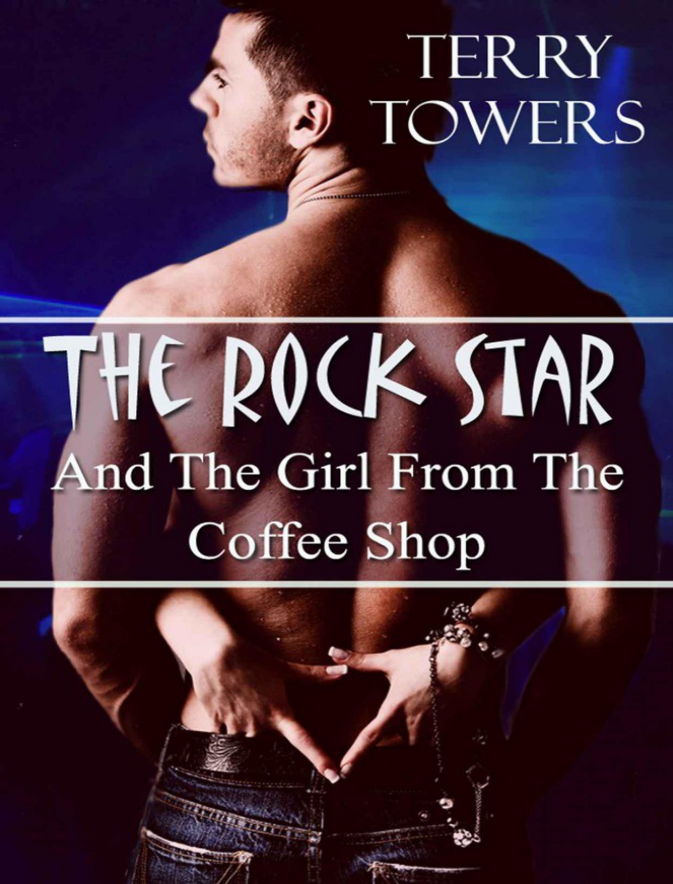


A photograph of a man's muscular back and shoulders, seen from behind. A woman's hands are placed on his hips, with her fingers spread. She is wearing a bracelet and a chain. The man is wearing dark jeans. The background is dark blue with some light streaks.

TERRY
TOWERS

THE ROCK STAR

And The Girl From The
Coffee Shop

**The Rock Star
And The Girl From
The Coffee Shop**

by
Terry Towers

The Rock Star and the Girl From the Coffee Shop

Copyright 2013 by Terry Towers

Cover by: Terry Towers

All rights reserved. With the exception of brief quotes used for critical reviews and articles no part of this book may be used or reproduced without the written permission of the author Terry Towers. Saint John, New Brunswick, Canada. Terry Towers can be contacted via her website at www.elixaeveryett.com

Warning: The unauthorized

reproduction or distribution of this copyrighted work is illegal. No part of this book may be scanned, uploaded or distributed via internet or other means, electronic or print without the authors permission. Criminal copyright infringement without monetary gain is investigated by the FBI and is punishable by up to 5 years in federal prison and a fine of \$250,000.

(<http://www.fbi.gov.ipr/>). Please purchase only authorized electronic or print editions and do not participate in or encourage the electronic piracy of copyrighted

material.

This book is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to persons, living or dead, or places, events or locales is purely coincidental. The characters are productions of the authors imagination and used fictitiously.

Chapter 1

"I can't believe I'm going to say this, but its way to slow tonight." Hanna opened up the drive-thru window of the coffee shop and poked her head out. The warmth of the summer air caressed her face, giving her a break from the overwhelming smell of coffee and donuts.

"How much do we have in the tip jar?" Hanna's co-worker for the overnight shift and closest friend Jackie asked, coming around the counter and into the drive-thru section of the coffee shop.

Pulling her head in from the window, Hanna grabbed the coffee cup beside the register and emptied the contents onto the counter. She quickly thumbed through the change and frowned. "Ten bucks to split."

Jackie didn't seem thrilled, the look of disappointment lurked on her face. "Shit! I need gas money. We usually have at least thirty by now," she whined.

Hanna's frowned deepened. She wished she was in a position to tell Jackie she could have her share, but sadly, Hanna's financial situation was equally as dire. She

was thankful they were allowed to eat what they wanted while working, because her kitchen cupboards were bare with the exception of some cup-o-soups, her refrigerator was stocked with only water and her bank account was currently at a negative balance. The worst part of it all was, payday was still three days away.

Jackie grabbed a cup and poured herself some coffee, adding an obscene amount of sugar. "You know Hanna babe... We really need to find ourselves a couple of rich men."

Hanna laughed at the idea, then

grabbed a chocolate glazed donut from the rack and took a bite. "And where are we going to find one of those?"

"Hey, Jessie got together with Senator Morrow," Jackie reminded her with a hint of envy in her tone.

"Hmmm. I suppose." Being one of the newest girls working at the coffee shop, Hanna had never met Jessie, but the girls talked of her from time to time - mostly with envious tones.

"And I heard that one of the girls at the Portland coffee shop met a billionaire!"

Hanna rolled her eyes. "Shit, that

doesn't happen to girls like us Jackie. One in a million, and I think Jessie was this coffee shop's one in a million when she met Senator Morrow."

Jackie huffed. "Kill a girls dreams why don't ya. I-" She froze as her dark eyes widened. "Hey, look at that!"

"What?" Leaving her station at the drive-thru window, Hanna walked over to the front counter and peered out of the front pane glass window. Her eyes immediately caught what Jackie was seeing. Turning into the parking lot was a white stretch SUV.

Jackie nudged Hanna in the ribs with her elbow and grinned. "Hey, maybe those are our knights in shining armour, right there."

"Pfft. More like a group of high school students on their way somewhere after prom. It is prom season you know."

The stretch SUV slowly drove past the front window towards the drive-thru.

"He's not going to try and go through the drive-thru?" Hanna's brow furrowed as she raced around the front counter to watch the limo turn the corner of the building towards the speaker. "He's going to

get stuck. There's no way that'll fit."

Jackie joined Hanna at the front window. "You sure?"

"Positive."

"Should we go out and stop them?" Just as the words left Jackie's mouth a nasty grinding sound echoed throughout the still, silent night.

"Awwwww, shit." Hanna fought to keep from snickering, but failed. Looking over at Jackie, Hanna's snickering turned to laughter at the look of amusement mixed with astonishment that was present on her face.

"Who in the hell is stupid enough

to try to drive that long-assed limo through those tight corners of the drive-thru?"

"Apparently, them."

Jackie joined in Hanna's laughter.

Their laughter subsided at the sound of car doors opening and heated chatter.

"Shit, get behind the counter!" Hanna's spun around and rushed across the dining room of the coffee shop to take her place behind the counter, with Jackie following in her hastened steps. "Whatever you do, don't laugh! Pretend we have no idea what's going on."

"Shhhhh. They're coming!"

"Why in the name of God did you hire someone so incompetent!" a male voice growled seconds before the owner of the voice appeared at the front entrance, followed by a number of other people.

"Holy shit, is that-" Jackie whispered.

Hanna nodded, too shocked to respond verbally. The man entering the coffee shop was none other than rock sensation, Bo Savage. His eyes were downcast as he listened to the person on the other end of the phone, and strolled across the dining room towards the front counter.

"Yeah, well. I'm tired and stranded at a coffee shop in the middle of butt fuck nowhere, because that idiot driving the car apparently doesn't know how to drive." He stopped suddenly halfway between the door and front counter, his entourage nearly bumping into him.

"Fine." He growled with even more hostility, pressed the END button on his phone and stuffed it into the front pocket of his jeans.

Bo turned back to the group of five following him and motioned towards the dining room tables. "Go sit down. They're sending a car for

us. I'll grab some coffee."

"Fuck," he grumbled under his breath as he made it the rest of the way to the counter and looked up, eyeing the overhead menu.

As Bo studied the menu, Hanna studied him. She'd never been this close to a celebrity before. In all honesty, Hanna never really followed his work; however she was still star struck. His dark hair was just a little too long, giving him a bad boy look. She guessed he was perhaps an inch shy of six foot, his body lean, but muscle defined under his tight fitting white t-shirt.

After carefully scrutinizing the

menu for a few minutes, Bo dropped his smoky grey eyes to meet hers and flashed a smile at her that made her weak in the knees. Should she pretend she didn't know who he was? Should she ask for an autograph? She chewed at her lower lip, keeping her eyes locked to his as she considered.

"Oh-my-God! You're Bo Savage!" Jackie squealed beside her, like a love struck teenager, making Hanna wince from her high-pitched tone.

Well, that problem just got solved, Hanna mused.

Bo glanced over at Jackie who

was standing at her side. "That would be me." He turned his attention back to Hanna. "I apologize, but my driver appears to have gotten the car stuck in the drive-thru. I hope it won't be an issue until we get the car dislodged."

"I... Ummm... I..." Ahhh shit! she groaned inwardly.

Get it together Ambrose, you sound like a babbling idiot. He's a person, just like you, a voice in the back of her mind chided. Yeah, a person who has millions of fans and is sexy as sin, she argued back.

"No worries, Bo. It's not busy at

all tonight." Jackie chimed in, making Hanna feel even more foolish for being tongue tied.

"I wish we could have attended your concert tonight, but we were stuck working." Jackie flashed him her best pouty look.

Hanna glanced over at Jackie and raised a curious brow. It was news to her.

"Awwww. That's unfortunate." He gave her a sympathetic smile, but his eyes said he seriously doubted there was truth in Jackie's statement.

"Yeah." Her lower lip became even more pouty as she nodded her

agreement on how unfortunate it was.

Hanna had to fight from rolling her eyes at the show Jackie was putting on.

"So, what can I help you with?" Hanna cut in, finally finding her voice and courage.

"Well, you can start with six large coffee... And how are the biscuits?"

"Hard and about to be thrown out," Hanna admitted.

He chuckled and leaned over the counter, bracing himself on his elbows. "Well... Then what do you have that would be good this time of night?"

Hanna clucked her tongue off the roof of her mouth and remembered the bagels that were less than a minute from being ready to be pulled from the oven. "What about a bagel?"

"Hmmmm." His eyes twinkled with amusement as he pretended to consider. "Alright." His eyes darted back to Jackie's chest, to her nametag. "If Jackie here would be kind enough to prepare the coffees, could you-" His eyes lowered to Hanna's chest and she felt a heat rush down her spine to ignite the throbbing between her legs."- Hanna, take care of my bagels."

He turned towards the group sitting at a table in the dining room. "Hey, Jeremy."

A man slightly younger than Bo, bearing a striking resemblance to him, stopped talking to the woman beside him and turned to face Bo. "Yeah."

He nodded towards Jackie. "Come on over here and tell Jackie what we want in our coffee so I can order the bagels."

Jeremy hesitated, glanced over at the girl next to him, and then nodded. "Yeah, sure." Getting up, he made his way over to the front counter.

A ding from the oven signalled the bagels were finished. "There we go. Just give me a minute to get them."

Hanna was painfully aware of Bo's eyes on her as she turned her back to him and made her way to the oven. She put an extra sway to her hips, for his benefit. The uniforms were a hideous shade of brown and uglier than sin, but the pants to the uniform had one small perk to them, they made virtually any girl's ass look amazing.

Like you'd ever have a shot with him, the voice in her head chimed in.

Grabbing an oven mitt, she turned off the oven, stepped back and pulled the door open. A gust of heat emerged from the oven, along with the delicious aroma of freshly baked bagels. Grabbing a pan of plain, she closed the oven door and brought the heavy pan of two dozen bagels over to the food preparation station.

Bo was already at the station, leaning over the glass showcase, his arms crossed over it and chin sitting atop his crossed arms.

"What kind of cream cheese?" Hanna asked as she proceeded to slice the bagels in half, trying to

ignore the feelings of excitement rushing through her as he watched her every movement.

"Put herb and garlic on all of them."

Hanna nodded, uncovering the herb and garlic cream cheese. Grabbing a spreader she scooped up a glob of cream cheese and was embarrassed to see her hand was shaking ever-so-slightly. She prayed he wouldn't notice.

"So tell me."

Hanna lifted her eyes to meet his and waited.

He motioned for her to come closer. She hesitated a bit before

slowing doing what he had requested, her face barely more than a foot from his. The smell of his aftershave drifted to her nose, deep and woodsy, urging her to get closer. She denied her impulse to close the distance between them.

"What?" Her nervousness increased.

"Were you really planning on going to the concert tonight?"

She could feel her face grow warm as she lowered her gaze. She was easily the worst liar she knew. Tonight was no exception.

"Nah. Didn't think so."

"No... No. No." She shook her

head and raised her eyes to his. "I like your music. I mean, it's good. It's..." She groaned silently, as she wished for the floor to open up and swallow her whole. She focused on preparing the bagels, terrified that if she opened her mouth to say anything else she would further embarrass herself.

"So if you had tickets, would you give me a shot?"

Hanna finished spreading the cream cheese on the final bagel and looked up, her questioning gaze meeting his piercing eyes. "Well, yes. I suppose, yeah."

Bo grinned, the amusement back

in his eyes. "Not sure if I should take that response as an insult or not, but how about I give you and Jackie tickets to my next concert."

"You're doing a second night here?"

"Nah. We're heading to New York, Madison Square Gardens."

"I appreciate the offer Bo, but New York might as well be on the other side of the world. I have no way to get there if I wanted to. My car is..."

"Whoa, hold on there." He held a hand up silencing her. "Travel and expenses, hotel and such are all on me."

Hanna dropped the spreader and her jaw momentarily fell open. "Why?"

Bo tilted his head to the side and eyed her. "What do you mean?"

"Why would you pay for a stranger's trip to New York just so they can go to your show? It makes no sense."

He spread his hands out at his sides. "Call me eccentric or perhaps egotistical because it kills me that you have no desire to see my show."

"Oh-my-God, I never said I didn't!"

"Then take me up on my offer."

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"Do you ever take no for an answer?"

"Hmmm. Nah. Not usually, so you might as well just say yes."

Suddenly an uneasy feeling came over her; it felt like she was being watched. Without uttering a word Hanna took a moment to glance to her left and then her right. All eyes seemed to be on her and Bo - even those of his entourage. Finally she saw her friend in the corner, Jackie's eyes pleaded with her to accept, Bo's offer.

Shit and double shit. The whole

situation seemed so surreal. Things like this never really happened to people, did they?

Crossing her arms over her chest, Hanna eyed him suspiciously, trying to determine whether Bo had an ulterior motive.

"I don't understand, why?"

"No strings attached. No groupie sex required."

Oh God! She could hear the humour in his tone which reflected in his eyes, but none-the-less his off colour comment threw her off, leaving her once again speechless.

Thoughts of what he'd look like naked, what his body would feel

like next to hers - skin on skin, rushed through her mind. She had no doubt he'd had more than his fair share of women over the years, which made her wonder how good he would be in bed. Would his lips and tongue tease and torment every inch of her body? Her panties became wet with her desire as she let her mind wander.

"No strings attached Hanna. I promise. Just me, trying to acquire a new fan."

His voice broke her from her naughty train of thought. She had to admit it would be good to get away for a few days. She couldn't

remember the last time she left her small town and just took some time to enjoy herself. Another glance over at Jackie's pleading expression was the deciding factor for her.

Returning his smile, she nodded her agreement. "Alright. I would love it if you would do that for us."

She shifted her eyes back to meet his and another wave of heat rushed through her, intensifying the pulsing between her legs. She'd never been one for casual sex, but her body was insisting groupie sex wouldn't be halfway bad.

Hanna scoffed at herself for even entertaining the thought. As if...

"Good. Well, in that case, how about you write your phone number down for me and I'll get on having the arrangements set up for you in the morning."

Taking a deep breath in, Hanna slowly released it and nodded. "Okay... Thank you."

Bo gave her a wink, accepting the bagels as she began to pass them to him. "It's my pleasure."

Chapter 2

"This is amazing. Can you believe it!" Jackie shouted, so Hanna could hear her over the whooshing sound of the helicopter blades overhead.

Hanna nodded shook her head. She'd never been in a helicopter before. It had shocked her that Bo was sparing no expense to take this trip. He had even booked her and Jackie a suite at the Ritz-Carlton - a room that cost over two weeks' pay, a night for her. It felt like a dream.

As promised, Bo had called her the following day and made

arrangements for the two girls to see him live in concert at Madison Square Gardens. Even though New York was only a matter of an hour or so away, Hanna rarely went into the big city. She never had the money for the trip for the most part. While there were tons of things to do in the city for free, the temptation to splurge and squander money in its luxuries was too great, and so Hanna avoided it.

Looking out the window Hanna grinned as she saw the sparkle of lights below as they entered the city. To her surprise the helicopter didn't land at the JFK, but continued

on, towards Manhattan. She glanced over at Jackie, but her co-worker was enthralled by the spectacular sight of New York City at night below them, so she went back to admiring the view.

"We're about to land, ladies."

Hanna felt Jackie elbow her in the ribs and turned her head to meet Jackie's excited gaze.

"We passed the hotel," she commented.

Hanna hadn't even noticed, but Jackie appeared to be correct. Instead of a location near the hotel, the helicopter began to land on the roof of a skyscraper near Central

Park. The girls exchanged questioning glances.

As the helicopter landed, the door leading into the building was flung open to reveal Bo and the man Hanna had later discovered to be his brother, and bass guitarist Jeremy.

"Hey, it's Bo and Jeremy!" Jackie elbowed Hanna a second time, this time a little harder than Hanna imagined she intended, making Hanna wince. "Did you know he was meeting us?"

Hanna shook her head, rubbing the area Jackie had nudge. "No, I didn't."

Her excitement began to flare up. She'd been listening to his music over the past few days and had come to really like it, despite it not being the type of music she normally listened to. Her music preference was somewhat unusual for someone her age, she enjoyed listening to the blues while most of her friends preferred pop or alternative rock; Bo's genre of music. The propellers began to slow, making it easier to hear as Hanna pulled the headset off of her ears.

"I think he likes ya." She finally whispered to Hanna.

Hanna huffed, rolling her eyes at Jackie. "I seriously doubt that. Besides, I read he was dating some model." Despite her words, the idea of Bo having an interest in her was a thrilling thought, even if it was simply a fantasy.

"No. I'm serious. Look at the way his eyes are fixated on you."

Hanna glanced out the window again. Sure enough, his smouldering grey eyes had one focus - her. A delicious chill ran down her spine.

Stop it Hanna, you're too old to be indulging in teenage fantasies, she scolded herself.

"That's okay, I'll settle for the hot brother."

Hanna laughed despite herself.

"Welcome to Manhattan, ladies."

One of the men who'd been sitting up front announced opening the side door for them, just as Bo and Jeremy finished approaching the helicopter.

Bo stepped up to the opening and extended his hand to Hanna to help her down. "I'm glad to see you made it."

Hanna laughed as she hopped down from the chopper. "All I had to do was book some time off work. You made all the arrangements."

"Well, my assistant did. But, I'll take the credit. The helicopter was my idea though, figured it would be a fun trip for you two." Bo gave her a wink that sent her pulse racing, and to her surprise, he kept her hand enclosed in his as he led her away from the helicopter and towards the door leading to the inside of the building.

Hanna glanced over her shoulder to see Jeremy assisting Jackie. Her grin widened to see Jackie beaming up at Jeremy, loving every second of the royal treatment and attention he was lavishing upon her. Jeremy leaned down and whispered

something in Jackie's ear. Jackie glanced at Hanna, and met her gaze for a brief second. Her smile widened and she directed her attention back to Jeremy and nodded, agreeing with whatever it was Jeremy had said.

"Did you have a good flight?"

"It was amazing. So much fun. I have no words to describe it. Thank you."

He gave her hand a soft squeeze. "Good. Glad you enjoyed it. I was hoping you would join me for a late dinner."

"Wow. I- Ya. Of course." Hanna felt a blush colour her cheeks as

she stammered over her words. To her relief, if Bo noticed he didn't let on.

"Good. I already have something prepared."

"But what if I'd said no thanks," she teased.

"Then I'd have been stuck having to eat dinner all alone." Releasing her hand he pulled open the door to the building and stepped back allowing her to enter.

"Oh, I'm sure you'd have no problem finding someone."

He frowned and rubbed his chin which harboured a couple days worth of beard giving him a

dangerously sexy look. "There's a difference between having dinner with just anyone and having dinner with someone you really want to get to know."

Bo loved the soft dimples that appeared as Hanna's cheeks reddened from his compliment. Over the past few years, since he became a success, there were two types of women that seemed to flock to him - teenage groupies and other celebrities; who dated him more for publicity than because they had a connection with him.

As Hanna swept past him and

into the building he took a second to let his eyes sweep up and down the length of her body. The black sundress she was wearing, tied behind her neck and had a keyhole front, which gave him just enough of a glimpse of her cleavage, leaving him yearning to see more. Her figure was curvy, another feature he loved and a complete contrast to the women he usually associated with. He gave himself a moment to indulge in the thoughts of pulling her into his arms, kissing her glossed lips and running his hands over her soft curves.

"Thanks man," Jeremy murmured

as he and Jackie walked past him and entered the building.

Pulled from his thoughts, Bo followed behind the others letting the door shut behind him, silencing the thumping sound of the chopper as it prepared to take off from the rooftop. Jackie and Jeremy had already made their way down the flight of stairs to his suite which occupied the floor below Bo's, but Hanna hung back, waiting for him.

There was still a faint tint of her blush on her cheeks as she looked up at him, a smile touching her lips. "They took off."

"Yeah, Jeremy isn't the patient

type."

Hanna crinkled her nose that featured a row of faint freckles, which matched her long fire red curly hair beautifully. "Neither is Jackie."

Taking her hand in his, Bo led her to the stairwell and they began to descend the stairs. "Then they just may be a perfect match."

Hanna laughed. "I don't know how well that would work out. They don't exactly socialize in the same circles."

"What does being in the same circles have to do with anything?" They reached the door leading to

his suite forcing him to release her hand so he could pull his card key from the back pocket of his jeans.

Hanna shrugged. "Well, she's just a coffee shop girl. You guys are used to dating models and celebrities... And..."

The door beeped and he opened the door, ushering her in. "I don't always date celebrities."

Hanna walked past him and into the grand room. "Wow," she gasped as her eyes surveyed the massive room featuring a marble fountain with a staircase made of ivory and glass leading up to the second floor. "It's beautiful." Her eyes lowered to

the floor. "Even the floors are amazing. What are they made of?"

It was Bo's turn to flush. He wasn't used to people reacting with such amazement in his home. His jaw clenched. He found her reaction to the grandeur of his home embarrassing. The amount of money spent just to create the room could easily be considered excessive when that money could have been used for something more useful or be given to people who were struggling to simply pay their monthly bills. It was more than embarrassing to him, it was humbling.

"Marble," Bo murmured.

"Wow."

Bo pushed his embarrassment to the back of his mind. Placing a hand at the small of her back, he motioned her to the archway to the left. "The dining room is this way."

Her eyes continued to scan the penthouse with amazement, as he led her to the dining room.

"I don't always date celebrities, you know." Why he felt he needed to make that point clear to her, he had no idea but he did.

She glanced up at him, and chewed at her lower lip, making his eyes lower to her lush, glossy lips,

waiting to be kissed. "That's not what I read online when I Googled ya."

Bo stopped walking and raised a curious brow at her. "Wait, you Googled me?"

She shrugged, and ran a hand through her long red curls. "Well, yeah. I hadn't heard much of your music and didn't know much about you, so I thought it would be useful to learn a little bit. You were being nice enough to fly us here for your concert, I figured it was the least I could do."

"I'm not sure I even want to know what you discovered about me on

the internet. It's almost as bad as the tabloids."

"Nothing bad, just that you tend to prefer your women of the model variety."

Bo cringed, that was so far from the truth it wasn't even funny.

"Dinner is on the table. Will that be all, Sir?" The sound of his housekeeper's voice cut in before he could correct her on that inaccurate piece of information.

"Yes. Thank you, Maria. I'll be seeing you in a week or so."

"Thank you, Sir." Maria, an attractive woman in her mid-forties, hurried off, leaving them alone.

Bo looked down at her curious green eyes and sighed, raking a hand through his dishevelled dark hair. "Most of the women I date are simply PR gimmicks. The truth is that I haven't genuinely dated someone in a few years. Not since my first record came out. I've been too busy and just haven't met anyone on the road that has caught my interest. It's not as easy as you'd think for me to meet someone."

He could still see the disbelief in her gaze, which was extremely frustrating to him.

Bo reached past her and opened

the glass double doors, leading into the dining room. As he reached past her, his nose caught the smell of her strawberry shampoo. He lingered close to her for an extra second, enjoying her nearness and her scent.

"No one? All those women throwing themselves at you and not one of them caught your interest?"

Bo pulled back and caught her gaze, and then shook his head. "None. I don't date fans and as I mentioned celebrities are simply PR gimmicks. Between me and you, models and celebrities in general have egos too big for me to handle.

That's the one thing I really miss about my life before our first hit came out - meeting real women, who weren't interested in the fame, but just liked being with me. For me."

She frowned, her eyes filling with sympathy. A look he rarely got from anyone. "That's actually really sad," she said, her voice taking on a lower tone.

He held her gaze a moment, not sure how to respond. When he gave it thought, he supposed she was right. He had so much, everything anyone could ever dream of; fame, money, women throwing

themselves at him... But the one thing he was missing was the one thing he always longed for - someone genuine to share it with. Someone that wanted him for him, not for what he did for a living or what he possessed. He supposed that was one of the things he missed about being plain old pre-stardom Bo, the people were genuine for the most part. Perhaps that's why he was drawn to Hanna, she seemed genuine. He liked it.

Chapter 3

The dining room was as impressive as the grand room. A large mahogany table that seated twelve dominated the dining room. Once her eyes finished examining everything from the finely detailed maroon wallpaper to the crystal candelabra chandelier overhead, she realized that there were only two place settings set up at the very end of the table, and no sign of Jeremy or Jackie.

"Where's Jackie and Jeremy?" Hanna looked up at Bo, confusion showing slightly on her fair

features.

"They would be at Jeremy's place in the suite a floor below us."

Hanna's heart began to flutter. Me and Bo alone? In a romantic settling like this? Is this a date? She silently chuckled at herself at the craziness on it, as if Bo Savage would be interested in dating a girl he met working at a coffee shop.

The fact he flew her and Jackie there to begin with was a dream in itself, but to think he had a romantic interest... She shrugged off the idea. Men like him didn't fall for girls like her. She did her research on him the day he phoned

her with arrangements. She knew his type and she wasn't it - despite what he claimed to be the truth. He was just a nice guy, and that was it.

"Come on. Let's start, before it gets cold."

Bo placed a hand at the small of her back and the heat from his palm seemed to radiate through the material and warm her, igniting her desire. She cursed herself for allowing him to get to her. Falling for him would only bring her heartache and that was the last thing she wanted or needed.

Bo pulled her chair out for her. She sat down and watched him

walk around the table to sit down across from her. She took the opportunity to appreciate how the grey ribbed t-shirt clung to his lean torso and how his jeans hugged his thick powerful thighs. Her eyes dipped to his crotch, for a quick moment, but she didn't avert her gaze quickly enough and she found her cheeks growing hot, knowing he'd caught her as he took his place across from her at the table.

"Looks good doesn't it."

Oh, dear God! Her face grew hotter, but she forced herself to meet his gaze. He pointed to the lobster sitting in front of her, but

the wicked gleam in his eyes told her his comment was far from innocent.

"I... Um..." She reached for her glass of ice water and took a long drink, grateful for a reason to avoid his gaze.

"Wine?"

Hanna lifted her eyes, to peer at him over the rim of her glass. "Please." She couldn't think of anything better to relieve her tension and embarrassment.

Pulling the sparkling white wine from the silver ice bucket to the right of them, Bo tore off the wrapper and took hold of the cork.

Giving it a tug, the cork came loose with a loud pop and went sailing across the room, the beverage bubbling up and spilling from the top.

Bo laughed, his face lighting up with excitement as he moved the bottle away from his body, but not quickly enough to keep from getting sprayed by the bubbling beverage.

Giggling, Hanna's embarrassment quickly faded. "You know Bo..."

He glanced over at her, a brow lifted as he took her glass and poured some wine into it.

"No matter what the situation, there's something about the

popping of a cork that lifts any mood."

His grinned widened and Hanna found herself stuck by how handsome he was; it was no wonder women swooned over him. She would guess they swooned well before he became famous.

"I didn't realize the mood needed lifting."

"Well, I mean..." Hanna sighed and ran a shaky hand through her hair.

Bo poured himself a glass and put the bottle back into the ice bucket. "Tell me what I need to do to make you feel comfortable. You were

somewhat comfortable at the coffee shop. What's changed? What do I have to do to make it good again?"

"Be a normal, non-celebrity customer showing up at the coffee shop," Hanna offered, only halfway teasing.

Bo's brow furrowed and he went silent as if considering her suggestion, but his smile returned moments later. "Don't know if I can do that. Any other suggestions?"

"Dunno."

"Well, what's the problem? You have something on your mind, I can tell. Be honest."

Hanna took another long sip of

her drink and then leaned back in her seat and motioned towards the elegant set-up. "This kinda feels like a date."

Following her lead, Bo took a drink and sat back evaluating the spread between them. He rubbed his chin and slowly nodded. "Indeed it does."

"But this isn't a date..." She said it cautiously, feeling silly for even allowing herself to think the idea, let alone say it out load.

"Hmmmm." His grey eyes caught hers and he grinned. "So you're against dating musicians?"

Bo anxiously waited for her response. He loved seeing her blush and squirm in her seat, as she tried to come up with the best way to phrase whatever it was she had to say. Her responses seemed to be so calculated and political, not wanting to offend him in any way. She was a lot more uncomfortable than she had been at the coffee shop and it concerned and slightly disappointed him. He hoped she would treat him like any other schmo she might date.

"Well, no. I've never dated one before."

"So what if this was a date."

Would that make you uncomfortable? Or would you feel better if this was just a couple of people having dinner?"

Her tongue swept along her lower lip and his cock jerked as his eyes followed her tongue. Her lips shone with gloss, begging him to go around the table and taste her.

It was his turn to squirm as his dick slowly began to rise, urging him to rake his fingers through her flaming red locks, while lowering his mouth to hers. Maybe that would loosen her up. A short, chaste kiss. A quick taste. Just to loosen her up... Just once.

Awwwww fuck it!

Hanna flinched when he stood suddenly and walked around the table to her.

"Come here." Taking her hand, he urged her out of the chair and tugged her close to him. Closing the distance, he touched her face and stroked her cheek with his thumb.

She inhaled sharply and her body tensed.

"Breathe," Bo whispered as he slowly lowered his lips to hers. There was a chance kissing her would increase her nervousness, but he couldn't have stopped himself if he wanted to - which he

didn't.

As his lips touched hers her body relaxed against him, her arms slipping up his chest to wrap around his neck. He brushed his lips across hers lightly - feather light. The smell of her shampoo greeted his nose, so sweet and succulent.

She sighed against his lips. The sound of her sigh was so soft and arousing, his cock went from half mast to fully erect. Would she sigh like that if his kisses went lower? He fought to keep his mind and cock from getting away from him.

Bo bit lightly at her lower lip, and pulled her tighter. Her breasts

crushed up against his chest, and her body rubbed up against him.

She moaned a little louder and he took it as an invitation to deepen the kiss, his tongue sweeping across her lower lip and then slipping past her lips in search of hers.

Hanna could barely believe it was happening. It had to be a dream - had to. Any minute she'd wake up and this fantasy would be over, and she'd be left longing for his touch.

She fisted his shirt at the shoulders, clinging tight to the cotton as his tongue caressed hers,

fuelling her body with need. She pressed her body tighter to him and felt the length of his hardening cock against her stomach. She was surprised and felt a sense of pride and empowerment at the knowledge that her body against his could turn him on. She longed to slide her hands under his shirt and feel the finely defined muscle she knew would be underneath, but restrained herself.

Bo slowly pulled his lips from hers, but kept his arms around her, keeping her close. "Do you see now how much I want you?"

Hanna nodded, slightly dazed

from the kiss and revelling in the feel of his body against hers.

"I have a secret to admit."

"What's that?"

"I asked you here because I wanted to get to know you." He gave her a grin, a devilish gleam in his eyes. "The concert was just a cover."

Hanna wasn't sure if that made her more nervous or less. Everything about him made her want him, from his strong chiselled jaw to the wicked gleam in his eyes as he made his confession. Her eyes lowered from his eyes to his lips. He had cut off the kiss way too

early and she was somewhat disappointed that he'd ended it so quickly.

Sliding a hand to the nape of his neck she urged his mouth lower, and stretched up against him until their lips met for a second time. "Oh Bo," she murmured. The faint taste of wine mixed with spearmint greeted her lips and tongue. So good. She knew if she didn't pull away soon she'd happily give herself to him. The temptation was almost too much.

Fortunately, Bo took the decision from her, ending the kiss and stepping back. She was left leaning

back against the table, her knees wobbly and threatening to buckle under her.

"I ummm." Bo averted his gaze and cleared his throat. After a moment, he turned his eyes back to meet hers. "If I don't step away now, then..." His voice trailed off and she noticed his face flushing - ever so slightly.

Her nervousness began to evaporate as the realization that he was like any other man struck her. His looks, fame, money, fans, all of that didn't define who he was or inflate his ego to astronomical heights like she'd assumed it would

have.

"What?" He eyed her cautiously, making her laugh.

"You're not what I would have expected."

A frown accompanied his look of concern. "So what exactly did you expect?" He held up a hand stopping any type of response. "No wait. Considering you already admitted to Googling me, I'm not sure that I want to know."

"No, you don't understand." She fought back laughter as he waved off her explanation, while fighting back a grin she could see threatening to emerge.

"No. No." He placed a hand at the small of her back and urged her back to her seat. "I have a feeling that I may have to redeem myself and I'm not even sure what for."

"It wasn't that bad, really." Hanna protested laughing.

"That so?"

"Yup." Grabbing her wine glass she took a sip and watched him take his place across from her.

Taking a long drink and emptying his glass Bo clucked his tongue off of the roof of his mouth. "Well, might as well tell me. What did you find?"

Hanna grimaced. "Well, it was

mostly relationship stuff."

Grabbing the wine bottle from the ice bucket he filled his glass and topped up hers. "Like what? What was the worst of it?"

Hanna chewed at her lower lip, considering what she should divulge. "Well, from what I read..."

Bo waved his hand at her. "No. No. Give it to me." Breaking open a lobster claw, he pulled out a piece of meat and plopped it into his mouth.

Hanna cringed. With a loud huff, she decided to just tell him so they could get past it. "Well, they portrayed you as a bit of a man-

whore."

Chapter 4

Bo froze for a span of a couple beats, not sure if he'd heard correctly. Swallowing the mouthful of lobster, he raised his eyes to look at her. Man-whore? Him? He hadn't even had sex for close to a year! Jeremy, sure. But him?

"You asked." She gave him a sympathetic smile and a shallow shrug.

Dropping his fork onto the plate he leaned back onto his chair and eyed her. This was something he had to clear up with her. "Hanna... That's not even close to the truth.

It's all the image the PR people and paparazzi put together."

By the expression on her face, he could tell she was mulling it over.

"This past year, I finished recording the latest album. Once that was done we immediately hit the road. It's just one city after another with barely time to sleep."

Hanna leaned forward in her chair, bracing her elbows on the table. "What about the groupies. Don't all rock bands have their choice of women in the audience?"

Bo rolled his eyes at her. "Trust me - groupies are not appealing to me. Don't get me wrong, I

appreciate them coming to the concerts and following my work, but that's the extent of it."

He could see her continue to mull it over. "Why? There must be thousands of beautiful young women throwing themselves at you. How could any man resist that?"

"Well, think of it this way. Men like a bit of a challenge. I do anyhow. Women who throw themselves at me have little appeal."

"What about the celebrities?"

"Okay. Well, I've been with a few in my day. Not as a PR gimmick, but

because there was a connection of some sort." He blew out a huff of air. "Like any other relationship, it never worked." He waved to their lavish surroundings. "All this comes with a price Hanna. Every new person that comes into your life, you second guess their intentions."

"That's sad."

"It's the price that we pay. So when I met you at the coffee shop and you were a little nervous, but not over the top enthusiastic over who I was, it appealed to me." He leaned across the table and fingered a strand of her red curls. "And I love these beautiful red

curls."

Hanna closed her eyes and sighed softly enjoying the feel his fingers stroking her hair, reminding him of her soft sigh when he was kissing her. He gritted his teeth when his cock jerked alive, pushing his desire for her to the back of his mind. The way that her body had reacted to him during the kiss he was confident that if he wanted her, she could be his. But that's not what he wanted. He'd gone a year without sex, so he had no issues, aside from the throbbing of his cock, with holding off.

Hanna opened her emerald green

eyes, satisfaction and arousal gleaming in them. "What if I'm a closet groupie?"

Laughing, he pulled back and raised an inquisitive brow at her. "Closet groupie huh?"

"You never know."

"Hmmmm. In that case maybe I can make an exception and try dating a groupie after all."

A smile broke out on Hanna's face, lighting up her features. "So back to the original question... Is this a date?"

"Then let me counter with my original question. Are you opposed to dating musicians?"

Hanna giggled and shook her head, her red curls swaying around her head. "I guess not."

"In that case... This would be a date."

"I swear every room I see is more incredible than the next." After one of the best dinners she'd ever experienced, Bo gave her a tour of the remainder of his penthouse. Thanks to the kiss, his confession and a tad too much wine, virtually all nervousness and insecurity was gone and they'd been able to enjoy a steady stream of conversation.

It didn't take her long to

determine, he was easily one of the most fascinating men she'd ever met. There was much more to him than what was portrayed by the media. She felt somewhat guilty for pre-judging him.

"We're about to enter my favourite part of this place."

"Oh?" She grinned up at him, and he gave her a wink that sent her pulse racing and then gave her hand a tug, leading her through his massive, elegantly styled bedroom. Hanna paused, her eyes landing on the king sized bed in the center of the room.

His eyes followed hers to the bed

and he laughed. "Well, second favourite."

Her face grew warm and he gave his eyebrows a little wiggle, which only increased her embarrassment, but he managed to get a laugh out of her. Bo parted the maroon satin curtains to reveal a set of glass double doors that led onto the balcony.

Excitement rushed through Hanna. At their height, she knew without seeing that the view would be nothing short of spectacular. Bo released her hand, and she immediately felt the loss of contact. Bo seemed to be a very touchy guy,

nothing inappropriate, but sweet touches such as holding her hand, or a hand at the small of her back, or a light touch to brush a strand of hair from her eyes. She loved it. Each touch felt like a tease and left her yearning for more.

As Bo opened the double doors, a gust of cool air greeted her and she immediately felt the effects of the alcohol. The conversation had been so enjoyable during dinner that she hadn't paid any attention to the amount of wine she'd been consuming. She gave herself a moment to catch her breath and steady herself.

"Whoa. You okay?" Bo slipped his arm around her waist and pulled her tight, helping to steady her.

Hanna nodded. "Oh yes. I'm fine." She gave him a sheepish grin. "New shoes." The look he gave her told her he seriously doubted it was the shoes that were causing her unsteadiness.

"If you say so."

"I'm not the one who kept topping up my glass, mister."

He chuckled softly. "I suppose you're right. In that case, you have my apologies."

They approached the railing and his arm tightened around her waist,

as if scared that she'd go toppling over the rail if he wasn't holding onto her.

"This view is amazing Bo," she gasped as she leaned against the rail and looked out onto Central Park. "I swear I feel like the luckiest girl in the world to be here right now." She looked over at him and caught his eyes, "Thank you."

He gave his head a shake, and smiled. "Nothing to thank me for, it's my pleasure."

Bo leaned into her, his lips mere inches from hers. Hanna waited with baited breath for his lips to touch hers. Seconds before their

lips connected a sharp and insistent beeping broke the moment and Bo quickly straightened, clearing his throat.

"Sorry. Give me a second." Reaching into the front pocket of his jeans he produced his Smartphone and pressed a couple of buttons as Hanna pretended to be uninterested in what he was doing.

"It's for you." He passed the phone to her and she immediately saw Jackie's number on the screen followed by a text message.

Oh God, I can't believe she texted him! Hanna groaned inwardly, slightly embarrassed.

Jackie: Can I talk to Hanna a minute. Jeremy gave me your number to text.

"I'm so sorry," she said, giving Bo an apologetic look.

"No worries." Bo shrugged and turned his attention towards the view.

Hanna: Why are you texting me on Bo's phone?!? I'm so embarrassed!

Jackie: Jeremy said it was OK. Geez. You didn't answer yours.

Hanna: What do you want?

Jackie: How's it going with Bo ;)

Hanna: You do know this is his phone, right?

Jackie: Whateva'. Jeremy asked if I wanted to spend the night at his place.

Hanna frowned. Jackie was abandoning her? Hanna's jaw clenched, it was so like Jackie to do this.

Hanna: If you do I'm going to have to spend the night alone at the hotel :(

Jackie: I'm sorry. It's just he's soooooo... Mmmm.

"Oh-dear-God," Hanna rolled her eyes, as she spoke the words out loud, not meaning to.

"Something the matter?"

Hanna's eyes lifted from the small

screen to Bo. She frowned. "Jackie is going to stay with Jeremy tonight. She's asking if it's okay with me. She knows I'd never say no."

"I see. And you don't want to go back to the hotel alone?"

The heat rushed to her cheeks. It sounded so silly when he said it. She was twenty-two years old, for heaven's sakes, fully capable of spending a night alone at the high end hotel. It wasn't as though she was going to the Bates motel or anything of the sort.

"Well, I mean... It's just..." She straightened her shoulders and

lifted her chin. "It's the principal of the matter."

Amusement danced in his grey eyes. "For sure." He reached out and took the phone from her hand and then typed a message.

Confused, Hanna's frown deepened. "I... Ummmm."

"You can stay here tonight. I have a number of guest rooms. I'll send someone for your luggage in the morning and in the meantime, if you want to borrow some of my clothes, they may be a bit large on you, but they'll do."

Hanna's eyes widened in surprise. "Stay here? But, you don't even

know me!"

"I think it'll be fine." He shrugged.
"Or I can take you back to the hotel..."

She didn't want to leave and go back to the hotel. But should she stay? They barely knew each other.

"I won't bite. I promise. No expectations for anything, just friendship," Bo offered.

That didn't make her feel any better. The attraction she had to him was undeniable. But, the friendship comment threw her off. Was he interested? Wasn't he? She ran her fingers through her auburn curls.

Bo captured her chin in his hand and lowered his lips to hers, kissing her softly. "Don't over think this, Hanna. I can see the wheels turning in that pretty like head of yours, tearing apart and examining every word and action. You don't have to filter everything you do or say around me. Without thinking, what do you want?"

"To stay with you."

"Good then." He focused his attention to the phone and then took a moment to send off a couple of text messages. Once done he shoved the phone back into his pocket. "Alright, in that case we

have a couple of options. Either we stay here and find something to occupy ourselves with, or..."

A wide grin spread across his lips and she couldn't help but smile back. A mischievous gleam danced in his eyes making her wonder what he had in mind. She had no idea and couldn't wait to find out.

"Well," she prompted, "what do you want to do?"

It wasn't the most sensible thing for him to be doing, especially the night before a concert, but the excited look on Hanna's face at his absentminded and arguably

insensible suggestion made it seem like a good idea at the time.

"I really love this city!" Hanna gushed as they stood in the center of Times Square and her eyes scanned the lights, billboards and banners around them - all lighting up the darkened sky. One of the billboards featured his face, promoting his concert.

"Oh wow!" She pointed to his billboard. "So cool. It's you!"

"Shhhhhh." Bo looked around them nervously and lowered his voice. "People might hear you."

She cringed and looked up at him apologetically. "Sorry."

If I don't get recognized it'll be a fucking miracle, he mused as he looked around them, ensuring the six body guards he'd called to walk with them were in the vicinity, but merging into the crowds rushing around them. He pulled his ballcap a little lower on his head, the bill nearly covering his eyes.

"Oh, look over there!" She pulled him down Broadway towards a group of fire-eaters, performing on the sidewalk. No one was paying attention to the couple; all eyes were on the performers as large puffs of fire rose into the air. "It's so cool!"

The crowd surrounding the performers was dense, so Bo stood behind Hanna, wrapping his arms around her waist and nuzzling her neck.

She looked back over her shoulder and smiled at him briefly, before redirecting her attention back to the performers. It occurred to him then, as her eyes lit up with child-like wonder that she'd been leading a very sheltered life. Definitely innocent and naive for her years.

From their conversation over dinner and again out on the balcony, she'd never travelled very

far beyond the little town she'd grown up in and from what he could tell her romantic life hadn't been very extensive. If it wasn't for the fact that she was twenty-two and a beautiful woman, he'd have entertained the possibility that she was still a virgin.

She pushed back against him, cuddling herself in his embrace. As she wiggled, her ass brushed against his groin and his cock jerked to life. He shifted uncomfortably behind her, loosening his grip on her slightly.

"Oh," she tensed in front of him and looked back over her shoulder,

catching his eyes. Her face reddened. "I ummm."

He chuckled softly. "Now why are you blushing, I'm the one with..." He cleared his throat. She had a way of making him feel young, unimportant - an average man - no more, no less. He loved that about her.

As they continued to look into each others eyes, the hunger within them both increased, and she turned in his arms. Stretching against him, she slid her hands up his chest, and around his neck.

Bo lowered his lips to hers. He kissed her lightly, but to his surprise

she parted her lips, and nipped at his lower lip. Their kiss deepened, the crowd around them watching the show, seemed to be in the distance rather than where they really were. But this was Manhattan, at night. No one paid any mind to the young lovers.

A loud cheer erupted from the people surrounding them and Bo immediately jerked backwards, and then laughed at himself when he realized the fire performers were finished and the applause and cheers were for them.

"What?" Her brow creased as Hanna looked around them.

Bo laughed. "I think my ego is getting the better of me." Grabbing her hand and stepping back from her, he hustled her away from the crowd that was beginning to break up. "Come on, before people start noticing people around them."

"So is this what it's like for you whenever you go places?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, not being able to walk freely and enjoy the sights like a normal person."

"Yeah, pretty much." Bo clucked his tongue off of the roof of his mouth. "I wouldn't change it; it's a small price to pay for the benefits of

the job. But I do miss being able to walk down the street without worrying about being recognized."

She raised a brow at him, her head cocking to the side. "Like now?"

Bo looked around them, and nodded, laughing lightly. "Yeah, like now."

"Then why did you suggest we go out?"

"I thought you'd like to. And maybe I wanted to feel normal for a change."

"Purses! Designer purses!"

Hanna's head swung around and she eyed the vender, a young man

with shaggy blonde hair, barely out of high school, Bo suspected. "I need a new bag!" She gave his hand a tug, leading him towards the purse vendor.

"Those aren't real designer bags Hanna," he whispered as they approached the sidewalk seller.

She huffed at him, rolling her eyes. "Like I could afford the real stuff." She released his hand and began to examine the purses all on display on a steel rack. The excitement dancing in her eyes and expression was like that of a child in a toy store.

Not wanting to insult the vendor,

he leaned into her, his lips close to her ear and whispered. "Baby, I can buy you the real thing tomorrow. These will be lucky to last a week."

"This is all I need."

Bo sighed, defeated. "Alright. Browse away."

"Hey mister, what about some beautiful flowers for your beautiful lady?" Bo glanced over his shoulder to see a second vendor, selling bouquets of red roses to young couples. Keeping an eye on Hanna, Bo approached the seller, pulling his wallet from his back pocket. Grabbing a bouquet, he quickly made the purchase, making an

effort to avoid eye contact - just in case - and hustled his way back to Hanna just as she was digging into her purse for her wallet to pay for the brown leather replica Louis Vuitton monogram handbag.

"No. Put your wallet away. I'll pay." He looked up at the young man. "How much?"

"Fifty bucks," the vendor replied without skipping a beat.

"I can pay Bo," Hanna protested, but quickly gave in, as he grabbed several twenty dollar bills from his wallet and thrust them at the vendor.

The man's eyes narrowed as he

looked up at the billboard featuring Bo's face and then back to Bo, recognition began to form in his eyes.

Shit-fuck! Bo glanced around nervously, ensuring his security was close at hand. "Thanks."

"Bo..." The vendor eyed Bo, rubbing his chin with his hand, "Hey, you're..."

"Keep the change," he muttered. Not bothering to wait for the vendor to find change or blow his cover, Bo placed a hand at the small of Hanna's back and ushered her away from the vendor. "Keep walking, walk fast, but don't look

suspicious," he whispered as they put distance between them and the vendors.

"Savage. The rock star. Bo... Bo Savage!"

Bo's body tensed as he heard the vendor calling his name, but he kept up the pace, head down. Muttering and murmurs sounded behind them.

"Where? Who?" voices asked behind him.

"There. Him," came the response.

"This way." Bo steered her down an alleyway, their pace so quick he was nearly jogging and her nearly running.

"I'm so sorry Bo."

"It's okay. Just walk." He cringed at the sharpness in his tone.

As they exited the alleyway, they continued onto the next street. He slowed his pace, glancing over his shoulder to see his bodyguards rushing behind them, but luckily there didn't seem to be anyone else in pursuit.

Bo sighed, and looked down at Hanna. Her eyes were downcast and visibly upset - whether she was upset with him or herself he couldn't say for sure. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to snap."

"It's okay." She looked up and

smiled, but it didn't quite reach her eyes.

"No. It's not." Feeling secure that they weren't being followed he slowed their pace to a brisk walk so she could continue to enjoy the sights of the city. "I just know what's going to happen if people start to recognize me. It'll make the news, and we'll be stuck for hours signing autographs on the sidewalk. And I really don't like that you never know who's approaching - it can be dangerous. Even with the security with us, they're only capable of doing so much. You'll see what I mean when we spend

more time together."

Chapter 5

Hanna's heart skipped a beat. When we spend more time together. She mulled the words over a moment as they walked. Was he planning on seeing her beyond the concert? She hoped so, but she was afraid to ask.

"Well, thank you for the bag." She looked across him to see the roses in his hand and then up at him, brow raised. "And the flowers?"

"What?" He grinned as he looked down at the flowers in his hand, forgotten in the excitement of their hasty retreat. "Yeah. These are for

you." He flushed slightly, when he glanced down at them, tightly clutched in his hand. "Sorry about breaking the stems. Just... The excitement and all."

Taking the flowers from him, she brought them to her nose, closed her eyes and inhaled deeply. The sweet scent rushed into her nostrils and she sighed, immediately relaxing.

"Thank you."

"You're welcome." They exchanged a look that sent a shiver down her spine, and ignited the throbbing between her legs. For a brief moment, she hoped he'd

suggest she forgo the room he had selected for her, and join him for the night in his bed, but she quickly dismissed the idea. Even if he did offer, she wasn't sure if it would be such a good idea, it's not like they could have a normal relationship. She'd end up with a broken heart; there was no doubt in her mind that's how it would go down.

"Here we are, home safe and sound."

His voice broke her from her thoughts. Sure enough, they were approaching his building.

"Ahhh shit, spoke too soon."

Frowning, Hanna followed his

gaze to see a reporter approaching them, with a photographer hot on her heels. The photographer began taking pictures as they approached Hanna and Bo.

Bo released her hand and slid it around her waist, pulling her tight. "Keep your head down Hanna, unless you want to be on the cover of the next gossip magazine," he murmured.

The thought was horrifying to her. God only knew how she'd be labelled, so she did as told, lowering her eyes and pressing her face against his shoulder.

"We got them Bo."

The sound of a deep voice from behind them surprised Hanna. She'd forgotten about the security. She lifted her eyes, keeping her face buried against his shoulder and watched the group of guards, surrounding them - forming a unbreakable barrier between them and the reporters as they continued to move briskly towards the front entrance of the building.

"Bo! Bo! Can I ask you a few questions?" Without waiting for a response she continued. "Who's the new lady? Do we know her?" The tall, dark-haired woman tried to elbow past two of the guards, but

to her frustration, access to them was denied.

"I'm sorry Penny. No interviews today," Bo replied, as they approached the front doors of the building. Two building guards came rushing from the building, joining Bo's security, blocking Bo and Hanna from the reporter, just as a news van pulled up to the curb. Another reporter and cameraman hopping out before the vehicle had even come to a complete stop.

"Come on Bo. Who is she? Is it serious?" Penny persisted.

"Is she the real reason you and Nadine broke up?" The new

reporter, a short pudgy middle-aged man, asked as he approached the group. Bo's body stiffened beside her - evidently that comment hit a chord with Bo.

Hanna immediately knew the Nadine being referred to. Nadine Petrova was a Russian supermodel that Bo had been reported to be dating. If the tabloids were to be believed, they broke up a few weeks prior, for unexplained reasons, though there was speculation that Bo left her due to her excessive drug use. But, that was the tabloids and they were hardly the best source of

information.

"No. She's not the reason for the break-up," Bo stated coldly, directing Hanna up the stairs of the building.

"Come on Bo, give us a little scoop. Please," the reporter, Penny, persisted.

At the top of the stairs, just outside the front doors of the building, Bo shifted so that Hanna was behind him, hidden and protected from the cameras and reporters by his body.

"Look Penny, when I'm prepared to talk about whom I am or am not dating, then you'll be the first to

know. In the meantime, I ask that you respect our privacy on the matter. Thanks." He turned and walked Hanna into the building, the security close on their heels closing the doors behind them, blocking out the gathering crowd of onlookers.

"We're fine from here Marcel," Bo stated, as he pressed the call button on the elevator.

"Anything else Bo?"

"Nah, we're good."

The elevator dinged and doors slid open with a soft whoosh. Hanna clutched the roses to her chest as Bo rushed her into the elevator, following behind her.

Pulling his keys from his inner jacket pocket, he slipped one into the keypad and selected his floor. The doors slid closed behind them and the elevator began its ascension.

"I'm sorry about that Hanna." Bo turned to her, his grey eyes catching hers. "I don't want your life to become a circus..."

"But..." She offered.

"But, if we're going to start seeing each other. It's going to be hard to keep them away forever. Is that something you can live with?"

Hanna's head was spinning. That morning she was going on an

unbelievable trip to see a concert and here she was hours later, with the possibility of being Bo Savage's girlfriend. Her jaw went slack as she tried to figure out what to say.

"I..." She chewed at her lower lip in consideration. "So does that mean you're interested in seeing me again after the concert?"

Bo's jaw clenched, as he noticed the insecurity in her eyes. Turning to the elevator keypad, he pressed the stop button and it immediately halted. Slipping a hand to the back of her neck and lowered his lips to hers.

She moaned softly in anticipation

even before his lips touched hers. He grazed his lips over hers tenderly, and as she parted her lips in invitation, he deepened the kiss, his tongue searching for hers. As their tongues touched, she moaned a second time as a jolt of electric pleasure rushed through her, to ignite a pulsing between her legs. Placing a palm on his chest, she felt the lean muscle underneath his shirt.

He slowly backed her up until her body was against the elevator wall, his huge manly frame pressing against hers. A soft crackling sounded, as the roses became

crushed between their bodies, but neither of them seemed to notice or care. The smell of roses and his cologne teased her nose - tempting her - begging her to get closer.

Bo's groin pressed up against hers and she felt his growing erection between their layers of clothing. His arousal only enflamed her own arousal and she moaned against his lips, fisting his shirt, wishing their restricting clothing was gone and she could feel his warm, hard body naked against hers.

Bo growled softly at the back of his throat as he pulled his lips from

hers, while keeping their bodies tight to each other, leaving her longing for more. Her knees felt weak under her, and she was grateful for his body pinning her against the elevator wall.

"Does that answer your question?" He whispered, brushing his lips across hers.

She nodded. It answered her original question, and spawned a slew more.

"Okay, in that case, I'd better get the elevator moving before they," he nodded towards the security camera in the upper corner of the elevator, pointed directly at them,

"start to enjoy the show."

"We turned our eyes, didn't see a thing Bo," a male voice matter-of-factly stated out of nowhere.

Hanna's face grew warm and she was sure her cheeks were crimson, as Bo laughed, reached behind her and pressed the start button on the control panel. "Good to hear it, Jerome."

The elevator jerked and began to continue its ascent. Bo leaned into her and his mouth brushed across her earlobe and sent a shiver through her. "Don't worry about Jerome. He's seen more than you can imagine in his ten years

working in the control room."

"My embarrassment that evident huh?" she whispered back.

He pulled back and grinned, the humour reflecting in his smoke grey eyes. "Very."

"So there's cameras everywhere?"

He shrugged. "Well, not in my penthouse. But the building from the basement to the roof top is all under video surveillance. Nothing goes on without security knowing. But the people living here are the types that require that kind of security and are willing to pay a premium for it."

The elevator dinged and the

doors slid open to reveal a short hallway, with a metal door at the end, which had a keypad to the side. As they made their way to his door, she was dying to ask how much a penthouse in the building would cost. She imagined it would scare her.

"It must be hard..."

Sliding the card in the reader, he punched in his security code and the door beeped as it unlocked. "What? Living like this?"

She nodded as he opened the door and gestured for her to enter before him. "Yeah."

"It's the price we pay. In some

areas I can go about freely. It's just in a city like New York, just before a concert... Going out was a recipe for disaster. I apologize. I could have put you in danger taking you out. It was stupid and impulsive of me, and it'll never happen again."

Bo glanced up at the clock in the foyer and was shocked to see it was midnight. Disappointment rushed through him. He needed to get some sleep soon, even though he wasn't tired in the least. The Madison Square Gardens concert was a televised concert, so he needed to be on top his game for it

so getting a full night's sleep was critical.

"I'm going to have to turn in soon, so I'll show you your room and perhaps we can relax for a short bit before heading to bed."

Bo also felt bad about the reporters. If they happened to get a picture of Hanna someone could easily recognize her -considering the fact that she worked in a public place and knew many people. Bo frowned, upset at himself and the reporter. He knew that if Hanna's identity was revealed she'd be hounded by reporters and tabloid vultures. That's the last thing he

wanted for her. It was painfully evident how introverted and reserved she was, that was one of the qualities he adored about her. Being hounded by strangers would be hard for someone like her to deal with.

Which brought him to another concern...

If something developed between them, could she handle being his woman? He didn't know, and the last thing he wanted was for either of them to get attached to the other and then deal with the hurt that would come along with a public break-up.

"What's wrong?" She frowned, looking up at him, as they climbed the staircase to the second floor.

He forced a smile on his lips as they reached the landing to the second floor. "Nothing. I was just thinking." He led her to his room, and ushered her in. "Okay, I'll grab you something you can wear and then take those flowers and put them in water." He looked down at the bouquet which had become a crumbled mess. He'd be lucky to salvage half of the flowers. "What's left of them anyhow."

"Thank you." A faint blush coloured her cheeks as she shifted

from foot to foot, her eyes scanning his massive, yet humbly furnished bedroom.

He grabbed the first t-shirt and pair of boxers he came to and set them on the bed. "Why don't you change here and then meet me in the kitchen for a snack before bed."

A wide grin spread across her lips and she raised a brow at him. "Milk and cookies?"

Bo laughed. The milk and cookies idea didn't sound halfway bad. "Chocolate chip as a matter of fact."

Crossing the room, he took the roses from her and exited the room, closing the door behind him. As he

made his way to the kitchen, his mind quickly flashed back to a memory of him and Jeremy as kids sharing a bag of chocolate chip cookies and dunking them into their milk as their mother busied herself with housework.

He grew up poor, but the shortage of money was made up by an abundance of love and affection. It taught him a valuable lesson. He may have everything money could buy, but he knew he wouldn't be truly happy until he found someone to share his life with. Over the past several years he realized that he'd forgotten that very important detail,

but spending the evening with Hanna made him realize just what he'd been missing in his life. And dammit, he wanted it.

Chapter 6

Pulling the t-shirt over head, Hanna was amused to see the hem of the shirt fell to her mid-thigh area. She was about to pull on the boxers, but on impulse and with a sudden burst of brazenness, decided against it. Placing her clothing in a neat pile on the floor by the bed she made her way downstairs and found Bo in the kitchen.

Hanna giggled as she spotted Bo, sitting on a kitchen stool at the breakfast bar, with a bag of chocolate chip cookies, a couple

glass and a jug of milk in front of him.

Bo looked up, was about to speak and paused. His eyes scanned her from head to toe, the look in his eyes turning from amused to heated. He lowered his eyes and when they returned to meet hers, the friendly amusement was back in them.

"You look extremely sexy in that t-shirt Hanna."

She was tempted to give into her shyness and look away, but forced herself to keep his gaze. "Thank you."

He pushed the bag of cookies

across the counter. "Care to join me?"

"Don't mind if I do." She perched herself on the stool across from him and pulled a couple of cookies from the bag and then poured herself a tall glass of milk. "I really should send a text to Jackie."

Bo cringed.

"What?"

"I doubt you'll get a response. Jeremy sent me a text while you were getting changed."

"And?"

"And, they're-" Bo cleared his throat, looking slightly uncomfortable "-they're busy."

"Ohhhhhhhhh." Hanna shifted her eyes downward and focused on dipping her cookie. It didn't surprise Hanna, but a part of her wished she were bolder. But, then you'd just be another girl to him, a voice in the back of her mind chided. She could already hear Jackie's gushing, telling her every single detail of her time with Jeremy. Every intimate detail.

When she looked back up, the heat had returned to Bo's eyes and there was tension in his body. "You know Hanna. I want you to know that I'm very attracted to you and I really want to..."

"Me too," she whispered. She wasn't even sure if she'd said it out loud, but hearing his sharp intake of breath made her realize she'd indeed admitted it to him.

Bo reached across the counter and took her hand in his. "I don't want to rush this. I want you to get a feel for my life and what it's like to be with me before we jump too deep." He frowned. "If you were just 'some girl' then I wouldn't care. But, I see potential with you."

Hanna's heart skipped a beat. Bo Savage saw potential in her! Hanna had no idea how to respond to that; every response that came to mind

would make her sound like a blubbering schoolgirl so she remained silent.

"So would this be what is considered an awkward silence?" Bo teased, giving her hand a squeeze.

Hanna nodded. "Little bit."

"Awkward because you don't want to spend more time together to explore what might be between us, or awkward because you feel embarrassed to agree with me." His smile widened, the humour reaching his eyes, but not overpowering the desire raging within them.

Instead of replying, Hanna

pressed her palm against his chest and leaned forward. She brushed her lips against his and moaned softly against his lips. Releasing her hand, he slipped his hand to the back of her neck, and threaded his fingers into her hair, kissing her harder.

Her lips parted, under his probing tongue allowing him access. When his tongue touched hers, electricity shot through her, and the pulsing between her legs ignited.

Don't let yourself go. Don't let yourself go. She urged herself silently, keeping a restraint on her passion, despite her rapidly

increasing need for him. But it was hard - so hard. She'd never wanted a man more, and never a man she'd just met and barely knew.

Bo slid from the bar stool and stood before her, turning her and pressing her back against the breakfast bar. He pinned her body against the cool wood, and pressed himself against her, his cock rising against her.

Ending the kiss, Bo stepped away from her, leaving her breathless. Her knees felt weak and she was grateful to have this hard wood to cling to.

Bo brushed a lock of red curls

back from her face - a motion both tender and erotic at the same time. "I want you Hanna," he whispered, his eyes confirming his words. "But we should go to bed now. Separately."

Her heart sunk, though she knew he was right. Sleeping with a man she just met wasn't the kind of girl she was. But damn, he was temptation personified.

Hanna turned her head and looked at the clock mounted on the wall next to the bed. Forty minutes had passed and she still couldn't sleep. The room Bo had situated

her in was beautiful, the bed large and so soft she felt like she was sleeping on a cloud. In normal circumstances she'd have fallen to sleep as soon as her head hit the down filled pillow - but not here - not tonight.

Instead she tossed and turned. Her lips remembering his lips on hers. The smell of his cologne still lingering with her. And the feel of his hands on her was still giving her goosebumps. She was filled with an abundance of emotions, none of them allowing her to drift into a peaceful sleep.

Once the hour mark hit, she

couldn't take it any more. Pulling back the comforter, she slid from bed and wearing only Bo's t-shirt she padded her way barefoot across the bedroom and exited into the hallway. As she exited the bedroom, she could faintly hear the sound of a guitar.

She followed the sound, until she reached the door of Bo's bedroom. Standing outside Bo's bedroom door, she could hear Bo's voice, loud enough to know he was singing, but low enough not to be able to make out the words.

He's busy. She turned and scurried back towards her bedroom.

Halfway to her room, she noticed the music had stopped. Chewing at her lower lip she spun back around and slowly made her way back to Bo's bedroom door.

Standing at his door a second time, she once again fought with herself on whether she should knock or not. She wasn't even sure what she was going to say, or what she really wanted if she went into his room. She just couldn't sleep, and the reason for her restlessness was on the other side of the door.

No, I need to go to bed and not bother him, she reasoned as she turned away from the door once

more.

"I'm up, you can come in Hanna."

Hanna yelped and jumped back, not expecting to hear him call to her. She spun back to face the door. She thought she heard soft chuckling coming from the other side of the door, and rolled her eyes at herself.

"Come in Hanna. Or are you going to make me come out and get you?"

She reached for the door handle and opened it slowly, slipped in, and closed the door behind her. "Hey." Hanna's heart skipped a beat as she peered over at him

sitting at the head of the bed, bare-chested with the exception of a black cross on a ball chain around his neck and a pair of black lounge pants. He had an acoustic guitar in his hands, and a yellow writing tablet and pen beside him on the bed.

"Couldn't sleep?" He asked, lifting his eyes from the yellow pad and catching her gaze.

"I could ask you the same thing," Hanna retorted, making her way across the room to stand at the foot of the bed.

He ran his hand through his dislevelled hair and gave her a

sheepish grin. "Nope, so decided to work. Get a song out of my head that's been screaming to be written."

"Oh." Raising a brow, Hanna leaned forward, trying to catch a peek at the words on the tablet.

Bo patted the empty spot on the bed next to him. "Come on over, tell me what you think so far."

A giddy excitement rushed through her as she crawled onto the bed, and stretched out across the width of it. Rolling to her side, she braced her head up with her hand and gazed up at him as he poised himself, preparing to begin playing.

Before he began to strum, his eyes lifted and his body tensed as he looked at her.

Her brow furrowed as she followed his eyes. "Oh!" She felt her cheeks heating up as she pulled down the hem of the t-shirt that had inched up high enough to give Bo a flash of her pink lace panties.

"Don't pull it down on my account." A grin touched his lips as his eyes shifted to meet hers.

"Oh stop!" Hanna swatted his knee, but her blush deepened.

Clearing his throat, he focused his attention back to the matter at hand. "Well, not sure if I'm going to

be able to remember the chords now."

"Good thing you have it all written down then."

"Smart ass," Bo grumbled; his smile widening as he prepared to play. "Now this is rough, keep that in mind."

"Okay," Hanna edged a little closer to him, her anticipation heightening.

Bo began to strum, a soft, easy melody. After a moment, his voice joined the soft sound of the guitar.

"Could be her silken hair
Cascades of fire.

Maybe it's the way she looks at

me

Such raw love and desire.

I've never felt like this before.

It always feels like the first time."

A smile spread across Hanna's lips. His voice was like honey flowing through her. She couldn't have pulled her eyes from him if she'd wanted to. The soft sound of the guitar mixed with his voice, pulled her in. No wonder women throw themselves at him, she mused, as she continued to watch and listen, fascinated with him.

"As sweet as the first time...

We kissed. We held.

We confessed our deepest

emotions.

We laughed. We cried.

We promised undying devotion."

"And that is all I have so far..."

He shrugged. "A work in progress. Just started jotting some stuff down half hour ago."

"Cascades of fire, huh?" she gave his knee a playful slap. "If I had a narcissistic personality, I'd be thinking you were talking about me."

Bo laughed. Taking the guitar and carefully placing it into the guitar case beside the bed. He then tossed the notepad and pen onto the bedside table. Tilting his head

to the side, Bo eyed her with an intensity that made her stomach do somersaults and made her pussy clench. "Maybe I was."

Had he? Written a song about me! Hanna eyed him, not sure if he was joking or serious.

"I... Ummmm..." Hanna cringed.

Dammit Hanna, get it together, she scolded herself. But it was hard. He was so damned sexy and oozed charisma. He's a musician; it's his job to woo women. And it was working like a charm on her.

"You make me feel like a giddy fan, you realize that right?"

Uncrossing his legs, he stretched

out. "Nah, I don't think so. There's a little tiger in you, just may take some prodding to get it to come out."

Hanna's eyes locked with his again and there was no doubt in her mind he wanted her as much as she wanted him. The struggle on what he wanted to do next was painfully evident in his expression and the tension in his body.

Sitting up, she crawled over to him and without thinking, swung a leg over his lap so she was straddling him. As she settled down onto him, the wet strip of lace between her legs and the thin

fleece of his pants the only things separating her wet and throbbing pussy from his rock hard cock.

Hanna lowered her forehead to his, her lips a mere inch from his, their breaths intermingling and breathing synchronizing. Placing her hands on his bare chest and running her fingers along the lines of chiselled muscle, she felt his heart rate accelerating.

"You're making this really hard," Bo whispered, slipping his hands up her outer thighs to cup her ass cheeks and pulled her groin tight to his. The ridge of his cock, rubbed against her pussy and she moaned

softly.

"You're making it equally as hard," she countered. Her body began to move onto his, her groin gyrating against him, teasing his cock and revving up her desire.

Closing her eyes, she lowered her lips to his, relishing the feelings of desire rushing through her. The dampness between her legs increased and her need for release was increasing rapidly.

"But you're the one that came into my room." Bo murmured against her lips, pulling back slightly as he slid her from his lap and rolled her onto her back. He rolled

with her so his torso covered hers.

"Because you invited me."

"True enough." Bo's hand slid down her stomach to cup her lace covered mound. "Oh fuck, you're wet."

Being more brazen than she'd ever been, but not being able to control herself if she wanted to - which she didn't - Hanna slipped her hand between them and under the waistband of his pants to grasp his thick, hard cock. She swiped her thumb across the head, and discovered a pearl of cum gathered at the head.

"It appears I'm not the only one."

A low feral groan, escaped Bo's lips seconds before his mouth came crashing down onto hers. The tenderness was gone as he nipped at her lower lip and, as she parted her lips, his tongue slipped past her lips, intent on dominating hers.

She began to stroke him, as she gripped tight to his shoulder with her other hand. She spread her legs slightly as his fingers pulled aside the lace panties and slipped between her wet folds.

Hanna moaned against his lips, her tongue wrestling with his as she bucked against his hand. She knew she needed to stop this. She didn't

want to become just another woman to him, but as he thrust two fingers deep within her, stopping him was not an option. Her body and desire was taking over all other thought or sense of reason.

His fingers began stroking her inner wall, as his thumb found her clit, rubbing her clit in time with his fingers stroking her inner wall. She bucked harder against his hand, as her hand grasping his shaft stroked him harder, faster. More of his pre-cum, gathered at the tip, and his groans matched hers in frequency and intensity.

Pulling his lips from hers, his grey

eyes - filled with such an intense hunger it sent chills of pleasure through her - locked with her green ones. Her body began to tremble under him, as she came closer to the brink.

"Oh Bo, I want you. Oh God, I want you so badly."

"I know," he murmured as he lowered his lips to the side of her neck alternating between his teeth nipping and his tongue lashing at the sensitive flesh. "Soon."

Soon.... The word echoed in the back of her head, but she didn't have time to consider. Her body became a coil, tight and on the

verge of breaking. Her pussy was throbbing, and every inch of her was preparing for release. The anticipation was so good it hurt.

"Come for me Hanna. I want to feel it."

His voice was soft and coaxing, sending a delicious shiver through her. Suddenly, she was there and toppling over the edge of her desire. Closing her eyes and arching her back, she cried out as her body tensed and then released with a gush of her juices greeting his probing fingers.

"Bo, oh Bo."

Opening her eyes, she could see

the strain in his eyes and expression. Her hand on his cock tightened and she began to stroke him faster and harder, needing to feel him come over her hand almost as much as she had needed to come, moments before.

Bo was fighting with himself. He wanted her. He wanted to feel her soft, wet pussy surrounding his shaft. He wanted her more than he'd ever wanted anyone in his life, but he fought his primal instincts. Damn it, it was one of the hardest things he'd ever done in his lifetime, especially knowing she

could be his if he wanted her.

"Fuck Hanna, you feel so good. I've never been so fucking turned on."

A coy smile touched her lips, and a gleam of mischief shone in her eyes, mixing with her desire. "Prove it."

Chuckling softly, he captured her lips with his, as he began to stroke her again. She bucked against her hand and he shifted his body so he was settled between her legs.

Stop it now Bo. Stop before you can't. The voice in the back of his head urged him. His cock fought with the voice of reason. She

spread her legs wider, welcoming and enticing him. Tugging down his pants, she rubbing his cock against her pussy, the only thing keeping his dick from entering her was a strip of lace saturated with her juices - juices for him.

His balls hardened painfully. He was going to come, hard and fast. He stroked her pussy harder, wanting to feel her pussy clenching around his fingers one last time.

"Stop or I won't be able to hold back any longer." His voice was hoarse, and he wasn't sure if she even heard his plea over the sounds of her moans.

Her body trembled under him as she bucked wildly against his hand, her body writhing under his. Suddenly, he became overwhelmed with his arousal and groaned against her neck, as his cock stiffened and then a spray of his cum shot from the tip, coating her mound and stomach.

She released her hold on his shaft and cried out as her pussy clenched around his fingers and then released a rush of her fluids which ran down his fingers and then hand. Removing his fingers from her sweet, warm core, he braced a hand on either side of her head and

looked down at her. Her long red curls were a beautiful mess around head, face was flushed, her lips puffy from his rough and frantic kisses, and her emerald green eyes glazed over with desire.

"I swear you're the sexiest woman I've ever met Hanna," he whispered.

She closed her eyes, and when she reopened them, the desire was gone and a look of surprise and embarrassment replaced it. She opened her mouth to speak and then snapped it shut.

Slowly, he lowered his lips to hers, kissing her tenderly and then

pulled up to look into her eyes again. "Beautiful."

Pulling his pants up, he rolled over onto his back and glanced up at the clock mounted on the wall. It was 3pm. Fuck. He needed to be up in four hours. Running a hand through his hair and sighed, his whole body still on edge, despite the orgasm.

He glanced over at her, as she sat up and tried to straighten her clothing and tame her unruly curls. "You really are adorable. I wish I didn't have to, but I have to be up in a few hours."

A frown touched her lips, and a

flash of sadness flashed in her eyes. "Oh, I'm sorry. I'll..." She scrambled to her knees and began to squirm her way from the bed.

Reaching out, Bo grabbed her upper arm before she could get away. "Where ya goin'?"

She looked back over her shoulder at him, to the door and then back at him. "Well, I thought that..."

"You're not planning on taking off on me now are you?"

Hanna frowned, indecision evident on her features. "Well, I umm..."

"You can go back to your room if

you prefer, but I'd like you to stay here, with me."

He could see a wave of relief wash over her and she nodded. "Okay."

Releasing her arm, he patted the bed next to him.

Smiling, she crawled back to him, and snuggled against his side, nestling her face against his neck. Wrapping his arms around her, he settled down into the bed and pulled her tight to him. She felt good. He'd forgotten how good it felt to have someone he truly wanted cuddled against him. He liked it, more than he knew he

should, considering he barely knew her.

Chapter 7

Bo glanced over at Hanna, still asleep in his bed, as he buttoned up the fly to his faded blue jeans. He had an interview with MTV, the first of several appearances that day, in less than an hour and a car was going to be at the front door to his building in ten minutes.

He'd been tempted a number of times to wake her up that morning, but didn't have the heart to. He'd woken up with a hard-on so rigid that he could have broken bricks with it. Jacking off in the shower was only a temporary relief, and

now as he peered down at her, the hem of his t-shirt edged up to reveal her round ass, covered in lace, his dick was once again becoming painfully hard.

She moaned softly and her eyes fluttered open. A look of confusion crossed her expression, but quickly gave away to a smile as her eyes landed on him. Rubbing her eyes, she rolled over to her back, bracing her elbows behind her and looking over at him.

His eyes lowered to the apex between her legs. Her movement had pulled the t-shirt up fully making her lace panties fully

visible. His cock jerked, begging him to cancel the interview and stay there with her.

"Good-morning." Her smile widened and then she frowned as her eyes followed his to see what he was looking at. "Oh shit!" She quickly sat up, pulling the t-shirt down. "Sorry."

Grinning, Bo gave his head a shake. "No need to be sorry. I was quietly enjoying the view."

A deep crimson, that rivalled her hair coloured her porcelain skin. "Guess I should have worn the boxers you gave me."

"I'm not complaining." He made a

show of letting his eyes wander the length of her body, enjoying her embarrassment. "I prefer it this way in fact."

Cocking her head to the side, she raised a brow at him. "That so?"

"That's affirmative." Walking over to the bed, he sat down beside her. "Listen, I have to go to a bunch of interviews. I'd like to blow it off, but Jeremy is blowing them off to spend the day with Jackie, so I have to be the responsible one and go."

"Oh, so Jackie is spending the day with Jeremy?"

"Yeah, they said to text them when you're up and you can join

them if you like."

Hanna crinkled her nose up and shook her head. "I think I'll be fine on my own."

"Okay. I had someone go to the hotel and get your things. They should be here within an hour."

"Oh?"

"Yeah, I don't have to be on the road until tomorrow afternoon so was hoping you'd spend the night here after the concert." He waited on baited breath. He knew he was being presumptuous, but considering the chemistry they had between them, he hoped she wouldn't object. He'd been doing

some calculations in his head that morning and knew that after that evening it would be a couple of weeks before he'd have a chance to see her again.

She chewed at her lower lip, and smiled. "I'd like that."

"Good." He leaned over to kiss her, but she cringed and edged away from him, pressing her lips into a firm line. What the hell? "Ummm."

"Morning breath." she admitted, lowering her eyes.

"I've never had a girl reject me with that excuse before."

"It's not an excuse!"

"I'll risk it." Leaning forward, he lowered his lips to hers. This time, she didn't back away, but she wasn't nearly as responsive as she was the previous night.

Laughing, he straightened back up. "You'll owe me a kiss when I get back. Make yourself at home while I'm gone."

After showering, brushing her teeth with a spare toothbrush in Bo's bathroom cabinet and getting dressed in a pair of Bo's jogging pants and t-shirt; Hanna made her way downstairs to the kitchen in search of breakfast. She'd just

reached the bottom of the stairs when a knock at the door sounded. Rushing over to the front door, she pulled it open expecting to see someone with her luggage, but instead she came face to face with the bands drummer, Anthony Flemming. If she didn't recognize him as the drummer and were to see him on the street she'd have mistaken him for a random bum. It had been rumoured that Anthony was harbouring a drug addiction. Cocaine from what she'd read.

He had several days of scruff on his face, his longish black hair was tied loosely in a ponytail and one

glance at his dark eyes told that he'd spent the night shooting or snorting something. Hanna immediately got a bad vibe from him. She wasn't used to being around drug users, and being alone with Anthony wasn't something she wanted to do.

"Where's Bo?" Anthony brushed past her and into the apartment, before she had a chance to turn him away. She stumbled backwards, not wanting to get in his way.

"I... ummmm..." Closing the door she trailed behind him as he made his way through the penthouse and into the kitchen.

"Huh?"

He stopped suddenly, her nearly bumping into the back of him. He spun around and eyed her, his eyes lingering on her breasts for a little too long for her liking. To her relief he finally lifted his eyes to meet hers "Who are you anyhow?"

"I'm Hanna. Bo flew a friend and I here last night. My friend and Jeremy are downstairs at Jeremy's place, if you want to..."

Anthony fell silent a moment, his eyes taking on a dazed look. Seeming to pull out of it he nodded. "Yeah, maybe I'll drop by."

Hanna let out a sigh of relief and

turned to lead him back to the door, but to her dismay, he kept heading towards the kitchen.

"What does Bo have to eat? I'm fucking starving."

Shooting a wistful look at the door, Hanna sighed and scurried behind him, not sure what to do or how to get Anthony out of the apartment. She reached the kitchen to see him already searching the fridge for food. Another knock sounded at the door.

You have to be kidding me, she groaned inwardly. Taking one last look at Anthony she hurried back to the front door. Swinging it open,

she came face to face with one of the building guards, her luggage on either side of him.

"Mr Savage requested these be sent up. Where would you like them?"

"Just inside the door here." Hanna stepped back and motioned for him to drop them inside the door. "I can take them from here."

"As you wish." Without another word the guard dropped the bags and left, leaving her with Anthony to deal with.

Closing the door, Hanna made her way back to the kitchen to find Anthony downing a bottle of beer

as he finished off a piece of beef jerky.

"Hey, so are you Bo's new girl?" He asked, walking over to her, his eyes once again travelling up and down the length of her body.

Hanna shifted nervously from foot to foot under his intense scrutiny, unsure of how to respond. "I'm ummmm."

"So you're just a couple days of fun then?"

Hanna's eyes narrowed as she straightened up, squaring her shoulders and meeting his gaze. "I'm Bo's guest. And the nature of our relationship is none of your

business." Despite her firm exterior, Hanna was trembling inside.

To Hanna's surprise, Anthony began to laugh. "Baby, you all think you're the one. Enjoy the ride while you can and when he's through with you, come see me." He reached out and fingered a lock of her hair. "I love redheads. Natural?"

Hanna jerked away from his touch as if scalded, batting his hand away. "I think this conversation is finished. I'll let Bo know you stopped by."

Anthony's eyes caught hers and she could see the indecision in them. She prayed he'd leave,

because every moment he stayed she felt more insecure about the situation. She had no doubt in the case of Anthony Flemming, everything the tabloids said was true.

"Alright. Bye Red." He walked past her and made his way to the door, Hanna trailing behind him, but keeping a safe distance between them. Without giving her another glance, he left.

"And don't call me Red, jackass," she muttered under her breath, slamming the door after him and locking it. She had no intention of answering it again, until Bo got

home.

"Shit, fuck." Bo tossed the tabloid onto the seat beside him and raked a hand through his hair.

"You know you just can't go roaming the streets before a concert. What were you thinking Bo?"

"I wasn't." Bo looked over at the bands manager, Victor Irving, sitting next to him. Victor, a veteran of the business, had been their manager from the start, taking the band from a bunch of nobodies playing at whatever bar that would take them to superstardom. "She

never comes to the city. I wanted to take her out. Be normal for a change."

"Yeah, well, you're not. And hopefully you won't be for a long, long time."

"Shit. If people recognize her, she's going to be hounded to death."

"She gets five minutes of fame. That's what they all want, a little taste of the good life. Big deal, who cares about her, as long as she doesn't talk negatively about you or the band."

Bo shook his head. "Nah. She's not the kind of girl that enjoys

drama. She's shy. She wouldn't enjoy the attention."

Victor laughed. "Then what in the hell is she doing with you?" Victor's laughter suddenly halted and his eyes narrowed. "What are you planning for this girl anyhow? You really into her? You know, we have some great publicity lined up for you with an up and coming country star. If you're involved with someone it's going to completely fuck up what we have planned."

Bo huffed. "I'm not concerned with what the PR people have planned. I'm not going to stop seeing someone I'm interested in

for something like that."

"So she's not just a fling."

"Hanna isn't the type of girls you fuck and leave."

"Bo buddy. They're all the kind you fuck and leave." Upon seeing Bo's determined expression, Victor sighed and motioned to the newspaper between them. "Then I suggest you prepare her for the paparazzi, because once she goes home she'll get swarmed with them."

"Yeah." The car slowed as it approached his building. Several reporters were waiting outside, no doubt wanting to get the lowdown

on his new relationship. Bo leaned forward and knocked on the panel dividing them from the driver.

The panel lowered and the drivers peered at him from the review mirror. "Yes, Sir?"

"Take me into the garage. I don't want to deal with them right now."

"Yes, Sir."

Hanna leapt from the sofa, when she heard the beep of the door being unlocked and made her way to the front door. She imagined it was Bo, but she was still slightly shook up over Anthony's visit so instead of enjoying the afternoon in

Bo's stunning home, she'd been on edge, anxiously waiting for him to come home. She'd considered sending a text to Jackie a number of times, but really didn't want to ruin Jackie's good time with her problems.

A wide smile spread across her lips when she saw Bo open the door and step inside. She rushed to him slipping her arms around his neck and holding tight to him.

Bo laughed at her exuberance. "Hey! Now this is the greeting I was hoping for this morning."

"I'm happy you're back." She pulled back from him, but he kept

her from pulling away fully.

Bo lowered his lips to hers and the anxiety she'd been feeling the previous several hours seemed to fade away. She pressed herself against him, returning his kiss, welcoming his tongue to explore. The desire she'd had for him the previous night, came to the forefront of her mind and she moaned against his lips, pressing her body against him.

"Mmmm. Much better than this morning," he murmured pulling back. To her dismay, he pulled back fully and stepped away from her. "There's something I have to

discuss with you."

The incident with Anthony came to her mind, and she nodded. She still hadn't decided whether she was going to mention it or not. From what she knew about the band, the members had grown up together, they were like brothers. She wasn't sure if bringing up the way Anthony had made her feel was a good idea or not.

"What about?"

"Well..." Bo took her hand and led her into the living room and to the leather sofa. "Sit down for a second." As they sat, he reached into the inner pocket of his jacket

and pulled out a rolled up tabloid.

He didn't have to tell her, for her to know exactly what he was about to say. She watched as he opened up the paper and her mouth dropped open as she peered at a picture of herself, Bo's arm around her. They looked like a couple newly in love. She looked to the headline.

Who's Bo's Love Interest? The Real Reason For His Break-up With Nadine?

The picture was in colour and her red curls were unmistakable. There was no doubt in her mind that any and everyone she knew who saw

the headline would recognize her.

"Oh- my-God!" Visions of strangers swarming the coffee shop, hounding her with questions about him, their relationship, and poking into her life came to mind. It was a nightmare situation for her.

"I'm sorry Hanna. I really am. I really didn't mean for this to happen, but I should have known. Taking you out for a walk was a stupid impulsive decision on my part."

She skimmed the article associated with the picture which ended with a call out to anyone who could identify the woman of

mystery, offering a cash reward.

"So what do I do now?"

"Hope no one comes forward. If they do, then we'll deal with it." Taking her chin in his hand, he tilted her face up so their eyes met. "Don't worry. I'll make this work."

"The situation or us?" she teased, though there was seriousness in her teasing.

"I'll take care of you Hanna. Okay?"

Hanna nodded.

"Now that this is out of the way, we have an hour before the car comes to pick us up." He lowered his lips to hers and she felt the

conviction in his statement.

It's going to all work out, she told herself a final time before losing herself in his sweet kiss and caress.

Chapter 8

"This is incredible!" Jackie exclaimed as she looked around them.

Hanna also surveyed the crowd. She and Jackie were seated front row center of a sell out crowd at the Gardens. People of various ages chattered and countless women in the crowd were holding up signs proclaiming their love for Bo.

"Did you see the article about his new girlfriend?" Hanna heard a woman say from behind her.

Hanna's ears perked up upon hearing someone mentioning the

article.

"Pfft. Yeah. Can you imagine. She's not even all that pretty. And she's fat!"

Hanna fought the urge to turn around and scowl at the women behind her. She looked down at herself in a black sundress. Sure she was a little chunky, but she would hardly call herself fat. That being said, she knew she was hardly the size two or zero that most of the models who dated rock stars were.

"Fuck those bitches Hanna. They're just jealous."

Hanna turned her attention to

Jackie and sighed as she nodded. "I know."

"You never did tell me about your night with him. I told you everything that happened with Jeremy."

Hanna could feel the heat rushing to her cheeks when she recalled the things Jackie had told her transpired between her and Jeremy the previous night and well into the day, until Anthony showed up and ruined their little sex games.

"I told you. Nothing happened really."

Jackie raised a sceptical brow at her. "Nothing really. Come on, spill

it sister."

Hanna shrugged. "We had a nice night. We had dinner, got approached by the paparazzi, talked, I went to his room and he sang a song he was working on to me and then we fell to sleep together."

"No sex at all? Really?"

Hanna shook her head. "We played around a little bit, but we mostly just cuddled. It was sweet. Really. I like that he wants to take his time with us. It's nice."

Jackie was about to respond, but the lights began to dim signalling the show was about to start. A

surge of excitement rushed through Hanna. She was going to see Bo on stage. The crowd around them began to chant, demanding Bo and the band appear.

After several minutes, music began to play and suddenly spotlights lit the stage, showcasing Jeremy, Anthony and the two other members of the band that Hanna still couldn't remember the names of. Screams sounded throughout the crowd, so loud that they were almost deafening.

Hanna winced. She hated crowds and she really hated people screaming and whistling a mere

foot or so from her. She turned and glared at the woman who'd just screamed that she wanted to have Bo's baby.

Suddenly the music got louder and the tempo picked up. The crowd began to go crazy. She spun around to see Bo walking onto stage. If possible he was sexier now, on stage, than he'd been the previous night. Maybe it was the thousands of women screaming for him, or maybe it was how cocky and confident he was when as he walked up to the microphone. He was the king of the night, and the people surrounding her were his

followers.

He immediately began to belt out his current number one song. His voice filled the stadium, and his voice in combination with the beat of the band, made her pussy clench and her panties dampen. His eyes immediately met hers and he gave her a wide grin and a slight nod, before turning his attention to the crowd to the left of her.

"Oh-my-GOD! He smiled at me!" Hanna heard a girl behind her scream. The woman's mouth was so close to her ear that she cringed from the noise.

He began to work the crowd,

giving high five's, making eye contact and nodding towards people in the audience. His actions made the audience go even wilder than they already were, all the women fighting and screaming for just a simple look in their direction. Hanna felt a sense of pride well up within her. She'd spent the night curled up in the arms of a man who thousands of women were begging for a simple glance in the direction of.

Beside her, Jackie was joining in the excitement of the crowd, dancing with the music and keeping her eyes glued to Jeremy, who

made it a point to lock gazes with her from time to time. Being slightly shy and reserved, Hanna had never been one to get wrapped up in the excitement of a concert. However, by the time the forth song came around she found herself, swaying and laughing with and at the excitement of the people around her.

Bo began working his way to her as the fifth song took up. This time it was a slow, sultry ballet. This was easily Hanna's favourite song. It showcased his vocals and seemed to sweep her away in the melody. As Bo began the chorus he looked

down at Hanna and their eyes locked. A shiver ran down Hanna's spine and her pussy began to throb, as his voice and the band washed over her.

It was at that moment that she realized why women fell so hard for musicians. It was hard not to. Impossible even. He broke eye contact way too quickly, leaving her feeling depleted.

"Bo! Bo! Boooooooo!" The woman behind her screamed, so loudly she could be heard over the thunderous beat of the speakers twenty feet from them. Moments later, something was whipped past

Hanna's head.

What the fuck? Hanna looked over her shoulder and gasped when her eyes caught notice of the woman who was now bare-chested. Her generous, perky breasts jiggled as she waved her pink shirt in the air. Hanna pulled her eyes from the girl's breasts to see that she'd thrown her pink bra onto the stage.

Bo glanced down at the bra at his feet and then looked over Hanna's shoulder to the partially naked, screaming woman.

"He's looking at me! He's looking at me!"

For the love of God! Hanna

growled. Oh course he was looking at you, bitch, you're half naked! Hanna gritted her teeth, keeping herself from saying something she'd regret to the girl who she doubted would be any older than seventeen.

Bo snatched up the bra and waved it in the air, not skipping a beat in the song. He looked down at Hanna, and he gave her a wink. The crowd went wild yet again, and he tossed the bra off stage and continued with the song.

Another hour passed and Hanna was finally letting loose. Dancing and singing along with the songs. It felt good and from his expression

when he graced her with a look, Bo seemed to be both amused and delighted that she was enjoying herself.

"Hey girls. Come with me." A tap on her shoulder turned her attention to one of the guards that had approached her and Jackie.

"Jackie." Clutching her arm, Hanna gave it a tug, getting her friend's attention.

Two more guards joined the first as he slid the barrier across allowing Jackie and Hanna to enter the "forbidden zone."

"Oh-my-God! That's her!" A voice from behind her and in the crowd

screamed.

Hanna frowned as she looked around for the source of the voice. Who's her?

"Bo's girlfriend! Holy shit!"

It didn't surprise her to see it was the half-naked girl that recognized her from the tabloid.

"Come on. Hurry!" The large, black guard grabbed her by the upper arm and tugged her and Jackie down the aisle. He hustled them so quickly Hanna found herself stumbling to keep up in the heels she was wearing. However, his urgency was not in vein, her identity was quickly revealed to the

audience, spreading like wildfire, and people began to grab at her and Jackie, screaming questions and insults.

Hanna breathed a sigh of relief, as they exited the floor and entered the safety of the backstage area. Was that a taste of what it would be like to be his girlfriend? People screaming at you? Curious about you? Hating you just for being with him?

"Intense, huh?"

Pulled from her thoughts Hanna, glanced over at Jackie who was beaming from ear to ear. Jackie was the kind of girl that would

savour the attention, both good and bad. Jackie was the perfect rock star girlfriend in Hanna's opinion. But her... Not so much.

She sighed and then scolded herself for getting ahead of things. They really hadn't even planned another date; considering herself his girlfriend was very premature.

They were guided to the side of the stage, just out of the line of sight of the crowd so they could watch the remainder of the concert from there. But, despite how much she'd enjoyed the concert so far, her mind was racing with thoughts of Bo and what was going to

happen between them next.

The guys did two encore songs before ending the concert and making their way backstage. As the band exited the stage, they immediately became surrounded with assistants, passing them bottles of water, beer, and asking what they needed.

Jeremy elbowed his way over to Jackie and picked her up. She immediately wrapped her legs around his waist, and pressed herself against him. Their lips locked in a passionate kiss, neither one seeming to be interested that there was anyone around. Seconds

later, the two had disappeared.

Hanna averted her gaze, shifting uncomfortably from foot to foot. She searched for Bo and found him surrounded by a group of teenage girls, all with backstage passes around their necks and fighting for his attention. Feeling her gaze on him, he glanced over at her and gave her a knowing look, holding his index finger up at her as he turned his attention back to the excited girls.

Well, okay. Spotting an assortment of upcoming events posters on the wall, Hanna strolled over and glanced at the posters,

pretending to be interested in them.

"Hanna?"

Hanna jumped, feeling a strong hand on her shoulder. It was the guard that had led her and Jackie from the audience and out back. "Yes?" She looked around the massive frame of the guard and spotted Bo. He was still busy entertaining the young women and a couple of reporters had joined the fray.

"Bo noticed the reporters coming so wanted me to take you back to his dressing room. He said he won't be long."

She glanced over at the reporters, one being the female from the previous night and nodded. She had no desire to be interrogated by that woman. Hell, she wouldn't be able to explain her relationship with Bo if she tried. She was still working that out for herself. "Okay."

"Come with me." The guard made a point to block her from the reporters view as he steered her towards the dressing rooms. Hanna was grateful.

"Do you know how long he'll be?"

"Give him a half hour to an hour tops."

Hanna's heart sank as she prayed she wouldn't have to wait an hour.

Arriving at his dressing room door, the guard reached around her and opened the door, pushing it fully open.

"Thanks, a bunch. I-" She gasped and froze as she peered into the room and her eyes caught sight of a young blonde haired girl, fully naked - with the exception of her backstage pass - and stretched out on the red leather sofa, her legs spread wide in invitation.

The guard seemed unfazed by the young woman. "You're not supposed to be in here Miss. Please

get dressed and I'll escort you out."

The blonde pouted as she fondled the pass around her neck. "But I have a pass. And I wanted to surprise Bo."

"Oh-dear-God!" Hanna spun around so her back was to the woman, as she tried to purge the image of the woman's big - likely fake - breasts from her mind.

"You're not allowed back here. Please get dressed Miss."

"But I have a surprise," she whined and Hanna faintly heard a wet smacking sound. She didn't want to imagine what the sound was, but the image of the woman

fingering herself forced itself into her mind. Was this what Bo experienced all the time? Did he indulge himself in the women that threw themselves at him? The girl was gorgeous, she'd give her that; she supposed she couldn't blame him if he did.

"Don't touch me, you ogre!" The woman screeched, along with the sound of shuffling feet.

Hanna crossed her arms over her chest, and let out a loud huff of air.

"Fine! You're such an ass!"

The guard, with his hand firmly on the now dressed blonde's upper arm walked past Hanna.

"I'm so much hotter than her!" The blonde spat, glaring over her shoulder at Hanna, as she was pulled by the arm, down the hall.

"Wow." Hanna muttered as she entered the room and closed the door behind her. She scanned the contents of the small room. At the corner of the room sat a table overflowing with flowers, small gifts and cards. Curious she walked over to the table for closer examination. One bouquet was held together by the black lace thong.

Grimacing, she continued on; several more pairs of panties, some proclaiming to be worn and coated

with the women's cum. Double gross. A few bras. Shaking her head, and feeling a tingle of jealousy over all the women falling over her man... Her man? Damn it. With a sigh of frustration, Hanna flopped onto the leather sofa.

As soon as her bottom hit the leather, she remembered that a naked woman had just been on it, presumably masturbating. She cringed and leapt to her feet as if she' been burned. Walking across the room she plunked herself into the chair in front of the vanity. Pulling out her Smartphone she began fiddling with the games as

she waited for Bo.

Close to two hours has passed since the end of the concert and Bo was feeling like a complete asshole knowing Hanna was in his dressing room waiting for him. The fans and reporters had been relentless; their main focus of their questions had been on the identity of the mystery redhead.

Now that they were gone he could finally relax and spend the evening enjoying Hanna's company. Just thinking about the previous night and her soft body cuddled next to his made him hard. But, his

hunger for food rivalled his hunger for her sweet body at that moment.

Opening the door, a smile tugged at the corners of his lips at the sight before him.

Apparently, Hanna had gotten enough of waiting and using his leather jacket as a pillow proceeded to take a nap - with her head on the vanity table. She looked so damned sweet, he almost didn't want to wake her, but his stomach grumbling jolted him into action.

Bo crossed the room, crouched down and tapped her on the shoulder. "Hey sweetie."

She grumbled something

incoherent, appeared to be waking and then fell back into a deep sleep. This time her sleep was accompanied by light snoring. Bo felt even more like an ass for making her wait so long.

"Hanna baby." He spoke a little louder, giving her shoulder a rougher nudge.

She grumbled and her green eyes fluttered open. "Bo?" She frowned as she slowly sat up and surveyed her surrounding. Recognition flashed in her eyes and her face began to redden. "I'm sorry. I... The wait and..."

Laughing, Bo stood and extended

his hand to her. "I'm the one that needs to apologize. I tried to get away as quickly as possible, but the other guys took off leaving me to fend them all off."

"Does that happen a lot. Them leaving you with the fans?"

Bo shrugged. "Sometimes. Depends."

She took his hand and stood, the skirt of her peach coloured sundress swayed with the motion, falling to mid thigh.

"Ready to eat?"

She nodded. "I'm famished."

"Good, because I have reservations at The View. The View

was a fine dining restaurant in Manhattan that easily had the best food in the world. The price tags associated with the meals would make most people cringe and walk out. But as far as Bo was concerned, the price was well worth it.

A wide smile crossed her lips and an excited gleam lit up in her eyes. "Really?"

"You betcha babes."

Chapter 9

"I think I'm a little underdressed," Hanna whispered to Bo as they were lead through the restaurant, which contained the richest of the rich in New York. Men wearing finely tailored suits and women in elegant gowns. Everything about the people they passed screamed money and class. Looking down at her peach sundress, which she purchased at the mall on sale for twenty bucks, made her feel severely self-conscious.

Bo grinned down at her, putting her at ease and gave her hand a

squeeze. "Baby, I'm wearing torn jeans and a t-shirt. You don't see me sweating it. Besides you put the rest of these women to shame."

"You're a celebrity. That's different."

"Well, you're the girl of a celebrity which makes you just as different."

With a shake of her head, Hanna laughed, giving in. "Fine."

"Besides, we have a special table set up."

"Oh?"

"Your booth, Sir." The waiter opened a door made of mirror that Hanna wouldn't have even noticed was there had he not opened it.

Releasing her hand, Bo placed his hand at the small of her back and urged her into the dimly lit room.

"Wow!" Hanna looked around them. The mirror was actually a one way mirror, where she could see the restaurant, but they couldn't see in. "Too cool." While two walls contained the mirrors the other two were windows, giving her the most spectacular view of the New York skyline. Hanna rushed to the floor to ceiling window and peered out, the sparkling lights below were so beautiful it was mesmerizing to her.

"If you need anything, please let

me know Mr Savage."

"Thank you."

At the sound of the waiter's voice, Hanna spun around to watch the waiter spin on his heel and leave, closing the door behind him. Turning back to the window, she looked out. "This is really amazing Bo. I can't believe your life revolves around eating in places like this."

"It's not all fun, but I plan on relishing in every part of this life for as long as it lasts."

Bo came up behind her and slipped his arms around her waist, pulling her back against him, brushed her hair to one side and

nuzzled her neck. She moaned softly and let her head fall back against his shoulder, closing her eyes. He felt good. So good. And for a moment she forgot about the craziness that came with being with him and basked in the moment.

"I can get used to this." Her body froze when she realized she'd said it out loud. "I ummm. I mean..."

"I'm glad. Cause I have no intention of letting you go."

What did that mean? Was it just something he said in the moment, or was there a deeper meaning to it? Hanna caught his eyes in the window reflection, not sure what to

say. Nothing came to her - funny, sweet or otherwise. A knock at the door, broke the moment and she released the breath she hadn't even realized she'd been holding.

"Come in." Bo stepped away from her, and directed her to the two person table as the waiter came in with a silver ice bucket with a bottle of white wine in it.

Bo pulled out her chair and motioned for her to take a seat. Sitting, she watched as Bo took a seat across from her and the waiter poured them both a glass of wine, without asking.

"The food will be here shortly."

"You look beautiful Hanna. I don't think I had a chance to tell you earlier."

Hanna rolled her eyes at him. "I look like a bum compared to the women out there." She nodded towards the dining room on the other side of the mirror.

Bo leaned over the table and took her hand. Flipping her hand over he caressed her inner wrist and palm with his thumb. "They have to dress that way because they know they're not beautiful enough to go without the excessive make-up and expensive clothing. There's not many women that can look

beautiful no matter what they wear. You've got the nineteen fifties pin-up sexiness and quite frankly I'm surprised you don't seem to know that."

The way that he was looking at her made her blush so deeply that the colour of her cheeks rivalled that of her hair.

"Come here." He pushed his chair back and gave her hand a tug.

Standing, she hesitantly walked around the table to him. "Okay." When she was standing in front of him, he reached past her, cleared the table in front of him, picked her up and set her onto the table.

"Ummm, Bo. She looked around nervously and squirmed to get back down. He stopped her. Grabbing her knees, he spread her legs and stepped between them. Her skirt hiked up to her hips, another inch and her red lace panties would be visible to him.

Even though she knew the people in the dining room couldn't see them, just being able to look out made her nervous. But the nervousness was mixed with an excitement. Her stomach knotted and her pussy dampened at the thought of being naughty while dozens of conservative, uptight

people were having dinner on the other side of the glass.

"I'm starving Hanna."

"Wh-what?" She tore her eyes away from the diners to meet his gaze. The hunger in his eyes flared up, and he grabbed her hips and pulled the apex between her legs tight to his groin. His cock began to thicken against her wet, covered pussy and she wiggled against him.

Slipping a hand into her hair, he grasped the back of her head and lowered his lips to hers. She sighed against his mouth, her hands fisting the front of his t-shirt and pulling him tighter. His kiss which started

off sweet and tender, quickly turned demanding. His tongue demanded entrance past her lips and she happily surrendered to him. As their tongues touched, it was like a bolt of lightening rushing down her spine, to explode between her legs. Her need for him, to feel him fucking her became a matter of urgency.

"Bo!" she gasped, as his lips left hers and began to work their way down the side of her neck. She glanced over at the other patrons, and another rush of forbidden excitement ran through her. His tongue flicked at the sensitive skin

while his teeth nipped. It was a delicious combination of pleasure and light pain.

Her hands released his shirt and began to work their way down his chest and abdominals, until she reached the belt on his jeans. Her fingers began to work the clasp, with urgency. As she undid his pants, she watched as his mouth worked its way across her collarbone and then his mouth dipped further, to the valley between her breasts. Undoing a couple of buttons holding her bodice together, his lips caressing the sides of each of her breasts.

Slipping her hand under his boxers, she grasped his thickening rod and swiped the pre-cum from the tip. He groaned, low and deep, his eyes lifting to meet hers. A rush of anticipation raced through her at the dangerously hungry look in his grey eyes.

"You can take care of me later." He placed a kiss between her breasts and then lifted his head. "Lean back."

Hanna frowned, releasing his dick and looking behind her as she lowered herself, attempting to keep from knocking over the centerpiece and glasses. He moved lower onto

her. Grasping her knees, he slowly began to inch up the skirt on her thighs. He began to place kisses on her inner thighs, kissing his way up her leg as the ivory flesh became viable to him.

"Oh Bo!" She nervously glanced over to peer out the window and into the dining room. The thought that perhaps they could see her, had her squirming and attempting to wiggle from him, but he held firm to her legs, keeping her securely in place.

"But what if-"

"They can't baby," he murmured his kisses getting higher, a mere

two inches from her throbbing, needy pussy.

Her hands clenched at her sides as she tried to calm herself. He was right. Her fear was irrational, but still... She attempted to squirm again, and again was stopped.

"Keep squirming away from me and I'll strip you naked and fuck you here and now." He lifted his eyes and the mischievous gleam in his eyes told her he'd be more than happy to follow through with his threat.

Taking a ragged breath in, she slowly released it just as he pushed her skirt up around her hips and his

lips reached her mound. He kissed her mound over the wet red lace and the warmth of his breath in contrast to her wet heat, sent a jolt of pleasure and anticipation through her.

"Mmmm. So nice." A soft smile touched her lips, her body relaxing slightly as she gave into him.

"Ummmm-hmmmm." He hooked his thumbs unto the waistband of her panties and pulled them down her thighs and off, stuffing them into his pocket. "I'll keep these with me on tour."

"What?" Her head jerked up and her eyes widened. "But-"

He swiped a finger along her soft, moist folds and she groaned, forgetting what she'd objected to seconds prior. Spreading her pussy lips wide, he ran his tongue along her slit, lapping up her juices.

His tongue felt good. Too good. She wiggled against him, but this time attempting to get closer instead of away.

"Please!"

He chuckled. "Please what?" He ran his tongue along the length of her again, and paused at her clit, flicking and teasing it with his tongue.

"Fuck me." She didn't care at this

point. She wanted and needed relief from the building tension between her legs and the fluttering in her stomach.

"Oh, not yet baby."

She groaned her frustration, but her groan became a moan as he ran his tongue along the length of her again. Her fists clenched and she lifted her head to watch him. If anyone had told her a few weeks ago that she'd have Bo Savage between her legs, licking her pussy she'd have laughed in their face and called them insane, but here they were.

Spreading her legs wider, Bo

pulled one of her pussy lips into his mouth and sucked gently. A wave of pleasure ran through her. He released the first lip and proceeded to suck on the second as he thrust two fingers deep within her and began to stroke her inner wall.

She cried out at the sudden intrusion and then looked towards the other diners. One woman's eyes were examining the mirror. It was apparent she'd heard Hanna's moans, but did she know what was going on behind the glass?

"Oh God. Oh Bo!" Closing her eyes, she let her head fall back again, her loose curls cascading

onto the table, as he removed his fingers and replaced them with his tongue. His tongue thrust into her, pumping her pussy as if it was his cock. The waves of pleasure became stronger and rushing rapidly through her.

"You taste so good baby."

She could barely think, and only vaguely caught what he said. "I-"

"How about with some wine?"

"Oh God yeah." She didn't care anymore. All she knew was that she needed release. She was nearly at the brink, and the anticipation was nearly killing her.

Bo's mouth lifted from her pussy

and she groaned her protest. "Bo. What?"

She opened her eyes and watched as he spread her pussy lips and poured some of his wine from of his glass over her mound.

She gasped and squirmed as the cool liquid flowed over her and between her lips. The coolness was quickly followed by the warmth of his tongue as he began lapping up the wine, his fingers pinching and rolling her swollen clit between his fingers.

As he thrust his tongue into her again, she couldn't hold herself back if she'd wanted to. It was too

good, and she'd hit her breaking point. Completely forgetting the diners on the other side of the mirror, she cried out as a final wave of pleasure rushed through her, making her scream out and writhe against his probing tongue.

He groaned, low and feral as her pussy clenched around his tongue seconds before a stream of her juices greeted him. Her nails tug into her palms as her orgasm flowed over her, but Bo's tongue was relentless, pressing and probing - begging her for more of her sweet nectar.

Her moans became louder, more

frantic. She found herself climbing the summit rapidly and less than a minute after her first orgasm she was overcome by a series of short, yet powerful climaxes, that left her spent, her partially exposed chest heaving and laying flat on the table.

"Baby, get up. Hurry!"

"Huh?" Still trying to regain her senses she pushed herself up into a sitting position and looked at Bo who was already standing and doing up his clothing.

He nodded towards the dining area. Close to a dozen people were staring at the mirror, curious expressions on their faces, and their

waiter was approaching the room, their meals on a large tray.

Oh shit!

With her heart hammering in her chest, she pushed herself off of the table and adjusted her clothing, while trying to flatten down her wild red curls.

"Do you think they know?" She asked her eyes wild with horror as she looked over at Bo as he adjusted the table its original state.

He paused what he was doing and grinned at her. "The way you were moaning and screaming, there's no doubt in my mind they heard."

"Oh noooooo." Her face burned, hotter than it ever had and she covered her eyes with her hand as if to fend off the humiliation.

His grin widened. "Have I ever mentioned I love when you blush like that?"

Lowering her hand, she rolled her eyes at him. "Well, it seems to happen an abnormal amount around you."

Laughing, he walked over to her chair and motioned for her to sit down. "Sit missy. The foods here and you're going to need your energy tonight."

Despite her series of orgasms the

fire between her legs ignited. She could barely wait.

Chapter 10

Despite their meal, Bo could still taste her on his lips. Dinner couldn't have gone any slower if time had stopped. All he could think about was getting her home so he could relieve the throbbing in his jeans. He'd wanted to wait until he was finished the tour before sleeping with her, but he knew that it was impossible.

"And, we're home." Bo opened the door to his penthouse and ushered her in, sneaking a glimpse of her beautifully round ass as she breezed past. The floral smell of her

perfume teased his nose, and he had to fight the urge to pick her up, push her against the wall and fuck her in the foyer. What was it about this woman that drove him insane he didn't know, all he knew was that he couldn't seem to get enough of her.

Maybe he'd spent too much time closed off and not enough time indulging in the groupies like the other band members did. Hell, according to Hanna, he was already a... What did she call him... Manwhore. He cringed. If he was going to get such a label he should have at least indulged in the pussy

to deserve it!

"What's wrong?"

Closing and locking the door, Bo turned to face Hanna and smiled.

"Nothing baby."

"Oh hey, did the guards tell you that there was a naked woman in your dressing room when I got there?"

Ahhhh, Fuck. He raked a hand through his hair. "Nah, he didn't."

"Does that happen often?"

She didn't look angry, just curious. He breathed a sigh of relief. He was tempted to lie and say no, but he didn't want to lie to her. He wanted her to know exactly

what came with being with him. It still wasn't too late for her to run the other way before either of them got too invested in each other.

"Yeah. It happens more than you would expect."

"Do you ever..." She chewed at her lower lip and shrugged. "You know... fuck them?"

"I won't lie, when the band started getting popular I did a couple times. But, that wasn't who I was. Sex with random women for the sake of fucking just isn't something I'm all that interested in, so I consumed myself with work."

"What about the other guys?"

Bo laughed. "The others like to party."

"Jeremy included." Her expression darkened, and a worried look flashed in her eyes.

Bending down he placed a chaste kiss on her lips. "Don't worry. Jeremy wouldn't intentionally hurt your friend. He's had his share of women, but he's open to finding something more permanent. He seems pretty content with Jackie."

Her expression brightened as she bent down and unbuckled the straps on her heels and stepped out of them. "Good. Jackie can be a handful."

"So can Jeremy, so I'm figuring they're a perfect pair." Shrugging off his jacket he hung it in the coat closet and then turned his attention back to Hanna. "So, enough about them."

"Well, we have one night left before you leave... What are we going to do to entertain ourselves?" She unbuttoned a couple buttons on the bodice of her dress as she began to slowly walk backwards, towards the staircase, her eyes scanning him and lingering on his hardening cock.

His dick jerked in his pants as she undid a couple more buttons on her

bodice. The material began to part, revealing her red lace bra, covering her modest breasts.

"Oh, I know I can think of something."

"But, you have to travel tomorrow shouldn't you be getting some sleep?"

He stalked towards her, grabbed her wrist and pulled her into his arms. She gasped as he pulled her tight to him, and slid her hands up his chest to lock her fingers behind his neck, gazing up at him with increasing passion.

"We don't have to do this baby." He ran his index finger along her

collarbone and she trembled against him. "We can enjoy each other and wait until I get off tour to take the next step."

Hanna giggled and rolled her eyes at him. Stretching up against him, she brushed her lips across his. "Are you going to make me beg like one of your little groupies Mr Savage?"

"Hmmm. Begging..." He clucked his tongue off the roof of his mouth, pretending to consider.

"Alright." Unlacing her fingers, she slid down his body until she was on her knees in front of him, her fingers undoing his belt and

then jeans.

"Please, Bo." She looked up at him through her long lashes, unzipping his jeans.

"Damn Hanna baby. Maybe begging won't be necessary after all."

She cocked a brow at him, as she finished undoing his pants, hooked her thumbs into his belt loops and pushed his pants down. His boxers came next leaving his hardened cock standing at full attention less than an inch from her glossy lips.

She grasped his shaft at the base, and began to stroke him, in firm but slow motions. A low groan escaped

him, as her soft hand surrounding him fuelled his desire for her.

"Forget begging. Just keep doing what you're doing."

She looked back up, and grinned. A dollop of cum began to emerge at the tip of his dick. Keeping her eyes locked to his, her tongue lashed out and swiped at the pre-cum. Watching her tongue flick at his cock and swirl around the head was almost as arousing as actually feeling her tongue on him.

Bo threaded his fingers into her hair, and continued to watch as she ran her tongue down the underside of his shaft and then back up,

alternating between licking and gentle nipping. He let out a low, unsteady breath as the tension within him increased.

"You look amazing sucking me baby."

"Mmmmm." She worked her way down and back up his shaft and then once again teased the head. Taking the head of his dick in her mouth, she gently sucked. A tremor rocked through him and he fisted her silken strands, urging her to take him in fully, while bucking against her mouth.

"Deep throat me sweetie. Feels so good."

Her eyes lowered down to his dick and she did as told, taking him in further. She took him in as far as she could, until the tip of his cock slammed against the back of her throat. Grasping the base of his cock, with one hand, and his balls with the other, she began to massage his balls and pump the base as she began to move up and down on him.

She moaned as she milked his cock. The sweet vibrations rocked through him. Through gritted teeth, he fought the need to come, her sweet lips and soft hands felt too good for it to end so soon.

Sensing his impending orgasm, she let his shaft fall from her lips and placed a line of soft kisses down the underside until she reached his balls. She placed a light kiss on each of his balls before sucking one into her mouth.

A flood of pleasure rushed through him again, pushing him to the brink. Again, he fought to maintain control. "Baby, if you're attempting to keep me from coming, it isn't working."

She swirled her tongue around the ball in her mouth and then released it. Looking up at him she smiled as she began to stroke him.

"Now why would I want to keep you from coming? We have all night, don't we?"

He groaned, and his body tensed as she took his second ball in. "Yeah. But..."

She released his second ball and worked her way back up his shaft and took him in again. This time, however, her lips and mouth worked him hard and fast, the head of his dick banging against the back of her throat. Her hand grasped the base of his cock and worked in unison with her head bobbing up and down.

His hips began to move with her

movements, as he took over, fucking her mouth. She moaned, sending sweet sensations through him. He found himself reaching the summit and topping hard over the edge, much sooner than he would have liked.

His balls tightened almost painfully and then a rush of relief and pleasure washed over him as he came. He groaned low and feral as a stream of his cum beat against the back of her throat. She gagged slightly, but didn't pull back. Instead, she swallowed every ounce of his warm seed, and as she pulled away she licked the remaining drips

of his cum from the tip.

Once he finished pulling up his jeans and doing them up, he helped her to her feet. When she was standing, he bent, slipped an arm under her legs and back, and scooped her up into his arms, holding her tight to his chest. Hanna wrapped her arms around his neck and snuggled tight to him. Her pussy was throbbing, with her need and desire.

"So what do you have planned Mr. Savage?"

He grinned down at her as he began walking towards the winding

staircase, the feral hunger still gleaming in his eyes. "Oh, I have a few ideas."

"Really?" Leaning into him, she nipped at the side of his neck and then ran the tip of her tongue from his collarbone to his ear. "Like what?"

They began to ascend the staircase, Bo carrying her effortlessly up the stairs, as if she weighed nothing. "Hmmm." He shook his head with a hint of a smile on his lips. "You'll know soon enough."

Carrying her securely in his arms, they reached the top of the

staircase and headed for the bedroom. Once in the bedroom, Bo took her over to the bed, and gently laid her down on it. Fisting the front of his t-shirt, she pulled him down with her, his body partially covering hers.

"So are you going to make me wait again tonight?" Hanna teased. By the look in his eyes she doubted it, but...

He settled next to her, lying on his side, facing her braced up on his elbow. "Well. I should, at least wait until I get off tour. I don't want you thinking I'm using you as some sort of couple day fling." He hooked his

index finger into the button on her bodice and undid it, then the next, and then next.

Her heart sank, and her throbbing pussy screamed out its protest.

"But..." He lowered his mouth to her collarbone and kissed his way to the center of her chest.

"But..." she prompted.

His fingers finished with the buttons on her bodice and parted the fabric.

She moaned softly, her nipples tightened under the thin lace as the cool air caressed them. "I wouldn't think that."

He raised a brow at her, and

smiled, but didn't say anything. He slipped the dress from her shoulders and gently tugged it down. Her entire body was beginning to ache for him. Going another night, without feeling his gorgeous body claiming hers, was not an option. She had no doubt of his intentions - not even the slightest. He felt right. His aftershave tickled her nose; the scent drawing her in, demanding she get closer and indulge herself in him.

He slowly slid the dress down her torso, hips, down her thighs and off - leaving her trembling with desire

for him, wearing only her matching bra and panties.

Leaning down, Bo's lips grazed hers and he ran his hand over her hip. "You're trembling. Are you cold?" He pulled back, concern in his eyes.

His concern touched her. Fisting the front of his t-shirt, she pulled him forcefully, down to her. "No."

He groaned as his lips claimed hers, demanding her surrender. She gave in to him, her lips parted, inviting him in. As their tongues touched and duelled, her hands lowered between their bodies, finding his belt and frantically

undoing it and his jeans. Hooking her thumbs into the waistband of his jeans she tugged them down, along with his boxer briefs, exposing his swollen member. She wrapped her hand around his cock, and began stroking him.

"Hanna. Baby..." He murmured between frantic kisses, his cock jerking in her hand.

"Less talk. More undressing Bo."

Bo froze, and pulled back catching her eyes. As their eyes locked, the glimmer of indecision vanished from his grey eyes; desire taking its place, as wide grin touched his lips. "Yes ma'am."

Sliding off of the bed, he stood before her and let his jeans and boxers drop to the floor and he kicked them to the side. He grabbed the hem of his t-shirt and pulled it up over his head, leaving him gloriously naked.

He started to walk back towards the bed, but she stopped him, placing her foot on his muscled abdomen.

"I want to see you a minute," she explained in response to his quizzical expression.

"That so?"

She nodded, bracing herself with her elbows behind her, thrusting

her chest forwards. His eyes lowered to her breasts and the fire within them flared up. She loved that look in his eyes. She loved how he made her feel like the most desirable woman in the world.

"I love your body. It's amazing." Her eyes began their exploration at his thighs and slowly moved upwards. She paused at his cock, with pre-cum gathering at the tip. She was tempted to get to her knees and take him into her mouth, but the throbbing between her legs refused to allow her.

Her eyes continued to wander upwards over his flat stomach, lean

muscled chest and then to meet his eyes. "Finished?"

Grinning, and tugging her lower lip between her teeth, she lowered her foot. "Finished." Bending her knees she swayed them back and forth. "Just waiting for you." Her eyes lowered back down his body to his shaft, standing tall and proud.

"In that case..." He slipped onto the bed and lowered his lips to her stomach. Her breath caught in her throat as he kissed her stomach and began to slowly move lower. The wetness between her legs increased and a tremor rocked through her.

"Bo..." Her jaw clenched as he took the frilly waistband of her panties between his teeth and tugged them down. The heat of his breath tickled and tantalized her pussy, reminding her of how good it felt to have his tongue between her legs.

Her panties were tugged down over her hips and as her mound became revealed to him, he released them from his teeth and pulled them down and off.

Bo cupped her mound and gave it a light squeeze, forcing her juice onto his fingers and to run down her ass. "I love it when women

shave."

Hanna could feel the burning of her cheeks. Normally she didn't shave fully. She usually kept it trimmed short, but on impulse before she left she'd gotten a bikini wax. It was as painful as hell, and extremely embarrassing to have some strange woman between her legs, but seeing the look of pure, feral lust in his eyes made it completely worthwhile.

He slipped two fingers into her, stroking her inner wall, his eyes glued to hers. She squirmed under him, her frustration and need reaching its breaking point.

"Are you always this much of a tease?" she complained, closing her eyes and bucking against his hand. His chuckling had her opening her eyes and to her frustration, he removed his fingers from her, leaving her feeling barren.

"Not always." Slipping from the bed, he made his way across the room to the large cherry stained dresser.

Turning to her side, she watched him walk away, enjoying the sight of his tight ass. Opening the top drawer of the dresser he searched for something and upon finding it, closed the drawer and turned back

to face her.

Upon seeing the foil packet in his hand she breathed a sigh of relief. The torment was nearly over. Her eyes dipped to his shaft.

"I thought women loved foreplay." Bo pushed off the dresser and strolled towards her. His cock bobbed with each footstep, taunting her.

"Maybe I'm a grand finale kinda girl."

Laughing, Bo clucked his tongue off the roof of his mouth, as if in consideration.

Hanna rolled onto her back, and braced herself up with her elbows

behind her. Bending her knees, she spread her legs wide for him. His grin faded as his eyes lowered to the apex between her legs. Sliding her hand between her legs, she spread her lips for him, and slipped a finger deep. She moaned softly, but kept her eyes on him. He opened the wrapper as he closed the distance between them and rolled the condom on.

As he reached the side of his bed, he grabbed her legs and pulled her to the edge of the bed until her bottom was at the edge, and the tip of his cock was aligned perfectly to her entrance. Hanna moaned softly

in anticipation, her pussy clenching as she removed her fingers from her core and lifted her arms over her head. Arching her back, she stretched and writhed on the bed, trying to ease the tension within her.

Bo ran the head of his cock between her soft folds. "My God, you drenched."

Hanna smiled as she sat up and slid her hands around his waist. "Because you've been teasing me for two days," she explained kissing his chest and then laying back down, pulling him down with her.

"I see." He braced a hand at the

side of her head and brushed his lips across hers.

"Please." She could hear the yearning in her voice and by the feel of his body tensing over hers it was apparent so did he.

He chuckled softly. "Sorry." His lips claimed hers as he pressed himself against her entrance, barely breaching her. His tongue forced it way past her lips, in search of hers.

She moaned against his mouth, her hands lowering to his ass and her fingers digging into his firm ass cheeks. Wrapping her legs around his waist, she pulled him down and into her.

He gave in to her, slowly filling her, stretching her to her limits. Pulling his lips from hers, he buried his face against her neck and groaned. An overwhelming relief rushed through Hanna as he filled her, every inch giving her the satisfaction she'd been craving.

She clung tight to him, as he filled her to the hilt. "Oh God, you feel better than I'd imagined." Hanna whispered, savouring the feel of his body covering hers, her breasts crushed under his chest, their bodies bound as one.

Bo pulled up slightly to peer into her eyes. "You too, baby."

A shiver rocked through her in the intensity of his gaze. A long unsteady breath escaped her. Just having him buried within her had taken her to the edge and she was teetering at her breaking point. It was an incredible combination of need, satisfaction, and pleasure. A part of her wanted to remain as they were for an eternity, locked in each others' embrace, joined as one, but the primal part of her demanded more. It demanded release. Now!

The primal side of her won out.

"Fuck me Bo."

He remained still an additional

moment before pulling out and slamming into her, quickly and with so much force it moved her a part of an inch up on the mattress. She cried out, she was there. So close.

"Bo," she gasped. As he pulled out of her a third time and slammed into her, she found herself toppling over the edge. The two days worth of need and went flooding through her and exploded between her legs, coating his cock with her nectar. His groan mimicked hers as his lips came crashing down on hers as he began to fuck her in earnest, not giving her time to bask in her orgasm.

Her hands moved up his back to his shoulders, gripping into the lean muscle as he rode her. She matched the pace of his thrusts, working in unison with him as her juices seeped from her and down her ass.

"Oh. So good." Bo groaned as he tore his lips from hers and braced himself up with a hand on either side of her head his eyes catching hers, as he thrust harder, faster.

She couldn't respond, all she could do was hold onto him, and savour the feel of wave after wave of pleasure running through her. The coil within her began to tighten

once again, the anticipation building.

"I'm going to come again," she gasped, releasing his shoulders and fisting the blanket over her head. She bucked and writhed under him wildly. "Oh Bo!"

He lowered his head and nipped at the side of her neck. A bolt of electric pleasure shot through her. "Close, so close."

"God yeah baby. Come on my cock." His warm breath on her neck, and the huskiness of his voice, pushed her to the edge. Sensing her impending orgasm, he increased the speed of his thrusts,

the head of his cock beating against her pussy wall and stroking her g-spot.

"Oh yes. Oh God yes. Oh Bo!" She arched her back, closed her eyes and cried out a final time as the pleasure washed over her. Her body tensed under him as her pussy gripped his cock, milking it, begging it for his seed, seconds before she exploded around him. A relief so intense that it brought tears to her eyes overtook her as she released the blanket under her to cling to him.

Chapter 11

Bo couldn't have held back, if he wanted to. Her tight pussy throbbing and tightening around his dick was too much. "Oh damn baby," Bo groaned as his balls tightened, his cock pulsed and he was finally given the relief he so desperately needed.

He grunted, as he thrust a final time and a rush of his cum shot from him, in a series of spurts until he was left, spent and sated, buried deep within her heated core. He silently cursed the thin layer of latex separating them. He'd never

had an issue with using a condom before, but in this case, he cursed it, wanting to feel the mixture of their fluids surrounding his rapidly depleting cock.

Once the final spasm rocked through him he pulled up and looked into her eyes. Her green eyes were filled with a mixture of satisfaction and hunger. Her make-up was smeared and her red hair a wild, erotic mess around her head. Bo smiled and kissed her softly.

"That was amazing Hanna." he murmured brushing his lips against hers.

She returned his grin and nodded.

"Amazing."

Something passed between them as they gazed into each others' eyes. A moment. A feeling that told him that Hanna was more than just another woman. She was more than a stunning red head that gave him a hard-on simply with a smile or a whiff of her perfume. She was special. Different. And he needed more time with her, more than anything else at that moment.

The feeling of her fluids dripping onto his balls, and the condom growing slack around his dick, broke the moment between them and made him curse silently. With a

groan of frustration and annoyance, he slowly pulled out of her moist core and her embrace.

Standing he took another look down at her. Her face was flushed and her pussy lips wet from her juices. He was tempted to drop to his knees and taste her again, but refrained.

Removing the condom he turned and made his way over to the waste can, disposing of it. He had to leave New York in the morning to continue the final leg of their tour and that meant sending Hanna home.

I should get her to come on tour

with me. He'd tossed the idea around in his head most of the day. Maybe she'd be interested, but that would mean her leaving her job. Would she? He turned and looked over at her. She'd burrowed herself under the down filled comforter and was sitting in the middle of bed, the thick comforter puddled around her waist.

She cocked her head to the side, and an uneasy smile emerged. "What?"

"I have to leave tomorrow."

Her smile widened. "And..."

"I don't want to."

Hanna laughed. "I think there are

millions of fans out there that would be pretty upset if you didn't."

"So I was thinking you should come with me."

Her laughter halted, indecision filling her eyes. "I have to go to work."

"You serve coffee for a living. You can get a crap job like that anytime."

Her eyes narrowed, her mouth becoming a firm line, and he immediately caught his mistake. Closing the distance between them, he pulled the comforter up and slid in next to her. When he closed the distance between, to his relief, she

let him.

"It's what I'm good at," she whispered lowering her eyes.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean it like that. You're right, it was a jackass comment."

"I don't want to work there the rest of my life, but for now I need that job." She looked up at him her expression passive.

Damn, you're a dick, Savage, he chided himself. "I'm sorry. I've never met someone I wanted to spend time with like I do you. I was just hoping. But I understand. It's too quick. I get that."

"I-"

"Forget about it." Leaning back onto the mattress, he pulled her into his arms. To his relief she snuggled tight to him, placing her head on his shoulder. "Just know if you change your mind and want to come on tour with me, then the offer is always open. I'll take care of you Hanna." He chuckled, kissing the top of her head. "I have a few dollars in the bank so I don't mind taking care of..."

She shifted in his arms and kissed him lightly on the lips, silencing him. "When you're done with your tour if you still want me, then we can talk about it."

Bo brushed her cheek with the back of his hand and then traced her lower lip with his thumb. "I can guarantee, there's no worries of me not wanting you. The offer is open if you change your mind."

"I can't believe you turned him down. What is wrong with you Hanna?"

Hanna sighed, she knew as soon as she informed Jackie, she'd be getting an earful. She shrugged. "I don't want to be like some groupie that follows him around. And I don't want to mooch off him."

"I would have in a heartbeat."

Jackie inserted the oversized bag of milk into the milk dispenser and closed the stainless steel dispenser. Bunching up the empty bag, she'd just removed she tossed it into the garbage can under the counter. "But Jeremy didn't ask."

Hanna cringed at the bitter hint to her friend's words. "Yeah, but I know for fact he's really into you. Bo told me."

Jackie turned back to Hanna, a smile starting to form on her lips, her eyes brightening. "He discussed me with Bo?"

"Yeah. Maybe he's just not as quick to take things further as Bo is."

Or..."

Sensing something was bothering her, Jackie frowned, approaching Hanna. "Or? What's wrong?"

"Well, what if he's just the impulsive type. What if he's already regretting asking and hoping I don't change my mind?"

"Are you serious?"

"Well, yeah." Bending down, Hanna grabbed a sleeve of paper cups, opened it and thrust it into the dispenser. "Ya know. In the heat of the moment men say all kinds of crazy things. I love you. Live with me. Quit your job, go on tour with me and I'll support you.

You know crazy things they don't mean."

Jackie's frown turned to a scowl as she rested her hip against the counter, and crossed her arms over her chest. "What is it with you?"

"What do you mean?" Grabbing another sleeve of cups, Hanna rammed them into the second dispenser.

"It's like you can't believe a man can truly want you. You're beautiful. Haven't you seen how men look at you when they come in here? It pisses me off sometimes to be brutally honest. I'd kill for your red hair, it's so different. Or your

perfect skin. Or your hour-glass figure."

Hanna sighed, grabbing a wet rag and beginning to wash down the counter. "Look it's not just that. I'm trying to be realistic here. Maybe it was a fun few days, maybe it was more. I'm not even sure if his life on the road would be my cup of tea anyhow. Maybe a normal relationship with someone with a more orthodox profession is more my speed. I don't like being the center of attention, you know that."

Jackie opened her mouth to respond, but was cut off with a ding in their headset signalling a car

coming through the drive-thru. "We're not done with this conversation lady. We'll finish once I get rid of these people," Jackie warned brushing past Hanna to take her position at the drive-thru station.

"Looking forward to it." Hanna was about to run out back to start the dishes while Jackie was preoccupied with the drive-thru when a half dozen teenage girls came in through the front.

Shit, and double shit. Walking over to the front counter, Hanna waited with a smile pasted onto her face as the girls approached the

counter and began to jabber amongst themselves, periodically looking up at the menu.

Oh great, I'm going to be here a while. Hanna tried to keep her expression bright and cheery, but as she continued to wait for them to order her agitation increased.

"No way."

"I think so."

Hanna's attention focused on the two girls towards the back of the group who were whispering and pointing towards her. Her smile began to fade as a couple more girls seemed to get into the conversation with the back two.

"Is there something I can help you with ladies?"

All six of them were now into the conversation, eyeing her with intense scrutiny. As Hanna scanned the young women, she noticed one with an iphone in her hand. The girl studied the screen, looked up at Hanna, and then back at the screen.

"It's her, I know it," the one with the phone in her hand persisted.

A feeling of dread welled up within Hanna. She knew where this was going. She'd hoped no one would recognize her, but her picture was plastered all over the tabloids.

In truth, she was surprised she'd gone two hours at work without having to answer questions from people who'd seen the story about Bo and his "mystery woman." Perhaps they couldn't believe that Bo would be with a woman who was a simple coffee peddler, so assumed it wasn't her.

"Ask her!" One of the girls pushed the girl with the phone forward.

The girl stepped up to the counter with hesitation and thrust the phone with the face pointed in her direction, towards her. Sure enough the picture that was taken of her and Bo outside of his building

was on the screen.

"Is this you? It looks like you."
The girl with the phone asked.

"Are you Bo's girlfriend?" A
second one piped in.

"I um...." Should she play it off as
a coincidence, or downplay her
involvement with Bo. Not like she'd
be downplaying it too much since
she had no definite idea of what the
status was.

Finished with her drive-thru order
Jackie came up behind Hanna, to
stand next to her. "Yeah, she is."

Hanna's eyes widened as she
shot Jackie a foul look. "Jackie!"

"We're friends." Hanna corrected.

Maybe this won't go any further than the girls. Maybe if I tell them a fun little story then they'll be satisfied and this will be the end of it.

"Oh-my-God! Bo's girlfriend!" one squealed. "I can't wait to Tweet that I met Bo's girlfriend!" As she said the words she pulled her phone from her handbag.

"No!" Hanna lunged over the counter, but the girl stepped out of the way.

"Why not?" The one with the iphone asked.

"Because. I'm not really his girlfriend, just a close, friend. That's

all."

"Didn't one of those newspapers offer a reward for information on his girlfriend?" Though the question was spoken in a hushed tone and meant for her friends ears only, Hanna heard none-the-less and shot the speaker a dirty look.

"Look ladies. Please. I just want to be left alone. Please. Let me take your order. I'll even throw in a free iced cappuccino." She cringed at the desperation in her voice. The last thing she wanted was a media circus asking questions she didn't know the answers to. She'd have to quit her job. And then what?

She groaned inwardly, a small part of her wished she'd never gone to New York and gotten involved with Bo Savage. While another part wished she'd taken him up on his offer. She should have had the foresight to know this was going to happen.

"What's Bo really like?"

"Oh my. What I'd do to spend time with him."

"His brother too?"

"His brother is in the band too?"

"Yeah, you didn't know that?"

Their questions were relentless, coming from all direction, regardless of Hanna's begging them

to get their order and take a seat. Jackie fended off the majority of the questions, seeming to enjoy the attention. A ding sounded in her headset and Hanna sprung into action grateful to get away from the girls and rushing to the drive-thru station.

She took and prepared the drive-thru order. Working out of habit more than anything else, keeping her ears perked at the multiple conversations going on behind her, while she served a young couple in the Honda Civic at her window. Several more customers followed the young couple, keeping her busy

for twenty minutes. Normally she'd have asked Jackie to help out, but she was simply grateful to hole herself up in the little corner and away from the excitement.

Finished with the final car in the long line of customers, she spun around and gasped. Rolling into the parking lot of the coffee shop was a news van.

"Oh-my-God, no..."

The sound of the phone ringing awoke Bo from his deep sleep. He groaned as he reached for his cell phone sitting on the nightstand of his hotel room.

"Yeah," he grumbled as he hit the answer button. The previous nights concert had felt extra long to him and he'd flopped into bed exhausted. The last thing he wanted was to have a chat with whoever was on the other end of the phone.

"We have a problem brother."

"Huh? Fuck, Jeremy. What time is it?" Sitting up, he glanced over at the clock on the nightstand. 3am. "Why are you calling me in the middle of the night?"

"It's Hanna and Jackie."

The sound of Hanna's name brought him to full attention. "Is

she hurt? What's the problem?"

"The press found them. They're at the coffee shop now drilling them with questions. Jackie just sent me a text."

"Ahhhh fuck!" Bo thrust a hand through his dark hair, his mind jumping into action. "Alright. While I get dressed, call Victor. Tell him to get the chopper ready and pick us up on the roof. Cancel the concerts for the next three days and have him contact the restaurant owner. The girls are leaving whether there is someone there to replace them or not."

"Call Victor? Now? Cancel the

next couple concerts? Bo?"

"He's our fucking manager. He makes enough money to get his ass up out of bed. And yeah, cancel them unless you want to sing the songs."

"Okay, Man. I'll call you when the chopper is here."

Pressing the end button, Bo tossed the blanket aside and made his way into the bathroom. He should have insisted she quit that damned job and toured with him, given her a job with the crew or as his assistant if she insisted on making her own money. He could have persuaded her, if he'd tried

harder.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck."

Chapter 12

Hanna's head was beginning to throb as she fended off questions and requests for photos. This had been going on for close to two hours and the shop had become a circus of reporters, fans and general onlookers. It was shocking to see how many people a couple of news vans could attract in the middle of the night, especially during a weekday.

"When will you be seeing him again?" A blonde-haired female reporter asked thrusting her microphone under Hanna's nose.

"I'm not sure." She looked over at Jackie who was busy with another reporter. Unlike Hanna who was frazzled and upset by the whole ordeal, Jackie seemed to bask in the attention, giving candid replies.

"Are you in constant contact? When did you speak to him last?" Another female reporter butted in. Hanna was about to turn to face the second reporter when a familiar thumping sound caught her attention. A helicopter. As the thumping sound grew louder, the wail of police cars sirens joined in.

Looking into the parking lot, the owners Mercedes rolled up. The

owner and his wife hopped out and made their way through the sea of people and vehicles towards the front door of the coffee shop.

"Excuse me." Not waiting for a reply, Hanna walked over to Jackie and pulled her aside, out of earshot of the people on the other side of the counter.

"Hanna? I was-"

"What's going on? Why are the owners here?"

Jackie shrugged, her grin widening. "I sent Jeremy a text. They're on the way. They must have called the owners."

Outside, a half dozen squad cars

and a police van pulled into the parking lot. The officers hopped out and proceeded to shepherd people to one side of the parking lot. They quickly put up barriers blocking off half the parking lot and taking up guard so no one crossed the barricade.

"This is crazy! They're on the way? Bo?" Hanna's heart rate accelerated at the thought of Bo showing up. Her knight in shining armour, hopping out of the helicopter - which was extremely close now, she guessed minutes away - and rescuing her from the questions and crowds.

Jackie nodded. "Yup."

"Jackie. Hanna. What is going on here?" Gary Ferris, owner of the coffee shop demanded to know as he elbowed and pushed his way through the packed dining room, towards the front counter. His wife followed behind, close on his heels.

"Mr Ferris, I can explain."

"I would damn well hope so." Gary growled as he reached the counter. "Why are all these people here? And what's this I hear about you and Jackie leaving?"

Holy shit, Bo is on his way! A rush of relief flowed over her. This nightmare of people and questions

was going to end. She was so relieved at the thought that tears began to form in her eyes.

May we have your attention please. We need everyone to exit the coffee shop immediately. If you do not leave and gather at the designated section of the parking lot we will have no choice to remove you by force, including making arrests for trespassing. I repeat, we ask you all to relocate yourselves to the designated area of the parking lot. Thank you for your co-operation.

A silence came over the crowd, some moving to the designated

area and some frozen in their spots as if deciding what to do. The thump of the helicopter became a roar as it came into sight.

Loud murmurs within the gathered crowd erupted along with cheers. The people in the coffee shop began to file out, their interest in her and Jackie dwindling as the prospect of seeing Bo - in the flesh - became more appealing than a chat with his would-be girlfriend.

Several police officers rushed into the coffee shop, ushering the remaining people and reporters out of the shop as the helicopter touched down in the area the police

had designated for it.

"I have to be dreaming this," Hanna muttered.

Jackie gave Hanna a nudge in the ribs with her elbow. "Isn't this awesome!"

Hanna didn't answer. Instead, she watched as the doors to the chopper opened and several people hopped out. The crowd went wild, chanting, screaming and fighting to get closer to the barricade and their sexy idols.

"Bo." A smile crept onto her face at the sight of him, with Jeremy and his security team in tow. Bo and his entourage made their way towards

the coffee shop, a couple of police officers escorting them, bodyguards taking up the rear.

Bo waved at the crowd, taking a moment to give the odd person a high-five, but his eyes were fixated at Hanna through the front window.

"What is going on here Hanna," Gary asked a second time, his eyes moving back and forth from his two coffee shop hostesses to the rock stars making their way into the shop.

"That's Bo Savage."

"And Jeremy Savage," Jackie added, her eyes glued to Jeremy as they opened the front doors and

made their way into the shop.

"What are they doing here? Why are all these people here?"

"Mr and Mrs Ferris?" Victor, the band's manager approached Hanna's bosses as Bo and Jeremy made their way around the counter to the girls.

"Bo what are you doing here?" Hanna gasped, wide-eyed, still having a hard time believing that he was there.

"Crazy girl." Bo slipped an arm around her waist and pulled her tight against him.

Hanna hesitated, but the flood of flashes from the cameras outside of

the coffee shop reminded her of the situation and she quickly held tight to him, burying her face against his neck. His cologne embraced her, and she sighed against his neck. After being hounded for the past couple of hours, being in the safety of his embrace felt nothing short of amazing.

Bo held tight to her, kissing her temple. "You should have called me when they recognized you. Why did I have to find out from Jeremy?"

Hanna pulled back a little, taking care to keep her face away from the window and the reporters. "I didn't want to bother you."

"Baby, are you kidding me? Those people out there are harassing you because of me." He frowned, giving her a stern look. "You should have called me."

"I didn't want to bother you. I'm not your responsibility..."

Bo, slipped a hand into her hair. "Dear God woman! I've never met a woman so reluctant to let me take care of her."

"Well, I just..."

Bo lowered his lips to hers, as he urged her lips up to meet his. The crowd erupted outside, but Hanna barely noticed. His lips brushed hers, teasing hers. When her lips

parted and she moaned softly, his tongue thrust into her mouth, deepening the kiss.

Hanna, fisted the lapels of his leather jacket, the crowd completely forgotten as her body ignited, against him. She pressed herself against him, her groin brushing against his and his cock jerking to life as a result. To her dismay the kiss ended much sooner than she'd have liked, leaving her breathless and weak in the knees.

With the ending of the kiss, she once again became aware of the hundreds of people outside. She became aware of the cameras and

video cameras all recording every intimate second between them.

"Bo, what are you doing? The cameras..." She looked nervously out into the gathered crowd as another round of flashes went off.

"Now everyone in the world will know you're the girlfriend of Bo Savage and so you're going to be forced to stay with me and go on tour. And as my girlfriend, you don't have to worry about supporting yourself or having the money for what you want or need because I'm here to take care of that."

"Bo, this is crazy. We barely know each other." Despite her words, a

rush of excitement and relief raced through her and a smile broke out on her face.

"I know I'm crazy about you and I want you around. Since you're pretty much fucked right now, until this media storm is over and they jump onto something else, I don't see you having any other choice."

Taking one more glance over her shoulder at the gathered crowd, she knew he was right. "That kinda sounds like blackmail Mr. Savage," she teased, flattening her palms against his chest and caressing the muscle under the cotton t-shirt.

He grinned and shrugged. "As

long as I get what I want, you can call it whatever you please, babes." Pulling her against his chest, he lowered his lips to her temple. "Let's go home and get you away from this craziness."

"Do you mind if I grab a shower before heading to bed?" Hanna asked as Bo ushered her into the bedroom. Her uniform and hair reeked of coffee and cleaner. The last thing she wanted was to snuggle up in bed with him smelling of bleach and coffee grinds.

"It's almost morning sweetie." Despite his words, he headed for

the bathroom, Hanna hurrying after him. "But if you like."

"Oh, and I just thought of something."

Bo bi-passed the shower and headed for the large two person Jacuzzi tub. "What's that?"

"I have no clothes except for the uniform I have on." She looked down at the shit brown coloured uniform. They were form fitting, so despite the disgusting colour they accented her curves nicely and looked good on her. But certainly not something she could wear out and about.

"Good thing we're in Manhattan

then." He looked over his shoulder and grinned at her at her as he started to run the water.

"I... Bo. I can't afford to buy new clothes."

Happy with the temperature of the water coming from the faucet, Bo straightened up and closed the distance between them pulling his t-shirt up and over his head as he walked and tossing it to the floor. "You're not buying new clothes. I'm buying you new clothes. We'll make a day of it. I'll have several clothing stores closed for an hour or so, that way we can shop without being harassed."

Hanna sighed as he pulled her into his arms and backed her against the white marble bathroom counter. He swiftly undid the button and fly on her polyester pants and pushed them down her hips. They puddled on the floor at her feet. Lifting her up, he set her on top of the counter.

"But, I don't want you supporting me."

It was Bo's turn to sigh as he tugged the black neck tie around her neck, and pulled it off. He then proceeded to undo the buttons on her blouse. "You do realize that I make an obscene amount of money

Hanna, right?" He lifted his eyes, cocking a brow up at her.

"Well..." She nibbled at her lower lip, not sure how to respond.

"I make more money than one man ever needs to make. Taking you shopping and buying you some things and having you tour with me is such a small drop in the bucket, it's a non-issue."

She watched his fingers undo the remainder of her shirt buttons and he pushed the material off of her shoulders. The blouse fell down her arms and off, leaving her in her plain white satin bra and panties. "I don't want to be a burden. Ya

know?"

Bo grinned. "When you become a burden I'll kick you out, how's that?"

Hanna laughed and swatted at his shoulder. "Goof. That's what I'm scared of. My apartment and things and-"

"Will all be taken care of," he cut in. "Stop worrying." He leaned forward, reached behind her and unclasped her bra. He slowly peeled the garment from her, freeing her breasts and tossed it to the floor. His eyes lowered to her breasts as he palmed them. His thumb and index finger began to roll her nipples between them, making her

gasp and moan softly. She wiggled on the counter, her desire igniting and her pussy dampening.

She opened her mouth to protest, but he covered her lips with his. He kissed her lightly and pulled back. "Or... Consider it an "I'm sorry" gift for turning your life into chaos." He kissed her between her breasts, and then kissed the sides of both. "And if I recall a few days ago you mentioned I have the reputation of being a "man-whore" so maybe you'll help elevate my reputation in the media."

Hanna shook her head laughing. "I'm not so sure I'd do much to

elevate you, but..."

Her laughing died out and she frowned. Was he serious about the whole girlfriend thing, and going public? "Seriously? You want me to do interviews and stuff like that?" She shuttered at the thought.

She hated cameras and hated being put on the spot. She'd been a chunky kid and equally as chubby teenager and had grown extremely self-conscious over the years, to the point where she refused to have her picture taken. While she'd lost most of the weight, she still carried what many people would consider excess pounds and was uneasy about

having her picture taken and being put up for scrutiny.

Wrapping his arms around her waist, Bo pulled her down off the counter and to her feet. Placing a hand on her neck, he stroked her cheek with his thumb. "I'd never make you do anything you don't want to do sweetie. But if you want to and when you're ready then I would appreciate it. But no pressure and we did just meet, so there's no rush to officially go public."

Stepping back, he undid his pants, pushed them down and stepped out of them. His fully erect dick, stood tall, beckoning her.

Following his lead she removed her panties and then taking his outstretched hand allowed him to lead her to the nearly filled Jacuzzi.

Everything was moving so fast. Too fast. But at the same time she felt so comfortable with him. It felt right. Was it wishful thinking? Was she star-struck? Maybe it was lust at first sight and it would wear off for both of them.

Bo helped her into the water and followed suit. Sitting back in the tub, he pulled her over to him. She quickly climbed onto his lap, sitting down so his cock stood up between her legs. Firmly grasping his shaft,

she began to slowly stroke him.

Chapter 13

Bo inhaled sharply as her soft hand began to work him. "Oh Hanna," he groaned closing his eyes and further relaxing in the tub. The water was so soothing and her hand felt so good, he needed to give himself a moment to bask in the feel. He could easily get used to this - her. Sharing his bed with her, taking care of her.

There was no doubt in his mind this was right. Or maybe it was because she was on his lap, stroking him, grinding against him, her breasts pressed tight against

his chest. Either way it didn't matter. She was the first woman he'd met that had captivated him. It wasn't an easy thing to do, but she'd accomplished it in the matter of a few days so he had every intention of keeping her close to his side.

Secretly, he was glad the whole fiasco with the paparazzi happened. He hated that she had to go through it, but now she was here, with him.

She leaned over him, continuing to stroke him, her lips ghosting across his. A faint smell of coffee, combined with her perfume drifted

to him. Who knew the two scents would make such an erotic combination.

Bo's hands cupped her ass cheeks and he pulled her tight to him. She sighed softly against his lips, and then nipped at his lower lip, drawing it into her mouth.

"Ride me honey," he groaned. His cock was becoming painfully hard, his balls equally so. Hanna sat up, and slid his dick to her entrance. She rocked on him a moment, sliding the head back and forth along her from her clit to her ass and back again.

Sliding his hands up her back, he

palmed her breasts. His hands and fingers kneaded and caressed her plump globes, turning her large peach coloured nipples into hardened peaks. His cock settled at her entrance once more and she began to press down taking him in. She moaned and speared herself onto his shaft.

The pleasure of her warm core surrounded him. Sitting forward he took one of her nipples into his mouth as he continued to palm her other breast.

"Mmmmm. Bo," she gasped, taking him into her - balls deep and leaning back. Thrusting her breasts

forward, she placed her hands on his knees and began to move on him. She closed her eyes and her long curls cascaded down her back to submerge into the warm water.

He released her nipple, and sat back watching her; watching the subtle movements of her hips as they rotated while she moved up and down, and then the bounce of her breasts. His hands slipped back down to her ass and he began to move with her.

She gripped his shoulder, while keeping her other hand braced on his knee. She began to move faster, and with more force. The

sensations of raw pleasure running through him increased, as she sped up the rotations. Her moans and whimpers became louder, more frequent. Each moan and little cry of pleasure pushed him further to the edge and made him echo her moan.

"Oh fuck baby!" Bo groaned through clenched teeth, his desire rapidly reaching its breaking point. Embarrassedly fast. Droplets of water shimmered on her breasts as she bounced with more force, mere inches from his lips and her red hair swung wildly around her head.

"Oh God. Oh Bo. So good! I'm

coming. Oh God!" She suddenly pushed herself forward and claimed his lips, kissing him roughly. Her fingernail dug into his shoulders painfully, but he barely noticed.

Her movements were hitting a frantic pace, pulling her body up and slamming down onto him - fast and hard. The water slashed violently around them, spilling over the sides of the tub and soaking the black marble floor. Her pussy gripped and milked him, begging him to cum. She was so warm, so wet. Her pussy felt so amazingly good -heavenly even.

His balls began to tighten, his

shaft throbbing.

"Oh yes... yes, yes, yes!" Hanna pulled her lips from his, and cried out, grinding on him a final time. Her pussy tightened around him, and moments later a gush of her fluids surrounded him, but she didn't stop. She didn't even slow her pace. She continued fucking him at a frantic pace, eager to feel him explode within her needy core.

He was about to hit his breaking point when the realization that he wasn't wearing a condom came to mind. Oh, fuck, fuck, fuck. But the feeling of barebacking her was too good to stop now.

"Oh Bo!" she murmured.

As soon as the thought of a condom came to mind it disappeared as her mouth claimed his again and he gave in. He gave in to her probing tongue, and into his need to release and fill her with his seed. His finger dug into her ass cheeks as he thrust up into her, and groaned against her mouth as a stream of his salty cum shot into her, filling her and mixing with her juices. The feeling of satisfaction was sweeter than he could have ever imagined feeling their united fluids seeping past his cock and into the water.

She body trembled once more, her pussy clenched around his rapidly depleting shaft, and she buried her face against his neck, mewling softly. Feeling spent, but extremely satisfied, Bo pulled her tighter her breasts crushing against his chest and stroked her hair, relishing the feel of their united bodies without the feeling of a barrier between them. The damage had been done, if there was going to be consequences to their love making then he'd deal with it when it came about. For now he just wanted to enjoy the feel of her.

She held tight to him for a couple

of minutes, keeping him buried within her, but a yawn from her, broke the moment. She pulled back and smiled sheepishly.

"The sex keeping you up?" he teased, brushing a wet strand of hair from her face.

"No, it's just been a long day."

That it was. With his need extinguished, he was starting to feel the heaviness that came with lack of sleep himself. He cleared his throat feeling slightly embarrassed at the question he was about to ask. "Hey, ummmm. I don't suppose-"

She grinned as if reading his

mind. "I'm on the pill."

Bo breathed a sigh of relief, although, to his surprise he wasn't as relieved as he thought he would or should be. Maybe I'm more ready to settle down than I thought. He pondered, looking into her emerald green eyes.

"This is really too much Bo. We could have gone to Wal-mart or some other store like that with a few hundred bucks and I'd have been completely satisfied. Hanna looked around them in the back seat of the Mercedes. Bags of clothing surrounded them, the trunk

was full and so was the passenger seat, up front with the driver. Bags from Louis Vuitton, Versace, Calvin Klein... The list was endless. When he'd said a few stores she had no idea what he truly meant. "This is excessive. And we're going to another store!"

"Well, we can return it all." Bo leaned forward and was about to knock on the glass panel between them when Hanna stopped him.

"No!" Hanna tackled him to the seat, her hands securing his above his head, her body covering his. "I meant it was excessive, but since you had to spend all day going

store to store with me it would be a sin to return it."

Bo chuckled, wrestling his hands from her grip, and lowering them to her ass which was covered in a newly bought pair of faded low rise jeans. "This will be the last stop. Promise. Besides this stop is more for me than you anyhow."

"Really?" Hanna pulled herself up into a sitting position, Bo following suit.

"Yup. And it looks like we're here."

Swivelling her head to the right she laughed, as she read the store sign. "Fredericks of Hollywood?"

Really? Isn't that all skimpy, kinky lingerie and hooker heels?"

Bo gave her a wink. "Which is why I said this stop was for me."

As like the previous stores they'd gone to, this one was closed temporarily in order for them to shop in private.

"We only have an hour so no getting freaky with me in the dressing room."

Hanna huffed and swatted at his shoulder. "If I recall, I was the one that stopped any naughty behaviour in the previous store."

"And your restraint is somewhat insulting." He feigned

disappointment, but failed miserably as a smile broke out on his face.

As their car came to a stop, the shop door opened. Excited, and not bothering to wait for the driver, Hanna opened the car door and hopped out, Bo following behind. The first couple of stores, Hanna had been hesitant about buying or asking for anything, but after a day of shopping with Bo she'd finally come around and was allowing him to lavish her with anything she wanted.

She rushed into the store, Bo continuing to follow behind.

The saleswoman immediately greeted Bo, virtually ignoring Hanna. That had been the trend for the majority of the stores they'd visited. She'd been somewhat taken aback the first couple of times, but now she simply took the opportunity to browse without being hassled, while Bo fended off the questions and pesky sales people.

Hanna's eyes caught a red satin teddy. A corset for the bodice and a frilly skirt that she doubted would cover her ass, but it was really cute. Sexy, but a classy sexy. She fingered the satiny material and

began to rummage through the rack looking for her size.

"Hey, what are you doing?"

"Huh?" Hanna whipped her head around to see Bo behind her grinning.

"I said I was doing the shopping this time. You're going to follow along and try on what I pick. Kinda like my sexy kink doll. Then come out and show me."

Planting her hands at her hips, Hanna raised a brow at him forcing herself to hold back the laughter. "Sexy kink doll?"

"That's right babes." Reaching around, he gave her a swat on the

rump.

She looked around them and noticed the saleswoman was gone. Hanna frowned. Where'd she go?

"I sent her outside until we're done."

Looking to the front window she noticed the blinds were drawn.

"And the cameras have been turned off," Bo added, "It's just you and me."

"So just like that." Hanna snapped her fingers to accent her point. "You flash some money and that Bo Savage charm and people just do what you want." The whole shopping experience with him had

her in awe. How people would happily oblige to all his requests and demands amazed her.

"Just like that," he confirmed, mimicking her snap of the fingers.

"Seriously?" She looked around nervously, as if a sales person would pop out of the woodwork at any moment.

"Seriously." His eyes shifted to the garment in her hands. "Now strip and put that on. I like it, while I keep looking."

Giddiness rushed through her at the thought of having the whole store to themselves, without eyes watching. Slowly she began to peel

off her clothing and pull on the tight teddy. She zipped up the back and adjusted the ribbons so the bodice was snug around her torso and chest. She stepped in front of one of the mirrors and examined her image. The dark red and black of the garment were a stunning contrast to her pale skin and a compliment to her flaming red hair. She was starting to see what Bo and Jackie meant, by the sexiness of the curves in her hips and breasts. The little satin number she was wearing did give her the look of a pin-up.

Maybe I need to wear a corset

more often, she muttered under her breath.

Planting her hands at her hips she turned to face him. "What do you think?"

Bo turned with a black leather number in his hands and froze. His eyes slowly moved down the length of her body and back up against, pausing at her breasts which were nearly spilling from the bodice.

With the leather teddy in hand he walked over to her stopping a foot away. He touched her collarbone with his index finger and began to run across her collarbone and then dip to her breasts. A delicious tickle

made her shutter as he fingered the black lace framing the bodice.

"This is very nice." He dropped his finger from her breasts and stepped back. "Turn around," he ordered making a circling motion with his finger.

Nodding, she turned and looked back over her shoulder at him. He stepped up to her and grabbed her hips, pulling her ass back against his groin. He pushed her hair back from her neck and placed a string of kisses down her neck from her earlobe to her shoulder. His cock began to harden against her ass and moaned softly, falling back into

him and wiggling against his hardening shaft.

He growled softly in her ear. The warmth of his breath sent a shiver down her spine and her juices began to gather between her legs.

"I thought you said we needed to behave here," she teased, but her tone was laced with her desire.

His body froze against hers. Suddenly he released her and stepped back. "I did. Now behave yourself." He gave her ass a slap, faster and harder than the one moments before.

The unexpected slap, made her yelp in surprise and jump forward.

"Ouch!" She rubbed her right ass cheek, scowling at him, fighting the grin that was threatening to appear on her lips.

"Okay, so spanking is off our sexual to-do list."

Hanna giggled, stripping off the corset teddy to put on the leather contraption he'd passed her. "We have a sexual to-do list?"

He grinned, a wicked gleam in his eyes that sent her heart rate racing. "Oh honey, we sure do."

With some effort she pulled on the leather contraption he'd passed her that was supposed to be teddy, but it was unlike any other teddy

she'd seen before. Instead it was more of a series of leather straps that seemed more like a jigsaw puzzle to her rather than sexy. The leather panties were crotchless and the bra part of the outfit had large holes cut out for her nipples to poke through. She felt silly in it.

"What about this?" She spread her hands out at her sides as if to say, seriously?

He lifted his eyes from the rack he'd been examining to study her. His eyes roamed her body, his tongue clucking off the roof of his mouth as he considered. "Turn around and bend over."

Smirking, Hanna gave her head a shake and turned. As she turned she heard him walking up behind her. He slipped his arms around her and palmed her breasts. Short, intense jolts of pleasure rushed through her, as he rolled her nipples between his fingers turning then into hardened peaks. Once her nipples were long and hard, he released her and stepped away.

"Bend over the chair behind you."

Still feeling silly and extremely uncomfortable she did as told and tensed as the cool air teased her exposed pussy which was still damp from Bo's earlier caressing of her.

"Yeah, this is nice." She shuttered as his hand touched her bare lower back. His other hand cupped her mound and began to gently caress her.

"Mmmmm. Bo. Here?"

"I haven't decided yet. Spread your legs further apart."

Hanna glanced in his direction and from her position his groin was level with her mouth. His cock bulged against his jeans, demanding to be freed. She licked her lower lip, considering whether she should expose him and take him into her mouth.

His caressing hand stopped

teasing and he ran a couple fingers along her slit. She inhaled sharply and then groaned as he thrust a couple fingers deep into her and began to skilfully stroke her inner wall. She bucked back against his probing fingers, as the fire within her flared up and her need began to consume all other thought.

Bo pulled his fingers from her and gave her ass another slap, this time however, his hand landed directly on her moist pussy. Hanna cried out. The sting lasted mere moments, but the burn that spread between her legs caused a yearning within her that left her whimpering

and needy for more. The dampness between her legs increased and with alarm she realized that despite being crotchless the teddy was bound to get some of her juices on it.

Well, guess we're buying this one, she mused, with amusement.

"Stay there. Don't move a muscle."

Huh? Hanna's brow furrowed as she watched him walk across the store and grab a couple things off of the wall. What in the hell is he doing? With something in his hands he walked behind the sales counter, fumbled with the drawers, seemed

to find what he was looking for and began to walk back to her with a vibrator in one hand, lube in the other.

Hanna's eyes widened at the sight of the thin pink vibrator. The vibrator wasn't near as long as his cock, and only about half the width with an extra large base. She'd never used a vibrator before, despite Jackie insisting they were a necessity for every woman, single or not.

"What are you doing with that?"

As he approached he undid his jeans. "We're going to try something else on the list."

Her heart began to thump rapidly in her chest. What did he have planned? "Bo. I don't know..."

"Trust me baby."

Walking behind her, Bo placed the vibrator on the chair and she heard the flick of the lid of the lube and then whimpered as he began to apply the cool liquid to her pussy. She sighed and moved against his hand, not sure why they needed lube considering how wet she was, but his caresses were divine and sending delicious shivers through her. But when he reached her anus her entire body tensed.

"Bo?" Hanna began to panic.

She'd never had anyone play back there; not a finger, not butt plug, nothing.

"Have you ever had someone in here?" With her ass lubed he slowly inserted his index finger into her. She yelped as her ass began to burn from the intrusion and tried to pull away, but he held her tight.

"Relax honey. Have you?"

"No."

She closed her eyes and forced herself to relax. As she calmed, the burning calmed and as he finished burying his finger to the second knuckle an unfamiliar type of need and pleasure was replacing the

uncomfortable pain.

Bo picked the vibrators up and turned it on. The little toy began to softly buzz. He removed his finger and then replaced his finger with the tip of the toy. It occurred to her then that it wasn't a vibrator at all, but a butt plug. To her surprise she pressed back against it, anxious to see what the toy would feel like in her ass.

Once the toy was within her, she began to writhe and moan. Her pussy clenched and her juices began to drip from her.

"Oh God Bo, please."

There was a ruffling of clothing

and to her relief, the head of his dick pressed against her pussy. She pressed back and successfully impaled herself on him with a sigh of relief.

"Slow sweetie," Bo cooed as he slowly inserted himself within her, pushing deeper and deeper, filling her completely. Between his thick cock and the buzzing toy she felt so full she thought she was going to explode, but at the same time it felt so good. Just when she thought she couldn't feel any better, Bo introduced her to pleasure above and beyond.

"Oh Bo. I can't. I need to come. I

need to come so badly." She could hear the desperation in her voice, but didn't care. The toy and his cock with sweet torture. He hadn't even begun to thrust and she was on the edge. "Fuck me please. Fuck me!"

"I'll never get enough of this tight pussy baby."

He began to move within her, his thrust being slow and shallow, throwing her into a frenzy of agony, begging him to let her come. One deep thrust, just one, was all she needed. She attempted to move with him, but he gripped her hips forbidding her to take control.

"No baby. You come when I let

you."

She groaned out her frustration. Her body was on edge, but to her delight, his words were said through gritted teeth. They may have only been together a few times, but she knew by the grit in his voice that his restraint could only last so long before he was forced to give her what she needed.

She clenched her pussy around his teasing shaft, taunting him. He growled low and deep in the back of his throat before pulling out fully and then ramming into her hard and balls deep. Hanna screamed out, so loud she was sure the

people waiting outside could hear, but she didn't care. As he withdrew and slammed into her a second time the dam broke, she shuttered, and she was violently over the edge.

"Oh fuck baby. I love feeling you come."

Her core milked him, and then flooded his invading dick with her juices. He groaned, his cock thickening within her as he began to fuck her hard and hard, his balls slapping against her pussy with each thrust, making a light smacking sound to accompany each thrust.

"Mmmmm. Oh God. Oh Bo. Mmmm." His hammering into her was bringing about a series of mini orgasms. Her juices seeped past his dick and began to drip down her inner thighs. She tightened her grip on the chair. She was becoming light-headed, from the bombardment of orgasms. It was good. Too good and she didn't know how much more she could take.

"Almost there sweetie."

Bo's left hand released her hip and reached around her, spreading her pussy lips, he pinched her clit between his fingers.

"I'm there!" The triple pleasure sent her spiralling, once again, over the edge.

"Ohhhhhh yes!" Bo groaned as he slammed into her a final time.

This time her orgasm was strong, lasting longer than the previous. Her orgasm was accompanied by a burst of his cum filling her completely. They moaned together, both taking pleasure in their amazing union. Bo's body trembled behind her as the final burst of his semen filled her.

"Oh baby." Bo released his iron clad grip on his hips and released her clit. Gently he pulled the butt

plug from her ass and she let out a satisfied sigh of relief. His cock came next and as he dislodged himself a stream of their fluids coated her inner thighs, running down her legs.

"Shit. I didn't think this through. Hold on a second babes."

Hanna couldn't help but laugh as she watched him yank up his pants and race across the store in search of paper towel or a cloth or anything that could help clean up the mess that was seeping down her legs and dripping onto the floor.

The best he could come up with was a scarf. Her laughter increased

as he bent behind her and attempted to clean her up. Standing she took the scarf from him and sat down on the wooden chair. "How about you finish the shopping? I'll take care of this and get dressed."

He raked a hand through his hair and joined in her laughter. "I suppose I should. Guess we're going to buy that outfit." His eyes shifted to the scarf as she wiped her inner thighs and the drips of cum from the chair. "And the scarf. And maybe even that chair."

Her laughter became so loud and hard her stomach began to ache. One thing was for sure. Life with Bo

Savage was going to be anything but boring.

Chapter 14

~ Three Weeks Later ~

"The last concert baby! And then we can spend the next month enjoying some down time together." Bo leaned over her and gave her a quick celebratory kiss. "You coming?" He extended his hand to her, to help her from the sofa in his dressing room.

"In a minute. I'll be there before you guys hit the second song."

Bo's face fell. They'd gotten barely left each other's side for the past few weeks and she was always off to the side of the stage watching

his concerts. After a moment he nodded. "Alright." He frowned as he eyed her suspiciously. "Something wrong?"

Hanna huffed. She hated that she was such a bad liar. "No. I'm fine. Just feeling a little queasy. Must have had some bad shrimp for supper."

"Okay." He leaned down and gave her a final kiss. "Maybe you should just lie down and take a nap."

She smiled. "Maybe I might."

A loud knock sounded at his dressing room floor, signalling they were ready for him.

Bo looked at the door, back to her and then back to the door, as if deciding.

"Go!" Hanna gave him a little shove and he chuckled.

"Okay. Fine."

Hanna waited until the door was closed fully and the hustle outside her door had died down before she stood and made her way over to Bo's duffle bag. Unzipping it she rummaged through his personal items until she came to what she was looking for. His iPad. She wished Jackie was there with her. Jackie's mom had gotten in a car accident and Jackie had decided to

go back home to be with her mom. Hanna had been temped to send her a text message or call, but she didn't want to add to Jackie's worries with her silly insecurities.

Turning on the iPad, she did something she'd promised herself and Bo she wouldn't do. She searched the tabloids for gossip on her and Bo. To her dismay there were lots and she found herself sorry she'd decided to go snooping. Her identity was fully disclosed. People she knew in high school had come forward and spoke about how she'd been a fat dork in high school and how they couldn't believe she

could land someone like him.

There were insinuations that she was a gold digger and harsh comments on her looks and how she was too chubby to be with him. That he should be with supermodels, not girls who could stand to lose thirty or forty pounds. There were also accusations that Bo was neglecting his music and disappointing his fans because he was devoting all of his time to her. The tabloids called her toxic and a career killer.

Close to two hours had gone by before she was finished reading the articles and headlines, tears were

streaming down her cheeks and she sobbed silently. People were so cruel. It felt like high school all over again, but this time worse because the perceived undeserving fat girl had gotten the Captain of the football team.

"Holy shit!" Hanna exclaimed looking at the time. The concert was almost over and she hadn't even gone out yet. Grabbing a tissue she wiped her eyes and sniffed, trying to make herself look better than she actually felt. She once again cursed herself for opening Pandora's Box.

Standing she was about to put

the iPad back, when a knock sounded at the door. Clutching the iPad to her chest she walked over to the door and opened it to reveal the band manager, Victor.

Surprised to see Victor standing before her, she took a step back. "Victor. Hi. Ummm."

"Can I come in?" He didn't wait for a response, but brushed past her and into the dressing room. "I'd like to talk to you."

"Ummmm. Sure."

He sat down on the sofa and motioned for her to take a seat next to him. In the past month that she'd know Bo, she could count on

one hand how many times she'd spoken more than five words to him. He seemed to avoid her like the plague, like she was a nuisance or inconvenience. She'd learned to simply avoid him.

She sat down and waited for him to reveal the reason for his showing up.

"What's that?"

She looked down at the iPod and shrugged. "Nothing. Just entertaining myself until Bo gets back."

"We need to talk."

The tabloid articles long forgotten, Hanna's mind was

spinning trying to read Victor and get a hint of what was going on.

"As you may know the public hasn't had much support for your relationship with Bo."

The articles came crashing down to the forefront of her mind against and she fought to keep the tears from coming. "And..."

"My intention isn't to be rude or mean in any way, but when you really think about it many of the points they're making are valid. You don't belong with Bo, Hanna. I know it's been fun, but Bo has a career to worry about and you're jeopardizing it.

Hanna flinched as if she'd been physically hit. "Bo wants to be with me. And I want to be with him. We're happy Victor."

Victor reached out to touch her jean clad leg, but she jerked backwards out of his reach. "Honey, you're just a phase. Longer than most, but a phase. However, you're the first fling that Bo's had that is potentially damaging to his career."

Hanna's frown deepened. How could Bo being happy be a bad thing? "I don't understand."

Reaching into the inner pocket of his suit jacket, Victor pulled out a check book and a silver pen. "How

much is it going to take to have you walk away? You might as well take some money and leave as to wait around until Bo gets bored of you and get nothing. You go back to that little town of yours with no job, no prospects. I'm offering a way out."

"I don't... I... I don't want your money."

"How does two million sound?" Not waiting for a reply Victor began writing up a check for two million.

Hanna's jaw clenched as the anger began to build up within her. She sat up straight, squaring her shoulders. "I don't want your

money."

The sympathetic smile he'd been wearing faded and his expression turned to anger. It was at that moment that she picked up the scent of alcohol on his breath and a coil of fear formed in her stomach.

"I've worked a long time getting these boys to where they need to be. Some coffee house bimbo isn't going to ruin it for them!"

"Bo's a grown man, he knows what he wants."

Victor huffed. "Why can't you be as sensible as your friend was?"

"Jackie took the money?"

"Oh course she did. Took it and

ran like any woman with half a brain does."

"But her mother was in an accident."

"Yeah, and she took the money and agreed not to come back. At least she had some common sense to see what she really was. A temporary fuck."

"Do you do this with all the women?"

He huffed. "Those with half a brain take it. Now be a good little girl and accept the money and go home. This is a one time offer." He finished writing the check and shoved it into her hand.

"No!" Crumpling up the check she tossed it at him in disgust. The anger she'd been harbouring over the years, of being bullied and picked on came raging to the surface. She was done being a victim. "If Bo doesn't want to be with me anymore then fine, but I'll be damned if I'll let you run me off!"

His eyes narrowed. "You're going to take the money. And you're going to leave or God help me..." His eyes turned menacing. It was evident he wasn't accustomed to someone saying no to him, and he didn't take no well.

Doing her best to keep her voice even, she lifted her chin and met his gaze. "Please leave."

"Take the money!"

"No!"

"Can't you see. You're not worthy of him. He needs a beautiful woman on his arm, not one that's a candy bar away from needing two seats on an air plane.

Although she knew it wasn't true, the comment still hurt. Lashing out on instinct, her hand drew back and she slapped him, hard, across the jaw.

Victor froze, as if in shock for a split second. "You fucking whore!"

He grunted and lunged. Pulling his hand back, he slammed it into her jaw. "You will not ruin all the hard work I've put into that group."

A bolt of pain shot through her a salty, metallic taste filled her mouth. Her head began to throb and she closed her eyes as she saw his hand draw back to strike a second time. Just as his fist was about to make contact with her face, his weight was lifted and there was a crash as presumably his body was thrown across the room.

With hesitation, she opened her eyes and gasped as she saw

Anthony hovering over Victor, his fist making contact with the other man's jaw. Two blows and the older man went limp, knocked out. She yelped and struggled to her feet. As she stood her head began to spin and she fell back onto the sofa.

"You okay?" Anthony hurried across the room to her just as the world went dark to her.

"He did what!"

"Yeah man. Let me take care of the girls here. Go see her. They took Victor to the hospital, he's already gone. She's a little woozy, but I think she'll be okay." Anthony

turned to the girls and gave them a smile. "Ladies. I may not be the big man, but I'm much more fun. And single."

I'm going to fucking kill him! Bo sprinted from the backstage area to his dressing room.

"She's fine man," Anthony called after him, but Bo barely heard him. All he could think about was all the bullshit that Hanna had been through to be with him and now she was getting physically assaulted on top of it all! He cursed himself for letting anything happen to her. He should have been there. He should have...

He raced into the open dressing room to see two paramedics crouched in front of Hanna, one holding an ice back to her rapidly swelling lip.

"Hanna!" He ran into the room and pushed past the paramedics to pull her into his arms. "Oh-my-God Hanna, I'm so sorry. I'm so-so sorry."

"Bo!" She reached out and wrapped her arms around his neck holding tight to him. "I'm so glad you're here."

"I can't believe I let this happen. Are you okay?"

She nodded, but the stiffness in

her body told him differently.

Taking the ice pack from the paramedic he turned to them. "Is she okay?"

"Yes Sir."

"Then leave us."

The paramedics packed up and left the room, closing the door behind them.

Once they were gone, Bo applied the ice pack to her jaw and kissed her forehead. "What happened?"

She sighed, tears welling up in her eyes. "I was on your iPad. I broke my promise to you and read the articles."

Bo's heart sank. Many of those

articles were cruel, which is why he'd been shielding them from her. He'd prayed she never see them, but knew she'd eventually be too curious to help herself.

"Those articles are bullshit sweetie. Written by assholes trying to make a buck and consumed by idiots who are jealous of us and take satisfaction in seeing us fall from grace."

"Maybe you're better..."

Bo placed a finger against her lips stopping her. "You want to know the real reason why Nadine and I broke up."

She shrugged and then nodded.

"It wasn't drugs. Sure she had a habit for partying, but the truth was she didn't love me. Never did. But we stayed together because it looked good in the tabloids."

He lowered his fingers.

"I've been blessed with a great career. Everything anyone could have asked for, except no one to share it with. I thank God every day for having that idiot run our car into the island at your coffee shop. I know it's only been a month, but it's been the happiest month of my life and if you were to leave, it would kill me Hanna."

His heart was thudding in his

chest. He was feeling something he hadn't felt in a long time. Scared. With each second that passed that she didn't respond he got increasingly nervous.

"I love you Bo. I just don't want to ruin our career or be a burden or..."

An intense rush of relief washed through him, along with shock that she'd actually said the words out loud. I love you, it sounded so sweet to his ears. Instead of silencing her with his finger he covered her lips with his, taking care not to hurt her. Pulling back, he gazed into her beautiful green

eyes and fingered a lock of her satiny hair. "I love you too baby."

The hesitation and doubt that he'd been seeing in her eyes, virtually from the day they'd met faded away. What remained was the love and contentment he'd been longing to see for weeks. She was his.

She smiled as widely as her cut lip would allow and then winced. "Can we go home now?"

"Wouldn't like anything more sweetie."

The End

Excerpt From
**The Porn Star
and the Girl From The
Coffee Shop**

By
Terry Towers
Available Now

Chapter 1

Nadine gave the bag of hot chocolate mix a little jerk, freeing the remaining powder from the bottom of the bag. The powdered mixture poured into the hot chocolate machine, just as she heard the front door of the coffee shop opening, signalling a customer. She groaned inwardly. It was one of those nights where customers trickled in at just the right speed to royally piss her off and hinder her cleaning progress.

After placing the cover back onto the hot chocolate dispenser, she

spun around and her heart caught in her throat. Suddenly her annoyance over her nightly routine being disturbed evaporated and her frown turned to a bright smile that reflected in her bright emerald green eyes.

The reason for her change in mood was strutting across the dining room floor towards the front counter, his strides long and confident - bordering on cocky, but not quite. Her eyes scanned him from head to toe, taking note of the scuffed black boots, faded blue jeans and t-shirt stretching across his broad, powerful chest and

shoulders. But his most striking feature was his eyes. His deep blue eyes caught hers and a shiver rushed down her spine and a throbbing between her legs commenced - as it did every single time she set eyes on him. Why did his gaze have such an impact on her? She both loved and hated the feeling.

"How's my favourite girl tonight?" he asked as he leaned an elbow on the countertop dividing them and watched as she began to prepare his coffee.

"Same as always, Hunter." She shrugged trying to appear as

nonchalant as possible, though she knew she was doing a piss poor job at it. "How was your night?" She looked over at the clock on the cash register; it read 1:00 am. His usual time. What did he do for a living that had him coming in for a coffee this time of night? Her best guess was that he was a bartender, or at least that was the general consensus between the girls working at the coffee shop.

The problem was that the bars didn't close until 2:00 am, so leaving at the peak time for the business seemed unreasonable. He also had an air of confidence about

him bordering on arrogance, despite his friendly demeanour. Yeah, he knew how sexy he was, Nadine could see it in his cocky smirk. Normally she had no attraction to men like him, but dammit he had such an effect on her.

"Wild."

She cocked an eyebrow at him. "That so? Did you just get off work early?" They'd been through the work questions before. She'd ask, and then he'd avoid the question and turn the conversation over to something else.

He nodded. "I did." His smirk

widened to a smile as he accepted the coffee she passed him and took a tentative sip.

"So what line of work did you tell me you were in again?" she asked, again attempting to appear nonchalant, and again failing miserably as she accepted the bill he gave her for payment.

"I didn't."

She growled softly as she thrust the bill into the register and counted out his change. As usual he waved it off. Her eyes met his once more. Why she needed to know what he did for a living was beyond her, but it was annoying her to no

end that he refused to divulge that information. She knew she had no business asking or getting indignant when he refused to answer, but she was at her wits end with his smug attitude.

Placing a hand on her hip, her eyes narrowed at him. "Are you ever going to tell me?"

His jaw clenched and he cocked his head to the side, his eyes moving up and down the length of her causing her to flush and feel highly uncomfortable under his eyes intense scrutiny. "Hmmmm. Dunno."

Pushing back her shyness, she

threw her hands up in the air in frustration. "Okay. What do I have to do for you to tell me?"

The soft, sexy smile that sent her heart rate racing touched his lips again, adding to her annoyance. Rubbing his chin as if in contemplation he gave her body one more slow once over. "When is your next night off?"

"Tomorrow night. Why?"

"Go out with me tomorrow night and maybe I'll tell you."

Dumbstruck, Nadine stared at him for a long moment not responding.

Hunter shrugged. "Well, if you

don't want to..." Grabbing his coffee he turned to walk away, but she leapt across the counter grabbing his arm.

"No... Wait!"

His smile was gone when he turned back to her, but amusement danced in his eyes. "Change your mind?"

Gotta remain cool, the man already has an ego you can't let him see the affect he has on you, she coached herself. Planting her hands on her hips she took her time moving her eyes up and down his body as he had done to her. When her eyes met his, to her annoyance

there wasn't a shred of shyness in his expression, only more amusement. "So I agree and you tell me, correct?"

"Correct."

Upon a moment of hesitation he nodded. "You have yourself a deal. So where do I pick you up?"

Grabbing a pen and a napkin Nadine quickly jotted down her phone number and the address to her tiny one bedroom apartment a few blocks away from the coffee shop. To her dismay her hand shook slightly as she wrote due to her nervousness. He's just a guy, she reminded herself. A fucking hot

guy that gets you wet just by looking at you, a voice in the back of her mind mocked. She ignored that voice as she gave him a bright smile and passed him the napkin with her information on it.

"Well, then I'll be seeing you tomorrow. Eight?"

"Eight," she confirmed. "You gonna give me a hint on where we're going?"

Taking a deep breath in, he exhaled loudly and then shook his head. "Nah. We'll keep it a surprise." With a wink he turned and exited the restaurant.

Nadine watched him leave,

flabbergasted at what had just transpired. Despite his slightly cocky demeanour, Nadine had had a crush on him from the first day he'd strolled into the coffee shop. In truth, she suspected his cockiness had a fair amount to do with why she was so smitten with him. They always flirted lightly when he came in, but she never dreamed he'd ask her out. She assumed he had some hot little Barbie look-alike hanging off of his arm when he wasn't in the coffee shop or working at the mysterious occupation.

As Hunter hopped into his Escalade and sped out of the

parking lot, a new worry came to the forefront of her mind. How was she going to dress for a date when she had no idea where they were going?

For the first time in Hunter's adult life he was nervous about going on a date. The last time he was this nervous he'd been fifteen and he was about to make a move on Becky Tanners, behind the bleachers during a school football game. That was almost twenty years ago. When he put some thought on it, this was the first actual date he'd been on since he

began working in the adult industry close to fifteen years ago. Up until that point Hunter Roberts didn't do dates.

A good chunk of that nervousness was because he had promised to tell Nadine what he did for a living. Generally, what he did would be something he bragged about. He was a former porn star for God's sake! For years women had been mailing him nude pictures and their worn undergarments hoping for a night with him. Even now as a porn director, producer and photographer he still had a fair amount of women chasing him, though the novelty of

those women's attentions had begun to wear on him many years ago.

Pressing the buzzer marked **Nadine Ambers** he waited; going through the ways he could tell her his occupation and have any chance of seeing her again. While his occupation may have brought him an abundance of women out for a single night of fun, establishing a solid, long term relationship with someone special was an entirely different story.

"Hello?"

The soft, sweet sound of Nadine's voice broke into his thoughts. "Hey

Nadine? It's Hunter."

Pause.

"K, I'll be right down."

Letting out a loud huff of air, Hunter rocked back on his heels and shoved his hands in his jeans pockets. Get a handle on yourself Hunter man. It's just a simple date. Not a big deal. Turning his back to the building he looked out into the parking lot and then off further and watched the traffic zooming past on the adjacent highway. Minutes later the sound of the apartment building's main door opening had him spinning around and he felt as though he'd been slammed in the

chest at the sight before him.

At the coffee shop Nadine was a cute girl with her dark hair tied high in a ponytail, and her emerald green eyes giving her an exotic look. And despite the heinous frumpy, brown uniform that they were forced to wear at the coffee shop, he was able to detect her curvy figure. While the majority of the women he had been with over the years were slim to the point that he seriously doubted they ever ate, he preferred women with soft womanly curves - like Nadine's.

"Ummm. Wow." He mentally kicked himself for sounding like

such a moron, but the woman standing before him was absolutely stunning. Her long, dark hair cascaded down her back and her eyes sparkled under the overhead light as her eyes slowly worked their way up his body until they met his.

"Wow, huh?" she teased, giving him a wide grin. Running a hand through her hair, she pushed it out of her face and back over her shoulders.

Hunter could feel his face redden at her teasing. Embarrassment; another emotion he never felt often. Clearing his throat he raked a

hand through his hair. "Let me try that again. You look absolutely breathtaking Nadine."

Her smile became shy as a blush crept up into her face as she cast her eyes downward, chewing at her bottom lip. An intense, heated silence overtook them for a moment. Finally she glanced back up at him and their eyes locked. "Thank you."

Another silence closed over them. What is with this nervousness? He asked himself. Taking a deep breath in and releasing it slowly, he extended his hand to her. "Ready for a fun night?"

Nadine nodded and accepted his outstretched hand. "Yeah, I think so. Can't wait to hear what your mystery job is."

Grasping her hand protectively in his, he led her across the parking lot towards his Escalade. "Maybe I'm unemployed and embarrassed about it," he teased.

She peered over at him and shook her head. "Unemployed and driving an Escalade... Nah, I doubt that."

Hunter laughed. "Why not?"

"Only an idiot would drive a vehicle like that while being unemployed."

"Touché." Unlocking the Escalade he opened the passenger side door for her and helped her in, taking a moment to admire her round ass under her snug fitting black skirt as she turned from him and hopped up.

Being that he was around naked women constantly, it usually took more than a glance at a woman's ass in a skirt to gain his cock's attention. In this instance, however, that's all it took to have his cock rising to attention and straining against the restrictive denim containing it.

Nadine was amazed and slightly confused at the change in Hunter's demeanour. He'd never struck her as shy or an easily embarrassed kind of guy, but she'd picked up on both emotions so far tonight. Actually she would almost say that he seemed more nervous than she felt and that was saying a lot!

Regardless, when watching him walk around the front of the truck she couldn't help but feel a stirring between her legs at the sight of him wearing his usual tight blue jeans that hugged his muscular ass and thick thighs. And the tailored, short sleeved black button down

shirt made her long to open that shirt and run her hands over the contours of muscle that she knew would be waiting underneath.

Hopping into the SUV behind the steering wheel he slipped the key into the ignition and started the vehicle. Glancing over at her quickly, he gave her a soft smile as he shifted the truck in reverse.

Unable to bite her tongue before the words came out she found herself commenting on his peculiar change in attitude. "So what happened to the cocky, arrogant Hunter?"

She squealed in surprise as the

SUV which had been backing up, slammed to a halt and he shifted it into park. Turning in his seat he eyed her a moment, disbelief in his expression. Whether the disbelief was over the fact that someone thought he presented himself as arrogant or that someone had the nerve to call him out on it she was unsure.

"Wait, now..." He cocked a brow up at her as he drummed his fingers along the top of the steering wheel. "You think I'm cocky and arrogant."

Chewing at her lower lip, she gave him a meek shrug. "Yeah, a little."

"Why?"

Oh good God, why did I open my mouth, she groaned inwardly.

"And even more curious. Why would you agree to go out with me tonight if that is how you felt?"

Was he angry? Upset? She couldn't tell, his expression was a blank slate. Taking in a deep breath, she slowly released it. "Because I'm curious about you." She shrugged.

His fingers stopped drumming the steering wheel and his jaw clenched. "Oh, the job thing? You seriously came out with me tonight just to find out what I did for a

living?"

Nice way to start a date Nadine, she chastised herself. But why would he be so testy about it? Unless..."You don't do anything illegal do you?"

His mouth fell open slightly and he snapped it shut quickly and a wide grin spread across his lips, and an amused gleam danced in his eyes. "So let me get this straight. You agreed to a date with someone you think may have been a drug dealer, or hitman or..."

"No... I mean it may have..." She ran a nervous hand through her dark hair and averted her gaze, as

she felt the heat rushing to her face.

"So, this crossed your mind and you still agreed to get into a vehicle with me?"

"Well no... I-"

"Do you normally go out with criminals? Would my wearing an orange jumpsuit turn you on? I could find one if you like."

His laughter had her jerking her eyes back up to meet his. Embarrassed at his teasing, she swatted his shoulder. "No. No I would n o t like that. Thanks though." She rolled her eyes at him. "In fact, I don't even care anymore

what you do."

"You do care!" he challenged.

She gave her head a quick shake, and crossed her arms over her chest. "I don't."

His laughter subsided and his expression turned serious. "Well, let me tell you and then there won't be any more concerns over my line of work."

Nadine put her hand up silencing him before he could tell her. "Like I said... I don't want to know."

"I think you..."

"No." she shook her head, her hair fanning out around her face. "I seriously don't want to know. You

can tell me after a few dates."

He clucked his tongue off of the roof of his mouth in consideration and then finally conceded with a nod of his head. "Alright. Three dates, but if you really want to know I'll tell you now."

Although she was dying to know, especially now, the last thing she wanted was for him to think that her interest in him had anything to do with his occupation. "Deal." Letting out a loud sigh, she tossed a smile at him, relieved that that very awkward line of conversation was over and they could get on with whatever he had planned for a

date.

"Now to get back to the cocky and arrogant comment."

Nadine groaned out loud and a blush coloured her cheeks - yet again.

"Ahhhhh, we'll let that pass for now." Giving her a wink he put the SUV back into reverse and they continued backing out of the parking slot.

Closing her eyes, Nadine pinched the bridge of her nose hoping to fend off an impending headache. Dear God, I hope this gets better.

Soft & Hard Erotic Publishing

www.elixaeveryett.com

Contact Information

Website: www.elixaeveryett.com

Email: [terry towers@hotmail.ca](mailto:terry_towers@hotmail.ca)

Facebook: Terry Towers

Twitter: TerryTowersXXX

Works By Terry Towers

Available Now - Singles

Frat Party Partner Swap

Under the Officer's Command

Daddy's Special Christmas Gift

All For Daddy (Taboo Edition)

The Marine's Naughty Sister

(Taboo Edition)

Little Virgin Sister's Webcam
Show (Taboo Edition)

Doing Her For Dad (Taboo
Edition)

Deceiving Him (The Billionaires'
BDSM Sex Club)

Her Brother, Her Hero

Her 'What if' Guy (Pursued By The
Billionaire)

The Inheritance: Anything He
Craves

The Game Of Love: House of Sex,
Scandal and Sexy Singles

Moan For Big Brother

Moan For Daddy

Milk Money (Lactation Erotic

Romance)

Bought And Paid For (Breeding
Erotic Romance)

**Available Now - Themed
Singles**

Taken By The Team (Humiliation
And Gangbang Fantasies Fulfilled)

Taken By The Marines
(Humiliation, Gangbang And
Cuckold Fantasies Fulfilled)

The Cop And The Girl From The
Coffee Shop

The Politician And The Girl From
The Coffee Shop

The Assassin And The Girl From
The Coffee Shop

The Bounty Hunter And The Girl

From The Coffee Shop
The Firefighter And The Girl From
The Coffee Shop
The CEO And The Girl From The
Coffee Shop
The Porn Star And The Girl From
The Coffee Shop
The Rock Star and the Girl From
The Coffee Shop

Available Now - Series

Hitching A Ride
Hitching A Ride 2: To Trust A Con
Conjugal Visits
Conjugal Visits 2: New Beginnings
Sibling Rivalry
Sibling Rivalry 2: Never Say Never
Sibling Rivalry 3: In It Together

Moan For Uncle

Moan For Uncle 2: Keeping It
Secret

Moan For Uncle 3: No More
Secrets

Moan For Uncle 4: Skeletons In
The Closet

Moan For Uncle 5: Love Or Duty

Moan For Uncle 6: To Love And
Honour

Moan For Hubby (Moan For Uncle
7)

**Available Now - Mirror
Editions**

(Please note Mirror Editions are
mainstream non-PI editions of some
of Terry's bestselling taboo works.)

Doing Her For The Boss (Rewrite
of Doing Her For Dad)

The Marine's Naughty Sister
(Rewrite of The Marine's Naughty
Neighbour)

The Virgin's Webcam Show
(rewrite of Little Virgin Sister's
Webcam Show)

Seducing Blake (Rewrite of All For
Daddy)

Now Available - Bundles

The Terry Towers' Taboo
Collection Vol. 1

The Terry Towers' Taboo
Collection Vol. 2

Naughty But Nice Mirror Edition
Collection

The Moan For Uncle Bundle
(Books 1-3)

The Sibling Rivalry Bundle (Books
1-3)

Coming Soon

The Politician And The Girl From
The Coffee Shop 2: All That Glitters
The CEO and the Girl From The
Coffee Shop 2

Works By Nikki Nexus
Available Now - Singles

Daddy Says: Ménage Sex Games
Santa's Brothel

The Confessional: The Naughty
Nuns Series

The Fire Eater

Taken By The Team (Humiliation

And Gangbang Fantasies Fulfilled)
Taken By The Marines
(Humiliation, Gangbang And
Cuckold Fantasies Fulfilled)

Available Now - Bundles

Naughty But Nice Mirror Edition
Collection

Coming Soon

Taken By The Mob (Humiliation
And Gangbang Fantasies Fulfilled)

**Works By Adrian
Athens**

Available Now

The Welding Instructor
Melting Point

Coming Soon

Men For Sale

Works By Elixia Everett

Available Now - Singles

Escort With 1000 Faces

Lust, Love & Luck

I Conjure Thee (Enslaved To The
Djinn)

Midnight Encounter - Seduced By
A Vampire (Quickie)

Tag, The Vampire's Game

Erotic Flash: A Vampire's
Seduction

Children Of The Vampire King
(Non-erotic horror)

Claimed and Bred By The Wolf

Available Now - Series

A Night At Club Vampire

A Night At Club Vampire 2: Nigel

Visions Of The Vampire Queen
(Book 1 Of The Vampire Queen
Series)

Available Now - Bundles

Vampire Whispers - (Bundle of 4
Erotic Vampire Stories)

Coming Soon

Claimed and Bred By The Wolf 2:
Pack Initiation

Return Of The Vampire Queen
(Book 2 Of The Vampire Queen
Series)

**Works By Angelique
Ambers**

Available Now - Singles

Forced Into Submission (Her
Fantasy, His Pleasure)

Kidnapped And Dominated (Her Fantasy, His Pleasure 2)