it without you. I love you guys.” A tear rolled down my cheek, which was pretty rare for me. But I’d had a pretty emotional last hour. Hotness popped into my head and I smiled.

“We love you too, dear.” Rose hugged me again. “So sorry for the misunderstanding.”

“It’s all good,” I said, and it was.

Trey and I headed back over to my place. We had a woman to find!

“Why don’t we just sit outside the gate? You know she’s gonna take the shuttle back to the campground,” Trey said as we were trying to figure out where to start.

“That’s a good idea. I just wanted to find her sooner than that, there’s at least another hour left of the concert.”

“You’ve waited ten years, buddy, I don’t think another hour is gonna kill ya.” Trey was right, I’d meet her when she came out of the gate. Now I just had

to decide what I was gonna say to her. I didn't want to freak her out or make her think I was a stalker. She did say what I said was 'sweet,' that was promising. I tried to remember our entire conversation, exactly what was said, but all I could think about were those eyes, those beautiful eyes.

It seemed like an eternity, but the concert was finally over. We watched as thousands of people came out the gate and got on shuttles. They didn't know what she looked like. I tried to explain her to him, I remembered exactly what she was wearing, but most people were dressed similar to her, so that was hard to distinguish. I told him just look for an AC/DC shirt and a beautiful-eyed

Hotness. I watched and watched, but never saw her, the crowd was massive at times, and although I thought I could spot her a mile away, I never did. I was bummed. Trey and I sat on the tailgate of the truck and I thought of what my next move would be. How would I find her tomorrow? Then, I saw her...

Chapter 7

Gia

As we were walking to the shuttles, Dana wanted to look through some of the shops. Brittany and Jo were wanting to get back to the motor home, so I said I would stay with Dana, I could use a new Poison t-shirt to wear to tomorrow night's big show. It was the one I was most excited for.

“Be careful coming back and don't stay too long,” Jo told us, being the good mom that she was, looking out for every one's safety.

“Okay, Mommy,” Dana teased and we

all laughed.

The first shop we went into had a lot of beads, hats, shot glasses, and stuff like that, but not many shirts, so we moved on to the next. After several places, we were getting thirsty, so we had to grab a couple beers. We sat at a picnic table and talked about the night's events and watched the people still stumbling out to the shuttles and parking areas. We decided we'd go to a big t-shirt shop we saw when we came in. If they didn't have what we were looking for, we'd find it tomorrow.

This place was huge. They had shirts for all 10 bands that were playing here this weekend. I found me a kick-ass Poison shirt and Dana found a new Ratt

shirt with matching panties, who would've thought of that?

As we came out of the gate and headed to the shuttles, we realized we must've been in that last store for longer than we thought, because the crowd had really dwindled down. Luckily they had lights out in the parking area, too, or it would've been a little spooky. Just then I heard something that brought the butterflies back.

“You see that girl over there, she has the most beautiful eyes I've ever seen,” said a voice I recognized instantly. It was intentionally loud enough for us to

hear from a distance.

Dana and I turned and saw two guys sitting on the tailgate of a jacked-up Chevy.

“Oh look,” I said to Dana, but loud enough for them to hear, “it’s the generous barback.”

This made his buddy start laughing hysterically, which made all of us laugh even though we didn’t know what was so funny.

Dana and I walked toward them, I was pretty drunk and so was Dana, but we had met him earlier and he worked here, so I felt like it was okay.

When we approached the truck, both guys stood up, “Hi, I’m Ethan and this is Trey.” They extended their hands to us. I

locked eyes with Ethan and grabbed his hand firmly. Touching him sent good vibrations through my body.

“I’m Gia and this is Dana,” I said as I reluctantly released his hand and shook Trey’s. “Nice to meet you guys.”

“Hope we didn’t startle you girls, but I was hoping I’d run into you again after seeing you at the bar earlier,” Ethan said. *Wow, he was hoping to run into me again! This is good, this is real good!* “I suppose you two have guys calling you all the time, I’m pleasantly surprised you walked over here.”

“I just came over to get a closer look at the truck, I’m a Chevy girl,” I said and smiled. I was trying to play it cool. He didn’t need to know I had wanted to see

him again, too.

“Is that right? Well, you’re my kind of girl, then,” Ethan said and smiled back. My knees got weak for a second. We made small talk about how he fixed up this old truck over the years and now they used it to run around the campground and the arena. I couldn’t look away from him, he could’ve been talking about something I had no interest in and I would’ve been hanging on every word. I didn’t get out much but when I did, I certainly didn’t meet guys like him. And he was totally flirting with me!

Ethan got a call on his cell and excused himself for a moment. Dana and I sat on the tailgate and chatted with Trey. He was very likable and good-

looking too, but I couldn't keep my eyes off Ethan for more than a couple seconds at a time. I got a good look at his ass and I think I actually sighed and drooled a little. I was fantasizing about touching him and trying to imagine what it would feel like if he touched me. He said good-bye and headed back toward us. I turned my attention back to Dana and Trey.

“Did you girls enjoy the concerts tonight?” Trey asked, keeping his eyes on Dana.

“We had the best time!” Dana said. “How about you guys, did you get to take a break and enjoy any of the show?”

“No, it was pretty hectic tonight, being the first night and all, but we're hoping to have some free time tomorrow

night for the Poison concert. Are you girls going?” Trey asked.

“Of course,” I said. “It’s the must see concert of the weekend.”

“I agree,” Ethan said. “We should meet up—if you would want to, that is. We have a pretty kick-ass spot to watch the concert and it’s a lot more fun with company. What do you think, Gia?” Our eyes locked. The way my name sounded coming out of his mouth sent a flush of heat through my body and I had to take a breath and swallow. I wanted him to say it again, over and over.

I wanted to say yes, but we couldn’t ditch Jo and Brittany. “We better not, we have two more friends with us and we should stick together,” I answered. “But

thanks for the offer, it's definitely tempting.”

“Bring them along,” Ethan said. “The more the merrier, Gia.” It was like he knew what it was doing to me to hear him say my name.

“Really? Okay then, it's a, um, date, I guess?” I felt really dumb. I hated when I didn't think before I spoke.

Ethan smiled. “Okay then, it's a date!” I think he knew I felt embarrassed, so he agreed to go on a ‘date’ with me out of pity. But then he surprised me. “Actually, if this is a date, I would like to take you for dinner first. Would that be possible, Gia?” I almost wet myself.

“Um, well, my friends...” I started and Dana interrupted.

“Her friends will be fine. We’ll meet up later for the concert, Gia.” She was so bossy.

“Okay, sounds fun,” I said, butterflies were fluttering wildly. *I have a date with him tomorrow? How did that just happen?* I immediately started wondering what I was going to wear. Just then I noticed the last shuttle pulling up. “We better get back to our motor home, it’s really late and I’m starving.”

“So am I!” Dana said.

“Hey, we were just getting ready to head out and get some breakfast before we saw you girls, why don’t you join us? Ethan is one hell of a cook,” Trey suggested.

“Sounds good,” Dana said without

even consulting me, so I nodded yes.

“Great! Jump in,” Trey said and he closed the tailgate. Dana followed him to the driver’s side of the truck and I followed Ethan to the passenger side. Ethan got in and then slapped his hands on his thighs for me to sit on his lap. There wasn’t enough room for all four of us on the seat. I think this was one of the greatest moments of my life. Without hesitation, I climbed in and onto Ethan’s lap. I had to lean into him so my head wasn’t against the roof. I was proud of myself—I was being bad. I could feel his warmth as I had gotten rather chilly outside. I was sitting sideways, facing Dana. She looked at me, opened her eyes real wide and smiled, big. I smiled big,

too.

The ride was short. We could've walked, but then I wouldn't have gotten to sit on Ethan's lap, so I was glad we drove. Plus, they would have to give us a ride back to camp when we got done eating. *I'll have to sit on Ethan's lap again, I can't wait.*

Ethan's place was really nice, obviously not where the barbacks stayed. It was like a ground level studio apartment. It consisted of one big area with a kitchen, dining table, living room, and bedroom. It was neat and tidy, smelled nice, and had decent furniture, a

big screen TV, and a huge king-size bed with what looked like a down comforter and very fluffy pillows. *I could totally crawl into that right now!* I excused myself to the bathroom, and of course, Dana came along.

“Shit, Dana! We just met these guys and we jump in their truck and come to their house at two o’clock in the morning—what’s wrong with you?” She looked surprised.

“Me? You agreed to go on a date with one and you jumped on his lap so fast I thought maybe the ground was on fire!” We giggled nervously, knowing what we did was really stupid. But here we were, and I knew this Ethan could give me what I wanted, no, what I *needed*, and if

he wanted to tell me how beautiful my eyes were while he was fulfilling me, then good for me!

“Gia, you’ve got to take advantage of this situation. Ethan is totally into you, he can’t keep his eyes off you! He has a body that most women don’t even bother fantasizing about because it’s so beyond their reach, but it’s right there for you—take it!”

“Shhh! Dana, not so loud, I know all this,” I whispered. “Believe me, I know, and I’m going to go for it, but you know what happened with Jason when it came down to it—I couldn’t, so who knows? I’ll probably screw this up, too, but yes, I’m going to try to ‘take it,’ as you put it.” I took a deep breath, looked in the

mirror, sprayed some breath freshener in my mouth, and told myself, “You go, girl.” We both giggled like little school girls.

I texted Jo before we came out of the bathroom. I was hoping they had just passed out when they got back to the motor home so she wasn't worrying about us.

Dana plopped down on the couch next to Trey, who was flipping through the channels on the TV. I went over to the kitchen area. “Hey, good-lookin', watcha got cookin'?” I couldn't help myself, it was the first thing I thought of when I saw him in front of the stove.

Ethan smiled. “Hey, Hotness, grab yourself a drink out of the fridge and

keep me company.” Hotness? Oh, I liked that. I opened the fridge. *Man, this guy takes care of himself, all healthy stuff, stuff I’ve never even heard of.* I grabbed a bottle of water and walked over to the stove right next to him.

“Smells delicious,” I said as I closed my eyes and took a big whiff. When I opened them, Ethan was staring at me.

“You know, you *really do* have the most beautiful eyes I’ve ever seen. I could get lost in them, they pull me in.” We stared at each other for awhile longer. I wanted to kiss him, to touch him, to do things to him I’d only fantasized about. And I wanted to let him do things to me that I believed were against the law in some states. Then I

smelled something.

“You’re burning my breakfast,” I said without unlocking my eyes from his. It took him a second, but he had to look away and grab the pan off the burner. Then he turned right back to me, put his hands on my waist and lifted me up so I was sitting on the counter. He dropped his hands down to my knees, spread my legs apart, pulled me to him and brought his lips to mine. Our mouths opened hungrily as I wrapped my arms around his broad shoulders, our tongues met, and I moaned. He was a fantastic kisser, his mouth was strong and fit perfectly onto mine. Ethan put his hands on my face, he pulled his head back and our eyes locked. He brushed his thumbs

against my cheeks. He was so sexy and the way he looked at me was unlike anyone had ever looked at me before. It was an aphrodisiac and it made me feel like *I* was the sexy, desirable one, like *I* was the only woman he had ever wanted. The feeling was mutual, it was undeniable, and there was no turning back.

“If we didn’t have company, I would be tempted to take you right here, right now, you are so captivating, Gia. I would’ve never believed I could have this kind of yearning for someone I’ve just met, but I can’t deny it, you’re exquisite.” *Wow, no one had ever said anything like that to me before.*

“This is your place, kick the company

out!” I had to say something to lighten the mood otherwise I was afraid of what I might do in front of Dana and Trey. Why couldn’t he have had a separate bedroom? We sighed and he kissed me on the forehead before returning to his cooking.

“Can I do something to help?” I asked.

“Just tell me about yourself,” he said.

Crap, really?

“Okay, not much to tell. I work at a law firm in the city, I live a few blocks away from there in a small but decent apartment. I’ve been divorced for almost two years now. I spend most of my free time listening to music or reading. Dana is my best friend, and if I go out anywhere, I’m usually either with her or

my younger sister, who I'm pretty close to. I go to my parents' house every other Sunday for dinner, and that's it."

Ethan

Wow, she didn't want me to know much about her. Maybe I was expecting a lot, it was just that I had been wondering for so long. I walked over to her and kissed her on the forehead, hoping she'd see I sincerely wanted to get to know her. "Okay, now I know what you do, but what I meant was who you are."

"I'm Gia Stone, and I—I don't know what you want to know." She seemed

confused, I felt bad I had pushed her. *She just met me, why would she want to tell me anything?* I knew I had more time with her to find out since she had agreed to go to dinner and the concert with me later. When she'd said 'it's a, um, date' I knew it was just something people said when they made plans, but I was sure glad she did because it opened the door for me to turn it into dinner. And as far as watching the concert together, if she would have said she had two hundred friends with her I would have spent the next ten hours adding on to the VIP section so she would be there, with me. I couldn't screw this up now.

"I want to know who you are, what makes you tick, what you like, what you

don't... I want to know everything, Gia Stone, and I have a feeling it's going to be really fun finding out!" I had to let her off the hook before I scared her off. At least she knew I wasn't just trying to get in her pants. I lifted her off the counter. "Time to eat," I said and kissed her soft lips.

We had a good conversation as we all ate together. Trey and Dana had a lot in common. I felt like I knew more about her than I knew about Gia at that point. It didn't matter, we couldn't stop staring at each other and there was plenty of time to get to know each other tomorrow. But I didn't want to wait, I didn't want to let her out of my sight. *What if she canceled on me tomorrow and went back to the*

city and I never saw her again? There was no way I was going to let that happen.

Gia and I went out to have a smoke while Trey and Dana cleaned up breakfast.

“I didn’t take you for a smoker,” Gia told me.

“I’m an occasional smoker,” I admitted.

“Same here. When I’m drinking and occasionally if I’ve had a shit day,” she said. “You seem to take such good care of yourself, I’m surprised you have the habit.”

“It’s my vice, I try to keep it to a minimum. Although I do enjoy it on occasion, like now, with you, it’s

relaxing.” I sat down next to her. I’d love to sit with her and watch the sun come up, maybe she’d come to Sunset with me.

“Would you like to stay with me for awhile longer? There’s something I’d like to show you.” *Just trust me and say yes.*

Gia thought for a bit. “I’d love to see it, whatever it is,” she finally answered. I was so relieved that I’d bought more time with her.

Dana and Trey joined us outside. Dana looked exhausted. “Dana, are you ready for bed?” Gia asked. Dana nodded.

“I’ll take Dana back to camp,” I told Trey. “Then I’m gonna take Gia up to

Sunset—you'd better get some sleep, we have a big day tomorrow.”

“See you tomorrow night for the big show. Get some rest ‘cause you’re gonna need it!” Trey said to Dana as he gave her a bear hug. She leaned into him and it looked like she fell asleep for a moment. Trey laughed. “Sweet dreams, Dana.” He secretly gave me thumbs up, said good-night, and headed to his place next door.

I helped the girls into the truck and headed to the campground. “What site are you in?” I asked them.

“Sixty-nine,” Gia said. I think she was

smiling.

“I could’ve guessed,” I told them. “Marcus always puts the hottest girls in that spot, he must have a crush on one of you.”

“Who’s Marcus?” Gia asked, sounding a little concerned.

“Marcus is head of the campground, he must’ve checked you girls in. He had a fling with a woman in lot sixty-nine a few years ago, we all think it was his first. He was fresh out of high school, cleaning bathrooms and shower houses. She was older, called him over to take a look at her air conditioner, and boom, a new *Penthouse Forum* story was born. Don’t worry about him, he’s harmless, pretty shy, goes to college and works

here during the summer. I think sometimes he wished he was still out there scrubbing toilets and doing maintenance.” I chuckled as I recalled the story.

Gia asked how long I’d worked here. I forgot she thought I was a barback or something.

“Nineteen years,” I answered. It sounded so long.

“Thanks for the breakfast and for the ride, Ethan. Take care of my girl,” Dana said as I pulled up to their motor home. “Be safe, Gia,” she added, and then we watched until she went in.

“She seems like a good friend,” I told Gia. I was glad she had someone like her. It reminded me of my relationship

with Trey.

“She’s *the best* friend. She’s got my back, always, and I’ve got hers,” Gia said. “Now, where are you taking me? What’s ‘Sunset’?”

“Patience, Hotness, patience,” I told her as we started the short drive I’d taken hundreds of times over the years. I’d gone up there and watched the sun go down countless times. I’d sat up there and thought about Hotness. I dreamed I’d take her there someday and now that day was here. I’d only watched the sun come up from that spot a couple other times, so it was a little different heading up there in the dark.

When we got there, I grabbed my blanket from behind the seat, kissed Gia

on the forehead, and pointed. “That’s Sunset.” She looked a little concerned.

“What’s wrong?” I asked. I hoped she didn’t think I was going to take advantage of her or something and push her off the edge.

“My feet are throbbing already,” she said, apologizing. *Poor thing, I should’ve thought of that.*

“No problem, I’ll give you a piggy-back.” And I was happy to do it. I slouched down, helped her up, and with a huge smile on my face, headed up the hill.

I spread out the blanket beside the big tree and as soon as we sat, I took Gia’s feet, slid off those boots with four inch heels—no wonder her feet hurt—and

started massaging them. Gia relaxed and started taking in the view. I loved watching her experience it. I could tell she was impressed.

“How’s that?” I asked her.

“The view or the foot massage?” I had forgotten about the massage because I was so into watching her in all her beauty see one of my favorite things for the first time.

“Both,” I said, grinning from ear to ear.

“Heavenly.” She lay back on the blanket and looked up at the sky. “Ahhh.” I wanted to lay down beside her.

As I did, I took her hand and she turned and snuggled into me. Nothing

could've felt better... her body against mine, laying on a blanket on a hill with a view that had brought tears to my eyes. I pulled her hand up to my face. I was going to kiss it, but instead I took her middle finger and put it in my mouth. I closed my lips around it, sucked, and pulled it out. I did it again. I don't know why I did it at that moment, but Gia seemed to like it. I didn't want to seduce her up here tonight, that wasn't my intention. I turned to face her, our eyes locked. I traced her face with my finger... I think she wanted more.

“Gia, I've waited for you for so long...” She had no idea. “I don't want to go too fast. I don't want to scare you or hurt you... please, tell me what you

want.” I was surprised at her reaction, she looked wounded. She looked away from me. *No!*

“Gia? What are you thinking? Tell me, please,” I begged her. *What had I said?*

“What happened to the Ethan who had me up on the counter an hour ago and was wanting to take me, right there, right then? Don’t you want me like that now?” I was confused for a second. *Wait, what was she asking? Of course I wanted her, is that what she was worried about? Is that all she wants from me? No! She isn’t like that, I know she isn’t.* When she looked at me, I could feel it. I knew what it felt like to be wanted by a woman for my looks or my body or because they thought I had a big bank

account. They slept with me a few times, found out I was just a regular guy and I owed the bank a pile on this place, and I never saw them again. But no one had ever looked at me the way Gia had, and she thought I was a barback, for crying out loud. She was kind and loving, funny and giving. I *knew* this, I *felt* this. I had to fix this!

“Of course I want you, Gia. I’m sorry. Things got pretty heated back there. Kissing you for the first time made me horny as hell, but I don’t want you to think that’s all I want from you. I want more from you—I want to get to know you. You’re so much more than a pretty face and a piece of ass.” She had to see that!

She sat up. “I want to go back to the motor home.” My heart sank. “Would you take me, please?” She was putting her boots on and crying. *What had I done? How could I have hurt her like this when she was the only woman I'd ever tried so hard not to?*

“No, Gia... please, don't do this. Don't cry. What's wrong?” I couldn't figure her out. She was crying harder now. I couldn't stand the fact that I had done this to her. I took her onto my lap and into my arms. I held her tight and rocked her, not saying anything, just letting her be. I wanted to ask her so many more questions, but as long as she was allowing me to comfort her, I would sit in silence forever.

“I’m not a whore,” Gia said out of the blue. *What?* “It’s just been a really long time and I am unbelievably physically attracted to you. You’re like an aphrodisiac every time you look at me, and then you say and do things that make me squirm and give me butterflies, and I’m sorry... I wasn’t expecting to meet someone who wants to know who I am, what makes me tick, likes, dislikes and all that. *I’m* not even sure who I am. I just don’t want you to think I’m a whore.” *Thank Goodness!* She had opened up, just enough to give me a glimpse of herself. I would settle for a glimpse, for now. At least I knew how she felt when I looked at her and how I gave her butterflies. She wanted and

needed sex, but she was having unexpected feelings and that was confusing her. I had to show her she could have it all.

Gia

Ethan scooted me forward a little so he could turn my face to his. “Gia, I *know* you’re not a whore. I’ve been unfair to you, teasing you. I didn’t mean to do that. I hadn’t even realized I was doing it. You are an aphrodisiac for me, too, and I acted on it. When I brought you up here, I was hoping to watch the sun come up with you in my arms. I’ve always wanted to share this with

someone. Then, when I thought things might get physical, I got scared, because like I said, I don't want to lose you right when I'm so close to getting to know you. I would like to help you find yourself. You don't want to open up to me yet, but eventually I want to gain your trust and show you it's okay. Gia, stay with me a little longer."

I turned my back to him and slid up against him, pulling his arms around me so we were both facing the East. I thought about what he'd just said. *He doesn't want to lose me right when he's so close to getting to know me? He wants to help me find myself? He really was sensitive, and he wanted to get to know me, but what about what I want?*

It did feel nice to sit here with him, though. I felt stupid that I'd wept in front of him but I did appreciate the way he held me carefully and let me get it out. I couldn't help getting emotional every time I thought about my past relationships, Lex and his disapproving looks every month when I got my period. Jason when I asked him to leave my apartment in tears after I practically seduced him and then chickened out. And then I met Ethan, this great guy, sexy as hell, and all I wanted was to get laid, but he turned into Mr. Fucking Sensitive. *Will I ever have a normal relationship?*

He rested his chin on my shoulder and whispered in my ear, "I'm so glad that we talked, at least we know what each

other is looking for. I'm more than willing to give you what you need, and I'm hoping that you'll trust me enough to open up and give us a real chance to get to know each other." He squeezed me and kissed my neck. We watched, in silence, as the sun peeked up from the horizon, it was majestic. It reminded me of the artwork hanging in Mr. Evans' office. I was feeling peaceful at that moment, and that was a rare feeling for me.

I turned back around, still on Ethan's lap, wrapped my legs around him, put my hands on his beautiful face and kissed him, slowly, seductively, running my fingers through his hair. Everything about him felt strong and safe. I didn't

know why I felt safe with him. I guess it was the fact that he hadn't taken advantage of me or my foolish behavior, even though that's what I'd wanted. He put his hands under the back of my shirt and ran them up my skin. It felt nice and made me arch and put my face up toward the stars. This gave him the opportunity to kiss my neck, slowly up to my ear and back down again. I started to breathe heavier. Then he went slowly up to my other ear.

Every kiss was very deliberate and made me want more, but this time he whispered, "I want you, Gia. I want to give you what you need. Let's go back to my place."

I looked into his eyes. "Yes," I

whispered. “Take me there.”

Chapter 8

When we got back to Ethan's house, he carried me inside and laid me on his fluffy bed. It smelled really fresh and clean. I watched him as he made his way around the room, closing blinds and pulling curtains shut. After each one he would look back at me as if he was waiting for me to change my mind or something. *No chance, this was my moment, I wanted to do this, I had to do this.* When he finished, he came to me and picked me up again.

He carried me to the bathroom and turned on the shower, never saying a

word. My mind was racing, along with my hormones and nerves. He slowly pulled off my jacket and let it fall to the floor, watching my eyes, still waiting for a sign to stop. He wasn't getting any. He unbuckled my belt and slowly pulled it all the way out. When it slid across my skin, it gave me a shiver and I took a deep breath. He let it fall to the floor. He knelt down in front of me, never looking away from my eyes and slowly pulled my boots and socks off. As I was looking down at him, I felt naughty. I liked that feeling, a lot. Carefully, he reached up to my waist and undid each button, one at a time, on my jeans. As each button popped open I could feel it in my chest like the drums in my favorite

rock song. I felt nervous that I was going to be naked soon, but the excitement of the way he was undressing me slowly diminished that feeling. He pulled my pants down and I stepped out of them. His eyes were still locked to mine.

He stood and took the bottom of my t-shirt and slowly pulled it over my head and let it drop to the floor. Then he reached around and undid my bra in one easy motion. When his arms touched my bare skin, I could feel my nipples harden and became aware of the wanting and the wetness between my legs. Here I was in nothing but my panties in front of someone I'd just met. The nervousness was gone now and I was more than okay with it. My breasts were heaving and I

was almost panting at this point.

He knelt in front of me again and very slowly pulled my panties down. I stepped out of them. He moved them aside and stood. I felt free, not embarrassed or stripped, because the way Ethan looked at me made me feel sexier than I'd ever felt. He pulled his t-shirt off. I wanted to look so badly but he hadn't left my eyes and I couldn't pull out. He kicked off his shoes and brought his feet up and took off his socks. I noticed how agile he was and wondered what moves he'd show me next.

He put his hands on his jeans button and hesitated—he was giving me every opportunity to stop, but this was what I wanted, what I needed. My eyes were

asking him to keep going. He unbuttoned and unzipped, and down they went. He kicked them away. Our eyes were still locked. I could tell he was naked. I didn't know if his underwear went with his jeans or if he wasn't wearing any, and I could also tell he had a huge cock. I was so fucking turned on. I wanted to look at him, I wanted to touch him, why did he have to be so sensual?

He reached back and opened the shower door. I walked toward it. I had to leave his eyes, finally, to step in, and he followed. I turned to him, put my arms around him and started kissing him. He tasted delicious. My hands were exploring every inch of his upper body. His shoulders were broad and powerful,

his back was smooth and soft, yet so strong and firm. His biceps were alive, bulging with every move he made. His chest was silky except for the nipples where I could feel his hairs tickling and teasing me. And his abs, fuck—his abs were tight and defined, unlike any I'd ever actually touched before. I found the goody trail and started to follow it, but just before I got to the goodies, he pulled away.

Our eyes locked again. He slowly squeezed shampoo into his hands, rubbed them together, and lathered up my hair, massaging my head. It felt so good I had to close my eyes for a moment. He took my hand and squeezed some shampoo into it. I reached up and

massaged his head, his hair felt thick and healthy. I pressed my fingers hard against his scalp. He ever so lightly pushed me back so my hair was under the shower head. I closed my eyes and let it wash over me as he ran his hands through, rinsing the suds. Every time his hand touched the back of my neck, I got a tingling sensation between my legs. We kissed again, slowly, I pulled him to me so his head was under the water, too. I ran my fingers through his hair until it felt like the suds were gone.

I pushed him back until he was against the wall and kissed him more urgently, I could feel his hardness against my stomach and I wanted it inside me. I sucked on his tongue and bit his lip.

Then I pulled back and I looked at him, all of him. I was right—his cock was huge. He finally looked at me. “Jesus, Gia,” he whispered. It was the first words we’d had since we left Sunset. I turned and shut off the shower.

I took him by the hand and led the way to his bed. Both of us were soaking wet. I pushed him down on the bed and opened his night stand drawer, assuming that if he had condoms, this was where they’d be. *Oh, thank you!* I pulled out a condom and opened it. I wanted to put it on him, but I had no experience doing that, so I handed it to him. I watched him slowly set it on the head and roll it down the shaft. *Fuck! That was sexy.* I climbed on top of him and started

kissing him, hard. I was rocking my clit against his cock and I was on the verge of taking him in when he turned quickly and was on top of me.

“Fuck me now,” I said, pleading. Ethan looked into my eyes. He slowly put his cock right against my opening and very slowly moved his hips back and forth, putting pressure against me, but not entering me.

“Please, Ethan.” I tried to thrust my hips forward enough to feel him inside me. I arched my back and he leaned down and put his mouth over my hard nipple, sucking on it briefly before moving to the other side. I moaned. He pulled his cock away from me and kissed my stomach, then back up to my

nipples, and he was against me again. He was driving me crazy.

“Ethan, I want you to fuck me.” I was looking right into his eyes. He pressed harder against me. “Yes,” I whispered, our eyes were locked. He was beginning to enter me—it hurt—but I still wanted it.

He pulled back, opened his night stand drawer, and grabbed some KY jelly. He put it on his finger and put it against me. He rubbed my clit and then slid his finger inside me, watching my eyes with every move. He put another finger inside me and I was losing my mind. He pulled his fingers out and rubbed some KY on himself, and then he was pushing against me again.

“Just fuck me now,” I whispered loudly. He pushed forward, he was partially inside me when he stopped, watching my reaction. It hurt, a lot, but I didn’t want him to stop. I had to do this.

“Please,” I said. I could feel tears running down the sides of my face. “Don’t stop.”

He went in a little more, pulled back and pushed forward again. I closed my eyes now. “Harder,” I said, but he didn’t move. “Ethan, I want you to fuck me harder, please!” I opened my eyes, he looked scared.

“I’m hurting you,” he whispered.

“No, I want this, please,” I begged.

“I can’t,” he whispered. “I’m hurting you.”

“Yes, you’re hurting me because you don’t want to fuck me.” I felt rejected.

“Please, Gia, don’t do this,” he said as he slowly pulled out of me. “I want you more than I’ve ever wanted anyone. But I’m not going to hurt you. Let me take care of you in a different way, please.” And he knelt beside the bed, between my legs.

“No.” I pulled my body backward and onto the other side of the bed. “That’s not what I want, Ethan. It’s okay, I’m fine.” I looked down. I was embarrassed, ashamed. I wanted to go back to the motor home before the girls woke up so I could just sleep without having to talk to anyone. “Could you just take me to the campground? I’m really

tired.”

“Gia,” he said. I was staring into my hands nervously. “Gia, look at me.” I couldn’t. “Gia, I know that didn’t go as either of us wanted, but it’s okay. We just need to take it slow and easy, not fast and hard. We’ll get there, I promise. Let me take care of you, let me give you what you need without hurting you, please.”

“No. It’s okay, Ethan.” I got off the bed and went into the bathroom and got dressed. I was so embarrassed. I had to get out of there. I had to sleep. I couldn’t think clearly.

I walked out of the bathroom and saw Ethan sitting on the side of the bed. He had put some shorts and a t-shirt on.

When he saw me, he stood up and walked toward me.

“Gia—” he started, but I interrupted.

“Ethan, all I want to do is get some sleep. I can’t even think straight right now. I’m physically and emotionally drained. I’m fine, you didn’t hurt me. Please take me to the motor home.”

“All right, Gia,” he said softly. He was the one who was hurt, and it was my fault. He picked his keys up off the table where he dropped them when he carried me in. He followed me out and opened the truck door for me. We didn’t speak until he pulled up to lot sixty-nine.

“Gia, I still want to take you on that date later and watch the concert with you.” He waited patiently for an answer.

I didn't know what to say—I couldn't say anything. I couldn't even look at him. I opened the door and got out, ran to the motor home, and went in. I heard him drive away.

All the girls were sleeping, thank God. I took my clothes off and got into my little bed. I curled up into a ball and fell asleep. I dreamt that I was still married to Lex. He came up here and found me at a concert. He started scolding me about drinking and smoking while we were trying to get pregnant. Everyone around us was looking at me. I started crying and said I was sorry, but he persisted.

“Don't you want to have a family?” he yelled at me.

“Of course,” I said, “I’ve been trying so hard, doing everything just the way the doctor said. I just wanted a fun weekend to relax. Please don’t be mad.”

“Is that the kind of mom you’re going to be, too? Just run off whenever you feel like it to party with your friends? Well, Gia, I’ll just find someone else to give me a family. Someone who’ll make a great mom and wife, someone who’s not broken inside!”

No! I woke up in a cold sweat. I looked around, everyone was still asleep. I lay back down and closed my eyes. Thank goodness Lex never said things like that, although it may have been easier if he had. The silence was one of the hardest parts, because then I

just imagined what he was thinking and feeling, and that was brutal. His disappointed face every time I failed to get pregnant or had a miscarriage pretty much said it all. I dozed off again.

Chapter 9

I awoke to whispers and the smell of coffee. I didn't open my eyes just yet. I was remembering where I was and what happened last night and this morning. I could hear Dana telling Jo and Brittany about our breakfast and the god who took me off into the "Sunset." They all sounded so alive this morning, excited for a new day and a new adventure. I wanted to be part of that. I didn't want to worry about what happened earlier. Was it so wrong what I did, what I said, what I wanted? No, it wasn't. Why shouldn't I be able to get a man to look at me like a

sex object? I should! Someone who wanted me so badly that he lost all control and took me down and fucked me before he thought twice about it? I could! Okay, now I was part of the girls' excitement. I knew what I had to do today and I was excited, too. The butterflies were fluttering.

“Good morning, beautiful ladies,” I sang when I opened my eyes.

“Holy shit, you got laid!” Dana said as she jumped over to me and then sat there with big eyes, wanting details.

“A lady never tells,” I said and pulled my blanket up over my face. I acted playful because I didn't want them to see the truth about my half-lay.

“Well, there should be no problem

getting the whole story, then!” Dana yelled and tried to pull at the blanket, but she lost her grip and fell back onto the floor. We all laughed so hard I almost peed myself.

“Seriously, there’s not much to tell,” I said, knowing that they wouldn’t leave me alone unless I gave them something. “I’m excited for a new day and a new adventure!” I really was.

“You mean, you’re not going on the date with Ethan?” Dana sounded surprised. “And what about the VIP spots for the Poison show?” They all looked at me. Shit, I had forgotten about that.

“Uh, I’m not sure yet.” I was trying to think of a way to let them down easy.

“Let’s get all rocked up, get some drinks in us, and see where the day takes us. The Poison concert isn’t until tonight, and a lot could happen before that. We never make plans in advance, that’s what makes it so fucking fun, remember?” I said with a shitload of enthusiasm.

Their eyes got big, smiles on all their faces. They could tell I was gonna be a spitfire today, and they were right. I got up and poured myself a cup of coffee, put a shot of Bailey’s in it, shook my ass at them and headed to the bathroom to shower. They jumped up and started getting dressed.

While I was in the shower, I was fantasizing about what I wanted to happen today. I was so glad that I had

decided at the last minute to throw my thigh-high boots and black mini into my suitcase Thursday night. There was something about being in heels and feeling that leather rub against my bare thighs that made me feel sexy as hell, and that was exactly what this day was all about for me. I wanted to feel sexy, I wanted to be under the influence, I wanted the music loud, I wanted to flirt and tease, I wanted the guys to look at me and to want me. The butterflies were wild now.

I squeezed body wash onto my sponge and scrubbed every inch of myself. As I washed between my legs, I felt a little sore, but I quickly focused on something else, I wasn't going to let that scene ruin

my mood. When I wet my hair, I could smell Ethan's shampoo and had to fight myself not to think about the amazing shower. I carefully shaved my legs and underarms. I was glad I had gotten a bikini wax a week ago, so that was good to go. I stepped out of the shower and dried off. I rubbed lotion all over myself and wrapped the towel around me. It was a little too short to completely cover my ass, but it was close. I put extra mousse in my hair and some body boost, so when I dried it and sprayed it upside down, it would have extra poof and bounce around when I walked. I put my makeup on meticulously, making sure the black eyeliner and smoky lids looked model-like and not clown-like. I stared

at myself for a moment. Ethan was right, my eyes were beautiful... well, now anyway, with all the work I'd just put into them. I had to stop letting him come into my head. I had big plans today, and they didn't involve Mr. Sensitive.

I walked out of the bathroom and heard a male voice, then giggling women. I looked up and Trey was standing there handing something to Dana. I remembered I was wearing a towel, but before I could escape, Trey saw me. I couldn't turn and run because I knew half my ass was showing and that would've been more uncomfortable for both of us, so I just stood there, nonchalantly making sure my other parts weren't showing.

“Hi, Gia,” Trey said, acting like I wasn’t half naked. “Ethan asked me to bring you girls over some VIP passes in case we got too busy to meet up before the concert.” But I knew the real reason. “We’re still gonna meet for the concert, right?” Ethan probably told him to ask that.

“Of course!” Dana blurted. I think she knew something was up, but she didn’t want to miss out on this opportunity and I didn’t blame her. Plus, Trey was hot and seemed to be interested in her, so I didn’t want to take that away from her.

Trey was still looking at me. It was like he didn’t believe Dana and he needed confirmation that *I* was going to be there, from *me*. Well, I wasn’t going

to give him an answer because I didn't know. I had other plans for the day and I didn't have to have VIP passes for them.

“Sorry,” I said, “I didn't know we had company.” And I turned around, knowing full well what was showing, and walked back to the bathroom. I waited and listened until Trey left before I came out again.

The girls were laughing. “Gia, you're so bad! What's gotten into you?” Jo giggled.

“Nothing,” I said dreamily, “yet!” And we all giggled like little virgins.

I walked over to my suitcase and dug out my thigh-highs, mini-skirt and black lacy bra with matching panties. I found my belt from last night and my new shirt.

I dropped my towel right there and started getting dressed.

Brittany whistled. “Dang, I wish I would’ve brought a sexier outfit! You look hot!”

I thought of what she was wearing yesterday, which was similar to what she had on today and said, “Brittany, if you were wearing anything sexier, none of us would have a chance.”

She seemed happy with that. “Thanks!” She looked into the door mirror.

“I’m changing,” Dana said. “Can I borrow your boots from last night?”

“Of course, borrow anything you like,” I said as I grabbed a pair of scissors and cut my new t-shirt down the

neck several inches so I could show some cleavage. It fit just tight enough in the chest to pull it off perfectly. Then I put my belt over it and pulled some out the top, it was just the right length, too. The last thing I had to put on were my boots, so I slid my silky soft legs into them and slowly zipped them up, being careful at the top so I didn't catch a piece of my skin. Then I walked over to the door mirror and looked at myself. *Holy shit, if I couldn't get anything and everything I wanted today, then I never could.*

Dana and Jo had both decided to change. They came out of the bedroom that Jo and Brittany shared in the back of the motor home and they looked

amazing! I'd never seen Jo like that, she definitely didn't look like a mother of two. She had a short school girl skirt on with a red lacy tank, probably Brittany's, and red heels. I couldn't believe her legs, they were sexy as hell. Dana had tight jeans on with rips in them, her new Ratt shirt, which she had also altered with scissors and a belt, and instead of my boots, she decided on her black heels, which looked smokin' hot with jeans.

“I wanna fuck both of you right now,” I said as seriously as I could.

Dana put her finger in the air. “Wait,” she said and turned around. Her ass looked fabulous. Then she bent over and the rip opened just enough so you could

see her matching Ratt panties. We were hysterical.

We all grabbed a drink and made a toast to what we knew was going to be one amazing night. “Cheers!”

Chapter 10

Ethan

When we got back to my place, I carried Gia, not because her feet hurt, but because I wanted to, inside and laid her on my bed. I slowly walked through the room closing the blinds, giving us privacy and trying to make her as comfortable as possible. I couldn't believe I was about to have Hotness in the most intimate way. She was absolutely captivating to me and I couldn't let her out of my sight for long. I walked over and picked her up and took

her into the bathroom.

I wanted this to be something she would remember, something beautiful and true, I was trying to romanticize what she thought she wanted and needed so badly. I needed to show her that pure passion could bring as much sexual excitement as carnal lust. I thought a shower might be a good start.

I pulled her jacket off slowly—I kept my eyes on hers because I had to keep that emotional connection—and let it drop to the floor. I unbuckled her belt and pulled it slowly, making sure it touched her skin as it circled her beautiful body. I was already hard and we were both still fully dressed. I knelt in front of her and took off her shoes and

socks. She seemed to like me in this position, I'd have to remember that. I reached up and unbuttoned her jeans. As each button popped, my anticipation swelled and by the time I pulled them down, I had to force myself not to lay her on the bathroom floor and give her what she wanted. But I had to do this right. As I undressed her, she seemed to like it. I worked slowly, making sure to emphasize each article as it left her body, and by the time I reached around and took her bra off, I knew she was all in. Her eyes were still locked to mine and she was breathing heavy. I knelt in front of her again. When I pulled her panties off, they were wet. I could smell her and I wanted to taste her so badly.

I stood, Gia was completely naked now and she hadn't moved an inch. *Was she afraid? I didn't want that. No, she didn't look afraid, exactly. She looked like she was enjoying herself, but she wasn't joining in, either. Maybe she'd never done anything quite like this before. Well, that was going to change.*

I opened the shower and followed her in. She kissed me. I loved kissing her. I could stare into her eyes and kiss her for days on end. She ran her soft hands all over my upper body, her fingertips felt silky and when her nails touched my skin they left a trail of arousal behind. I fantasized that this was her first time touching a man. I knew it wasn't, but she was almost acting like it was, and that

was turning me on like crazy. My body was responding under her fingers, then, she tried to go for the package, so I grabbed the shampoo. Patience wasn't one of her greatest strengths. I made a mental note.

We locked eyes. I moved her under the water spray and started to wash her hair. I let my fingers comb through her long, soft locks, then I massaged the shampoo against her scalp, feeling the contours of her head, memorizing its shape beneath my fingertips. She took the shampoo and lathered some into my hair. Her fingers worked magic on my scalp, sending tingles all the way down my spine.

She pushed me back against the wall.

Whoa. A woman who knew what she wanted and took control. After her stillness earlier, this was a sexy change of pace. She kissed me harder, her lips demanding more from mine. I could feel her breasts and stomach against me. She sucked on my tongue and bit my lip. I was losing the battle, she'd won. Then she backed off. She stood back and looked at my nakedness for the first time. She was taking it all in. I took the opportunity to look at her—she was exquisite. She looked lean and strong, toned. *She must work out.* She had just a hint of a tan line and I could tell she wore a bikini. Her breasts were perfection, just as I remembered. Her stomach was divine and I wanted to kiss

it as soon as I had the opportunity. “Jesus, Gia.” I startled myself because I hadn’t intended to speak.

She turned and shut off the shower. She took my hand and led me back to my bed. I followed willingly, my eyes glued to her unbelievable ass.

She pushed me down on the bed, opened my night stand drawer, and got out a condom. She opened it and I thought she was going to put it on me, but instead she handed it to me. *Does she not know how to put a condom on? How much experience did Gia really have?* She watched me put it on, so I did it very slowly. She gave me a sexy smile.

She climbed on top of me and began rocking against me. She leaned down to

kiss me, her damp hair fell against my face and tickled it as she rocked faster. She wanted me inside her already. I wanted to take over and show her how passionate this could be. I turned her over and looked down at her.

“Fuck me now,” she said. The words took me by surprise and we locked eyes. I pressed up against her and rocked, she felt really tight.

“Please, Ethan.” She was begging me. She pushed her hips against me. I had to think. I leaned down and suckled her nipples and tasted her divine stomach. Then I moved back up to her nipples. I was buying time.

“Ethan, I want you to fuck me.” She looked right into my eyes, but they were

different. They weren't Gia's beautiful eyes anymore. I pushed my hips forward. "Yes," she whispered. She was so tight it almost hurt.

I couldn't do it, not like this. I grabbed some lube and played with her, hoping she would come fast, then I put some on myself and tried again, maybe she was more relaxed now.

"Just fuck me, now." Gia was louder this time. I tried. I went in a little further this time and stopped.

"Please, don't stop." I moved forward just slightly and then back.

She closed her eyes. "Harder," she said, and I could see there were tears running down her beautiful cheeks. I didn't move.

“Ethan, I want you to fuck me harder, please!”

Why was she doing this? What had she been through that made her think she was deserving of this? I was scared for her. She opened her eyes and looked at me.

“I’m hurting you,” I managed to whisper.

She begged again. “No, I want this, please.”

“I can’t—I’m hurting you.” I felt horrible that I had allowed it to go this far.

She looked at me like she had just been thrown away like a piece of garbage, “Yes, you’re hurting me because you don’t want to fuck me.”

My heart broke. I slowly pulled out of her. “Please, Gia, don’t do this. I want you more than I’ve ever wanted anyone, ever.” It was true and I had to tell her because I knew this was more about rejection than anything else, and I was in no way rejecting her. I wanted to share real stuff with her, intimate stuff. “But I’m not going to hurt you. Let me take care of you in a different way, please.” I knelt between her legs, waiting for permission.

“No. That’s not what I want, Ethan. It’s okay, I’m fine. Could you just take me to the campground? I’m really tired.” *Please, no, this couldn’t be happening, how could I lose her over this?*

“Gia.” She wouldn’t look at me. *What*

had I done? All I wanted was to show her how much I cared about her. “Gia, look at me.” I needed her eyes. It was killing me that she took them away from me. “Gia, I know that didn’t go as either of us wanted, but it’s okay. We just need to take it slow and easy, not fast and hard. We’ll get there, I promise.” And I really believed that. “Let me take care of you, let me give you what you need without hurting you, please.” I was begging her, I wanted to make it right, I wanted her to feel wanted, I wanted her to look into my eyes again and know that I was the one who could do this for her. I could make her see herself the way I saw her, the most beautiful woman, inside and out, that I’d ever wanted to

know.

“No. It’s okay, Ethan.” She went into the bathroom. I was devastated.

I put some clothes on and sat on the edge of the bed. *What could I do, what could I say to make her see? I don’t want her to leave. I don’t want to be separated from her.*

She came out of the bathroom. “Gia —” I started, but she stopped me.

“Ethan, all I want to do is get some sleep. I can’t even think straight right now. I’m physically and emotionally drained. I’m fine, you didn’t hurt me. Please take me to the motor home, please.” She stared down at the floor. She looked scared, hurt and ashamed. I wanted so badly to hold her and take it

all away. Why wouldn't she let me? But I had to do as she asked. Maybe after she got some sleep, she would.

"All right, Gia." And I took her to the campground.

When we got there, I told her I still wanted to take her out and watch the concert with her. She didn't look at me or answer me. She just went in and shut me out.

I couldn't bear the thought of going back home and reliving the past hour, so I drove around for a while. I drove up to Sunset and parked, but didn't get out and walk up the hill. I reached in the glove box and got a smoke. What had happened to Gia that made her think she was unworthy of love? For the hundredth

time, I went back to the first time I saw her—she was such an inspiration to me. And I recalled every other time I'd seen her after that. She inspired me every time, even when I could see the light that had always surrounded her was gone, because I knew she was special and she would shine again. And she did.

I knew that I couldn't give up on her. I knew that I didn't want to 'move the fuck on,' as Trey had put it. When she and I looked into each other's eyes, it was like no one else or nothing else existed, we got lost. I felt it and I knew she felt it too.

I headed back to the house. I had to get some sleep too. I had to be able to think of a way to get Gia to see me

again.

I sent Trey a text when I got home.

Could u take 4 vip passes to the girls, they r in 69. Try to get a read on Gia, I'm not sure she wants to go with me. C u at the a.m. meeting. Thanx

I wanted to send Gia a text to get ahold of me when she got up later, but we hadn't even exchanged numbers. *That was stupid, she couldn't even call me if she wanted to.* At least she knew where I lived, that gave me a little comfort. I got into bed. It was still damp from our wet showered bodies. I could still smell Gia, she had such a captivating scent.

I dreamt about Hotness, as I had so many times before. She was at a concert with her friends and they were singing and dancing and having a great time. I was watching her, walking toward her, trying to figure out what I was going to say to her when I reached her, we hadn't met yet. She was full of life, confident, beautiful, and sexy. As she looked around her, everyone lit up, they all wanted to be a part of her universe, as did I. I kept walking and walking, but I wasn't getting any closer, so I started running, as fast as I could. Still, I wasn't getting any closer, she saw me and waved. She kept looking at me, smiling, waving me over, but I couldn't get to her. I was getting exhausted. She looked

confused. She didn't know why I wouldn't come to her. I was trying, I was screaming for her to come to me, but she didn't know what I was saying, she couldn't hear me. I woke up in a cold sweat. My cell was ringing.

Chapter 11

Gia

We headed for the shuttle. It was already 2:00 p.m., so we missed the first concert. Since I hadn't gotten to bed until 6:30 this morning, I slept until noon, and the other girls hadn't been up too long before that. Our plan was to get in the gate, eat some lunch, and then drink and watch the concerts for the rest of the day and night. My butterflies were back!

When we walked into the gate, I smelled the food and heard the music and I felt alive. We headed over to one

of the bars first. I ordered four shots and four beers. We did the shots and grabbed the beers and headed over and got our food. We grabbed a picnic table and ate in record time so we could really start partying.

“Ready, ladies?” Dana said, holding up her beer.

“Ready!” We said, and we headed into the arena.

The second band of the day was playing and they were really good. We found some fun guys almost immediately, probably because we were dressed like hookers, but so were half the other girls there, and we danced and let loose. I was feeling really tall and leggy in my thigh-highs and my confidence was way

up there. The guy I was dancing with was totally hot. He was laughing and having a good time.

“My name is Josh,” he hollered.

I leaned in to him. “I’m Gia.”

“You smell amazing, Gia,” He said right in my ear. It gave me goose bumps.

“Let’s go!” Jo said. She grabbed me, looking totally pissed off.

“Bye, Josh!” I yelled back to him. He put his hands up in frustration. It made me laugh.

“What a bunch of assholes,” Jo said. “Do you know what that guy said to me?”

“No, what?”

Jo stopped and Dana and Brittany caught up. “He said, ‘You remind me of

a girl I used to date from a Catholic school. She had a little uniform like that, she liked to hold my head under her skirt until she came. Do you like to do that, too?’ I mean, who says shit like that? What a fucking psycho!” The rest of us looked at each other, trying not to laugh because Jo was really offended.

I couldn’t help myself. “Well, *do you* like to do that, you bad, bad girl?” We all busted a gut—well, everyone but Jo.

“I’m sorry, Jo,” I said, trying to be serious. “You know some guys can be like that, and when you add alcohol and put a hot girl in front of them, they can’t control themselves. Now, which one was he? He sounds like my kind of date for tonight!” Even Jo cracked a smile at

that one. But I did look back to see what he looked like.

“My turn to buy,” Brittany hollered from the nearest bar. We all headed her way. When she pulled her money out, her VIP pass fell on the ground. She picked it up and set it on the bar while she was fiddling with the change.

“You don’t wanna lose that!” the half naked girl behind the bar said. “Quite a coveted item around here—we don’t even have that kind of access.”

We were confused. “What kind of access?” Dana asked, and we all leaned in to hear the answer like it was the Da Vinci code or something.

“Meeting the bands,” she said really slowly as she scanned each of our faces.

“Meeting the bands! Are you shitting me right now?” Brittany screamed.

We all looked at each other, eyes and mouths wide open. “Shit, Gia, Ethan really hooked us up!” Dana said.

“Oh, you guys know Ethan? He’s a total sweetheart, isn’t he?” the girl said.

“Hell yes, he is!” Brittany said, even though she’d never even met him.

“Thanks,” I told the girl and walked away. The girls followed.

“You don’t seem very happy, Gia,” Jo said. “What really happened between you and this Ethan last night?”

“I told you, a lady never tells,” I said with a half-smile. “Besides, we have some people to meet!”

We walked over to the ticket booth

and asked the girl where the VIP area was and she pointed. We all turned and looked. ‘VIP Entrance’ was blazoned across a huge banner.

“Are we drunk, or did that just appear out of nowhere?” Dana said. I shook my head and smiled as we headed that way.

Wait a minute. If the girl at the bar said they don't even get this kind of access, why was Ethan able to get it for the four of us? Then the way she said, ‘He's a total sweetheart, isn't he,’ irritated the shit out of me, but I didn't know why.

We all put our VIP passes around our

necks and the guy waved us through. *Holy Rock Stars, this is unbelievable.* We grabbed champagne off the table and started to mingle with the party. There were half-dressed girls, like us, everywhere. There were half-dressed dudes everywhere, too—that was kinda weird. A lot of them had their shirts off, some had no shoes on, and some had the top button or two of their jeans undone. *Was this a big orgy or what?* I guessed maybe that was the way rock stars hung out in the VIP bar.

“This is un-fucking-believable, Gia,” Dana whispered to me, “There’s the lead singer of Tesla over there and that dude is the drummer in Ratt!” She was star struck.

“I know, its mind blowing,” I said, “and I hate to ruin the mood, but I’ve got to pee.”

“Okay, sweetie, I’m with ya,” Dana said as we grabbed the other two and headed to the bathrooms, which were unisex and in a separate little area just off the room everyone was dancing in.

When we got over there, one girl was waiting in front of us. “Thank goodness there isn’t a line,” I said, “I’m full!” Then we heard something. It was coming from the first door.

“Oh, yeah, that’s right, right there, baby.” We all looked at each other with big eyes.

“You like that, do ya?” And bang!—up against the door. We all jumped.

Bang, bang, bang against the door. I thought it was gonna come down. And “oh, oh, oh” with every bang.

The girl in front of us turned. “They’ve been at it for awhile now, but the other stalls should be free in a sec.” So nonchalantly. And right after she said it, a stall door opened and the Whitesnake guy came out!

The girl in front of us hurried in the stall and the four of us just stared. “Damn, you ladies are lookin’ hot tonight!” he said with a smile.

Bang! Bang! “Oh, yeah, ohhhhh.”

He walked over to it and knocked. “Giddy up, buddy—we’re on in 15!” Then he turned to us again. “Enjoy the show, ladies.” He winked and was gone.

We were speechless. The next stall opened and I got to it before the other gal was even out. “Sorry,” I said. She just smiled.

I think the guy in the first stall was as relieved as I was. “Ahhh,” he said and the banging stopped.

As I stepped out of my stall, they stumbled out of theirs. The gal was adjusting her clothes and hair and the dude was smiling from ear to ear. *This is some crazy shit.*

I washed my hands, checked my makeup and hair, and was waiting for the girls to come out, and there he was, out of the blue, right in front of me. Ethan.

“Hey, Hotness,” he said quietly. “You

look amazing.” Our eyes locked. I was glad I had just checked myself.

“Hi, Ethan,” I said, also quietly. “Thank you for the VIP passes.” I looked down, still embarrassed about earlier.

Dana came out of the stall. “Ethan!” He looked at her. She ran up and gave him a hug. “Thank you so much for the passes, this is awesome!” He smiled.

“You’re welcome. I’m glad you’re having fun,” he said.

Jo and Brittany, who were sharing a stall, came out. “Ethan, this is Jo, and this is Brittany,” Dana said. “You guys, this is Ethan.”

They all hugged him and went on and on about how great the VIP was, and blah, blah, blah. I walked out. I needed a

drink, bad.

I went back into the crowded room and grabbed another glass of champagne. I gulped it down in three swallows. I was about to grab another when this guy came up to me and said, “Let me get that for you.” He hovered over the bar for a moment.

“Here, this one is special, just for you.” I took a sip this time.

It tasted the same as the other one, but I didn’t want to hurt his feelings. “Mmm, delicious.”

“Hi, I’m Rick.” He held out his hand.

“Yes, I know who you are,” I said and

grabbed his hand. He was in the band that we'd missed earlier. "I'm Gia. Let's dance."

We started dancing, kinda slow, even though the song was more upbeat. I was trying to forget about Ethan, but I wanted him to see me with Rick when he came out. I wanted him to know that even though he couldn't get lost in the moment and fuck me like I was the sexiest woman he'd ever seen, someone else could. "Gia is a very beautiful name," Rick said. "A beautiful name for a beautiful lady."

"Thank you," I said and put my arms on his shoulders and leaned into him, as I felt very relaxed all of a sudden.

"You're welcome," he said and

pulled me tight. We were moving to the rhythm in perfect unison. I had never realized I could dance that good. Rick slid his leg between mine and I could feel a little pressure when he moved me a certain way. *Nice move, Rick.* I felt like I was floating but Rick had one arm around my waist and I was sure that was holding me down. My arms were still on his shoulders and I was holding my champagne with one hand, so I ran my fingers through his hair with the other. It felt weird, but good, I guess. My hand was tingling, in fact half of my body was tingling. *This must be some top shelf shit.* I took another sip of the champagne. We were very cozy and the way we were dirty dancing was really starting to

turn me on. I was feeling the alcohol for sure and he looked like he was, too.

“You are very sexy, Gia,” he whispered in my ear. Then he started kissing my neck. I closed my eyes and imagined he was Ethan. It felt really good. He moved his hand down and caressed my leg between where the boot ended and the mini began.

“Ethan,” I whispered.

“Gia,” I heard from a distance and I ignored it. “Gia!” Right in my ear, so I couldn’t ignore it. I opened my eyes and Dana was looking at me in disbelief. “What are you doing?”

“I know, isn’t it crazy? Do you know who this is?” I said and looked at Rick. I was in an alcohol daze, smiling

drunkenly.

“Yes, Gia, I know who it is, that’s not what I meant. Sorry, Rick, Gia has to go bye-bye now. Go find another girl to take advantage of.” I was pulled away from his body. “Gia, look at me.” She slapped me across the face. “What the hell did you take?” I didn’t know what she was talking about. The room started spinning.

I opened my eyes. “Gia?” I heard Dana. “Oh, thank God. Gia, are you all right?”

“Dana, I’m fine, chill out. What the hell?” I said, looking around, half dazed.

“Fucking Rick drugged you, that’s what the hell!” she yelled. I think she was starting to cry. It took me a minute to process what she just said.

“Drugged me? How? When? I didn’t take any drugs.” I was confused.

“He put it in your champagne. Someone saw him. Luckily you had only taken a few sips, so you’re gonna be okay, but shit, Gia, you scared me half to death!” She was scaring me.

“Oh my God,” I whispered. “That’s fucked up.”

Dana half laughed. “Yes, Gia, that *is* fucked up.” Then she looked up at someone and said, “Thank you, she’s back. She’s gonna be okay.”

“Just relax for a bit, Gia!” Dana

scolded me as I tried to get up.

Jo and Brittany suddenly appeared. “Hey, Gia, welcome back.” Jo sat beside me.

“How do you feel?” Brittany asked.

“Good, I think,” I said. “I’d like to get up, though.” I felt like an idiot laying there with a bunch of people staring at me.

Jo reached her hand out. I took it and she and Brittany stood me up. “Slow and steady. You okay?”

“I think so,” I said. “I think I need something to eat, though.”

“I think we all do. Let’s get out of here,” Dana said and we left some bed in the VIP bar.

“How are you feeling, Gia?” Jo asked after we had eaten.

“Actually, pretty darn good!” I said, and I did.

“Yeah, Ethan said you’d be fine in about an hour,” Brittany said.

“Ethan?” I said, surprised.

“Yes, and you should see what he did to Rick. I don’t think we’ll be seeing his band around here ever again!” I could tell Brittany was impressed.

“Is that who you were talking to when I was waking up?” I asked Dana.

“Yes, he stayed there until he knew you were gonna be okay. He was scared shitless, Gia. He kept blaming himself.

Poor guy, he's got it bad for you." She smiled at me. "You'll be able to thank him soon enough," she said. "We're meeting him and Trey and a couple of their buddies to watch the concert, just like we'd planned."

"Okay," I said, knowing by the way she was looking at me there was no other choice. "Can I still drink alcohol tonight?" I asked, not knowing if I could face Ethan sober.

"Yes, just take it easy, okay?" She was serious.

"Okay." I knew I'd better, too. "Can we go freshen up before we head up to the VIP viewing area?" I bet I looked like hell.

They all assisted me when we got to

the VIP bathrooms. Between the four of us we had makeup, hair product, eye drops, breath freshener, and lip gloss. I felt like a sexy beast again. *Now for a drink, and a cigarette to calm my nerves.*

Chapter 12

Ethan

“Hey, man. You still alive?” It was Trey.

“Yeah, what time is it?”

“Three o’clock. You missed the a.m. meeting by about four hours.” He laughed, “Must’ve been a long night, Gia looked pretty spunky, though!” *What? He saw Gia?*

“Come over,” I said and hung up. I jumped in the shower.

The last time I was in here was with Gia. We washed each other’s hair and

looked at each other naked for the first time. If she were here right now, I wouldn't screw it up like I did then. I hoped she was going to give me another chance tonight.

“C’mon, Sleeping Beauty, get a move on!” Trey hollered.

I jumped out of the shower, toweled off, wrapped it around my waist and headed into the other room. I had to know what Trey found out with Gia.

“Well, your girlfriend looks a lot better in a towel than you do,” Trey said. I felt my heart beat an extra beat when he said ‘girlfriend’. “I’m just sayin’...”

“What are you talking about? What did Gia say? Is she going to meet me tonight?” I was irritated by his lack of

immediate information.

“I went over to the girls’ camp and gave them the VIP passes,” he started. “They all seemed super excited, but Gia wasn’t around at first.” My heart sank. “Then she comes walking out of the back looking fucking amazing in nothing but a towel—a very short towel.” He was smiling. I wanted to knock him out. “Anyway, Dana and the other girls said they’d be there but Gia wouldn’t give a definite answer.”

“Did she seem upset?” I was worried.

“No, man. She must’ve just showered and she was all decked out, like I said, she looked fucking amazing.” *Can’t you just say beautiful?* “And she seemed to be in a playful mood, actually. I really

can't see the other three girls coming and not Gia. What happened? Did you two go up to Sunset?" he asked.

"Yes, but we had a little disagreement and we were both real tired, so we didn't get to resolve it, and make a plan for tonight. I'm not sure she wants to see me." I tried not to look like my world just crumbled.

"Well, you've got a few hours to figure it out, man. I'm sure they'll probably be in the VIP bar pretty soon," Trey suggested. It was a good idea.

"What else is on the agenda?" I asked, knowing that he probably took care of everything this morning while I slept.

"Not much. The meeting went good. Everyone seemed to have a good night

last night. A couple of fights and some underage drinking was all security had to deal with. I checked in the orders, met a couple bands, made rounds, and drove through the campground when I took the passes over. It's all good, so now you can buy me some dinner." Trey was the best right hand man I could've ever hoped for.

"Thanks, man. I'll buy you dinner and drinks and I won't even expect you to put out later, okay?" I said and Trey laughed.

"Get dressed," he said.

Trey and I drove the cart around for a

while. It was a fulfilling feeling to see the place packed and looking so alive. We stopped and chatted with a few people. Trey was right, it was all good.

He saw a few guys he knew, so he ran over to talk to them while I was talking to Marcus on my cell. When I hung up, I looked over toward the stage and saw her—Hotness.

I about fell off the cart. Trey was right again, she looked fucking amazing. She was singing and dancing with a bunch of people, light all around her, just like in my dream. I was relieved that she was having a good time after what had happened between us. I wasn't real relieved however, with the attention she was attracting from all the men in the

vicinity. She was wearing a short skirt with leather boots that went up to her thighs—every guy's fantasy—and no one could look better wearing it than she did.

“Holy shit!” Trey had come back without me noticing and saw what I was seeing. “No wonder you fantasized about her for ten years!” he said, smiling. I wanted to knock him out again. “No offense, man,” he added. “My girl Dana is holding her own for sure!” I hadn't even noticed the other girls.

They were dressed to impress also, and that made me feel a little better. It's just what girls do here, they get all rocked out and wear all the stuff they don't get to wear anyplace else, just like we do when we ride our Harleys. I get

it. It wasn't like she was on the prowl for some guy to do to her what I wouldn't, was it? I couldn't stand the thought of it.

“Let's eat,” I told Trey. “That omelet I had at three this morning is long gone.”

“Since you're buying, I'm in the mood for a big steak!”

I headed for the only steak place we had on the grounds. I needed to eat and then find Gia again and talk to her. I hoped she would meet us at the concert after she had some fun time with her friends today.

After we ate, I told Trey I was gonna

head over to the VIP bar for a while. He wanted to go back to his place for a nap and a shower. I gave him a ride and headed back to the arena. I pulled the cart up to the VIP and stopped and talked to Brad, the bouncer at the entrance.

“Hey, my man, Ethan,” Brad said. He gave me a high five and a man hug.

“Hey, Brad, how’s it hangin’?”

“Long and loose, full of juice!” he answered. He always seemed like he was high, even when he wasn’t.

“TMI, man!” I answered, laughing at his awkwardness. I went in.

I looked around for a while, but didn’t see Gia or Dana or the other two girls they were dancing with outside. I headed for the bathrooms. As soon as I walked

in, I saw Gia, in all her beauty, just standing there.

“Hey, Hotness, you look amazing.” Our eyes locked, filling me up. She had looked me in the eyes again, it was a good sign.

“Hi, Ethan.” I sighed silently as she said my name so quietly, and she thanked me for the passes. I was just about to make my plea for her to meet me at the concert when Dana yelled my name. I looked over and she came running toward me. She gave me a hug and started thanking me, and then two more girls came over and she introduced them. It was chaotic all of a sudden.

“Thank you so much for the VIP passes!” Brittany gushed. Her eyes were

wide with excitement.

“Yes Ethan, that was so thoughtful!” Jo said, smiling wildly. “You should’ve been here a little sooner. One of the guys from Whitesnake was in this first stall.” She pointed to it.

“Yeah, and some girl was in there with him and they were bouncing off the door! We thought it was gonna come off the hinges!” Brittany said, laughing.

“And then the lead singer comes over and bangs on it and tells him to ‘Giddy up’ because they were on in fifteen!” Dana added, they were all hysterical. I glanced up to look at Gia, but she was gone. *Dammit!*

“Then he told us, ‘Enjoy the show, ladies,’ and winked at us!” Jo recalled.

Dana and Brittany were nodding and grinning.

“Unbelievable!” Brittany said. “This place is wild!”

“I know!” Jo said. “Hey, where’d Gia go?”

“She’s been gone for awhile,” I told them.

“We’d better go find her,” Dana said. They all glanced at themselves in the mirror as they headed out. I followed.

As we walked back into the other room I immediately saw her dancing, dirty dancing with a band member I’d met before, I think his name was Rick. Yes, Rick the dick, that was about right. I couldn’t take my eyes off them, he had his leg between Gia’s so she could feel

him every time he moved her a certain way, which he was doing every chance he got. She didn't seem to mind—in fact, she looked like she was really enjoying having his hands all over her. I couldn't believe it and I thought I might get sick. He whispered in her ear, her expression looked odd, then he kissed her neck and I wanted to kill him! I felt wounded, I couldn't watch this—but I realized this was what she wanted. What she tried to get me to give her, some cheap thrill, like she was a piece of meat. *Well, looks like you got your wish, Gia.* I was just about to bow out when I saw him put his hand on her thigh, I looked to see her reaction and something wasn't right. Just then I heard Dana.

“Gia.” There was no reaction whatsoever. “Gia!” Dana was right in her face. They exchanged a few words and Gia looked totally out of it. I rushed over and grabbed her from Rick before he could touch her anymore. Dana was yelling at Gia. She slapped her in the face, but Gia didn’t respond. She went limp in my arms.

“Ethan, someone had to have given her something—something is wrong with her. She doesn’t take drugs!” Dana was really scared. I was fucking pissed!

I looked around the room. “I want some answers and I want them now!” I yelled, laying Gia down on a bed that who knows who did who knows what on. *What the fuck is it even doing in*

here?

A guy and girl walked up. “Rick put something in her champagne. We just thought they were a couple and a lot of us use stuff like that so we can go all night... we didn’t know that she didn’t know.” They were blasted out of their minds.

I looked frantically around the room for Rick. I wanted to kill him. When I found him hiding behind a door, I grabbed him by the front of the shirt, my fist clenched so tight under his chin I thought it might choke him. I didn’t care. “What did you give her?” I shook him violently. “What did you give her, you piece of shit!”

He reached in his pocket and pulled

out a cellophane wrapper with a few pills in it. I grabbed them from him and pushed him away so hard he hit the wall and fell into a heap. I recognized the pills. I ran back over to Dana. “Where’s the glass of champagne Gia had?”

Dana pointed and I went and grabbed it. She hadn’t taken but a couple of drinks, thank goodness! And since she wasn’t a drug user, she already had alcohol in her system, lack of sleep, probably dehydrated, probably hasn’t eaten much, and who knew what else, they affected her pretty quickly and just knocked her out. Who knew what that douche had in mind for her after that. I needed to kill him after I made sure Gia was all right.

I knelt beside Gia. I put my hand on her face and just stared at her. “I shouldn’t have just let you girls come in here alone. I should’ve had some security on you,” I told Dana. “Why do girls think this is so great, anyway?”

“The fantasy, the rock-star boyfriend fantasy, or even just the rock-star one-nighter. You know, ‘wham, bam, thank you ma’am,’ and you’re back to work on Monday with a really great story and a hot memory you can turn to whenever you’re feeling lonely,” Dana said. “And it’s not your fault, Ethan, you were just trying to be nice. You had no idea this was going to happen!”

“Is he still there?” I yelled over to a couple of guys I had watching Rick.

“Yeah, he may be starting to come around, though!” one of them yelled back.

“Keep me posted!”

“Gia’s gonna be fine,” I told Dana, seeing that she needed to hear it. “In an hour she’ll be back to her beautiful, glowing self.” I smiled, knowing she would.

Dana looked relieved. “What are you going to do to Rick?”

“I’m gonna kill him,” I said. “Well, let’s just say he’ll be dead to the world of rock and roll, and that, in turn, will kill him.”

“He’s pretty busted up already, just from the push,” Jo said. “Good job, Ethan!”

I let go of Gia and stood up. Mike was here. *Shit, I wanted to take care of Rick myself!*

“Hey, Ethan, someone came by and said there was a fight in the VIP bar. Everything okay?” Mike said.

“It will be,” I said and explained the situation. He took Rick off in hand cuffs.

I looked over and saw Gia was awake. Dana looked up. “Thank you, she’s back. She’s gonna be okay.” I had to get out of there.

My adrenaline was pumping so fast I thought I might have a heart attack. I headed straight for the employees’ gym.

Everyone else was working, so I was alone. *Good.*

I didn't even change clothes. I walked straight over to the punching bag and started going at it. I imagined Rick's face on it and I still wanted to kill him. I thought of him whispering in Gia's ear while he leaned her into his leg, kissing her neck, touching her thigh. I beat that bag so hard I began to feel guilty. I stopped, slid my back down the nearest wall, and sat on the floor. I felt a little better. I could think straight at least.

I grabbed my cell and called Vince. "Hey, man, you know that little greaseball Rick just got taken out of here in handcuffs because he put drugs in a girl's drink over in the VIP bar? Yeah,

well, round up the other three members of the band, along with their roadies, crew, groupies, anyone associated with them, and personally escort them out. I want all their pictures up on the board ASAP. I'll let Mike and his crew know so they can take a look. They are not to come back, ever. Is that crystal clear? Good. Now, what the fuck is a bed doing in the VIP bar? A futon? Well, it's not a couch, it's a bed. Get it the fuck out of there now! What kind of a place are we running here? And get some more security in there. Okay, thanks, Vince." I think Vince was a little shocked at my demeanor, I was usually pretty laid back, but this was serious shit. Someone could've gotten seriously hurt.

I called Mike. “What did you do with Rick? Good, that’s where he belongs. Charges will be pressed for sure, I’ll make sure of that. Make sure you get a copy of the surveillance so there won’t be any question. Oh, and I need you and your crew to check the board. Vince is getting pictures and video together—I don’t want any of them in here, ever. Thanks Mike.”

I got a call from a detective and gave him a statement. He wanted the tape and to talk to some other people at VIP. He was heading over there now. He wanted to talk to Gia. I told him I didn’t know where she was at the moment, but that she was camping in lot sixty-nine at the campground. Maybe he could catch her

tomorrow, before she left. As I said the words, “she left” I cracked a little, I hadn’t even thought of that yet.

All I had left to do about Rick was to get him and his band on the “uncooperative” list that a lot of us use when we’re hiring for our shows, and it wouldn’t be long before they were unknown.

Chapter 13

Gia

Up the stairs to the VIP viewing area we went. When we got up there, we were all in awe, the stage was so close, there were bar stools with padded seats and free drinks. Wow, impressive. They saw us and came over to get us. “We’re over here,” he said and we followed him.

“Gia, how are you? I heard what happened in the VIP bar.”

“Oh, I’m good, thanks,” I said and smiled.

“Ethan was a basketcase over the deal. He’s already got word out all over, those guys won’t get hired anywhere,” Trey said.

“Where is Ethan?” I asked. “I wanted to thank him.”

“Uh, I don’t know if he’s going to join us,” Trey said. “He was pretty wore out.”

“Oh, that’s too bad,” I said and meant it. He probably wasn’t coming because he knew I didn’t want to see him. I wouldn’t go on the date with him, and then I ditched him and the girls in the bathroom at the VIP bar. I felt bad. He really was a great guy.

The concert started and the girls were all dancing with hot guys. I was happy

for them. I just sat back in my comfy bar stool and took it all in. Then someone grabbed my hand and pulled me up. It was Ethan, and he was leading me somewhere, fast.

He opened a door which led into a room. It was kind of dark, but looked like maybe an office. He pushed his arm across what looked like a desk, and I heard all kinds of shit hit the floor. *He's mad at me.* I was a little nervous.

“Ethan?” I said.

“Shhh, Gia,” he said and put his finger up to my mouth.

He grabbed me around the waist with one arm and put me up on the desk firmly, took my face in his hands, and started kissing me, hard. He sucked in

my tongue and he bit my lip. He was in control, he was calling the shots... and I was getting exactly what I wanted.

The music was loud. Bret was singing, 'I never seen you look so good, you never act the way you should, but I like it...' Ethan pulled away from my face and thrust his tongue in my ear, then ran it all the way down my neck. It felt sweet as hell. Then he stopped and bit me sharply and then licked all the way back up the other side. This was so unlike how Ethan had touched me before, but he knew exactly what he was doing.

'And I know you like it too, the way that I want you...' I heard the words as they were being belted out, live.

He groped my breasts and squeezed them, kinda hard, but I liked it. He pushed me down so I was laying on the desk, and then yanked me by my legs so my ass was on the edge, I was trying to hold onto something but he grabbed my hand and stuck my middle finger in his mouth the way he did at Sunset. This time he sucked hard and fast, in and out.

Fuck. I heard Bret again, ‘Talk dirty to me..’.

Ethan grabbed my legs and pulled them over his shoulders, yanking on me again until the backs of my thighs were tight against his chest. The tops of my boots were at his cheeks. *Holy shit, is this really happening?* I felt his tongue on my inner thigh and he ran it all along

the crease where my leg met the lips. I couldn't be still, I was arching and thrusting, but he had a tight hold on me and kept me right where he wanted me. Then he pushed my panties off to the side and put his full tongue right on me, moving it slightly, teasing me. It made me want to push down on the top of his head, but I kept my hands to myself. He straightened his tongue out and poked it through my lips and licked his way up to my sensitive spot and just started going at it like crazy. I almost came, but he stopped.

‘Until I’m screamin’ for more...’ I noticed the lyrics again.

He reached up with one hand and unbuckled my belt. It fell open and he

shoved his hand up my shirt and under my bra, where he started pinching my nipples, which were rock hard and begging for him. Then he took his other hand, stuck a finger in his mouth to wet it, and put it inside me. I moaned and thrust my hips forward. No one had ever come close to making me feel pleasure like this. He put his tongue on me again and I was losing it.

‘And baby, talk dirty to me,’ I heard Bret whisper at the end of the song.

Ethan put another finger inside me and thrust it forward so far, he hit a spot and I shivered. He thrust and hit the spot again and I moaned uncontrollably and shivered again. He kept thrusting and licking and playing, and when he thrust

deep and hit that spot, I thought I might pee myself. I heard Bret's voice again, 'Wants it all, mama's fallen angel...'

He hit the spot and held it there this time while his tongue was tight up against me, and he vibrated it ever so deliberately and my whole world came crashing down. My eyes rolled back and I lost complete control. He was still now and I was convulsing. He moved his tongue slightly and shock waves tore through my body again. He pulled his hand out of my shirt, pulled his tongue back, pulled his fingers out of me and moved back. My legs fell to the floor. I was spent. I had never been so satisfied as I was at that moment. I heard the music, 'Lose it all, rollin' the dice of her

life...' I had never had an orgasm like that, not even with my vibrator. I was in awe of him.

"Ethan," I said, but he didn't answer.

"Ethan," I said a little louder, but he still didn't answer. *He was still upset with me.* I sat up. "Ethan..." and then I realized, he was gone.

I lit a cigarette and tried to get a grasp on what just happened. I was having a hard time focusing on it all, I was still right on the edge of the desk. I stood and pulled my panties back over to cover myself and sat back up on the desk again, letting my legs hang over the side. I took

a drag, and as I exhaled, I stared off into the unknown.

I heard an acoustic guitar and Bret's voice, 'We both lie silently still in the dead of the night, although we both lie close together we feel miles apart inside...' I thought of Lex and how lonely I'd become after years of trying to give him what he so deserved. But I'd failed him. The way I had wanted him to look at me, to want me physically, not just because he wanted to get me pregnant, but because when he looked at me, he couldn't control himself and had to have me.

I heard Bret go on, 'though I tried not to hurt you...' and I thought of Ethan and how he said he wanted me more than

he'd ever wanted anyone, but was afraid he was hurting me. 'Every rose has it's thorn...' I jumped as the drums and bass kicked into the song. I felt it in my chest, tears were rolling down my cheeks. I took another drag and as I released it I sang along with Bret.

"Though it's been a while now, I can still feel so much pain, like a knife that cuts you, the wound heals, but the scar, that scar remains..." The tears were streaming fast, but I was silent. I had so many scars, but the deepest ones no one could see. They were deep inside, where I was broken. Lex knew they were there, he couldn't stand to look at them any longer, and every time he looked at me, that's all he could see. I

didn't want to show them to anyone else, ever.

I took another drag and listened silently this time. 'I know I could've saved our love that night if I'd known what to say, instead of makin' love, we both made our separate ways...' I couldn't save anything, and I was sure it wasn't love, anyway. How could someone like Ethan love someone, someone like me? Broken inside and full of scars, unfit to carry a child and be a mother. How could anyone who knew this look at me any differently than Lex had? It wasn't possible. I couldn't even look at myself the way I used to, before I knew how ugly I was on the inside.

'And now I hear you found somebody

new, and that I never meant that much to you, to hear that tears me up inside and to see you cuts me like a knife...’ *Yes, Bret, that’s right, the thought of Ethan with someone else does cut me.* I felt like I did when the little bartender said, “He’s a real sweetheart, isn’t he?” And that’s all I needed, to be torn up even more inside. I had to be strong. Ethan gave me what I wanted this weekend, and it was perfect. He saw me, he had to have me, he took control, and he gave me the most carnal sexual experience I’d ever had.

“Every rose has it’s thorn,” I whispered with Bret, and had the last drag of my cigarette.

Chapter 14

Ethan

I headed home. I needed a shower. I had to decide what to do about Gia.

I thought about what Dana said in the VIP bar about the rocker fantasy and the ‘wham, bam, thank you ma’am’. That had to be what Gia was looking for, what she tried to get from me even though I wasn’t a rock star. *Why would she want that? Didn’t she know she deserved more?* Look what almost happened to her in the VIP bar. She could have any guy she wanted out there,

most of them would be happy to wham and bam her, and they wouldn't even say thank you. The thought of that made me sick. I couldn't stand by and let that happen. I had to protect her. *Holy shit, I would be her fantasy!*

Of course! Now that I had a clearer idea of what she wanted, I could give it to her. I could protect her and give her what she wanted and needed. I had a plan and I needed to get going if I was going to go through with it.

I showered and had a power smoothie. I called Trey and told him about Rick and the VIP bar. I told him that I might not make it to watch the concert with them tonight, I was pretty worn out. I told him to have fun and keep

an eye on the girls. He sounded a little disappointed, but I knew he was looking forward to getting to know Dana better and he'd have a good time.

I called Mike and asked him if he could spare one of his crew to come up to the VIP area with me for about an hour tonight and he said yes. My plan was in motion and I hoped I could pull it off.

I decided to sit outside and have a beer and a smoke to kill some time and nerves. I was getting excited. *If this is what you want so bad Gia, then this is what you're gonna get!* I headed for the gate.

I went up the back way to my little office. I had it built a couple years ago

so I could be away from everyone else when I needed to get some serious work done. When you walked out front, you were on the platform of the VIP viewing area and the view was great. I had watched the sun go down a few times on the off season from up here. When you walked out the back, it was just the staircase which I had just come up. My desk was pretty neat, so I added some clutter to it, some unbreakable clutter. I made sure the blinds were shut and the back door was locked. Then I headed out front and told the security guy I needed that office secure from now until I told him otherwise.

“Yes, sir,” he said.

I looked over and saw Hotness sitting on a stool enjoying the concert. Now or never, I thought, and I walked right over to her, grabbed her and led her to my office.

Once we got in, I walked her over to the desk, and with one swift motion I swept my arm across it, knocking everything to the floor. *Nice touch.*

“Ethan?” I heard her say.

I put my finger up to her beautiful mouth. “Shhh, Gia.” I wanted to kiss her softly, but couldn’t. I had a point to prove.

I grabbed her and put her on the desk, then started kissing her animalistically. I

sucked on her tongue and bit her lip—she tasted so good. I stuck my tongue in her ear and then ran it all the way down her neck and back up again. She was so captivating, I wanted to get lost in her, I wanted to let go of this and make out with her, look into her eyes, but no, I had to stay in control. I had to give her what she wanted.

I grabbed her breasts and squeezed them. Damn, they were so perfect. I pushed her down on the desk and yanked her closer, a little too hard maybe. *Don't hurt her*. I put her finger in my mouth and sucked it, remembering how she'd liked it before. I grabbed her legs and threw them over my shoulders and pulled her in tight. The leather on her

boots was on my face. Her thighs were silky smooth and smelled delicious. *Okay, I am totally into this, no wonder she wanted this.*

I wanted to devour every inch of her. I pushed her panties to one side so I could taste her. I put my full tongue on her and felt her squirm. She tasted sweet and I wanted to savor every lick. I licked up to her sensitive spot and went at it with all I had, I felt that she was getting ready to come already—*oh no, not yet.* I stopped.

I wanted to make her feel it all. I reached up and got into her shirt and under her bra. Her nipples were hard and I had to play with them. I sucked on my other finger and put it inside her. She

was so wet and warm, I about lost control. I put my tongue back on her and she tasted just as sweet as she did the first time, if not sweeter. I put another finger inside her and really went for it. I found her spot and she responded. *Oh, this is gonna be good.* I had total control and she was going to lose hers. I kept my fingers working on her nipples, I kept going to her G-spot, and I kept licking until I had to let her have it.

I held against her hard with my fingers and my tongue was right where she needed it—she let go,—I gave her a little nudge and she let go again, all of it. I was as satisfied as she was. I pulled back, and as I walked out the back door, I hoped I had given her what she wanted

and needed.

I called the security guard and told him to stay put until Gia came out. I heard Poison singing one of my favorite songs and I sat down at the bottom of the back steps to listen. I wished I was watching with Gia like we had planned. I wished she could see herself the way I saw her. Why did she have to feel like she needed a meaningless physical encounter to fulfill her? Bret said it all on the last line.

Chapter 15

Gia

I picked myself up off the desk, although I had considered curling up in a ball on it and going to sleep. I had to go out there and finish my weekend. I wondered what Ethan was going to say to me, if anything. *What was I going to say to him? How would he look at me now? Why did he do it? Just for my pleasure because he knew it was what I wanted and needed?* I straightened myself up, took a deep breath, and walked out to the VIP platform.

I saw everyone was still in the same spot, so I grabbed a beer and sat on my stool. I looked around nonchalantly but I didn't see Ethan anywhere. *Did he just leave when he was done with me? That's okay, that's what I wanted and it was easier this way.* I lit a cigarette and started drinking my beer. I wanted to convince myself that what I just thought was true. I tried to focus on the music and let it take me somewhere far away from here, but all I could think about was here and now, and Ethan.

“Hey sweetie, where were you?” Dana was right in my face.

“Oh, just checking things out. Looks like you're having a good time!” I said. She shook her head up and down

enthusiastically.

“Trey is so awesome! We are really hitting it off, and Jo and Brittany have met some really great guys, too. I wish Ethan would show up! You should come dance with us!” She was having a blast and I didn’t want to bring her down.

“Actually, I love this spot. I have the best view in the house!” I tried to sound as truthful as I could. She said she wished Ethan would show up, which meant she hadn’t seen him, which meant he just left after he was done with me.

“Okay, sweetie. You know where we are if you change your mind!” And she gave me a big hug.

I stared at the stage. I’d seen these guys at least a dozen times in concert

and they'd never disappointed me. I'd always been sharing it with someone though, even if it was just the stranger next to me I was dancing with—it was more fun that way. I wondered if Ethan was watching it from somewhere, with someone. *No, he just left me a half an hour ago, he wouldn't be with someone else, would he?* The thought made me sad. The thought of him being alone made me sad too. *Why didn't he just stay here or come back? This was ridiculous.*

I hopped off my barstool and headed over to Trey. “Could I use your phone?” I asked him.

“Sure.” He handed it over.

I went to his contacts and found Ethan.

I texted him:

Where r u? Then I waited.

Home.

Im on my way. Send.

“Thanks, I’ll be right back,” I told Trey and Dana as I handed the phone back. They nodded.

I had no idea what I was going to say when I got there. ‘Thanks for the ride, maybe I’ll see you at the next big show?’ But I had to see him, I had to see if he still looked at me like he did before the desk incident. *Why the hell did I wear heels?* I could see his place, I was almost there, the butterflies were fluttering.

I got to the door, out of breath. I tried

to compose myself for a second. Shit, I hadn't even knocked and the door was opening!

Chapter 16

Ethan

I could still taste her. I wanted to run back up the steps and see her again. I could still smell her. I wanted to touch her again. I could still feel her quivering under my touch. I wanted to look into her beautiful eyes. But I couldn't.

It took every bit of strength I had left to leave that stairway. Gia wasn't ready to open herself up yet. She didn't want me to know what was inside. I couldn't imagine why, I'd never judge her. I had to let her be, she had to find the strength

to trust someone someday and give them a chance to see her, all of her.

I needed to get home. I needed a cold shower and I had some work I could bury myself in to get my mind off Gia and the last two days. As I walked, I listened to the music, and again, I found myself wishing I were up on the platform watching with Gia like we had planned. *What would've happened if we would've gone on our date?* I needed to stop this.

As the cold water pelted me, I wondered how long it would be before I could shower and not see Gia standing here naked, not think about that morning—this morning—*wow, a lot had happened in the last twenty-four hours.*

Maybe I needed to watch some TV, there had to be something on to take my mind someplace else.

I flipped it on and started surfing through the channels, not even paying attention to what was on. Maybe that work I was going to do would calm me. My phone beeped. It was Trey.

Where r u?

Home. Alone, like always, I wanted to add but didn't.

Im on my way. That was odd.

He was supposed to be at the concert with the girls and some of our other buddies. Shit, why didn't he say anything else? Now I was gonna be wondering until he got here if everything was okay.

It was probably something stupid like him and Dana weren't hitting it off or we had to go take care of a situation at the campground or something. Who knows? *What if something was wrong with Gia?* I just left her in my office, all alone, in the dark. *Shit! What kind of person was I?* I couldn't wait. I grabbed my phone and ran to the door, but when I swung it open—Hotness.

“Hi, my name is Gia Elizabeth Anderson Stone and I am broken inside. I recently learned that I love to watch the sun come up and have multiple orgasms on desktops.” She smiled nervously.

I smiled and reached for her, she came to me and I held her tightly in my arms.

~ Acknowledgements ~

I want to thank Jen for not only leading me to writing but encouraging me along the way and believing in me. A big thank you to Steve, Hunter and Madison, for putting up with my late nights writing, and my endless 'just one more thing' day after day. Thanks to Dixie for the hours spent listening, talking and helping me. And Toni for her patience with me as I learned the

process and finally 'got' what she was trying to teach me. A huge thank you to my always supportive family who loves unconditionally. I love you all!!

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