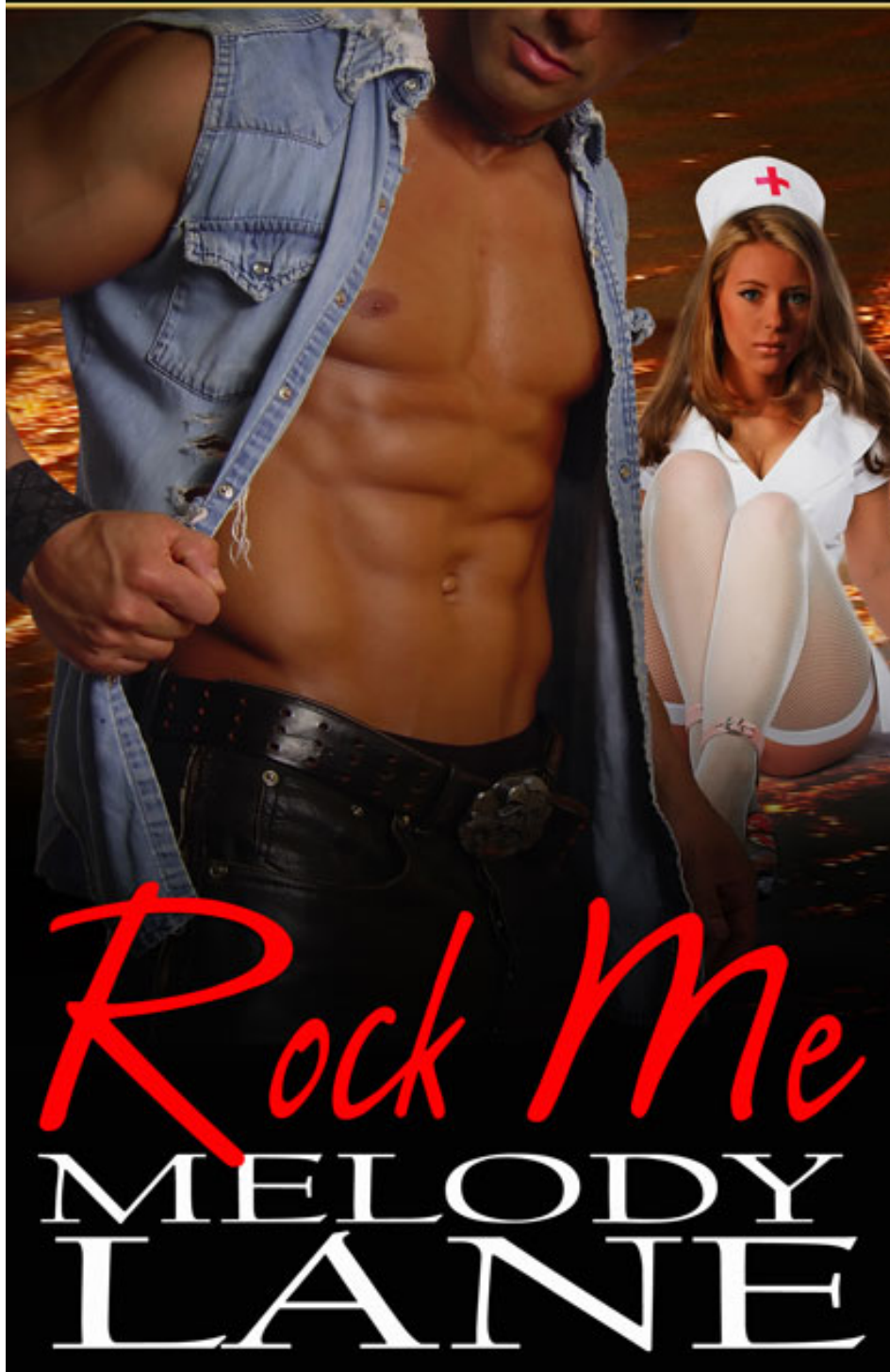


ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS



An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



www.ellorascave.com

Rock Me

ISBN 9781419917172

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Photography and cover art by Les Byerley.

Electronic book Publication July 2008

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ROCK ME

Melody Lane

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Chapter One

"The man of your dreams is here!" squealed Liz, her eyes wide with excitement.

"Who's here?" Jenny was trying to sound interested but was too tired to even fake it. She opened up her locker in the cramped staff nurse lounge of Clark Memorial Hospital, then turned to her friend, wondering how she could be so perky at seven a.m. after working all night. Pulling off her green hooded jacket, she hung it over the hook inside, then slammed the locker shut. She put her hand over her mouth and yawned as she leaned against the locker.

Liz put her hands on her hips. "Who did you go see last night?"

"You know who I went to see. Why are you asking me that? My favorite British rock group, Escape, of course." Jenny yawned again. "I invited you to go with me for the umpteenth time, but you had that work excuse like you always do." Looking dreamily into the air, she let out a breath. "Ah...it was over way too fast as usual. Ian McAllister is the most beautiful, sexiest man in the entire world to me. I'd do anything for him."

"Anything?" Liz asked playfully, lips curling into a smile.

Jenny looked her straight in the eyes to confirm the answer. "Anything. That handsome Brit could have me in the palm of his hand. Any way he wants me, anytime at all. I'm there with bells on." She grinned. "Or with nothing on."

Liz raised her eyebrows. "You might just get the chance."

Jenny shook her head, then let out a breath. "What are you talking about? You're making absolutely no sense and I'm too tired for these guessing games so early in the morning. Why are you doing this to me? I need coffee as quickly as possible. Now get out of my way so I can get it." She gently pushed Liz to the side.

Liz wasn't giving up so fast. She grabbed her friend's shoulder and shook it. "What is wrong with you? You're not getting it. Listen to me. What big, blond singer fell over some stage wiring halfway through the second song of the encore?"

Jenny stopped in her tracks and frowned. She started paying more attention to Liz now. "Ian got up. He was okay and kept singing."

"No. He wasn't okay. I guess he was a good actor for those few minutes during the encore. Your boy Ian was brought here right after the show and had surgery. He fractured his right radius and his doctor wanted him admitted for observation."

"What?" Jenny put a hand over her mouth. Her entire body shuddered. "He's here?"

Liz nodded. "On our floor, Jenny. He's listed anonymously on the hospital census. We've already been told not to give out any information on him if anyone should inquire."

"Is his arm going to be okay?" Jenny's voice took on an anxious quality. Permanent nerve damage could cause Ian problems with that arm forever.

Liz threw her hand up. "Oh he'll be fine. He had an initial problem with his fingers staying cool and we noticed a little duskiness there. It seems to have passed, though. They look good. He has a fiberglass cast and they did put a couple of cuts into it to allow room for swelling."

"Good. I'm glad he has a fiberglass one. Dries quickly and is so much more durable than those plaster ones." She rolled her eyes. "What color did he get?"

"Purple." Liz grinned. "Dr. Robinson wanted us to check his circulation for a few shifts to make sure it stays okay. They know he's on tour and will be going back on the road as soon as he can, so they figured they'd better hold on to him while they could." She raised her eyebrows. "You never told me how gorgeous he was. A strong, able-bodied man if ever I saw one."

"You got that right." Jenny let out a breath. "Now I'm getting nervous. I can't believe he's here on our floor so close to me."

"Believe." Liz put her hand flat on Jenny's forehead. "He's right down the hall."

Jenny shook her head. "I've been nuts about him for years. From the first time I saw an Escape video on MTV, I have been in love with Ian McAllister."

Liz straightened her lab coat. "I want you to know that as your true friend, I thought of you as soon as I heard he was here. That's why I'm here to tell you before the shift report starts and the others find out. Of course, I don't think anyone here is as crazy about him as you are."

Jenny's eyes widened. "Who took care of him last night?"

Liz shook her head. "Deirdre got him, but he's up for grabs for your twelve-hour shift. He's not fully awake yet. Still a little drowsy from the surgery. He only had to have IV sedation in the operating room because they were able to do a closed reduction on his arm. His fracture is undisplaced and stable, so he's lucky. " She glanced at her watch. "He's been on the floor since about three a.m."

"Wow. Ian McAllister in the flesh at my hospital." Jenny laughed. "And what flesh. I just got the shivers all over again."

Liz smiled. "We all peeked in the room at him after they brought him up from the operating room. No one usually looks good right after surgery, but he sure didn't look bad." She raised her eyebrows. "That British accent sure helps with his appeal, doesn't it?"

Jenny looked dreamily into the air again. "The accent, the blond hair, the brooding green eyes, the charisma, the brazen sexuality." She laughed. "Oh yeah, can't forget the voice." Jenny took her compact out of her purse and looked at herself. She frowned as

she pulled a lipstick from her makeup bag and applied the rich rose color, then blotted her lips together. "You know, you could have called me at home this morning. It would have been nice to be more prepared." She raised her eyebrows. "A true friend would have warned me to fix myself up a little nicer today."

Liz rolled her eyes. "Come on, Jenny. Don't be mean. I didn't want to call you any earlier today. Isn't it early enough? Besides, I wasn't sure if you had a man at your apartment or not."

Jenny laughed out loud, then looked at Liz like she was being ridiculous. "A man? You're joking, right? You know there hasn't been a man there in months. I can't even remember the last time I had a date." She shook her head. "I am so tired of looking for men in all the wrong places. Bars, clubs, after-work parties, friends setting me up. Did I miss anything?" She looked at Liz with widened eyes.

Liz nodded, then glanced down to the floor. "I know, I know. I'm sorry about that last loser I introduced you to."

"You ought to be," Jenny snorted. "A man with a wandering eye is not someone I'm interested in. I've been through that enough before. And I'm tired of being unceremoniously dumped without even knowing the reason."

"I feel your pain," said Liz, glancing up into Jenny's eyes. "I know you've become disillusioned with the masculine gender, especially after your last disastrous relationship." She spoke in a lower voice. "I know he hurt you, Jenny. I'm sorry."

"Yeah. Don't remind me of that jerk. I had really fallen for him too. What a fool I was. Men just aren't trustworthy anymore." Jenny raised her eyebrows. "I don't believe it's in their genes. No pun intended."

Liz grinned, nudging her. "That was a pretty good one, though. You know, genes or jeans."

Jenny shook her head and tried to smile. "Where do you meet men these days, anyway? The grocery store?"

Liz nodded, then stuck a finger up. "I actually know a girl who's dating a guy she met at the grocery store. She made the first move. Do you know what she did?"

"What?"

"She found an attractive guy and went up to his cart. Then she asked him if his wife was going to cook that frozen dinner for him."

"What guts she has. What did he say?"

"The obvious." Liz shrugged. "That he didn't have a wife. She says he's a really nice guy and they've been dating a couple of months now. He's got a good job too. Sometimes you have to take matters into your own hands, Jenny. You can't rely on chance like you've been doing lately."

Jenny let out a breath. "I've had it with trying to date or have a real relationship for now. Maybe I shouldn't worry about it and just have a little fun. Take a breather. I might be interested in learning more about the grocery store thing in the future, once

I'm over my trust issues...if I ever get over my trust issues. Remind me to ask you more about that grocery store scenario at a later date." She glanced in her mirror again, then frowned at the lousy job she had done on her left eyebrow. Where were tweezers when you needed them?

"But more importantly, how do I look right now? If my favorite rock star is in the house, then I need to try to at least have a little fun." She stood up straight and turned her head from side to side.

"You look the way a hot, twenty-five-year-old nurse ought to look." Liz grinned. "Don't worry so much. You'll knock Ian McAllister out."

"Sure, I will," Jenny said sarcastically. "If I can get him." She frowned, then bit her lip. "Anyone on today who might fight me?"

Liz shrugged as she thought. "Maybe Linda. I don't know." She pushed her auburn hair over her ears.

"Possibly," admitted Jenny. "But I don't think she cares for rock music that much. She likes country music. Hmm. She might like Ian, though. We never get cute patients on this floor, it seems. And she does have more seniority than me." She took a comb out of her purse and whipped it through her shoulder-length blonde hair.

"What are you going to do?"

"I'll remind our wonderful clinical nurse manager, Cynthia, that I'm working for three days in a row." She raised her eyebrows. "You know, continuity of care for our patients. I ought to be the one to get him just in case something happens and he needs to stay longer than planned." She frowned. "I think Linda is off tomorrow. Might help my case."

Another one of their colleagues burst into the nurse lounge to get ready for day shift. She smiled at Jenny and Liz. They politely smiled back as the nurse turned toward her own locker.

Liz talked more quietly now. "They already cancelled their concert for tomorrow night in Cleveland. I'm not sure where they're going next."

"I'll have to look it up." Jenny bit her lip. "I think they'll be out East for the next few gigs. Has a girlfriend been here or called?"

Liz shook her head no. "Are you sure he has one?"

"Last time I heard." Jenny shrugged. "He always has a girl on his arm, it seems. He's one of those men who can never be without a woman for very long."

"No one's been here since he was brought up to the floor or called to the nurse's station."

Jenny closed up her compact and placed it back into her purse. "Artists' wives and girlfriends can't travel all the time with them. It's a business. Maybe she's in England."

Liz nodded. "It seems like it's still a secret that he's here. Maybe it'll stay a secret. The newspapers probably don't care about him, but the local rock stations would."

Jenny turned to Liz. "I was in the front row. Believe me, I watched his every move last night and every other night I've seen him. That man does wonders for a pair of black leather pants." She let out a breath as she remembered.

Every time Ian strutted down her way, singing into his microphone, she'd lean closer to the rail in the hopes that he would notice her. He would stare at the front row of girls and sing to them, wink at them and generally just look them over. Jenny had gotten that type of attention more than once over the years and yearned for it at every concert. The staring back was reciprocal, of course.

Ian's black leather pants were so tight that Jenny wondered how he could even move in them. They were packed with pleasure, she was sure. The kind of pleasure that rock star dreams were made of. She would romanticize that he would pull her up on stage with him and kiss her passionately in front of all the other girls. After the concert, they would slip away to his hotel room and have hot-blooded sex in his huge king-size bed. Seeing Ian up on the stage was a wonderfully addicting joy that she always looked forward to every time Escape toured, and the dreams at night could go on for months. "Sure would like to see what's under those pants."

Liz raised her eyebrows in condescension. "Honey, you've been a nurse for how long?"

"Three years."

"Then you should know better. Two words if you want to see what's under those pants."

"What?"

Liz enunciated slowly. "Sponge bath."

Jenny burst out laughing, then nodded. "You're right. I'll offer it up in my sweetest Midwestern accent. He'll be unable to resist me." She flipped up her blonde hair with her hand. "He likes blondes too."

"That's my girl. I know you won't disappoint me." Liz smiled.

"He owes me, you know." Jenny raised her eyebrows. "I've been putting out for him for years. Figuratively speaking, of course."

"Yeah. How so?"

Jenny rolled her eyes. "All the money I've spent on tickets, T-shirts, CDs. And don't forget concert clothes. I all but showed him my breasts last night. Spent a fortune on that tiny camisole I wore...or almost tried not to wear." She shook her head. "Every time he so much as glanced my way, I pulled that camisole down just a little more and gave him my best smile. He looked right at me a couple of times."

Liz smiled. "Maybe that's why he tripped."

"Yeah, right." Jenny sighed. "I only wanted a little attention. Is that too much to ask for spending two hundred and fifty dollars for that front-row ticket?"

"You're funny." Liz shook her head at Jenny, then looked at her watch. "Time for report. Be firm with the boss. You want Mr. McAllister in room 423. You'll be here for the next three days, if he should need to stay. You're the best choice, the only choice."

Jenny nodded as she started walking toward the locker room door. She felt anxious.

"Just try not to be so excited when you ask for him."

Jenny groaned. "That'll be the hard part."

Liz nudged her, grinning. "Keep dreaming about that. Maybe you'll get your wish."

Jenny shook her head and smiled as Liz pushed her out of the locker room and toward the nurse's station.

* * * * *

Jenny gently pushed open the heavy metal door of room 423, but not until she had reapplied lipstick and combed her hair. *Lucky* was her name today. She had won the prize that she had dreamed of. Her boss had given her Ian McAllister without a problem...but was that a wink that Cynthia had also given her? Jenny grinned. She was the perfect choice to be Ian's nurse for all the reasons she had thought about earlier. Her nerves might be a problem, though. Taking a deep breath, she affirmed to herself. *She* was the one in charge. She was on *her* turf. *He* was her patient.

But she could still feel the butterflies.

She had decided she was going to be herself and not put on any airs. There was really nothing to lose anyway. They'd only be together as long as he was in the hospital. Too bad that she couldn't tell him she was the girl in front row center last night throwing herself at him. And too bad someone like Ian McAllister would never care about anyone like her.

Always having been told she was pretty, she never really believed it. There were always the flaws she could find when she looked in the mirror. Her mouth was a little crooked, her nose had a tiny bump on it and her hair was annoyingly straight unless she curled it.

It didn't matter anyway. Ian was one of those men who couldn't be trusted...maybe worse than a regular guy. He was probably looking at all the other breasts staring him in the face and some of them actually were. A few girls flashed him and he had pointed to them and grinned.

She sighed. There was nothing special about her or her breasts. Sure they were good because, after all, she was only twenty-five. They had better be good. She never really showed Ian her breasts—just cleavage. But wasn't that part of the fun of being in the front row? Getting that handsome lead singer of your favorite band to look right at you any way you could? It was a fantasy...and a really good one. There had to be as much payoff as possible for spending so much money to be in that spot.

Jenny looked over at the hospital bed and took a deep breath in, then out. Report from the night shift was over. She had thumbed through his chart and checked his

medication list. Jenny was as ready as she would ever be for Ian. The room was dark and he appeared to be sleeping. Holding the thermometer securely in one hand, she wheeled over the blood pressure machine to his bed with the other and stopped.

"Mr. McAllister," she murmured. "It's time to wake up for a few minutes. I need to take your temperature and blood pressure." She stared at the British rock star she had lusted over for her entire adult life. It was amazing that she was so close to him without security or a fence restricting her.

His head was lying on the pillow, eyes closed. Layered blond hair that looked damp from sweat...Ian McAllister's sweat. His patient gown was untied in the back with only one arm placed through the armhole. The casted right arm was propped up on a pillow. A sheet was pulled up to his chest and he was mouth breathing with his luscious lips open.

"Mr. McAllister," she said a little louder. "I need you to wake up a few minutes so I can check you."

He rolled his head toward her and squinted open his eyes. "Mmm, what do we have here?" he asked. "The day nurse? Is it daytime already?"

She smiled at him. The voice was recognizable and she loved hearing it addressing her. She took in the deep-set green eyes, then shivered. "It's just a little after seven-thirty in the morning.

"Is it time for my pain shot?"

"I saw on your medication record that you haven't had anything since you got here from the operating room, so you can have a pain shot after I check you."

He tried to lift his head off the pillow but then let it fall back down. "Well then, what is your name, my beautiful day nurse?"

"Jenny." She smiled. It felt amazing to be called beautiful by Ian. "I'll be your nurse until seven tonight."

"We'll be together all day then. Bloody marvelous." He lifted his water cup off his bedside table and held it up to her. "Call me Ian. Here's looking at you instead of that evil cow on the night shift who wouldn't come when I called." He took a sip of water. "She ought to be arrested."

"Deirdre is a good nurse and I'm sure her care during the night was fine. Besides, you've only been here since three a.m. and I was told you slept much of the time."

"Sorry, then. I meant nothing by my remark about her." He held out his left arm for her to take his blood pressure. "I don't want to upset my day nurse so early in the morning. Do whatever you wish with my good arm but please be gentle. It's all I've got."

Jenny tried to be businesslike but inside was a little anxious. "Open your mouth so I can take your temperature."

He opened it. She looked closely at the mouth she had dreamed about kissing for years. His lips were pink and full and his teeth were perfect. Wanting to lean over and

cover his mouth with hers, then plunge her tongue into it, she fought the urge and instead placed the thermometer inside. As he closed those delicious lips around it, she kept her cool. She placed the blood pressure cuff around his arm and turned on the machine. He laid his head back down on the pillow but watched her out of the corner of his eye.

"Your blood pressure is good," she confirmed as she pulled the cuff off after the reading was finished. "One-twenty-eight over seventy-four."

"I'm surprised with you touching me. The evil cow on the night shift should have warned me of the many differences between you and her." He made a point of looking her over from head to toe. "I would have requested you much earlier."

Jenny grinned. "I would have been sleeping." The thermometer beeped and she took it out of his mouth. His inspection made her feel a little nervous. She found herself standing up straighter and holding back her shoulders. If he was looking, she was going to be at her best. "Temperature basically fine. Just up a little. That's to be expected after what you've been through."

"I think we'll get on just fine today, Jenny." He now stared at her breasts.

She wondered if it was good or bad that she had on tight white pants and a snug scoop-neck pullover instead of the baggy green scrub outfit she alternated with. The way he was looking at her, she decided it was good. Very good. *Today might turn into a pretty fine day.*

"When will I be getting the big send-off then? Do you know?"

"Probably tomorrow, from what I hear. You're in a short-stay observation unit. Dr. Robinson knew you'd be traveling soon after you left here and wanted to make sure things were okay before you got on the road. You're doing well."

He shook his head. "I'm surprised to hear that."

"Really? You should have told Deirdre if you had any problems during the night. She could have helped you." She turned her attention to his casted arm. "I need to check your circulation now. That's the main reason you had to stay, you know. Your body didn't want to cooperate with bouncing back to normal after being casted." She walked around to the other side of the bed and pulled down the sheet just a bit. She pressed gently on the skin above the cast to check for swelling and temperature. He had minimal swelling and his skin was warm. She put her hand firmly over his fingers.

He smiled as he watched her. "Is this your way of getting to know me better?" He raised his eyebrows. "There are other ways, you know."

"I was just checking to make sure your hand was warm. Is there any numbness or tingling?"

"No numbness or tingling there. I do know of other things that are warm and tingling though." The corners of his mouth turned up ever so slightly.

Jenny grinned as she laid his hand down. She knew that Ian was a jokester. In every interview she had read with him, his sense of humor shined through. "Ian, it's

important to keep your arm elevated for the next couple of days. This will help decrease pain and swelling and help with circulation."

"Tell me I'll live."

She looked into those dreamy green eyes. "You'll live."

He let out a breath. "Cheers! Then let's bring in a few cans and celebrate."

Jenny shook her head and smiled. She realized she was going to feel comfortable being around him. He was easy to talk to and friendly. She let out a breath. *Everything is going to be okay.* She could have some fun drooling over Ian, provide him good nursing care and forget about her drab life. "I'm all finished. Do you want your pain shot now?"

He nodded. "Something is throbbing and aching all at the same time...and it's your entire fault." He winked at her.

Jenny could hardly contain her excitement, but she had to keep her cool. He was talking like he found her attractive. "Keep your arm elevated on this pillow. I'll be right back."

She left the room and hurried to the medication cart. Unlocking the narcotic drawer with a key from an elastic bracelet kept around her arm, she signed out the seventy-five milligram unit dose of Demerol in the controlled substance notebook and took it from the box. She locked back the drawer and grabbed a pair of gloves, then quickly walked back into Ian's room, catching him off guard. He was grimacing in pain. What she really wanted to do was put her arms around him and tell him he was going to be okay...but she couldn't.

He let out a breath. As soon as he saw her, he tried to act like he wasn't in distress any more. The grimace vanished from his face and he tried to smile.

"I'm back with your shot," she affirmed as she reached his bed. She looked him in the eyes and decided that the truth was the way to go. "I know that your arm hurts, Ian. It's to be expected after a broken bone and surgery." She patted his good arm. "There's nothing you can do about it but take your medication and rest. It'll get better soon and you'll be back to normal."

He nodded as he let out a breath. "I hope so. It's very uncomfortable."

"I know, but you will recover. Can you roll over on your side a little for me?" Jenny suddenly realized that she'd be seeing Ian McAllister's butt without the benefit of his black leather pants. She felt her breath come quicker as she impatiently waited for him to turn.

He turned toward the wall, keeping his casted arm up on the pillow. The back of his blue polka-dot hospital gown fell open. Jenny could see his entire back, butt and legs. Her eyes went to his butt first. His cheeks were full and round, without a blemish. She could just feel her hands rubbing the skin, kneading it as she held him tightly against her as they made love.

Her heart beat quicker. She had to stop that train of thought immediately because the butterflies were now a little lower than earlier. Yep, that pussy of hers was tingling

big-time. Swallowing hard, she glanced quickly at the whole of him, taking in the freckles on his back that she never knew about and a green four-leaf clover tattoo on his left shoulder. The luck of the four-leaf clover didn't help him last night, but it sure helped her this morning.

She forced herself to get back to the business at hand. It was too dangerous thinking that way about him. She was his nurse and he needed her. She had to remember why she was here. And by the way he was mouth breathing, she could tell he was in pain. Poor Ian. She put on her gloves, then cleaned off the upper left side of his butt with an alcohol wipe and quickly jabbed the needle in him to give the shot of Demerol. "All finished," she confirmed as she rubbed the injection site with the alcohol for a moment.

He turned back and looked at her. "Cheers, er, thank you."

She disposed of the depleted injection into the sharps container on the wall, then pulled off her gloves and threw them into the waste basket. Patting his good arm, she smiled. "You'll be feeling better soon. If there is anything else I can do for you, let me know."

"After the shot starts working, I'd like a wash. I never got to take a shower after the gig last night. Came right to the emergency room." He looked seriously at her. "Do you think you could help me up? Every time I stand, I feel quite dizzy."

Jenny felt the butterflies again. "Sure. Your doctor said you can get up. It might be easier now on you than it was earlier. I'll help you after the pain medication takes effect." She looked at her watch. "About half an hour or so. Is that okay?"

He nodded, then leaned his head back against the pillow and closed his eyes.

* * * * *

The scruffy-looking man held the phone to his ear with one arm, the other arm flailing wildly. "He's in the hospital. His surgery was for a broken arm." He listened to the caller for a moment. "Darlene, what do you want from me? I'm doing the best I can!" He slammed down the phone. He pulled the rubber band on his ponytail tighter, then rubbed his thick beard and moustache. Taking a cigarette from his pocket, he placed it in his mouth. He looked over at a bald man leaning against a large gray steel trunk about twenty feet away. "Hey?" he hollered. "Got a light?"

The bald man glanced over at him. "What?"

"Light?"

The bald man dug in his front jeans pocket and pulled out a blue lighter. He threw it at the scruffy-looking man.

"Ready?" the scruffy-looking man asked as he lit his cigarette.

"Sure, Bill." The man held his hand out as Bill threw back the lighter.

Bill let the cigarette dangle from his mouth. "So what's the deal now? Cleveland is off, but New York City is on?"

"We think New York City is on. We're just gonna head there and hole up until tomorrow when we find out for sure." He raised his eyebrows. "All depends on if McAllister can get out of the hospital in time."

Bill shook his head.

"McAllister's lucky all he had was a broken arm," RoadDog said.

"Yeah, I feel bad about it, RoadDog, but at least it wasn't his head." Bill laughed. "That couldn't have been fixed so easily."

RoadDog raised his eyebrows but didn't smile. "It's not good about the cable mishap last night. Good thing you're in a union or you would have gotten fired. A roadie job requires high attention to detail."

"I know, I know. I can't thank you enough, man, about speaking up for me. I'll be more careful when I pull cable and tape it down from now on." Bill held his head up high. "I care about this job. I've always wanted to be a roadie."

"You missed a whole area downstage, Bill. Not good. And unfortunately our quality check missed it too." RoadDog shook his head. "You know that McAllister is all over the place. He never stays in one spot and he was real fortunate it wasn't worse."

Bill nodded.

"Now, don't be afraid to ask questions next time," muttered RoadDog. "You're a newbie. Everyone knows that."

Bill shook his head. "Thanks for helping me out, man."

RoadDog looked at him sternly. "This was the only time it will happen. I can't put my job in jeopardy either. You have to remember that the gig always comes first and safety is an utmost priority."

"I understand."

"You ain't out of the woods yet. If McAllister asks a lot of questions and ends up wanting to get rid of you, he can. The band always wins. You'll be on a bus halfway to nowhere working for a small band."

Bill swore.

"Yeah," confirmed RoadDog. He looked over at the stacks of trunks. "Now get your gloves on. We have equipment to move. It's off to New York City in about an hour."

Bill put on his gloves, then bent to tie a shoe. He thought of Ian McAllister and grinned. A broken arm? McAllister just got lucky that time. There was more in store for the pretty-boy rock star than just a broken arm.

And Bill was the one to do it.

Chapter Two

Jenny threw a fresh blue polka-dot gown, towels, washcloth and multiple clean trash bags over her arm as she walked quickly to Ian's room. When she opened the door, she saw the light above his bed was already turned on and he was sitting up. She peeked over at him, waiting for him to speak first.

He frowned at her. "Jenny, I've been patiently waiting for you, but you didn't come back. I was getting ready to put on my nurse call light. Maybe I should just start screaming out your name really loud. Would you come running then?"

"So you're feeling better?" She smiled.

He nodded, as he stared into her eyes. "Much. I'd rather look at you than anything else in this room."

She blushed, momentarily blindsided by his statement. Recovering quickly, she stammered, "The...the pain shot is working."

"It is."

"Did you want to get washed up at bedside or a shower?"

"Shower."

"Somehow, I thought so." Jenny started feeling a little nervous again. This was going to get scary. "I brought in a trash bag to wrap around your arm so your cast doesn't get wet. Here are a couple more and a roll of tape I'm leaving here for you to take when you leave the hospital."

"I didn't think about that. Can't let it get wet, eh?"

"That wouldn't be a good thing."

Lifting himself up slowly to the side of the bed, he let a deep breath from the effort. "Will you turn the water on for me?" He looked at her with a twinkle in the eyes. "Just so that you know, I like it hot...really hot."

"Okay," she murmured slowly, not sure of how to take his remark. He was definitely feeling better from that shot of Demerol. She went into the bathroom and turned on the shower. Hanging the towels, clean gown, washcloth and trash bag on the towel rack, she finished readying the shower for him.

It took her a few seconds to grasp the fact that she would be seeing Ian McAllister completely nude in just a few moments. Would she be able to handle it? She shook her head. The things you got to do at work sometimes.

She walked back out to him, feeling anxious. This would most definitely be a challenge. It was time for the nurse in her to take control of the situation again and leave her feelings out of things. *Take care of him like any other patient...like any other man*

who probably treats women badly. Stop, Jenny. Leave your man problems out of this. Ian is your patient and he needs your help. Besides, she had no idea how he behaved toward women. She didn't know him at all.

"Ready?" he asked.

She nodded as she became all business. "Can you stand by yourself?"

Using his good arm, he pushed himself up from the bed. As he shakily stood next to her, Jenny remembered he was almost six inches taller than her. He looked down.

"You'll have to hold the back of my gown closed while I walk to the shower, unless seeing my arse doesn't bother you." He grinned as he stared into her face.

She met his gaze full force. "Seeing your arse doesn't bother me in the least. I've already seen it once." Taking him by the elbow, she directed him slowly toward the bathroom.

They took their time, walking arm in arm. Jenny could admit to herself that she loved being next to him...touching him, even if he was ill. She didn't look at his "arse", although she wanted to. Finally reaching the bathroom, she turned toward him.

"I'll be taping the trash bag around your cast to keep it from getting wet. You still need to be careful though. Don't let the water run over it."

He nodded.

She took a roll of tape out of her front pants pocket and tore off a long piece.

In a move quite unexpected by Jenny, he reached behind his back with his good arm and untied the hospital gown. As it slid off his body and fell to the floor, Ian McAllister stood naked right in front of her. Jenny inhaled quickly, not knowing whether air was actually entering her body at this point. It was all she could do to not look down. Knowing his cock was going to be there, so close, made it even more difficult. She had never felt so uncomfortable around a man in her entire adult life. Jenny should just get it over with and look. After all, she had wanted to see *it* for years. *Look at him, Jenny*, she demanded of herself.

But she stayed a respectable nurse and didn't.

She took the trash bag from the towel rack and placed it over his cast. Wrapping the tape around the upper aspect of his arm, she tore the end off with her fingers and secured it so that no water could seep inside. The small bathroom was getting steamier and Jenny was unsure if she was sweating from the steam or from Ian McAllister standing naked right in front of her. She decided it was definitely both.

"Cheers." He smiled. He opened up the shower curtain and stepped in. "I hope you stay in here and help me wash. I'd hate to lose my bearings if I got soap in my eyes."

She sighed. Everything he said was such a challenge to her. *Is he teasing me or serious?* "Right now I'm more concerned about you standing up for too long."

"I do feel a bit dizzy." He leaned his casted arm against the wall. "I wish there was something to rest my arm on. It feels quite heavy."

Jenny knew she had better make this shower quick and get him back to bed. She was worried about him falling. As she contemplated slowly washing every inch of his body with her tongue, she just as quickly dismissed those thoughts. There would be no hanky panky with Ian McAllister. She frowned. Life just got in the way of dreams sometimes. "Okay, Ian, we're going to make this fast. I'll have to help you get the job done. You shouldn't be up very long for your first time after surgery."

"Whatever you say, Jenny. You're the boss of me today. I'm yours." He smiled as he let the water run over his head and body. "This water feels utterly fantastic! I feel like I haven't had a wash in days instead of just twelve hours."

As Jenny watched him standing naked in the shower, she found herself mesmerized and unable to look away. Even if the hospital fire alarm went off, she wouldn't be able to move. She was having her own Code Orange.

"Have you ever come to one of the band's gigs?"

She couldn't answer. Although she had somehow managed to stop herself from even glancing at that all important cock, she stared at the rest of him, watching as the streams of water rushed over his naked body. The muscles in his back and chest and arms glistened. His hair lay plastered against his face and neck. The water dripped off his eyebrows and perfect British nose. She was being pulled into a dream-like state, just like at Niagara Falls when she had watched the water flowing over the edge as it plunged downward to the gorge. "I...I was there last night."

He froze, then looked down at her. "You were?"

She nodded.

"Did you see me fall then?"

The water was compelling. She was unable to take her eyes away from it. "I was right in front of you," she murmured slowly.

He turned toward her, then stared at her face. "Wait a moment! I recognize you now. I thought you seemed familiar when we first met today. You're the girl with the low-cut, tight blue top." Glancing at her shoulder-length blonde hair, he nodded. "If you had showed me your breasts straight away, I would have been sure to know exactly who you were."

"What are you talking about?" Jenny could feel herself blushing again. "I...I didn't show you my breasts last night." She smiled just a little as she tried to make herself comfortable. "Well...almost."

"Hmm. What an interesting turn of affairs." He raised his eyebrows at her in a way that made her shiver.

She couldn't believe he had noticed her...and remembered her. It was time to change the subject because she really shouldn't be discussing her breasts right now with Ian. "We need to hurry and get you out of here. I'm worried about you being up too long."

He shook his head and grinned. "I like you worrying about me. It makes me feel wanted. I'll need some help, then, if we're to get this done quickly. A proper scrub is in order because I tend to sweat quite a bit onstage." He moved the arm that was encased in the trash bag. "This feels quite bulky. I don't see that I can help you very much."

Jenny trembled. He wasn't going to be able to help. She would have to do it all herself. "Okay," she said slowly.

"It might not be easy to reach me." He turned sideways.

She glanced at his rounded butt again. Squeezing it was definitely on her fantasy list of things to do with Ian.

"Do you think you can manage out there?"

Jenny nodded, although washing Ian was going to be quite disconcerting. *Is this what dreams are made of?* Taking the washcloth, she vigorously rubbed soap on it and started slathering it on his chest and good arm. She needed to get this over with quickly and treat him just like any other patient. But as much as she tried, she couldn't refrain from taking in every inch of that chest.

The washcloth began to move a little slower over him. From the small amount of hair between his nipples, to the line of hair going from his navel farther down the happy trail...to the area she shouldn't look at. She quickly put her eyes back up to his chest...the one she had gazed at from the front row at many of his concerts when he removed his shirt from being too hot. He was too hot. His chest was everything she ever wanted. How she longed to rub her hand over it gently, then lean over and kiss a nipple. She would squeeze each one, then run her tongue over both of them.

My goodness. Her nipples felt like they had hardened. She stopped the washcloth abruptly, trying to figure out what was going on inside her own body. Jenny was quivering, her breathing heavier, her pussy tingling. She backed away from him and swallowed hard.

"Are you quitting?" He frowned. "But you haven't finished yet."

She put a hand to her forehead. Did she feel faint? She didn't know for sure about that, but she knew one thing...

Nurse Jenny Page was sexually aroused over Ian McAllister and he hadn't even touched her.

"Please, Jenny," he pleaded, looking her in the eyes. "It feels bloody marvelous. Don't stop."

She took in a deep breath, then let it out slowly. His shower needed to get done. He was her patient and she wanted him to feel better. Forcing herself to stop thinking about him sexually, she got back to business. "Turn around," she ordered.

He did exactly as he was told. The soapy washcloth skimmed his back and butt as the water rained down on him. Jenny was unable to stop herself from falling into fantasy again. How could she not think about him when she was touching him? It was impossible. She knew she was getting wet in more ways than one as she found herself

looking closely at the curve of his butt. She raised her eyebrows, then repeated the bathing of them.

As the washcloth traveled down the back of his thighs to his calves, she saw how the muscles defined themselves. He was in better shape than she had thought. His black leather pants normally hid the wonder of those legs when he was onstage. She leaned slightly into the shower to reach them better. The curly brown hair was plastered against his skin. His legs were muscular and long and beautiful. She had only seen them in pictures or on the Internet. He was tall, so tall. She wondered what it would feel like to have those strong legs wrapped around hers as he pinned her to a bed. As he slowly turned around, she was unable to stop her eyes from traveling upward.

Jenny Page found herself face to face with...his cock. A huge, erect, beautiful cock.

"Oh," she gasped. The sound involuntarily came out of her mouth as she backed away from him and it.

"I'm...I'm sorry," Ian stammered. "I apologize." He shook his head. "See what you've done to me."

The bathroom was agonizingly steamy now. Her shirt was damp and sticking to her. She could feel the sweat trickling down between her breasts...and she couldn't breathe. Jenny wasn't going to be able to handle this. As hard as she had tried, it wasn't working.

Ian cleared his throat, then spoke up. "A beautiful nurse taking care of me has always been a fantasy of mine. The combination of that fantasy and the pain medication is what caused this. I do hope you'll forgive me." His cock bobbed back and forth as he moved.

Her mouth dropped open. All Jenny could do was stare at it. The gorgeous hardness of Ian McAllister bobbing back and forth in front of her. She wanted to put her hands on it so badly. To kiss it and take it lovingly in her hands to caress it, then have him thrust it inside her body while he looked her in the eyes as they made love. It would fill her up like no other cock ever had. Her eyes turned back up to his face as she stood. "Ian, I have to leave this room," she breathed heavily. "I...I can't stay in here with you like that."

A moment of silence passed between them as they stared at each other. The tension was as thick as London fog. Close...sticky...unbearable. His forceful green eyes were pushing against her bright blue ones. He glanced over her body again, then back up to her face. It was an intense sexual chemistry trying to pull them together.

Jenny could almost feel him getting ready to put his arm on her shoulder and draw her to him. She felt herself moving forward as if in a trance, ready to open her mouth as it reached his. The heat of his tongue would take over her mouth and his soft lips would cause her to melt into him. She tried to shake off the feeling but couldn't. They were both hot and sweaty and excited. She wanted him and she knew he wanted her. How was she going to resist him and remain the hospital nurse she needed to be? She couldn't...shouldn't give in to temptation.

With the greatest mental strength she had ever summoned, she forced herself to turn away from him and stare at the wall. Jenny put a hand on her forehead and looked down. She swore.

Ian spoke first. "Jenny, I'm...I'm sorry."

She didn't say anything.

"What just happened here?" He frowned, then paused a moment. "Jenny?"

She shrugged, but wouldn't look at him.

"It's crushingly obvious that I was out of line. I deeply apologize. Can you please just help me finish? I...I feel as though I need to sit down as quickly as possible."

Still breathing heavily, she leaned up against the wall. Feeling a bead of sweat run down her cheek, she brushed it off with a hand, hoping he didn't see how unnerved she was.

Ian stared at her. "Jenny, please just stay and help me get dried off before you leave. I'll rinse now," he murmured. "Please. I'm not feeling well." He turned away from her and let the water run over his head and body to quickly wash off the soap.

Jenny swiveled back to him, forcing the nurse in her to take control once again. What had she been thinking? How could she possibly have thought she could give him a shower and not become excited? Taking the towels from the rack, she held them up for him, refusing to look at his nakedness anymore. He turned off the water with his unaffected arm and stepped out. Throwing one towel at him so he could start drying the front of his body, she took the other one and quickly dried off his back.

Grabbing the patient gown, she held it up in front of him. She felt strange, uncomfortable...and completely defenseless to Ian McAllister and his cock. He held out his good arm and she pulled the gown over it and up to his neck. He turned around for her and she tied it with much difficulty. She pulled off the tape from the trash bag covering his broken arm and threw the bag into the trash.

"Ready?" she asked, trying to be completely businesslike.

"I am feeling quite dizzy now," he said in a low voice. "I'd better get seated as soon as possible."

"You've been up too long. I should have never let you stay up this long." She took his arm and helped him walk. "You know, if you fall, I can't stop you. You're bigger than me. Keep your head up and concentrate on one step at a time. Take a deep breath or two. It's just a few feet to the chair."

He nodded as he did as he was told and they carefully crossed the room to the chair.

"Sit down in the chair and I'll straighten up your bed."

He leaned down slowly into the chair, then wiped a drop of sweat off his face with his arm. His eyes followed her as she moved his bedside table in front of him to lay his casted arm on. "What happened in the shower was beyond my control. I apologize

again. That wouldn't have happened with the evil cow on the night shift. It's your fault entirely."

"Hmm. My fault?" Jenny tried not to let him see her smile. She was starting to feel in control once again. She took deep breaths in and out. *Relax, Jenny, relax.* It was over. He was covered up and they were out of that steamy room. No more getting hot and bothered over Ian.

"Absolutely." He nodded. "Entirely."

She raised her eyebrows. "I'll accept your apology, Ian. Just don't let it happen again."

He smiled widely. "I can't promise you that."

She turned toward his bed, hiding her grin.

"Perhaps I need to explain my little nurse problem to you."

"Nurse problem?" She pulled the loose sheet down on the side of the bed and tucked it under the mattress. "All right. Explain away."

Ian let out a breath. "My father had a music album that I started looking at when I was about five years old. The inside jacket had scantily clad nurses waiting on the rock star, who was also the lead singer of the band." He looked away from her, appearing to be thinking. "The record came out about twenty-seven years ago, I believe. The same year I was born. It was a great rock band that my father loved. The picture made such an impression on me that I've been mad over nurses ever since."

"That's a cute story," affirmed Jenny, shaking her head and smiling. "And you became the lead singer of a rock band."

He nodded. "I did. And now look at us." He raised his eyebrows. "The rock star with a broken arm and his ridiculously beautiful nurse."

Jenny beamed from ear to ear. Wait until she told all of this to Liz. She had seen Ian McAllister naked and as an added bonus...his beautiful cock. Liz would then be told, as Jenny would add smugly, that it was erect because of her. Unbelievably, Ian McAllister found Jenny Page attractive. And although Jenny had lusted after him for years from afar, things seemed slightly different now. The attraction she felt for Ian McAllister had progressed, for better or worse.

She told herself that she was going to enjoy his company as long as she could, because she knew it wasn't going to last. Before she knew it, she'd be back to her old, boring life of doing nothing on the weekends, having no one to date and going to bed alone because every man she had a relationship with ended up being a jerk. Ian would be leaving the hospital to go back on tour traveling the world, and having girls throw themselves at him every place he visited. And Jenny would be left with only the memories of their time together.

* * * * *

Ian turned to look out the window as Jenny straightened the bed and fluffed his pillows. As she bent down to pick up a paper that had dropped to the floor, his head turned back to watch. Perhaps he could get a glimpse of her breasts again.

It really was her. The lovely woman in the front row with the shoulder-length blonde hair, blue eyes and striking smile. He let out a breath. He had noticed her straight away last night, especially once she began pulling down her camisole to let him see her cleavage better. She didn't realize that he could see more than she thought. He wasn't just seeing the fullness of her smooth and creamy breasts. Those pink nipples stood out like erasers as he stared down at them every chance he got.

The last time during the encore when he looked at them, damn if he didn't trip. Brought down to the ground by a pair of beautiful breasts owned by the woman in the front row. It wasn't until later he had found out that a large area of cable hadn't been taped down properly by one of the roadies. In actuality, it wasn't those breasts that had caused him to break his arm at all.

And that lovely woman was now in front of him and he was completely mesmerized by her.

"Do you want me to give you a blanket for the foot of your bed?" she asked.

Her question took him by surprise and shook him from his dreamlike state of thinking about her. "Yes. I did get a little chilly during the night." He glanced over at her as she worked. Most nights there were beautiful girls everywhere. He would find two or three who were close to the stage and sing to them at various times during the show. Last night he had wanted to sing right to her, but she was standing next to a man and Ian was unsure if the man was special to her. Most men don't like the rock star playing games with their girl. He had even had one or two over the years waiting to angrily talk to him after the show.

"Do you feel better now?" She smiled.

"I do. Not quite as dizzy anymore." Letting out a breath, he stared at the smile and the lips wrapped around it. The full, soft-looking lips. Those lips were stunningly amazing and he'd love to part them with his tongue. There could be a problem, however. He had to know if that man next to her last night was her boyfriend. "Do you have a boyfriend?"

She looked up at him. "No."

He nodded. Good news. No boyfriend. Maybe she had come to the gig with that man though. "Was the man standing next to you last night your date?"

Jenny shook her head. "I think he was with the girl to his left." She grinned. "My left. Not yours." She shrugged. "I don't really know who he was with. I wasn't paying any attention to him. My eyes were on the stage."

He nodded. "Where they ought to be. Marvelous." He found himself smiling just a bit. Hearing she didn't have a boyfriend pleased him. He was actually thinking of asking her out on a date. He then shook his head at his own stupidity. What was he thinking? The pain medication was clouding his memory. He was on tour.

Unfortunately, a hospital hiatus was currently on the agenda and a date with a nurse in Detroit wasn't. Besides, what would a nurse like her want with him anyway? She probably dated doctors, engineers or anyone else with a stellar education. Ian had no college to speak of. His education was from the road.

Having been in a famous band for the last ten years, he barely made it out of secondary school in England. But not for lack of intelligence. Ian was very bright, but the band had become too important in his life. Band practices and gigs on school nights all contributed to his lack of studying. He was success driven where the band was concerned. His mum was upset when he told her he wouldn't be going on to university after finishing secondary school, but in due course she supported his decision to go on the road full time. He placated her with assurances of band success being imminent...and when it was achieved she was already their biggest fan.

Once the band became famous, women were around more than ever before. They threw themselves at him. Sex became an obsession. Groupies, fans, strippers – the ladies of the road. He'd have sex with almost anyone as long as she looked good. Rock stars, for the most part, are notorious tramps and he was no different.

All he had to do was unzip his pants and there would be a taker or two at his disposal. Had been that way for years. A woman he didn't know and would never know. He knew the woman would leave and happily tell everyone she knew that she'd had sex with Ian McAllister, the British Bomber. His cock would then be the topic of a lively conversation as the girl could describe it to her friends or post about it on an Internet message board. In the past, he wouldn't have cared. So what if she told everyone about his nine-inch knob. He was proud of his manhood and its performance on any given day.

Although he had never been against having an orgasm any way he could in the past, he had become disillusioned with that part of his life. Weary of women pleasing him just because he was Ian McAllister. To do that consistently and over the long period of time he had done it made him feel emotionless, like a robot.

He had decided six months ago that the next woman he had sex with was going to be someone he cared about...someone he had an emotional connection to. He'd been turning down women on the road ever since. No sex for the last six months. That was definitely a record for him. Wouldn't it be enjoyable going out to dinner and a movie on an actual date? And a holiday? He'd love to go on holiday somewhere in the Caribbean with a woman he cared about. Relax in the sun, explore a different culture, knock back an island drink. That would be fabulous. He couldn't even remember the last time he had done any of those things with a woman. It had been too long and he was starting to feel he was missing out on something in life.

Ian McAllister wanted to grow up a bit and he was greatly looking forward to it.

He watched Jenny move. She was slender but fabulously curvy and had to be intelligent to be a nurse. A beauty with brains. He liked that. She had a sense of humor and was easy to talk to. He wanted to know more about her. And that nurse fantasy of his...he just couldn't get it out of his head.

Their little encounter in the shower was quite interesting...and disconcerting for the pair of them. He looked her body over from top to bottom. Her shirt was tight and her rounded breasts were straining the fabric. Did he see the hardness of her nipples poking through her bra? Ian thought again about seeing her breasts last night. They had looked absolutely delightful and he would love to get his hands and mouth on them.

She smiled. "I'm surprised you noticed who was standing next to me last night."

Her question jolted him back to reality. Ian decided he loved that smile. It was a gorgeous smile. "I can see a lot more than you'd think from the stage."

Jenny blushed. "Oh really?"

He raised his eyebrows. "Really."

"Interesting," she said as she finished with the bed. She glanced over at him and grinned. "You ought to see your hair now that it's almost dry."

"What's wrong with my hair? Do I look ridiculously bad?" He frowned. His hair could be quite a problem sometimes...and he certainly didn't want to look bad in front of Jenny.

"It just needs some attention." She opened up his bedside drawer and grabbed the simple black comb from his patient care kit, then walked over to him. "Let me do it." She put her hands on his head and ran the comb through his hair multiple times.

He looked up at her. "Well? Not so dodgy anymore?"

"It looks better. Did I tell you I like the way your hair is cut now? I didn't like it last tour." She wrinkled up her nose.

"The new haircut is a recommendation from my manager. He said I ought to have somewhat of a style again." He held his head up. "So you really like it? Not too posh?"

"Not too posh," she grinned. "Your blond is a better shade too. It's almost the same color as mine." She glanced at her watch, then at him. "Ian, I have to leave for a while. There are medications to pass to my other patients."

Ian frowned. That wasn't what he wanted to hear. He wished she wouldn't go so they could talk more. Perhaps take things a little further...at least in his mind. But he wanted to be respectful to her. "I'm sorry you have to run off. I'd like to spend more time with you."

She smiled.

He looked her in the eyes. "I'm serious."

Jenny nodded. "I'd like that too, Ian," she said quietly.

There was an uncomfortable silence for a moment as they found themselves staring at each other again. Jenny broke away to glance at her watch.

Ian cleared his throat. He could sense sexual tension that was tearing him apart, but he had to let her leave. "If you would be so kind as to hand me my cell phone before you go, I'd be eternally grateful. I need to ring my manager for a quick chat."

"Where is it?" She glanced around the room.

He motioned with his head over toward the wall. "Can you check my trousers? I believe they're in the closet." He watched as Jenny strolled over and opened the small closet door. Her arse was cute. The tight white trousers did it justice. If he ever got the chance, that arse warranted a quick pinch. Pinch? More like a lick or multiple slow licks...and kisses. He could feel his cock rising again as he pictured the scene in his mind.

She began sifting through the pockets of his jeans, then pulled out the phone and held it up. "Here it is." Walking back to him quickly, she set the tiny silver phone down on his tray table.

He picked it up and checked his calls, then grimaced. "Ugh! My manager Robert has rung me twelve times. If this phone hadn't been on vibrate, I would have heard it. I must have been out of my flaming tree not to have thought to ring him sooner."

"I'm surprised he didn't call up at the desk. He could have been transferred into your room." She smiled. "You'd better get in touch with him right now. He's obviously been worried about you."

"You seem familiar with my manager." He pushed buttons on the face of the phone, then glanced up to her face.

Jenny looked him in the eyes. "I know he's been Escape's manager for years. Robert has curly dark hair and is always standing at the side of the stage during your show. I've met him before."

"I'm impressed." Ian raised his eyebrows at her. "Robert has been a good mate for many years. Started off as a guitar tech for Kenny."

"I knew that too." Jenny smiled. "All right, Ian. I'm leaving. There's work to do that doesn't involve you."

"How can that be?" Ian looked into those blue eyes. What color of blue were they anyway? Cerulean? Azure? He swore. Why was he even thinking that? He didn't really care what color of blue they were. He just wanted her back as quickly as possible. "Don't stay away too long, Jenny. Come back to me as soon as you can." Ian felt his body pulsing with need at the thought of her. The nurse fantasy he had cultivated for years was coming back full throttle.

"I will," she murmured.

As he watched her walk out of the room, he began forming a plan. It was time for a date with a beautiful nurse. If it ended up being more, then that would be a marvelous bonus. He didn't want to think too far ahead though. It needed to be one step at a time. He would like to get to know her...maybe invite her to a gig as his guest. Be respectful. Already he felt he could let his guard down with her and not be Mr. Rock Star all of the time. But first things first. As he dialed his manager's phone number, the plan became clearer.

Chapter Three

Jenny quickly passed out the medications to her other patients. From Mr. Shipman in the room next door to Ian to Mrs. Grace in the room across the hall, every thought over the course of the day ended up coming back to him. She couldn't wait to be finished with her other duties and go back to his room each time. After all, he was a celebrity patient whom she had to pay special attention to.

That was what she kept telling herself anyway.

The real truth was that she was completely drawn to him. She wanted him to talk to her, to look at her. They were getting along very well, it seemed. Imagine how wonderful it would be for him to touch her like he meant it. If only he could put his mouth on hers, then let his hands slip down to her breasts and massage them lovingly. She smiled. What a fantasy. While she was at it, why not have sex with him?

She already knew what he was packing in those leather pants now...and it was quite a sight to behold. The visual of seeing Ian's cock would stay with her forever...even if she never saw it again. The next time she was in the front row, she could stare at his black leather pants and remember she had actually seen what was behind them. She ran her tongue around her lips then breathed a sigh. How she'd love to stretch her mouth over the expansive width of that cock and give him pleasure.

Too bad there would never be more to it than a dream. Ian McAllister would never consider her as girlfriend material. She was just a regular girl with a regular job. Nothing special to anyone. Outside of her own fantasy, would she really want him anyway? She sighed. *Probably not*. He would just treat her like her other boyfriends...and that wasn't good. Hadn't she had enough pain from all the men in her life? She always picked the wrong men, the wrong bed. And Ian McAllister would most definitely be that type of man.

He had it written all over him.

She had to stop thinking of her men problems. That just wouldn't do with the stellar day she was having. It was time to make herself have fun. Enjoy the moment. What was that old Latin saying? She thought for a second until it came to her. *Carpe diem*? That was it. Carpe diem! Seize the day! Finish your other work and go back to that rock star you adore and enjoy him while you can.

When she was finally done answering the last call light and changing the last dressing, she went to the nurse's lounge to freshen up. Ian was in the chair for the afternoon and it was time to get him safely tucked back into bed. Too bad she couldn't tuck herself back in there with him. Jenny brushed her teeth before she put on her lipstick at this visit to the lounge. May as well look as good as she could. She smacked

her lips at herself in the mirror. *Not bad.* Fluffing her hair and taking a deep breath, she moved quickly down the hall and knocked on his door.

"If you're Jenny, come in," he boomed. "Others, please leave. I have no need for anyone else."

She strolled into the room and over to his chair, feeling her heart beating just a little bit faster. It was all she could do not to put her arms around him. He looked so handsome. Ian was talking on the phone but acknowledged her presence. He moved the phone away from his mouth and spoke. "I have been on and off my phone all day, then my manager Robert called back with some information I requested. I'll only be a moment." His eyes burned into hers. "Don't leave."

Jenny nodded. Leaving wasn't an option anyway. She had planned her work day to spend this additional time with him and nothing would make her abandon ship.

Ian put the phone back to his mouth. "Robert, you ought to see my nurse." He smiled at Jenny.

She couldn't help but grin. He was making her feel like a schoolgirl.

"I think I'm in love," he said.

Jenny's heart skipped a beat when she heard those words. She knew he was only kidding, but those were words that could certainly get to a woman. He was probably familiar with all the tricks. He'd been practicing for years.

"Yes, you heard me correctly, Robert. I'm falling in love with my nurse." He winked at her. "Of course I know her name. It's Jenny. My day-shift nurse. She was at the gig last night. The babe in the front row. Can you believe it?"

She beamed. How wonderful that he was talking about her to Robert.

"Ha, ha," Ian snickered, after he listened to his manager for a moment. "You remembered about the nurse fantasy." He nodded, listening again to Robert. "Well said, Robert. I can't talk to you any longer though. Jenny is here and she makes me feel absolutely fabulous. I don't want to miss a moment with her." He became quiet as Robert talked, then interrupted. "What? Of course I'm on medication. I'm letting Jenny have a look at my arse every chance I get."

Jenny shook her head. He was something else.

"Robert, just do as I've asked. I'll have a little chat with her and get back with you. Cheers. Goodbye." Ian disconnected the phone and looked up at her.

"How are you feeling?" she asked, as she touched his casted arm and checked its circulation. "Do you need anything?"

"I need everything you have." He smiled confidently.

Her eyebrows rose. "I mean another shot."

"I do, but I don't want you to leave yet." He looked her in the eyes. "You just got back to me. Stay awhile. Sit."

She grinned. "I'll only be gone a few minutes to get your shot."

He nodded. "Go on then, but hurry. Don't forget about me."

Jenny found herself walking as quickly as possible to get Ian's injection from the medication cart. One of her colleagues commented on how fast she was moving today and Jenny brushed her off. But if she was honest with herself, she realized that the day was definitely revolving around Ian McAllister. How could it not? She hurried back to his room with the injection.

He smiled as she entered. "I'm certainly not disappointed with how fast you were that time. Can I just stay here a moment in the chair until I brush my teeth? We forgot to do it earlier today. I believe everything is in the bathroom in a little dish. I was going to get up to retrieve it before you came in."

She laid the injection on the bedside table, along with an alcohol wipe and her gloves. "Just stay put. I'll get your things." She walked into the bathroom and brought back a toothbrush with toothpaste on it, a cup with water and a basin. She sat on the side of the bed and watched as he brushed. Amazing how something so simple could be completely fascinating. When he was finished, she cleaned up the bedside table and put his things back into the bathroom.

"I think I'd like to go back to bed now." He raised his eyebrows. "You can give me my shot. Just promise you'll take your time with me. My arse is yours." He pushed the tray away and stood, not needing any help this time. Walking over and sitting down on the edge of the bed, he put his hand out and patted a spot next to him. "Can you please sit with me for a bit?"

Jenny knew she probably shouldn't, but her feet had a mind of their own as they marched to the bed and she sat down. She could feel her body pulsing as he turned toward her.

Putting a hand on her hair, he ran his fingers down the length of it. "You've been a great help to me today. I've never known what a nurse really did before now. I know we've just scratched the surface with the care I've received today, but I want you to know I have the utmost respect for you and your profession. I've not just been ogling your what-nots."

"Thanks." She smiled at his remark.

"I'm glad we'll be together for today and tomorrow." He became quiet for a moment, appearing deep in thought. "Jenny?"

She stared at him. "What?"

His green eyes burned into hers. "I find you completely gorgeous."

For a moment, Jenny was unable to speak. She blushed and looked away, not expecting him to say such a thing to her. "There's nothing special about me." What was wrong with her? Why couldn't she just accept the wonderful compliment?

"But there is. It's not always the whole package like you. Looks and brains and personality."

She glanced at him out of the corner of one eye, trying to make light of what he said. "Isn't that the way you usually describe yourself?"

"It is." He raised his eyebrows, then chuckled. "You've read more than one interview."

She found herself grinning as she turned back to him.

"I'm glad we've met." He smiled. "I'll tell everyone I run into that there are no worries at this hospital. You'll be treated like a queen."

"That's nice for you to say. Most patients never say a word about their care, except if they have a complaint."

Ian appeared to be thinking of something else and looked away for a moment, then back to her face. He seemed to be having difficulty finding the right words. "Because of everything you've done for me today and the way we've been getting on," he said slowly, "I'd like to kiss you. Is that request out of line?"

"I...I can't," she stammered, as she glanced toward the door. "I'm at work." She looked back at the sensuous lips she had wanted to kiss for years, then into his smoldering, green eyes. *What is going on here?* He wanted to kiss her?

"There will be no better time than now. I just brushed my teeth." He grinned. "It's okay. Just one little kiss is all I ask of my nurse."

She looked toward the door again to avoid his eyes. It was still closed. She sucked in a breath and swallowed hard. *Breathe out, Jenny.* She turned back to him, then found herself scooting closer. The decision had been made.

"Do you find me attractive?" he asked.

She simply nodded.

He bent forward but stopped right in front of her mouth. "Are you sure this is okay with you? It's not too late to change your mind."

She glanced at those lips of his, then up to his eyes. Kissing Ian was a crazy thing to do. "It's just like me to throw caution to the winds every chance I get." Moistening her lips, she leaned toward him and closed her eyes.

He bent forward and they gently kissed each other. His lips were velvety smooth and full against hers. It felt wonderful as she kissed back, savoring this moment of pleasure. When he pulled away, he stayed just inches from her face. Jenny found herself breathing heavily...and wanting a lot more of Ian McAllister.

They stared into each other's faces, then at the fire burning in their eyes and it didn't take long. Going toward each other in a blur with mouths open, the kissing became intense immediately. Their tongues found themselves wrapped tightly around each other and it was all hot and all good. The kiss fueled their appetite for more of anything, as long as it was together. He put his good arm tightly around her and stroked the inside of her mouth with his tongue.

She could feel her breasts swelling and her pussy throbbing. Her body wanted action. He grabbed her tongue with his lips and sucked it hard and fast. It was so

fantastic, so enjoyable, that she felt herself melting into his embrace and moaning. She didn't want to come up for air...ever. If he could do that to her mouth with a kiss, what could he do with that tongue somewhere else? Shuddering at the thought, she cupped his face between her hands and glued her mouth to his. She kissed him, tasted him, explored him. Had she ever been this turned on by kissing before? *Never, never.*

It seemed like minutes before the encounter ended, then they gently nuzzled each other's lips and face. The attraction was stronger than Jenny had realized. She wanted to have sex with him...lots of it...and as soon as possible.

And it was clear that Ian wanted her too.

"What shall we do about this?" he demanded. "We have strong chemistry. I knew we did. I could feel it instantly but wasn't sure if I was thinking correctly." He smiled, then leaned over and touched the tip of his tongue to her lips. "Do you want me?"

She wrapped her lips over the tip of his tongue sucking gently for a moment, then let it go. "I do, but I'm not supposed to be doing anything with you. You're my patient."

"But this is fabulous and I don't wish to stop," he whispered.

"Me neither," she breathed heavily. She looked at his mouth and wanted it again. He was hers at this moment and she hadn't had enough. She thrust her tongue into his mouth, taking possession of every part of it. He met her full force, returning her urgency. Pressing her breasts against him, she thought about how she wanted him to touch her, to put his hands underneath her top. To have him caress her breasts with his hands, then kiss and suck them with a hot, hungry mouth, would be a fantasy come true.

She broke off the kiss abruptly when she realized how aroused she was becoming. Her pussy was screaming to be brought to orgasm. This wouldn't do at all. She was ready to start pulling off her clothes and do everything she had ever wanted to do with Ian in his hospital bed. "I have to stop," Jenny muttered, as she put a hand to her forehead. "I've never done this with a patient." She looked to the door. "You can't tell anyone about this."

"Jenny, I believe you." He brushed a strand of blonde hair out of her eyes. "I won't tell a flaming soul."

"You know this can't go any further." She shook her head. "What do you think I'm going to do? Get in bed with you here? You're in the hospital and that arm is probably throbbing right now."

"It's currently not the only thing throbbing." He grinned and looked down.

She shook her head. Knowing that Ian had an erection right now was just wild.

He smiled. "I'm feeling very strongly about you. I want to know you better, Jenny."

She looked in his eyes, not knowing whether to believe him or not. "I can't do anything else here at the hospital," she affirmed.

"I wasn't expecting you to."

There was a slight knock on the door and a man carrying a dinner tray burst into the room without waiting for permission. Ian and Jenny quickly moved away from each other. The man walked over and set it down on the bedside table in front of Ian, then left.

"This is too dangerous." Jenny exhaled loudly. "I can't lose my job over you." She glanced back at the door, then stood. Wiping the saliva from corners of her mouth with a finger, she couldn't help but already long for those kisses again. Her nipples were pushing hard against the lace of her bra.

He grabbed her hand. "Will you see me after I'm discharged? Please."

Jenny frowned. "How am I going to see you? You're on tour and I work here in Michigan."

"If I get out of the hospital tomorrow, we'll be traveling to New York City for the gigs there on Thursday and Friday. Could you come?"

"I...I don't know. I'm working Thursday, but I'm off Friday and Saturday." She thought for a moment. "Maybe I can get someone to cover for me."

Putting her hand up to his mouth, he gently kissed it. "It's difficult for me to keep my hands off you right now. I want you very badly." He looked her in the eyes and smiled.

She glanced at the face that had a look of sincerity about it. Maybe this was a line he always used on women. Was he just one of those men who constantly needed validation to prove he was a stud? Was she just another potential conquest? Jenny wasn't sure, but perhaps she ought to use caution. Her track record with men was one for the record books, but for all the wrong reasons.

"Think about the gigs." He raised his eyebrows. "I'll take you around backstage. Then you can be onstage for the show. It'll be great fun."

Jenny thought about her ridiculously boring life. Her summer of concerts was over until next year and if she didn't go with Ian, she wouldn't be seeing Escape again for who knew how long. She bit her lip. The prospect of seeing Ian outside the hospital was overwhelming. After all, she was already feeling sexually excited about him.

And it appeared as though the feeling was mutual.

"Have you ever been to New York City?" he asked.

"Once."

"I'll show you around. I've been there many times. We'll be staying at a hotel, since the band is playing two nights. Then Escape is off to Philadelphia on Sunday."

Jenny knew she'd be a fool to turn him down. It was an opportunity of a lifetime and one she could hold in her heart forever after the weekend ended.

"I'll buy your plane tickets. Bring a friend with you...just not a man." He smiled.

She smiled back. "I'll think about it, but I have to leave now."

He frowned. "No."

"I'll be back." She grinned. "You're still my patient."

"I'd better not hear that you're kissing another patient, especially the man next door to me. I saw him last night." He grimaced. "He's not your type."

Jenny raised her eyebrows. "And you are?"

He nodded. "That I am."

She rolled her eyes. "No one had better hear that I was kissing you. Don't breathe a word. I'm serious."

He smiled. "Don't worry your pretty little head about it. I'm going to take a nap while you're gone. When you come back, please wake me." Lifting his legs from the floor, he lay down on the bed and stretched out. "Wake me with a kiss or perhaps a naughty bit pushed into my face."

Her eyebrows lifted. "A naughty bit?"

He smiled. "Oh, Jenny?"

"What?"

"My pain shot."

She shook her head. How could she have forgotten his pain shot? Grabbing her gloves from the bedside table, she put them on, then held up the injection "On your side, Ian. Now!"

"Oh." He grinned. "I love for my nurse to order me around." He turned on his side and pulled open the back of his gown to expose his butt. "See anything you fancy?"

"It's that arse again." She playfully smacked it. "Ready?"

"Give it a go. I'll bite my finger." He grimaced in anticipation.

She smiled as she rubbed an alcohol swab on his upper left butt and gave him the injection in a different spot than before. "Finished. Elevate your arm back on the pillow."

He lay on his back and did as he was told. "Time for dreams." He raised his eyebrows. "I can tell you what I'll be dreaming of."

She grinned. "Tell me later." Waving at him, she left the room.

* * * * *

Ian looked up at the ceiling. Was this the girl he had been waiting for? Jenny seemed like pure joy to him. He couldn't believe how attracted he was to her. He wanted to lick her creamy skin and see if she tasted as good as she smelled. What was her scent anyway? It was warm and comforting and rich. *Vanilla*? How could he possibly pass the time until she came back? She had essentially made his day. She was so attractive, so confident.

Breaking his arm was bad enough. It was painful and it would be an inconvenience for him at work, but now something more important had happened. The arm was secondary. Settling into the bed, he closed his eyes and tried to imagine what she would

look like naked. He shuddered. All he could think about was kissing that beautiful silky-smooth body...every crevice, every fold. He wanted to hear her laugh in amusement as he tickled her and hear her moan in ecstasy as his mouth and cock brought her to orgasm. Shaking his head, he let out a breath. A nap was going to be more difficult than he had originally thought.

* * * * *

Liz placed a hand over her mouth as Jenny went over the day's events. "He asked you to go to New York City?"

Jenny nodded and grinned all at the same time.

"And you didn't give him an answer yet? What's wrong with you?" She shook Jenny's shoulders roughly. "Your fantasy man asks you to go to New York City for two days and you didn't say yes right away."

Jenny bit her lip. "I should have said yes. What do I have to lose? I shouldn't have even given it a second thought."

Liz pointed down the hallway. "Now you march in there, young lady, and tell Ian McAllister that you'd be more than happy to go to New York City with him. While you're there, give him that great big kiss of thanks that you've always wanted to."

Jenny looked around the hall, then back into Liz's face. "Can I tell you something?"

"Yeah?"

"We've been kissing." Jenny raised her eyebrows.

Liz shook her head from side to side in shock. "You've been kissing him? I can't believe it. How long were you going to keep that a secret?"

Jenny shrugged.

"Was it absolutely wonderful?"

Jenny nodded. "It was."

"Anything else I ought to know?"

"I've seen him naked, Liz. He's quite *large*," Jenny enunciated slowly.

"Really?"

"Yep. And he had an erection for little ole' me." Jenny beamed.

"What?" Liz eyes opened wide. "Tell me more."

Jenny shrugged her shoulders. "My patient needed help to be washed, so I helped him. End of story."

Liz tilted her head and looked up at her. "Did you do anything you're not telling me?"

"Why are you asking? You know I would be a good nurse at work." Jenny frowned. "Believe me, it was difficult to behave."

"You know he's going to expect sex in the Big Apple."

"I've been thinking about that."

"You should do anything he wants when you go to New York."

"Should I?" Jenny looked Liz in the eyes. "Anything, huh?"

Liz nodded. "Anything and everything. If he wants sex with you, sister, then you'd better do it. I don't know how you could have thought any differently."

Jenny nodded. "Well," she conceded, "I have always wanted to have sex with him." She appeared to be thinking, then put a finger in her mouth and bit on a nail. "I've loved that man for years and I don't have a boyfriend right now."

Liz rolled her eyes. "Let's not go back to the boyfriend thing. It's a no-brainer, girl. Men do it all the time. Take what you want. Even if he dumps you after New York, at least you got to have sex with him."

"Oh, that's real nice." Jenny frowned. "You're already talking about him dumping me and I haven't even gone there yet."

"Think about it," Liz sighed. "You'll have that memory to keep with you forever. Forget about even worrying about a long-term relationship. Short-term is okay." She swore. "A one night stand is okay in my book, especially with the rock star you've always wanted."

Jenny nodded as she appeared to be thinking. "You're absolutely right...as always. Liz, how lucky I am to have you at my side to share my dreams and schemes."

"I know," Liz said, rolling her eyes. "I'm pretty good at both of those. When you get home from work today, start picking out the things you'll be taking." She started counting on her fingers. "Sexy underwear, condoms, your best friend..."

"I was going to ask you." Jenny grinned, as she smacked her friend's arm. "Liz, will you go with me to New York City? Ian said I could bring someone."

"Hmm." Liz appeared to be thinking. "New York? I think I'm free." She grinned.

Jenny shook her head.

"Is there anyone else in the band I would like?"

"Oh yeah," said Jenny, raising her eyebrows. "You obviously don't know about Kenny. Kenny the guitarist. Kenny the man." She put a finger to her mouth. "Unless a perfectly toned body turns you off."

"What? Not a chance. E-mail me a picture when you get home."

"All righty then."

Liz looked up at the clock. "Almost seven p.m. It's time for shift report. You only have about ten minutes. Go back to his room, tell him you'll go to New York City with your best friend and kiss him goodbye until tomorrow morning." She bit her lip. "You know, Jenny, you could go ahead and take it a little further right now."

Jenny opened her mouth. "Take what further?"

"Whatever happens when you go back to his room." Liz shook her head. "Don't feel guilty. You're a good nurse. It's not like you have ever done anything with other

patients before. You and Ian have a sexual attraction. You're both lucky it happened this quickly, or nothing would have come of it. There would have been no kissing, no invitation to New York." She leaned over. "No one will know except you and him what happens in that room. Then come back to report and give all us night shift girls an account of your day."

"Not a chance." Jenny raised her eyebrows.

Liz grinned. "Without the juicy details for the other nurses, of course. We'll have to have the G-rated professional version at the meeting. I want the erotic romance version later in New York...and there will be an erotic romance version."

"Of course." Jenny smiled.

"How did Ian like Deirdre last night?"

"He didn't."

"Well, he'll be getting her again. I saw her. She just got here."

Jenny let out a breath. "Then he'll be happily expecting me in the morning."

"He won't be able to keep his hands off you."

Jenny put her arms around Liz's shoulders and gave her a hug. "Thanks. I'm counting on you to keep me strong."

Liz raised her eyebrows. "You won't need any help. Just keep thinking about how much you've wanted this for so many years. Sex is fun anyway. And it will be wonderfully exciting with Ian McAllister in New York City. Not many women get to live out one of their fantasies." She smiled. "Go for it."

"Can I have some wine before I fuck him?"

Liz rubbed her arm. "Yes, Jenny. It will be perfectly fine to have some wine before you have hot sex with the man of your dreams." She looked her in the eyes. "I really don't think you'll need it, though. Now go! Get out of here! I've helped you enough for one day. If I keep this up, I'll have to bill you for my services."

Jenny smiled as she walked down the hall toward Ian's room. She decided she was going to enjoy every minute of her time spent with Ian. It didn't matter that he would probably dump her after New York City. This was a man she wouldn't mind getting dumped by. She was on top right now and would savor every moment. She saw the call light go on for the room next door and her smile changed into a frown. Back to work. One more visit with Mr. Shipman before she kissed Ian goodbye for tonight.

* * * * *

Jenny barely knocked on Ian's door, then walked in. It would be hard to say goodnight, but at least she could accept his New York City invitation. She went over to his bed and sat down next to him. They looked each other in the eyes and smiled.

Ian tilted his head toward her and they kissed gently. "You missed my doctor, Jenny. He just left."

"I was in the room next door with a patient. Did he answer all of your questions?"

He nodded. "Told me more than I needed to know, actually. I hardly remember a thing he said."

She glanced at Ian, then turned to the door. "I can run up to the desk to talk to him for you. Do you have any specific questions you want me to ask?"

"No." Ian wasn't smiling. "I don't think it's necessary. He's discharging me in the morning."

"Ian." Jenny frowned. "I thought I'd have you a little longer."

"That's what I was hoping, but it's not the likely scenario. Do I have the evil cow again tonight?"

Jenny nodded.

"Rubbish." He looked away.

She massaged his shoulder. "Your arm has been fine all day except for the pain. Circulation is good. The last time you needed something for pain, you got pain pills and they worked well." She shook her head. "This is a short-stay observation unit. There is really no reason for you to stay any longer. No justification for it."

"No reason except to spend time with you." He shook his head, then let out a breath. "Just when I was getting to know you better."

Jenny watched him. This seemed like a dream to her and, unfortunately, the hospital part of it was ending. "Besides coming back to tell you goodbye for the evening, I'm also here to accept your invitation to New York City for the two days."

He turned back to her. "You are? Fabulous."

She nodded. "My last name is Page. You'll need that for the airline tickets and hotel."

"I already knew that." He proudly held his head up.

She looked at him doubtfully. "How?"

"When you went to lunch, I put my light on and asked a few questions about you." He tilted his head. "Surely you're not surprised. I have many tricks up my sleeve." He raised his eyebrows.

"You're good." She grinned. "The friend's name I'm taking with me is Elizabeth Woods. She's a nurse here too."

"Write it down for me and I'll give it to Robert. He'll take care of everything to ensure a good time for all. Give me your cell phone number."

Jenny pulled a small pad of paper from her pants pocket and wrote down her information. She ripped off the page, then handed Ian the pad and pen. "Your turn."

As Ian wrote down his cell number, the floor intercom came on. "All nurses to the desk for night shift report."

Ian frowned. "You have to go?"

Jenny looked up at the speaker, then glanced back at Ian. She nodded. "It's time for me to report off to Deirdre about you."

He scowled. "Tell her not to be mean to me."

She grinned as she spoke. "I'll tell her you've been a bad boy all day. You deserve a bare butt spanking tonight."

"No!" His eyes widened. "Don't tell her that. She might spank me...and I think she'd bloody enjoy it too."

Jenny smiled but didn't want to leave. "I'll see you in the morning." She would not fight the arousal again tonight. His lips were calling her and she wanted them right now. As she went to his face, her mouth was already parted and ready for his kiss.

He leaned forward and met her thirstily with his. The heat of his tongue warmed her body all over as they melded together to say goodnight. Neither one of them wanted the moment to end, as that would mean Jenny was leaving and they wouldn't see each other until the morning. They both closed their eyes as they savored the kissing.

To Jenny's surprise, she found herself picking up Ian's hand and placing it fully on her breast. His eyes opened widely for a moment, then he started caressing the smooth globe through her clothes. She felt like a stick of room temperature butter...warm, soft, ready to be spread. Her pussy creamed in anticipation of his touch there. She was ready to remove all of her clothes and have sex with him right there in his bed, just like she had thought about earlier. Each plunge of his cock would send rippling currents throughout her body until she exploded in orgasm.

Jenny broke away from his mouth and leaned her head back, thrusting out her chest for him to continue touching her any way he would. He bent and started kissing her neck, running his tongue down lower. When he reached the scoop-neck pullover top, he pulled it down gently to one side and exposed her blue lace bra. He felt the contour of her breast through the bra with his fingers, then lifted her breast out so his eyes could view it. She tilted her head to watch him look over the breast of the girl in the front row from last night.

"Ah." He smiled. "This is it. I'd recognize this nipple anywhere."

"Sure you would."

"I mean it. However, I didn't know you were a nurse last night." Cupping her breast, he squeezed the already hard nipple, then bent to place his wet tongue on it. He looked up for her approval.

She grinned. As he alternated between licking and sucking, she closed her eyes and moaned softly. When the intercom clicked on, she wanted to scream.

"Jenny Page to the front desk for report," the intercom voice said.

No! Report can wait. Jenny sat up straight, then put her arm around Ian's head drawing him close as he entertained himself with her breast. She didn't want this encounter to end. It was too wonderful. She wanted his mouth everywhere on her

body...nibbling, tasting, teasing. To think of his tongue touching her swollen clit with the objective of bringing her to orgasm was almost giving her an orgasm. She reluctantly knew this was going to have to end for now though. "Ian, I have to go."

He let the nipple fall out of his mouth for a moment. "I know it has to be over, but I don't want to stop." He stuck his tongue out and barely touched the nipple with it, then flicked his wet tongue back and forth over it.

She smiled. "That feels good."

He raised his eyebrows and looked her in the eyes. "I can make you feel good all over. Trust me." Lifting up his casted arm, he placed his other hand fully on her right breast and rubbed it gently. "How's my circulation on my bad arm, Nurse Jenny?"

Glancing at his big hands reminded her of the old saying. If he has a large hand, he has a large cock. It was true.

"I think you're recovering nicely. It seems as though you're not having any problems using your casted arm." She smiled as she placed her hand over his fingers. "Hmm. Your fingers are warm too. But you have to get up. I need to go."

He lifted himself up to her level again, his hands still placed firmly on her breasts. "How are you going to report off to Deirdre with my hands attached to you? We'll just ring her to come in here."

Jenny shook her head no.

"I'll just ask her if you can sleep with me tonight. I'll promise that she won't have to check on me the entire night. She'll be a free woman. I'll be in safe hands with you, my very own nurse, at my side in bed." He raised his eyebrows.

She rolled her eyes. "You're making it hard to leave you."

"Hard?" He chuckled. "You want hard? You should feel what's under my gown right now."

She smiled as she eased away from him. If she touched his cock, she'd never be able to leave this room. "I really have to go, Ian," she whispered.

He shook his head, then released her. She stood at the side of the bed and he watched as she tucked her breast safely back into her bra. After adjusting her clothes, she was ready to leave. "I'll see you in the morning." She smiled. "Sweet dreams."

He raised his eyebrows. "I won't be sleeping for a while now. You've had that effect on me more than once today. Be good tonight."

"I will. I'll save myself to be bad with you in New York City," she said, eyes twinkling. "How's that?"

"I'm absolutely delighted to hear that bit of information." He grinned as she left the room.

Chapter Four

Liz was waiting at the desk as soon as Jenny turned around the corner early Wednesday morning. "I saw him."

Jenny tried to smile. "What are you talking about? Can I at least get a cup of coffee before you start in on me?"

"No." Liz grabbed Jenny by the arm and started pulling her down the hall. "Let's go in the lounge for a minute. We have to talk."

Jenny glanced around and saw she was the first day shift nurse to arrive. "Okay. Just for a minute. I want to run down and see Ian before day shift report starts. You know, I couldn't sleep all night. I was too excited about him." She rolled her eyes. "I'm exhausted."

"Perfectly understandable."

"I even got out my vibrator last night," Jenny whispered. "That man has excited me beyond belief. I should have just come back to the hospital and climbed into bed with him."

"You should have. You both wanted it."

They walked halfway down the hall, then Liz pushed on a door that opened into a large patient lounge. Inside were green vinyl couches and a television hanging on the wall. Magazines lay in disarray on a rectangular coffee table. Liz plopped down into one couch and Jenny onto the other.

Liz let out a breath. "I saw Kenny from the band this morning. He..."

Jenny interrupted. "This morning? Kenny's here?"

Liz nodded.

"Oh no," Jenny said, rising from her seat. "That means Ian's leaving."

"He's going soon."

Jenny frowned. "Then why can't I talk to you later? I'm losing valuable time with Ian." She looked down and adjusted her top a little lower to maximize cleavage.

Liz threw up her hand and laughed. "You don't have to worry, girlfriend. Ian's already told everyone that he's not leaving until he says goodbye to you."

"He did?" She couldn't help but smile.

"You better believe it."

Jenny sat back down, looking bewildered.

"I wouldn't bet on it, but I'm starting to think that Ian really does like you."

Jenny shook her head. "I've already got myself psyched up for a weekend fling and that's that."

"Of course, you're right to think that way." Liz nodded. "That's the best attitude."

Jenny crossed her arms and let out a breath. "Elizabeth Woods, due to your advice and encouragement, I want you to know that I'm definitely fucking Ian McAllister this weekend. It's something I've wanted to do with him ever since the first time I saw him perform ten years ago. I'm going to enjoy every minute I have with him because I know it won't last. I'm going to be all over him every chance I get and he can be all over me as much as he wants."

"Bravo." Liz smiled quickly, then the smile left. "Now back to me. I want to talk to you seriously about Kenny."

"Kenny?" Jenny looked amused. "I know all about Kenny. What's your question?"

"Two questions, actually. Is he a nice guy? And just how wild is he?"

Jenny let out a breath. "I have always heard that Kenny is a total sweetheart. Every time I've met him he's been wonderful to me. He signed whatever I gave him to sign and acted interested in what I was saying. A gentleman in public." She grinned. "But an animal in private. Our Kenny is a real ladies' man. He's got quite a reputation going out there. Wives, girlfriends, ladies of the road. I think he has trouble saying no to a pretty face. If you want a little action with Kenny and he's already shown an interest, you can probably get it."

"Well, then, I'm making plans to get to know him a little better this weekend. You never told me how hot he was."

Jenny raised her eyebrows. "You never asked."

"That man is cut." Liz sighed. "What a great body. Does he have an ounce of fat on it?"

Jenny shook her head. "I don't think so. Kenny's got a six-pack going. He's always working out."

Liz let out a low whistle. "It sure looks like it. I've been in Ian's room a number of times already since they got here." She appeared to be thinking, then spoke. "I introduced myself to everyone and explained that I was the friend going to New York City with you."

"Yeah?" Jenny smiled.

"And you know what Kenny said?"

"What?"

"His words were, 'We'll have a pint then'." Liz grinned. "I love their accent."

"Hello?" She knocked on Liz's head. "Anyone there today? The accent is sexy and so are they. I've been trying to tell you that for years and you just never cared." Jenny crossed her arms. "See all the fun you've missed not going to concerts with me?"

"I like his short, spiky blond hair and the little gold hoop earrings he has in his ears. And what an ass. That's the tightest ass I've seen in a long time."

Jenny smiled as she stood. "We can talk about Kenny's ass later. I want to go see Ian. Is Robert here too?"

"Their manager?" Liz asked. "The guy with the curly, brown hair?"

Jenny nodded. "Was he nice to you?"

"Robert was fine. He wrote down our names while I was in there. I heard him say we're staying at a hotel on the Upper West Side in Manhattan near the venue they're playing at." Liz clasped her hands together. "Thank you so much for taking me."

"You're welcome. Don't forget I need you there for support." She raised her eyebrows. "So thank you for going."

Liz leaned over and hugged Jenny. "If you don't mind, I'll run into the room with you before we go to day shift report."

"Sure." Jenny smiled.

They walked out of the lounge together and down the long hall toward Ian's room. The door was open, so they peeked in.

"Knock, knock," said Jenny, as they entered.

"It's about time!" croaked Ian, rather loudly.

"I hear you're leaving." Jenny tried to smile but inside felt sad.

Ian was sitting on the edge of the bed, already dressed in blue jeans and a black T-shirt. His casted arm was in a gray sling tied around his neck. "We were just waiting for you. I told Robert and Kenny I wouldn't go without saying goodbye."

Jenny glanced over at Robert, who was sitting in the chair openly looking her over. The bathroom door opened and Kenny walked out, zipping up his pants. When Kenny saw them, he immediately grinned at Liz. She grinned back.

"I just got here," Jenny said. "It's only seven a.m. Why are you leaving so early?"

Ian scowled. "I've already been discharged. Robert says he's going to let me sleep all the way to New York, then he'll be working me to death."

"Quit acting like you don't like it." Robert stood up and walked over to Jenny. "Hi Jenny." He smiled. "I'll take care of your plane and hotel reservation and will call you with the confirmation numbers. Any questions, here's my phone number." He handed her a business card.

"Thanks." She turned to Ian. "Did Deirdre give you your discharge instructions?"

He nodded. "Pain pills, rest, elevation of my arm whenever I can...and what was the other thing?" Ian bit the side of his mouth, appearing as though he was thinking. "Oh yeah, keep my nurse Jenny at my side at all times to help with my recovery."

Jenny rolled her eyes but smiled. "At all times?"

"Why, yes..."

"I didn't say that." A new voice to the room interrupted Ian.

All eyes turned to Deirdre, the night nurse who had been taking care of him. Deirdre was thin with a severely short haircut and a perpetual frown on her face. Fun

was a word that Deirdre didn't know. Ian glared. Jenny and Liz's faces showed no emotion. They knew what a pain she was but had to work with her.

"Hello, Deirdre," said Jenny matter-of-factly. "I was just saying goodbye to Ian. He was my patient yesterday, you know."

"I know. I know." Deirdre threw a hand up in the air. "He wouldn't let me forget it all night."

Jenny glanced at Ian and he grinned back at her.

Deirdre turned to Ian. "Mr. McAllister, the wheelchair is coming down the hall now to take you to the front of the hospital. My understanding is that there is a large bus outside waiting for you under the porch by the valet parking."

Ian nodded. "It's our tour bus."

A young man in green scrub clothes entered the room with the wheelchair. He rolled it near Ian's bed and bent to put on the brakes.

Ian protested. "I'm fine, really. I don't need this sort of escort outside the hospital."

"All patients need to leave by wheelchair," Jenny confirmed. "It's a requirement of the facility." The sadness started creeping in. It looked like she wouldn't be able to say goodbye the way she wanted to with so many people around.

"Well, then, I want Jenny to take me out to the bus." Ian glanced at Jenny and Liz. "Any objections to a patient's last request?" His eyes focused on Deirdre.

"Nurse Page needs to go to day shift report," said Deirdre firmly. "I'm afraid that won't be possible."

Liz broke in, throwing up a hand. "Oh, Deirdre, that's ridiculous. It will only take Jenny a few minutes. We don't have to give report on her patients until she gets back. I don't see a problem whatsoever." She nudged Jenny's arm.

Jenny let out a breath and shook her head. "I'm afraid I have to agree with Liz, Deirdre. I'll only be gone a few minutes. It's not a big deal." What Jenny really wanted to say was that Deirdre wasn't the boss of her, but to keep tempers in check, she didn't.

Deirdre put her nose up in the air. "All right. Then I'll say goodbye to you now, Mr. McAllister. Good luck with that arm. Follow all instructions and I'm sure you'll recover just fine."

"I plan on it." Ian nodded at her curtly. "Thanks for your help while I've been here. The service has been top quality."

Deirdre and the transportation attendant turned and left the room. Liz glanced at Jenny and smiled.

"All right. I'm going to report." Liz looked over at Kenny. "See you tomorrow."

Kenny grinned, then raised his eyebrows. "Make sure you get there straight away. Don't be late."

Liz turned to Ian. "Thanks for letting me tag along to New York City with Jenny. I'm so excited."

"Glad to have you," Ian boomed. "Now, if the lot of you will leave, I'd like a few moments alone with Jenny."

Robert raised his eyebrows, then glanced down at Ian. "Don't dawdle. We need to get on the road."

Ian rolled his eyes. "Yeah, yeah."

Kenny and Robert headed out the door with a grinning Liz following behind them.

Jenny smiled at Ian. "We'll see each other tomorrow."

His eyes burned in to hers. "I hope you don't plan on changing your mind."

She grinned. "Not a chance. I see Escape every time you guys come to town. I've even traveled to see you before." Her eyes twinkled. "You just weren't aware of it."

He cocked his head at her. "You have? You've gone to another city to see us?"

She nodded. "Only ones I could drive to within a few hours. I don't have unlimited cash or time off from work, unfortunately."

"Hmm. Interesting. You haven't told me that."

"There are a lot of things I haven't told you." She raised her eyebrows. "You know very little about me."

"I'll be greatly looking forward to hearing it all in New York." He smiled. "Does your favorite patient get a kiss goodbye then?"

"Favorite patients of mine have never gotten kissed goodbye before." She walked over to him, then bent down closely to his face. "I can't get started with you again," she said quietly. "Quick kiss only." Bending down, she juttled out her lips for him.

"No tongue?" He frowned as they quickly kissed. "But I want it. This isn't enough."

"I want it too, but we can't." She rolled her eyes. "You're way too dangerous so early in the morning. There are too many people around and I have a reputation to maintain."

He laughed heartily. "Then let me place myself in the wheelchair and you can roll me gently down the hallway and outside to the tour bus. Can I interest you in taking a quick peek at my bunk while we're there?"

"A quick peek?" She raised her eyebrows.

"Or perhaps a bit of a lie-down?" He grinned. "I promise that it won't take long if you need to hurry back to work."

Jenny shook her head, but the lust for him was torturing her. "Sorry. Can't help you out with that today."

Smiling as he got into the wheelchair, he made a point of staring at her breasts with widened eyes while she unfastened the brakes. She felt her nipples harden at his stare. It was amazing what this man was doing to her.

He looked up at her face. "Will your next patient excite you like I do?"

She grinned. "Hmm. I don't know." They started down the hall and Jenny pinched his arm in affirmation. "Probably not."

He stared straight ahead as he spoke. "The next time we meet, my hands will conspire to arouse your body."

"You're quite sure about that?"

"I am."

Jenny stopped the wheelchair and bent down to his ear. She blew her warm breath into it and whispered. "Note to Ian. I'm already so aroused I can hardly push this wheelchair." She kissed his ear, then twirled her tongue inside it for confirmation.

He opened his eyes wide, then sputtered out a cough as the wheelchair started moving again.

Jenny knew she had taken Ian by surprise, which probably didn't happen to him very often. She had momentarily left him speechless. "Now play good patient and say goodbye to everyone as we pass. They're looking our way."

As she wheeled Ian in front of the desk, the nurses waved to them.

He smiled and waved back. "It's a whole audience full of nurses. Beyond my wildest dreams."

She bent down and whispered to him again. "But I'm the one who is exciting you."

He turned his head around and looked her in the eyes. "I'd like to brush my lips against your naked body right now. Every nook, every cranny. Every last bit of it."

Jenny blushed and her entire body shuddered. "I would like that." She could feel her pussy tingle as she pushed the wheelchair. Ian's mouth on her body was something she desperately wanted.

He let out a breath. "Make sure you don't miss your flight tomorrow."

"I'll be there."

They traveled in silence down the hallway to the elevator. Neither one of them could talk any longer because their time together was ending. They both knew they could easily have ducked into a room and had passionate sex on a vacant patient bed. It would be so easy. Staring into each other's eyes as Ian thrust himself deeply inside her, she would moan with pleasure. The kissing and touching, the sweating and panting of two naked people who urgently wanted to be together. It was what they both hungered for from the moment they had laid eyes on each other...and it would happen.

Just not today.

The elevator opened to the front hospital lobby and a uniformed guard looked up from a circular desk.

"Here's the patient whose vehicle is taking up the entire valet lot." The guard smiled. "Now we'll finally have room for more cars."

Ian nodded. "I'll be out of your hair shortly. Thanks much for the surgery."

"You're welcome," said the guard. "Feel free to visit anytime."

"If my nurse doesn't return, have no worries. She's safe with me." Ian waved at the guard and Jenny grinned as she pushed him out of the revolving door toward the large parked tour bus.

Jenny had been outside the tour buses before as she waited for the band to exit after a concert. Sometimes members of the band would visit for pictures and autographs. Ian didn't know that he had already met her twice over the years. She just might tell him if the subject came up in New York City. Some nights it worked out seeing the band, others times they had to get on the road quickly after the gig and were unable to visit the fans. She had never been inside one of the buses, though. The exterior of Escape's tour bus was black with gray swirls on the sides. She stopped just outside the steep steps, put the brakes on the wheelchair and looked up.

"Here we are," she said. "Safe and sound to your traveling home."

He frowned. "You're not going in with me? Don't you need to make sure I'm settled?" Standing without difficulty from his wheelchair, he looked at her again doubtfully.

She gazed up into his eyes. "Aren't Robert and Kenny here? And the bus driver?"

He nodded. "Yes. But they don't bite unless it's a request. Go on, then," he urged, motioning her to step up into the bus. "Get up there."

She put a hand on the open door and took the three steps up. As she peeked into the interior, she was shocked at how luxurious the huge black bus was. The first thing she saw was a living room area with one long white leather bench seat couch and another smaller one facing each other.

"Wow," she affirmed. "This is great."

"Do you want to see the rest of it?"

She nodded and continued walking.

Besides a living room area, there was a galley kitchen with table seating for four, bunks with small televisions, two bathrooms, a satellite dish system and numerous DVD players. A home away from home it definitely was and all the comforts were there. Ian slapped a hand on one of the bunks.

"This is mine." He raised his eyebrows.

She peeked into the slot. The bed was an unmade mess. It was bigger than she thought, although two people might be a tight squeeze if it was for an extended period of time. At least there was a curtain covering the opening for privacy. Why was she even thinking about that? Sex with Ian in his bunk? When was she going to do that? Right now? She hoped that things would work out at his hotel in New York City because she wanted to fuck him like there was no tomorrow.

Ian glanced out the window. "I see Kenny, Robert and Martin heading this way. No doubt Kenny wanted to have one last pee in the woods. He likes to do things like that."

Jenny laughed. "Really? I didn't know Kenny was such an outdoorsman."

"Believe me." He raised his eyebrows. "Nothing you hear about Kenny should surprise you."

She grinned.

Ian looked down at her. "I guess it's goodbye, then."

"Yeah." She tried to smile but felt sad.

"Can you wear that blue top you had on the night before when you visit tomorrow for the gig? I liked it."

She smiled and nodded. "Aren't you going to hurry up and kiss me before they get here?"

"I thought you'd never ask."

As he bent down, she turned hers up to him and put her arm around his neck. She kissed him slowly, exploring his mouth with her tongue and seeking every part that she hadn't been to before. Her brain was going numb with desire. He didn't battle her for control, seeming happy to let her take the lead. Her hand began to roam down the front of his chest, over his belt and didn't stop until it reached his erection.

It was time to touch it.

She placed a firm hand over the cock she had wanted for so long. It strained against the zipper of his pants as he pressed the hardness against her. She bit his lip lightly and whispered. "Looks like I'm not the only one fighting back the arousal."

He breathed out, then smiled. "I'm not fighting it."

She grinned. "So you really want me to come tomorrow?"

"Oh I want you to come right now."

She playfully smacked his cheek. "You have an answer for everything."

"It's my job to be smart. I'm the lead singer." He smiled.

As she let out a breath, she heard Kenny, Robert and Martin step up into the bus talking loudly. Jenny and Ian separated and glanced toward the doorway.

"What do we have here?" questioned Kenny, as he looked Jenny up and down lecherously. "It's Ian's nurse for all to enjoy. Are you coming with us now, love?"

Ian frowned. "Hands off. She's mine."

"No worries, mate." Kenny grinned. "I'll be having my own nurse to appreciate tomorrow night."

Ian ignored Kenny, then bent down to quickly kiss Jenny goodbye. "Now off you go," he said as he playfully smacked her rear. "You'd better leave before Kenny changes his mind. I'm not up to a row right now."

Kenny raised his eyebrows. "I'll behave. Just make sure Liz is on that plane. That's one cute bird."

Jenny grinned. "Don't worry. I won't forget her." She waved to Ian one last time as she exited the bus. As she pushed the wheelchair into the hospital, she knew she immediately needed to go to the restroom. Her panties were soaking wet.

Chapter Five

The plane arrived at LaGuardia Airport in Queens, New York City, without incident. The sky was somewhat overcast, but the band was playing at an indoor venue, so rain wasn't a worry. Jenny and Liz grabbed a cab at the airport and headed off toward Manhattan. After a distressing cab ride weaving in and out of traffic at a frantic pace, they miraculously checked into the historic hotel on the Upper West Side unharmed.

Everything was completely taken care of, just like Robert had promised. Their key was waiting at the front desk along with their backstage passes in an envelope with their names on it. Jenny and Liz took the elevator up to their room to get settled in.

"I wonder why he hasn't called me," said Jenny, looking concerned as she glanced at her watch.

"He's busy. It's a show day."

She frowned. "He didn't call because he doesn't care."

"You had better be joking." Liz glanced over at her with widened eyes. "Do you want me to slap you now to get it out of your system?"

"No." Jenny let out a breath.

"He paid for you...er, us...to come here."

"I know, but I can't help but think that I'll be dumped after this weekend. There'll be another girl to take my place." She shrugged her shoulders. "Just wait and see. It's going to happen."

Liz pointed her index finger at Jenny. "We have already discussed this. If he dumps you, it will be okay. You are Jenny the open-minded young woman. Jenny the wild sex maniac."

Jenny laughed. "Sure."

Liz affirmed. "You are in control of your own destiny. It is all right to have sex with the rock star you've wanted for years. It probably won't turn into anything more than sex, though. Have fun with him. Just don't let him break your heart." She threw her small suitcase on the bed.

"I'll try." Jenny shrugged her shoulders. "But I'm afraid I'm falling for him and it's scaring me. We got along so well at the hospital, Liz. It was like we already knew each other."

Liz put her hand up. "Just stop, okay? That's not the right attitude. We're not here for a long time—we're here for a good time. There is no love involved this weekend. The word of the weekend is lust."

"You're right." Jenny nodded.

"Lust, lust, lust. A beautiful four-letter word." Liz raised her eyebrows and stood up straight. "Jenny and Liz both subscribe to lust this weekend. We're not thinking about anything else. Guys do it all the time. It's okay for girls to have sex with wild abandon too."

"Lust," Jenny confirmed, shaking her head. "Okay. Got it. Time to get the proper attitude back to have rock star sex tonight." Jenny flopped down on her bed. "I'm going to rest my eyes a few minutes and relax."

"We've got to get ready and go. Who's getting in the bathroom first, me or you?"

"Go ahead," murmured Jenny, closing her eyes. "I want to be in tiptop shape for Ian tonight."

"That's right. Sex all around for everyone. Woo hoo!" Liz grinned as she closed the bathroom door.

With Liz in the bathroom, Jenny tried to fall asleep for a quick power nap but couldn't. The excitement she was feeling was enough to keep her from resting, so she stretched out on the bed a moment instead. She was usually on pins and needles before a concert, especially when she was going to be in the front row. Knowing that you might have some interaction from the stage with one of the musicians was thrilling enough on a regular concert day. Envisioning that you might get a glance from one of them made you want to look your best.

But today? Today it was all different. Today Jenny would not only be backstage as Ian McAllister's guest, but she was planning on having sex with him later tonight. They definitely had chemistry together at the hospital and she had no doubt they would have that same chemistry again. How could she possibly rest? Gazing up at the ceiling, she took a few deep cleansing breaths in and out to help herself relax. It seemed to work a little bit, so she went ahead and got up. Taking off the T-shirt she had worn on the airplane, she threw it on the bed and grabbed the blue spandex camisole from her carry-on bag. She walked over to the mirror as she pulled it on to look at herself.

"Getting the breasts ready for Ian, I see." Liz smiled, as she came out of the bathroom.

Jenny nodded as she posed. "How do they look?"

"Stellar. You'll make him crazy until he gets to touch them again."

"I hope so." Jenny turned around and faced her. "It's nice to know he liked this camisole on me the other night at the concert...and wanted me to wear it again. I guess he does like my breasts." She turned from side to side to look in the mirror, then bent over to see the view from someone who was taller than her...like Ian.

"Didn't you say he's a breast man?"

Jenny nodded. "Always has been."

"There you go. He likes your breasts. Now quit harping on it. Are you wearing those jeans?"

Jenny shook her head no. "My short jean skirt. Oh and my blue lace panties. You know, the sexy ones I told you about that I bought online a couple of weeks ago. Tiny, all lace, basically not much there." She rolled her eyes. "They're shaped like the letter T."

"Whew," said Liz. "Those things are small. He'll be drooling."

"All over them, I hope."

Liz looked at her watch, then grinned. "Okay. We need to get moving here. How much longer do you need?"

"About fifteen minutes."

"Me too. Are we taking a cab there?"

Jenny shook her head. "I think we can walk. It's only about two blocks away."

"Then walking it is."

"Liz?" Jenny wrinkled up her forehead.

"What?"

"Can we run into the hotel bar and have a quick glass of wine before we see the guys? I'm a little nervous. I don't want to get stage fright as soon as I see him."

Liz smiled. "Sure. Anything to help you relax." She walked over and rubbed Jenny's back. "We'll each slam a glass of wine in preparation for our wild evening. I believe a toast would also be in order."

Jenny beamed. "We'll toast to what we hope is a *great* weekend."

"Sounds good to me." Liz unzipped her carry-on bag and pulled out her clothes for the concert. "I'm wearing my lowest jeans." She lifted her eyebrows. "Can you say hipbone?"

Jenny chuckled. "You and Kenny will be matching. He always wears low black jeans and shows his."

Liz's eyes widened. "Does he really?"

"And no shirt while onstage."

"Then it's perfect." Liz smiled. "I'm going to be rubbing hipbones with him before you can say 'what happened to your pants, Kenny?'"

"The proper word is trousers." Jenny grinned.

Liz put her hands on her hips as she talked to the mirror. "My, my, what happened to your trousers, Kenny? Did a hot nurse from Michigan rip them off you with her teeth?"

Jenny shook her head. "Are you sure you brought your condoms?"

"Zipped up safe and sound in my purse. You?"

"All set. I hope I don't start to panic when I'm alone with Ian. I'll just have to force myself to relax. It's not like when we were in the hospital together. We were never really alone there. I didn't need to worry about having sex with him because it wasn't going to happen."

"My goodness, girl, you've wanted to have sex with him for years. The time is finally here and you're questioning it again?" Liz frowned. "Unacceptable. Be free, Jenny. Do whatever feels good. You owe it to yourself."

Jenny let out a breath. "You're right."

"No more whining. It's time to party." Liz pulled on her jeans.

Jenny laughed as she dangled her blue lace panties in the air. "Be ready in five, love," she said in her best British accent.

Liz laughed and threw a pillow at her just as Jenny slammed the bathroom door.

* * * * *

Ian looked up at the clock ticking away on the wall. Jenny and Liz should be arriving momentarily. It had been extremely difficult for him not to call her yesterday, even for a quick chat, but he knew she was busy at the hospital and he didn't want to bother her at work. He couldn't believe he was getting excited and nervous over seeing her again. Ian McAllister nervous about a woman? But he could admit that somehow things seemed different now. He wanted to please Jenny, not just himself like he usually did.

Ian knew he was normally a selfish man. He recognized that flaw in himself, but it came with the territory. He learned to be that way as a young rock star and now it was ingrained into his personality. People catered to your every whim. You become insulated about what went on in the real world. You didn't have to do your own shopping or even pay your own bills if you didn't want to.

Someone did everything for you and, unfortunately, that made you a selfish person.

It wasn't his fault, really. It was just something that happens to a successful artist. Things worsened once he became famous. He had more money and became surer of himself. He'd expect everything to be perfect and if it wasn't, he'd be unhappy. But enough of that. Enough about him. It was going to be all about Jenny this weekend. Looking across the room, Ian saw Robert coming over to him with his clipboard.

Robert waved a pen in the air. "Is the band altering anything in the set list for tonight that I need to know about?"

Ian glanced at the clock again. "We haven't discussed it, but I may want to throw in another ballad." He bit his lip. "I don't know. I'm failing dismally today at keeping my mind clear. I'll tell you in a little while and we'll just pencil it in near the end of the set."

"Why the waffling, Ian?" Robert frowned. "Where would you possibly place it? If anything, we need another rocker."

Ian looked Robert in the eye. "I want to pick a ballad that's Jenny's favorite."

Robert rolled his eyes. "Oh Ian, please. You can't be serious. She'll have sex with you. You're Ian McAllister."

His face darkened. "I know who I am, Robert."

"Then what's the problem?"

"She's different. I'm trying to make a good impression."

Robert let out a breath. "When is the girl showing up?"

"Anytime, Robert, anytime. You have to admit, she's a bit of a dish. Deadly attractive and intelligent. I like that."

"Try to keep your wits about you." Robert shook his head. "Your behavior on the tour bus was quite alarming."

"Sorry. I was a little worse for wear that day." Ian raised his eyebrows. "Must have been the medication."

"Sure." Robert didn't look convinced and walked away.

Ian fell back into his dreamlike state about Jenny. He had barely talked to his mates all the way to New York, feigning arm pain so he could lie down in his bunk for the next few hours and think about her. Relive their time together in his hospital room and what they said. He thought about when they first kissed and how they couldn't wait to kiss again. Kissing hadn't been exciting to him in years, but that had changed since he met Jenny.

He thought about her creamy complexion, her shoulder-length blonde hair and her genuinely beautiful smile. It would be nice to just touch her cheek, her lips with the tips of his fingers. He remembered how they had both enjoyed her breast in his mouth. He grinned. What a surprise to him when she had placed his hand on her breast, encouraging him to touch it. He hadn't even planned on doing that himself in the hospital.

When he finally felt like getting up and chatting to his mates on the tour bus that day, he couldn't stop chatting about her. He shook his head. This wasn't like him. What a disconcerting feeling he was having. Then it hit him...

It was crushingly obvious to Ian that he was falling in love with Jenny Page. And he had never been in love before.

He looked up from where he was standing on the main floor in front of the stage. Two people were walking down the aisle toward him with a burly security guard in a navy uniform. They must have backstage passes as it wasn't time for the general public to be let in yet. He squinted his eyes to see better. It was Jenny and her friend...and Jenny looked absolutely ravishing. As she got closer, he could tell she had on the low-cut blue camisole he had requested and a short jean skirt. His feet immediately began to move and he found himself hurrying to get to her as quickly as possible. Their eyes found each other across the venue and they smiled.

As Ian reached the group, he tried to calm himself and act normal. "Hello." He grinned. "No problems finding me, I see."

Jenny grinned back. "It's hard to miss you."

"I certainly hope that remark is in reference to my height." He touched his abdomen. "Too many Guinness lately?"

Jenny shook her head. "You're a half foot taller than me." She looked around. "You are definitely the tallest person in this auditorium."

Ian leaned over to her ear. "It was a joke," he whispered. "Do I get a kiss?"

"Of course." She turned her head up.

He put his face in front of hers and they kissed gently, then smiled at each other. "Glad you could make it."

"Thanks again for inviting us."

Ian was unable to look away from her face. He gazed into the blueness of her eyes, then at her extremely intriguing mouth. Lust was already torturing him. "Did you miss me?"

"The last thirty-six hours?" She appeared to be thinking, then let out a breath. "Yes."

As they stared into each other's eyes and smiled, time seemed to stand still.

Liz waved her hand. "Hello? Can someone look at me please? I have a question." She nudged Jenny, then cleared her throat. "Ian, do you remember me?"

Ian and Jenny broke their gaze as he glanced over to Liz.

"Of course, Liz. How could I forget that head of beautiful auburn hair?"

Liz grinned. "Can you please tell me where I can find Kenny?"

"Kenny is in a room around the corner." Ian motioned his head to the right. "Go through that door over there. Last time I looked, he had a pig sandwich stuffed into his mouth. He's rather good at things like that."

Liz batted her eyes. She glanced at Jenny quickly, then turned back to Ian. "Please excuse me. Kenny told me to look him up as soon as I arrived."

Ian raised his eyebrows. "Well, then, you'd better leave. You certainly wouldn't want to keep dear Kenny waiting. He's not a patient bloke."

Liz scurried off toward the way Ian had told her and went quickly out of sight.

Ian glanced at Jenny's tight blue camisole and short jean skirt. Delightful. She was already making his pulse race and his cock rise. His self-imposed six months of celibacy would hopefully be over tonight. Jenny was the one he wanted and he was quite sure the feeling was mutual. Although he'd love to have sex with her anywhere he could and as quickly as possible, he knew it was out of the question. It was important for him to remain respectful. The sex would be up to her.

"How's your arm?"

He was jolted back into reality. "Doing better. Throbs a bit at night."

She put her hand on the cast. "Are you elevating it on a pillow like I told you?"

"I try to. It's hard to remember when my nurse isn't with me." Ian raised his eyebrows. "Since you'll be with me tonight, the throbbing will, hopefully, be taken care of one way or another."

Jenny grinned. She pushed slightly on the skin above and below the cast. "Everything looks good."

"I was going to say the same thing about you. No worries then?" He looked her in the eyes.

She met his gaze. "No worries at all for anything, Ian. I'm here to have a good time."

Ian let out a breath. This was becoming extremely difficult. He needed to change the subject because he was quickly becoming mad with desire. "Would you like to meet the rest of the band? They're talking to the roadies by the stage."

She nodded.

They strolled over toward the stage and the two men turned toward them.

"Jenny, this is Hamish, our drummer," Ian said, nodding to Hamish.

Hamish shook hands with Jenny. He was tall and thin with multi-layered dark brown hair and black glasses.

"Hello." Hamish smiled cordially. "It's great to finally meet you. We've been hearing quite a bit about you recently." He looked at Ian and suppressed a laugh.

Ian scowled at Hamish.

"My other mate here is Noel, who plays bass," said Ian.

Noel came over and shook Jenny's hand too. He wasn't as tall as Hamish and had blond hair that hung in loose curls that any woman would love to have. "Hello," he said, nodding at her and smiling.

"We've all met before," affirmed Jenny, as she glanced around the group. "A few times over the years."

"I'll be bugged." Noel nodded. "A long time fan, then. Do you remember what cities?"

Jenny appeared to be thinking. "Detroit, Chicago, Indianapolis and Cleveland. All cities within driving distance to my home. I know you don't remember me. It's okay. I understand."

Noel smiled.

Ian frowned. "What? I've met you before?"

"Yes, you have." She grinned. "Twice."

"That's utterly ridiculous." He couldn't understand why he didn't remember her. Just as quickly as that thought came, it seemed absurd. Out of all the women he'd met over the years, how could he possibly have remembered meeting her? A shame, really. "This is unbelievable. Why didn't you tell me at the hospital?"

"The topic never came up." She looked away just as a new group of people came into view.

"You just missed our sound check by about ten minutes."

"That's too bad. I would like to have seen it."

"Have you ever been to one before?"

She glanced up to his face and smiled. "Yes."

Ian shook his head. "There's more to you than meets the eye."

The entire area was getting noisy as Escape's roadies moved the last few pieces of the band's equipment toward the back of the stage so the opening group could finish their small set-up. Jenny could see the rear of the stage held massive stacks of Escape's speakers, along with Hamish's drum kit that was elevated on a platform.

Ian directed Jenny over near the door that led backstage so they would be out of the way. "When it's a show day, the whole day revolves around the show. You tend to think about it all day. I like to keep busy to get my energy level up for the evening performance. It's too late today, but I want us to explore tomorrow after we get up. I'll have a bit more time since we're playing here for two nights. Are you game?"

She nodded. "I've only been here once and that was many years ago."

"This is truly one of my favorite cities on Earth. We can take a walk through Central Park and get a pinch of the great outdoors. It's not far away from here."

"I'd be happy just to see a little of it."

"Okay." He smiled. "We can discuss it in the morning."

Ian saw Jenny watch a roadie taping the set list to the floor. "Do you have one of those from any previous shows?"

She nodded. "I got one years ago and had it laminated. It has Kenny and Noel's signatures on it."

"What?" He feigned surprise. "You don't have my signature?"

"No, I don't." She tilted her head, looking coy. "You can sign a breast later."

He couldn't help but laugh out loud, as she had taken him by surprise. They were getting on fabulously well. "Mmm. Sounds like a plan I can live with."

Jenny glanced at the roadies again, still smiling. "It's hard to believe the amount of technology that goes into making a concert possible."

Ian placed his uncasted arm firmly around her back. He was definitely having problems keeping his hands and cock in order. They were crying out to touch her in any way that they could. He let out a deep breath. "Everything is tuned precisely to each venue every day." He glanced toward the soundboard at the middle of the venue and saw Robert motioning for him.

Jenny turned to see what he was looking at.

Ian put a hand up to Robert. "Everything seemed spot on, but it looks like Robert is trying to get my attention. I'll be right back."

* * * * *

Jenny watched as Ian walked with determination down one of the main rows of the venue to a small raised platform filled with electrical equipment and wiring. He moved

as if he owned the world. Leaning over the railing, he first shook the hands of the two men with Robert, then started speaking. Just looking at him made her heart pound.

He was impressive and beautiful. Ian commanded attention. All the years at the front of the stage with his microphone groomed him for the job that was now second nature. No wonder women threw themselves his way, named websites after him and let his pictures adorn their walls. Ian McAllister could easily take control of a room without even opening his mouth to sing. And when he finally did sing, all eyes were powerless to look away.

She could finally let out a breath while he was gone. In and out. In and out. Air cleared her mind. She glanced around her. Things seemed to be going really well and she was holding her own. The glass of wine that she and Liz had right before they came here couldn't have hurt with her confidence either. Thank goodness for Pinot Grigio!

She felt that same sexual tension she and Ian had at the hospital. If only they could be alone now. The thought of becoming tangled in bed with him almost took her breath away. Sex with Ian couldn't become a reality soon enough for her. And even if he dumped her after the weekend, she no longer cared. See you around, Ian, she would say as they murmured their goodbyes. It was fun. Call me the next time you're in town.

She felt a nudge behind her and was startled to see a scruffy-looking man with a ponytail, beard and moustache looking at her.

He talked softly. "You McAllister's girlfriend?"

Jenny had no idea why this man would ask her such a question. "No."

"Then why are you with him?"

Jenny frowned. "I don't think that's any of your business." She looked around her. With so much action going on around them, why did this man pick her to talk to?

A large bald-headed man with multiple arm tattoos marched over to the scruffy-looking man. "Hey, Bill, what did I tell you earlier?" he asked gruffly.

The man shrugged. "RoadDog, man, I was just talking to the chick."

RoadDog pulled Bill over to the side of the stage. Jenny strained her ears to listen to the conversation.

"I told you not to talk to the girls with the band members," confirmed RoadDog. "They have a pass for a reason and it's none of your business. Know who you're dealing with. That girl don't want to talk to you today or any day."

Bill frowned. "Hey, when I was with Odyssey, we could talk to anyone we wanted to."

"And how long were you with Odyssey?" RoadDog raised his eyebrows.

"Well... I was only with them for a couple of weeks at the end of their tour. You know that's the only roadie experience I got. I was filling in for somebody who got sick."

RoadDog nodded. "It was the end of the tour. They probably didn't care so much by then. Just for the record, no one gives a crap about Odyssey's rules. This is Escape. You're working for this band and will follow their rules."

Bill put a hand out. "Sorry. You told me to ask if I don't know something. I was just asking."

RoadDog let out an exasperated noise. "Not the girls with the band! Now follow me. There's more PA equipment you can stack at the back of the stage."

Bill shrugged. "Sure. Anything you want, RoadDog."

RoadDog glanced down. "The PA equipment is heavy. You know that. Why don't you have your steel-toed boots on like you're supposed to?"

"They got too wet last night. I'm letting them dry out."

RoadDog shook his head, then pointed upstage. "Get over there. Now!"

"Gotcha," said Bill. He glanced at Jenny one more time, then walked away with RoadDog right behind him.

Jenny watched them march out of sight, just as Ian returned. "Problem?"

"Not at all." Ian smiled. "Robert has his knickers in a twist about something trivial as usual." He rolled his eyes. "Songs and such. Robert is big on order. He doesn't like it when things are up in the air before a show."

Jenny nodded.

Ian motioned over toward the doorway near them. "Let me take you around backstage now." He opened the door for her. "Right before the opening band is finished tonight, I'll be locking myself up for a bit to get my voice ready."

Jenny looked at him doubtfully. "I didn't know singers needed to do that."

"Not all singers do. I didn't do it when I was younger, although I probably should have. I eventually found that it was necessary to prevent my voice from cracking and tiring during the two hours I'll be singing." He raised his eyebrows. "I'd never reach those high notes without practicing my breathing exercises and musical scales for twenty minutes. It's agony, though. I hate it."

Jenny nodded. "I have to say, you're impressing me. There's a lot more to this than I thought."

Ian grinned. "You see, I'm not just all good looks and personality." He chuckled. "I was getting worried that you wouldn't like the real me."

Jenny smiled. Liking the real him wasn't the half of it. She loved the real him.

They walked down a tiled hallway. There was an open room on their right where approximately twenty people were in line for a buffet dinner. Jenny glanced in briefly. Walking a few more feet, they came to a large carpeted room to their left that held tables, chairs and couches. There were small groups of people standing and talking throughout the room.

“This is the area backstage that radio station winners, VIP ticket holders and other people we must talk to meet up at,” discussed Ian. “There’s also venue staff and some of our crew back here. I only have a short time that I can spend with you now. There’s always business for me to attend to before a gig.”

Jenny looked over at a small blue couch in a far corner of the room. Liz and Kenny were sitting close together on it, looking quite comfortable. Kenny had his arm draped over Liz’s shoulder, then he turned to face her. The long, thin fingers that normally worked their magic on an electric guitar were now working their magic on Liz’s left breast.

Chapter Six

Ian glanced over to where Jenny was staring and saw Kenny and Liz sitting together. It looked as though Liz certainly wasn't going to be the shy type, as she let Kenny's charisma and his right hand have their way with her left breast. Kenny would most definitely be happy with Liz for the next two days. But things suddenly changed. Ian watched as the two of them got up from the couch and began to grope and kiss each other frantically, not caring that they were in a public place.

Kenny pulled on Liz's arm and she followed him willingly across the length of the room. He led her to a bathroom nearby and they went in together and closed the door. Ian had no doubt that Liz would soon be having sex with Kenny...and he wasn't the least bit surprised. He acted nonchalant as he turned away but knew that Jenny had seen the same thing he had. He glanced over at the couch again, now feigning surprise just to be a gentleman. "And just where did those two get off to so quickly?"

Jenny nodded toward the bathroom. "In there."

He let out a breath. "That Kenny. He has no meet and greets, so I see he's taking advantage of the situation. It's my turn to do everything pre-show tonight. Looks like I'm being punished for canceling the Cleveland gig." He shook his head. "What a complete load of old bollocks."

"There wasn't anything you could do. Don't worry about it."

He nodded. "We need to make the most of our time together, then."

"We do." She grinned. "You said how busy you get before a show. Whenever you need to leave, don't worry about me. I'll be fine on my own."

Ian frowned. Kenny was well out of order, although he would probably deny it. "Come on, then. Let's go." Grabbing Jenny's hand, he took her out of the room and they walked down a long hallway and around a corner to Escape's dressing room. As he closed the door behind them and locked it, he directed her to an overstuffed beige leather couch in the center of the room. "Let's have a seat and get comfortable."

They sat down together and Ian quickly got close enough to put his arm around her. She looked so different than at the hospital. Non-professional now with her street clothes on, she was nevertheless stunning and someone he wanted to know better. She was on *his* turf and *he* was the one in control. But there was still that dreaded time factor that kept gnawing at him in the back of his mind.

He took in her pale blue eyes and dark eyelashes that were staring back at him. His eyes glanced over the rest of her face, pausing for a moment on her full rose lips, then down to her camisole with the thin straps. She was showing lots of creamy skin and he was itching to get his fingers on it. He let his arm move down to her shoulder and

began to knead it gently. Her naked skin felt as soft as he thought it would and he could already feel his erection coming back.

She pushed her hair over one ear. "When did you say you had to get your voice ready?"

He raised his eyebrows as he continued to touch her. "Right before the first band finishes their set. It's too early now. I have other matters to attend to before then. I'm obligated to meet a few people who won a drawing from a local radio station."

"Oh." She laid her head back against the couch.

"This will be our only time alone until after the gig." His hand moved from her shoulder up to her silky hair. He lifted up a few strands with his fingers and let it slip between them. "I'm glad you came to visit me, Jenny. I can't tell you how bearable you made my hospital stay. If it wasn't for you, I would have been quite the cheeky bastard to everyone at that hospital. You saved me...and them."

She smiled just a little. "Thanks. That's sweet."

He got closer to her and bent down to lift up her necklace. "A Celtic cross?"

"I'm part Irish."

"Me too." He grinned. His eyes couldn't help but focus on her breasts. The camisole was thin and low. Nothing was left to the imagination and that was fine with Ian. Her breasts were full, with ample cleavage showing and just begging to be touched. "Nice top."

Her eyes twinkled. "I wore it because you wanted me to. Remember? It was a request."

"Ah yes. How could I forget? I very much enjoyed looking down it from the stage." He raised his eyebrows as he looked her in the eyes. "I could see a lot more than you probably thought."

"Hmm." She smiled, as she looked down at her own breasts.

He nodded. "I could see everything. You probably thought you were keeping my eyes away from your nipples." He grinned. "You were wrong." To Ian's surprise, Jenny placed a hand on one of her breasts and began rubbing it. He had a flashback to his hospital room.

"Oh really? You could see them? I didn't know." She glanced up at him. "This top makes my breasts look great. Don't you agree?"

He grinned. "That it does. There's something mesmerizingly suggestive about great cleavage, you know. If the girl who has it is someone special, then it's an additional bonus for all involved."

She smiled just a little as her hand went to her other breast.

"You have great breasts, Jenny. I enjoyed looking at them the moment we met." He watched her massage her breasts, then cleared his throat as her nipples puckered underneath the fabric.

She stared into his eyes. "You said we don't have much time together now."

"You're right." He nodded. Although he was trying to make a good impression, he certainly wasn't a fool. It was obvious Jenny wanted him to touch her. "If you don't mind, then, I can do that for you."

She moved her hand out of the way.

Ian took his hand and slipped it inside her top, feeling the velvety smooth skin of a perfect breast. He could feel his pants tightening around his cock. She lifted a strap of the camisole and it fell down her arm and he lifted out the breast. He did the same to the other strap, then pulled down the entire front of the camisole. Both of her breasts exposed, he stared at them for a moment. Radiant white flesh with pale pink nipples and breasts large enough to please even him...and they were real. Ian had a weakness for breasts, ever since he was a young lad. A weakness for breasts and for nurses...and he had both right in front of him.

He glanced up at her face and she smiled just a little, just enough. Focusing back on her breasts, he leaned forward, taking the pert nipple of her right breast into his mouth and sucking gently. With his casted right arm, he touched her left breast with his hand, rolling the nipple between his fingers. He went from one to the other, back and forth, kissing and sucking them, tongue flicking back and forth. Her breasts swelled at his touch as he pulled on her nipples with his mouth. They glistened with his saliva and the breasts stood high. His erection grew stiffer.

"That feels good." She shivered.

Ian had been wondering if she was easily excitable and from the look on her face it had already happened. She moved his lips up to her face and her open mouth met him halfway. They kissed slowly, taking in every part of each other's mouths as their tongues tangled. Her lips felt soft and feminine against his. The kiss was wet and warm and Ian savored the closeness of being next to her again. He felt as though he was slipping into a Jenny-induced coma and closed his eyes to enjoy a warm feeling that he hadn't felt in a very long time.

Putting a hand on her knee, he caressed the supple skin for a moment but knew where he wanted to go. While they continued their deep kissing, he slid his hand under the skirt to her inside thigh, feeling energized about going somewhere he had never been before with this woman. Inching up her silky leg, he didn't stop until he reached her knickers.

She opened her legs a little wider, as if encouraging him to continue. They stopped the kiss and stared at each other.

His fingers felt the thin, lacy knickers that barely covered her. He traced the outline of her pussy through them and trembled. Jenny opened her mouth ever so slightly, then revealed by a shudder that she was aroused. Ian wanted to rip off his leather trousers and let his swollen cock plunge inside her as deeply as it would go.

But he wanted to do this right and that wasn't in the plan for now.

"You like that?" he asked, barely able to contain himself.

"Yes," she whispered.

"I do too." He smiled as he continued to touch her. The dampness was starting to soak through the lace. "Not much to those knickers, is there?" He looked her in the eye, then let his fingers slide underneath the barely there lace undergarment. As he slowly began his exploration of her womanflesh, he talked. "I wanted to do this at the hospital so badly, Jenny. You are the most exciting woman I've met in a very long time." He opened her labia, then let a finger slip into her soft entrance. The wetness gushed around him. He exhaled deeply.

"Oh," she moaned as she laid her head back against the couch. She let out a breath.

He hoped he wasn't overstepping his bounds for their first time together. It just occurred to him that he might have gone too far and he didn't want to do that without her permission. He froze. The last thing he wanted to do was make Jenny upset with him. "Jenny, do you mind that I'm touching you like this? If I've gone too far, if it bothers you, I can stop. Just tell me."

She shook her head no, then smiled. "It feels wonderful."

Ian took that smile as a green light for everything. He was so thrilled he could hardly stand it. "Jenny," he whispered, "I'm rock hard for you."

A loud knock started at the door. "Ian, are you there?" the caller asked urgently. It was Robert.

Ian let out a breath, barely able to speak. "I'm...I'm busy!" he hollered. "What do you want, Robert?"

"They're here," said Robert. "It's after seven and time to converse with the radio station winners. You don't have time to finish what you're doing...whatever it may be."

Ian looked at Jenny, who was breathing heavily and staring at him. His finger had never left the warmth of the inside of her. He took the other fingers of his hand and strummed everywhere else as he thought of what to say. There would be no way he could leave her right now. Not in this excited state. If he did, he wouldn't be able to look at himself in the mirror ever again. Unfortunately, he and Jenny wouldn't have time for leisurely sex right now. It would have to be something quick.

He smiled at her, then spoke loudly to Robert. "They're going to have to wait a little longer. Jenny and I are getting to know each other better." He leaned forward and they gently kissed each other.

"Oh really?" Robert sounded bored.

"Amaze them with your card tricks, Robert. Lead them in a sing-song like you do round the pub." Ian grinned at Jenny.

She smiled back, then looking him in the eyes, she opened her legs wider.

Ian swallowed hard. It was going to be torture leaving this room, but he had to end this encounter.

"All right, Ian," muttered Robert unhappily. "Make it fast."

With Robert leaving, Ian was able to focus on Jenny again. All he cared about at this very moment was pleasing her. Leaning over, he kissed his way around her smooth

chin. He let a finger roam around the softness of her pussy until it found her extra sensitive spot...a swollen, eager clit. He smiled when he saw her shudder at his touch. His pleasure was secondary and this was an absolute first for him. He wanted this woman completely satisfied by him, content with what he did to her. His cock was throbbing, but there was nothing he was going to do about it now. It would wait until later to be fulfilled. He rubbed her clit gently, then leaned over to her ear. "I want to taste you there."

She hesitated, but just for a moment. "Let me take my skirt off," she whispered.

He pulled her arm to help her stand, then watched expectantly as she unsnapped and unzipped the skirt. She shimmied back and forth as she pulled it down and kicked it to the side. He stared at the tiny T-shaped blue lace knickers that barely covered anything, then his glance went up to where her breasts were still sitting outside her top. She pushed her hair over her ear on one side again.

"You're completely gorgeous," he beamed. "I'm in awe."

She grinned.

"Let me remove those knickers for you." He knelt down in front of her, and taking the thumbs of both hands, slowly pulled the knickers down to the floor where she kicked them off. Staring at the neatly trimmed triangle for a moment, he leaned forward and gently tugged upward on her labia, then slipped his warm tongue in to taste her. His heart pounded as he savored a woman he genuinely wanted to please.

She moaned softly.

"Mmm." He gave her pussy a firm kiss, then pulled his head back. "Sit back down on the edge of the couch," he whispered. "I want to taste all of you."

She took a seat and he quickly cupped her tight, round bottom, bringing it to mouth level as he moved in front of her. Bending his head, he admired the feminine beauty of Jenny Page for a moment, then dove in. Ian slowly licked his way up and down her sensitive pussy, tasting her, enjoying her...bringing her to the brink of orgasm, then pulling back. He nibbled and sucked...around and around, not leaving an inch of her left untouched. The juices poured from her and lubricated his enthusiastic tongue.

"Do you like this?" he asked as he swirled the tip of his tongue around her swollen clit.

"Yes, Ian" she groaned, eyes closing.

All he could think of was pleasing her. He didn't want this thrilling encounter to end...but, unfortunately, it had to. It was already past the time he needed to be working the meet and greet. People were waiting and he knew it wasn't fair for him to make them wait. His lips closed over the tiny, throbbing head as he sucked gently, then alternated with quick wet flicks. Her hips were coming off the couch as she writhed and moaned. He slid a finger inside of her and began to boldly stroke her clit with his tongue.

"Oh!" she cried out as her back arched from the couch and violent spasms seemed to tear through her.

He held her hips with his hands, not allowing her to pull away from the intense pleasure his mouth was giving her. She let out one last groan, then shuddered. As she fell back down and closed her eyes, he let her go. Her legs fell completely open as she relaxed and let out a breath.

He smiled as he kissed both sides of her inner thighs and ran his lips and tongue gently over everything in-between. One last kiss here, a nibble there, he didn't want to stop. Her body was a wonderland and he already couldn't get enough of her. It was just like he had thought it would be. *Glorious. Absolutely glorious.* Ian felt like he had been pleased too. Looking up at her nipples, he saw they had hardened from her orgasm. He reached up and lightly touched her breasts with his fingers. Unfortunately, it was time to say goodbye for now. "I'm sorry, Jenny, but I have to leave. Work is calling."

"No," she moaned, opening her eyes. "Not yet. It's too soon."

Smiling, he picked up her knickers from the floor and eased them over her legs. "Give me an arm."

She reluctantly stuck out her right arm for him and he pulled her to her feet.

"I'm not ready to move," she said, closing her eyes and leaning her body against him. She let out a loud sigh.

He put his arms around her and held her for a moment, not understanding the intensity of the feelings he was having. It was all going too fast. Jenny was a girl he barely knew. How could she be having such an effect on him? Glancing up at the wall clock, he saw he was way overdue for the meet and greet. The fans would rightly be upset if he didn't get there within the next few minutes. He pulled away from her slowly, afraid to leave her standing on her own for fear she would topple over. He smiled when he saw she was standing just fine. "Get yourself in order and I'll get us something to drink."

She lazily nodded.

Wandering over to a beige refrigerator in a corner of the room, he opened the door and glanced in at the contents. "There's supposed to be a few things here that we requested. Ah, I need a water. Here it is." He picked up the bottle, then peered in at the other beverages. "Would you like water, soda, beer or a glass of wine?"

She smiled over at him. "Wine."

"Looks like we have Merlot and Pinot Grigio, but only plastic cups to pour it in." He frowned. "It was specific on our concert rider that we wanted wine glasses. I do apologize."

"I'll take the Pinot Grigio and a plastic cup is fine." Jenny pulled up her panties and stepped into her jean skirt. As she adjusted her breasts back into her camisole, Ian came back with her wine. "Thanks," she said. She took it from his hand and drank a sip. "Yum. Pinot Grigio is my favorite wine. This tastes great."

"I'll remember that." He smiled at her. "Tell me, dear Jenny. Does my hair look presentable for pictures?"

She glanced at the blond layered hair that just went to his collar, then bit her lip. "A little sweaty around the edges."

He swore. "You did have to tell me the truth, didn't you? There'll be no pretending just to make Ian happy?"

She shook her head, now looking serious. "No pretending from me."

"You know, then, that my hair doesn't usually get this way until the third or fourth song."

She nodded. "I know."

"Well, it will dry during the meet and greet. No worries." He downed the pint of water quickly. "I would imagine Liz will be back here soon. Kenny likes to exercise a bit, then shower before the show. You can just go for a wander around the venue, do whatever you like. I won't be seeing you again for quite a while. Keep your all access laminates on at all times and no one will say anything to you. Just be back at that room down the hall we were at earlier by eight o'clock."

She nodded. "All right."

He looked at a wall clock. "After the meet and greet I'm going to is over, we'll be on lock-down. No member of the crew will be going anywhere once the opening band starts playing. You and Liz can stand on stage right when Escape goes on." Placing his casted arm around her, he leaned forward and stared at the girl he had just made love to with his mouth. He knew in his heart that was what he had done because there was no doubt with the way he was feeling. He had made love to Jenny Page.

"Sounds good." She took another sip of her wine.

Ian smiled. "After the gig, I usually take a shower at the venue. Tonight we'll just go back to the hotel straight away to attend a gathering in the hotel bar. We won't stay long, I promise. I'll make up some sort of excuse and we'll head up to my room. We can take a shower and spend time alone together. Are you game for that plan?"

She nodded, then went to him for a kiss. Her mouth was warm and inviting, and Ian found himself wanting to stay in this room with her. He closed his eyes as they kissed. Forget the gig! He had a girl he very much wanted to be with. But it was crushingly obvious he couldn't chuck the gig. It was time to go to work.

Ian came to his senses and pulled away from her mouth. "I want to sing a ballad for you tonight. What is one of your favorites that I can add to the set list?"

Jenny appeared to be thinking for a moment, her eyes focusing on the ceiling. "Ascending has always been one that I love to hear, but I know it hasn't been played this tour." She looked back at his face. "It's all right if you can't play it. I understand."

"Ascending it is." He laughed. "We haven't practiced it in quite awhile. The band will slag me off about it, but no matter. They can handle it, being the professionals that they are. I'll put them to the test." Ian raised his eyebrows. "All right then. I'm off." He hiked quickly to the door before he changed his mind about leaving. Jenny was

definitely having an effect on him. It would be agony until the show was over and he could be alone with her again.

Chapter Seven

Jenny slouched back on the overstuffed beige leather couch and sipped her wine. It seemed like a dream she was backstage at an Escape concert in New York City, and she and Ian were enjoying being together. She hadn't let herself be afraid of being alone with him and she hadn't put on any airs...and look where it got her. A mind-blowing orgasm courtesy of her favorite rock star. She couldn't help but grin.

Hearing a noise, she was startled and looked up toward the direction of the dressing room door. Someone opened it a few inches and the roadie she had seen earlier with the ponytail, beard and moustache peeked in. His eyes opened widely in surprise at seeing her there.

"Ah, hi," he muttered, inching inside the room and quickly closing the door behind him. "Sorry to be bothering you..."

Jenny sat up immediately, feeling frightened. "This is the band's dressing room," she said as firmly as she could. "You have to leave."

The man put a hand out to pacify her. "Hey there, don't be afraid of me." He frowned at her for a moment. "I recognize who you are now. You're the chick I talked to earlier. I thought you said you weren't McAllister's girlfriend."

She almost confirmed she wasn't, then decided to ignore the question. He shouldn't be in this room and needed to leave. "What are you doing here?" She glanced around herself quickly but could see nothing that could qualify as a weapon if she needed one.

He crept closer, his eyes taking in the breast-defining camisole and short jean skirt.

She felt uncomfortable with his eyes on her and shrank further into the couch. "Don't come any closer to me."

Bill started nodding. "I get it. You're one of those groupies that the rock stars have sex with." He thrust out his pelvis at her. "You're cute. Do you have sex with anyone?"

"No!"

"I might be interested later tonight if you have time to wait until then." He raised his eyebrows. "If I pay, do I get to tell you what kind of sex I want?"

She frowned in horror.

"You could show me the merchandise now." He grinned, motioning a finger toward her skirt. "Just lift up that skirt a little bit and let me see the goods. I bet you got on some cute little panties, don't you? Come on. Let me see them. I'll tell you right now that I don't care about sloppy seconds. If you're good enough for the band, you're good enough for me."

Jenny was appalled. "If you don't leave, I'm going to scream!"

"That's not necessary." He tried to laugh. "We can always talk about it later. I'm leaving in a jiffy."

"Go now!" She sat up on the edge of the couch and pointed at the door.

"In a minute, in a minute." He scanned one side of the dressing room to the other. "I have a little business here. Do you know which wardrobe is McAllister's?" He frowned as he started walking toward the four large, black wardrobes that had Escape's name written on them. Each wardrobe seemed to be personalized with different stickers, but they all said "Escape" on them in big, silver letters.

"What do you want?" Jenny stood, feeling stronger. "You were already told not to talk to me by your boss and I know you shouldn't be in this dressing room." She pulled the phone from her purse and started scrolling through her numbers, trying to find Ian's or Robert's.

"Hey, I said I was going," he sneered gruffly. "Put your phone away. I haven't done anything to you." He raised his eyebrows. "Not yet anyway..."

The door burst open and Liz bounded into the dressing room. She froze in her tracks and frowned. "Who is this guy, Jenny?"

Jenny crossed her arms. "Someone who needs to leave immediately!"

Liz affirmed in a loud voice. "Did you hear the lady? She said you need to get out of here."

Bill raised his eyebrows, then put both hands up in resignation. "I'm going now. Be cool, ladies. Maybe we'll run into each other later." He turned away from the wardrobes and quickly exited the room.

"Whew," said Jenny, blowing out a breath. "That was really weird."

Liz frowned. "Who was he?"

"A roadie I saw earlier who was setting up the stage. You know, when we first got to the venue."

Liz nodded. "What did he want?"

Jenny shrugged. "I don't know. He acted like he was looking for something... Wanted to know which wardrobe was Ian's."

"He might have just wanted to see the dressing room and peek inside his wardrobe. Maybe he's a fan too." She glanced around the room. "Everyone wants to see where the guys hang out. Were you just jumping to conclusions and being mean to the poor guy?" Liz smiled.

Jenny sat back down on the couch and pursed her lips. "Maybe." She appeared to be thinking a moment. "You know, Liz, you're probably right. He was just getting a look at the dressing room." She made a face. "Now I feel kind of bad."

Liz blew it off. "No harm done. I wouldn't say anything about it to Ian if I were you. The guy might get in trouble."

"Okay. It's forgotten." Jenny tried to laugh. "You know what he asked me?"

"What?"

"He thought I was a groupie and wanted to have sex with me later tonight."

Liz raised her eyebrows. "Well, aren't you a groupie?"

Jenny's eyes twinkled. "Only for Ian."

Liz grinned. "Did you two have time to get anything going yet?"

"Yeah."

Liz tilted her head. "Spill."

Jenny looked her in the eye. "I came in his mouth."

Liz's mouth dropped open, as she laughed out loud. "So much for being nervous."

"I guess I'm not anymore." Jenny smiled. "He's really good at oral sex."

"I'm sure he's had lots of practice, Jenny."

"That was mean." Jenny frowned. "I don't want to think about that. Stop talking about Ian that way."

Liz shrugged and shook her head at Jenny.

"I want to go to bed with him."

"I'm sure you'll get your chance later tonight."

Jenny let out a breath, as she looked dreamily into the air. "We'll be lying together naked under the covers and my legs will wrap themselves around those strong, long legs of his. He'll gently spread mine open and ease that gigantic, hard cock inside of me. I'll do a quick intake of breath because he is so big, but I'll accommodate that muscle of love and suck him into me as far as I can. He'll start thrusting while he's staring into my eyes, telling me I'm the only woman for him. The sex will be sweet and slow as we kiss and sweat and wonder how we were ever apart. Then we'll have one simultaneous orgasm that will rock our world."

"Whoa." Liz shook her head in shock, then chuckled. "You're scaring me. Would you please just stop? Quit acting so devoted about a weekend fling, Jenny." She looked over toward the refrigerator and walked that way, ending the conversation. "Any snacks over there?"

"I don't know anything about snacks." Jenny shrugged as her euphoria crashed to the ground. "There are things to drink." She glanced at Liz. "Ian and I saw you and Kenny go into the bathroom earlier. Just what did you two do?"

Liz opened a drawer near the refrigerator and found a small package of peanuts. She opened it up and poured some of them into her mouth. "We had what Kenny called a knee-trembler."

"What's that?"

"He basically pulled my pants down, lifted me up and had his way with me up against the bathroom wall." Liz shook her head. "Although I wasn't thrilled about it being the bathroom, the sex was great. That man is so fit, I bet he can get into all kinds of nifty positions."

"And you're just the girl to find that out."

"I am." Liz dumped the rest of the peanuts into her mouth and chewed. "I'm always famished after sex. Is that wine you're drinking in the frig?"

Jenny nodded.

Liz opened the refrigerator, took out the bottle of white wine and poured herself a cupful. She took one sip to savor the flavor, then drained it. "That was good. What was it?"

"Pinot Grigio," confirmed Jenny.

"Remind me that I like Pinot Grigio when we get home." Liz set the cup down on the counter, then looked over at Jenny. "Shouldn't we go walking around or something for a little while before the show starts?"

"Definitely," said Jenny. "I'm ready to get out of this room and move around."

Jenny got up from the couch and stretched. They went out into the hallway and walked all the way out to the front of the venue. Their all access backstage passes allowed them to go anywhere they pleased. Walking outside the venue, they saw a line of people stretched around the block that were slowly being let into the establishment. Jenny could see Escape's name in white lights on the marquee.

As they squeezed into the front lobby, they saw it was already filled with people who were buying drinks and concert memorabilia. They glanced over at the things for sale. The T-shirts showed pictures of the guys with dates and cities of the current concert tour. There were also posters, wall hangings and CDs.

"I'm usually in line there shopping for my favorite T-shirt," whispered Jenny, as she motioned over to the T-shirt booth. She glanced at the multiple shirts on sale for the current tour. "I already have the one I want."

"What? The lead singer?" Liz teased.

Jenny rolled her eyes.

Liz nudged her. "You do have him, girl. At least for the weekend. Enjoy what it's going to provide you." She frowned. "I wonder if I can get Kenny to give me a few of the things." She pointed to the band's latest poster and a wall hanging. "I like those."

"I'm sure you can. If you can keep up with Kenny, I would imagine you'll get whatever you want this weekend." Jenny raised her eyebrows. "Just make sure he autographs it for you."

Liz pretended she was reading the poster that Kenny had just signed. "'To Liz, a cute bird with a hot ass.' I like it!" She grinned.

"You're too funny." Jenny rolled her eyes.

Liz glanced at a clock on the wall. "It's almost eight o'clock. We'd better get backstage. Isn't the first band going on then?"

Jenny nodded. "That's what Ian said. I'm ready to go back."

They headed to the hallway and the room they were supposed to go to, which was now overflowing with the members of Escape, the warm-up band and both bands' management. Everyone was wishing each other a successful show and many pleasant remarks and joking about could be heard. Jenny and Liz squeezed into a corner to watch the festivities. Glancing around the crowded room, Jenny looked around but couldn't spot Ian anywhere.

A man they had never seen before came in to get the first band. He had a balding head and an accent that Jenny couldn't quite decipher. Irish? Scottish? Welsh? She didn't have a clue which one. The opening band eased out of the busy room and Jenny could soon hear the crowd in the venue applauding as they began to play.

With the dressing area less crowded, Jenny could scan the room for Ian. Her eyes went from Hamish to Noel to Robert to Liz, who had just found Kenny drinking coffee in the corner of the room and was headed that way. It only took another moment until Jenny located Ian sitting at a small table in a corner drinking out of a large water bottle. Another man she didn't recognize was seated next to him, talking on a phone and sipping a beer.

Ian was already watching her. They stared at one another from across the room and grinned.

Jenny's heart beat faster. They hadn't seen each other since her orgasmic adventure just over an hour ago. She loved the way Ian looked with his black leather pants, black athletic shoes and one of the shirts he had been alternating with for the tour. The one for tonight was a short-sleeve, black T-shirt with a gold crown in the middle and swirling colors around the crown. His hair was the same golden color as the crown and complemented it perfectly. She had seen him wear it at another concert and had even taken a picture of him in it. His chest looked strong and firm in the well-fitting shirt. She'd love to run her hands over it and pinch those manly nipples.

If he would only stand, just for a moment, she could see the outline of his cock in those black leather pants. She had stared up at it from the front row many times and there it would be, positioned to the left in all its glory. You could even make out the rim of it through the leather pants. Her reverie was broken as Ian pulled out the empty chair next to him, forcing her to make the next move.

She took a deep breath and let it out, refusing the breathlessness that was trying to take over. The way he was looking at her, she wanted to strip off her clothes and let him have his way with her on the small table. Instead, never breaking his gaze, she strolled over to the chair and sat down next to him.

He leaned over to her, his eyes scanning her face and whispered, "You've recovered, I see."

She nodded slowly. There was no need for her to get all sentimental now for the man who had surprised her with his attention, no matter what the cost to her emotionally. There, she said it. Jenny was perfectly aware that she was probably going to get her heart broken this weekend. Reminder to self...again. No apologies for this

weekend, now or ever. She focused on him. Ian had always been a jokester. It was time for a snappy remark to show that she was onboard for fun. She looked him in the eyes. "I'm ready for another go." And she truly was.

He burst out laughing, then raised his eyebrows. "Don't tempt me. I'm somewhat overwhelmed by how we're getting on. My love spuds have been aching ever since we were together. I didn't get my due, you know."

Jenny's heart skipped a beat. It appeared as though she wasn't the only one who felt something was going on between them. Perfect time for another snappy remark. "I'm glad I came." Her eyes twinkled.

He did a double-take, unsure if she had meant the risqué remark.

She grinned at him to confirm what he thought.

"Right then." He nodded, then smiled with understanding. "I'll definitely be missing you in the front row tonight, but then I'll remember I only have to look toward stage right."

"I'll be standing there enjoying the concert." Jenny noticed how her pussy was tingling again. Ian was unquestionably having an effect on her...every little part of her. "And I'm looking forward to the after-show."

He leaned his face down to hers. "And have no doubt there will be an after-show if that is what you desire. But for now, I have to go get my voice warmed up in another room. Kiss."

It almost seemed like an order instead of a request. Jenny didn't care and met him halfway. It was a quick kiss, but their lips felt blazing hot for each other. She wanted to open her mouth to that inferno inside of his but held back. He had to leave and they both knew it.

Drama, action, excitement! All things associated with an Escape concert. Only tonight it was a little more personal.

She gave Ian a smile. "I'll see you in a while."

Ian nodded as he stood, looking deep in thought. He turned toward Jenny, as though he was getting ready to say something else. She waited expectantly, but Robert suddenly arrived out of nowhere and ruined the moment.

Robert walked over to them, looking very unhappy. "Ian, there's been a stage problem."

Ian frowned. "What kind of problem?"

"A whole stack of our PA equipment was placed incorrectly by a roadie. Stacked on a tilt. We saw it on quality check, right before the opening band took the stage. Luckily our things are behind theirs and our crew was able to fix it with minimal visual by the audience. It would have only taken a slight push for those speakers to fall over onto someone when they walked by."

Ian looked reflective. "Someone like me?"

Robert raised his eyebrows. "You already have a cast on one arm. Don't need your head with a large bandage around it, do we? Or worse."

Ian nodded. "Definitely something I don't fancy."

Robert chuckled. "You haven't been making any enemies in the States this time around, have you?"

Ian sighed. "None that I'm aware of."

"I certainly hope not." Robert looked at his watch. "Isn't it time for you to leave now?"

"Yes, yes, I'm leaving." Ian glanced at Jenny and smiled, then exited the room with Robert.

Jenny managed to tear Liz away from Kenny and they walked around the backstage area, alternating between listening to the first band and hanging around in the room for thirty minutes. The opening band finished playing and exited the stage to huge applause. The lights in the venue had been turned up while the crowd went for refreshments and restroom breaks.

Looking around her, Jenny found herself to be immensely impressed with everything she had seen so far. It appeared that everyone was just waiting for the time to pass until Escape went on. Liz fixed the back of her earring that had come off. Kenny drained the remaining coffee in his cup. Hamish played air drums and danced around. Noel licked his lips as he finished a beer. Jenny went out into the hallway and could hear the audience noise. The speakers were playing louder music in preparation for the headlining act. Liz came up next to her in the hallway.

"What's going on out there?"

"Music that is always played before Escape's show starts has been turned on for the audience. The band has hand-picked the songs that they want the crowd to get warmed up to as the stage is readied for Escape's performance. It is actually a collection of some of their favorite artists from over the years. I think that Ian decided this year's music. With each song, the volume will be increased just a little to get the crowd ready for Escape, who will be much louder than the previous band. We'll be going over to the stage as soon as the last song begins."

"That is really interesting." Liz nodded. "I never knew that."

"It'll be hysteria in a few minutes. Just wait and see."

Liz nudged Jenny. "You'd fit right in here. You already know everything."

"There's a lot I don't know," she admitted. "I've already learned new things today, though."

The last warm-up tune started and Ian returned. He came over to Jenny first.

She grinned. "Is your voice all ready?"

"Sterling." He smiled.

Robert returned to pick up Escape. It was time to take the stage. Ian and the rest of the band followed him and started walking over to stage right. Jenny and Liz brought up the rear, to make sure they didn't get in the way of the hustle and bustle.

Jenny motioned for Liz to stand next to her when they got to the stage, as they would be standing on stage right throughout the show. The lights were turned down in the auditorium and the manic roar of the crowd began. Hamish went out in the dark first and began a hard, fast drum beat. Noel plucked his bass as Kenny chimed in with the first scorching notes on his electric guitar. Ian walked from stage right, holding the microphone up to his mouth. White and blue lights suddenly flashed on, illuminating everything on the stage.

"Hello, New York City!" Ian bellowed, holding one arm outstretched to the ceiling. The roar in the auditorium was deafening as Escape started playing their first tune.

Jenny was amazed at the view from stage right. Although she had been in the front row many times, the view was different now. When the auditorium lights lit up the audience, she could see people of all ages standing, cheering and singing. Some of the girls in the first row were dancing and staring at the respective band member they liked best. That would normally be her staring at Ian. She noticed there were quite a few girls watching Ian's every move.

Liz saw Jenny watching the girls. "Is that a problem for you?"

"Not at all. Been there, done that, bought the T-shirt. The front row is the place to be. Definitely worth every penny." Jenny grinned. "It's nice being the receiver of the attention."

Liz glanced back at Kenny. "Looks like Kenny has a fan club too."

Jenny nodded. "He does. If I'm not looking at Ian, I'm looking at Kenny. He really interacts with the women in the front row. Did you notice what a cute smile Kenny has?"

Liz agreed. "Yeah. You should see the way his face looks when he comes. He's really smiling then." She grinned and nudged Jenny.

Jenny shook her head. "You crack me up."

Liz eyes turned to Kenny. "Just look at him, Jenny."

Jenny glanced over toward Kenny.

"He is so sexy." Liz watched Kenny and beamed. "Is he always so happy?"

Jenny nodded. "When he's onstage, he's having such a good time and it shows." She watched Kenny as he danced around with his guitar, smiling at the audience and throwing an occasional guitar pick. "I have one of his guitar picks."

Liz didn't miss a beat. "I had his cock."

Jenny burst out laughing as she slapped Liz on the shoulder. "You're a riot! I'm glad you came to New York with me." She watched Kenny for a few minutes moving around the stage in his tight black jeans and black tank top, then going over to sing into Ian's microphone with him. When Kenny left Ian's side, Jenny started watching Ian. He

was always a great showman and he knew it too. "Ian's very sure of himself. He wanted to be a lead singer in a rock band since he was a teenager. I read that he used to practice his moves in front of a mirror."

"He's very charismatic."

Jenny smiled. "He is. Having charisma is so important to being a fantastic lead singer. It pours from Ian in buckets." She sighed. "And he is fantastic."

When the first few notes of *Ascending* started to play, Jenny took a quick intake of breath. Ian looked over at her from the stage and grinned. She almost felt like crying but smiled back at him instead. Ian was singing the song just for her, like he had promised. She shook her head. It was a wonderful gesture on his part to make her feel special. Thinking about going to bed with him was becoming such an electrifying thought that she wished it was already time. She shivered with nerves and excitement. The wait would be torture until they could be alone.

Kenny took his shirt off as the lights dimmed after *Ascending* and threw it at Liz when he came near stage right. She laughed as she grabbed it in flight.

"It looks really hot out there onstage," said Liz. "Look at them sweat."

"Yeah." Jenny grinned. "They're quite a bunch of sweaty boys. I've always thought Ian looked sexy when the sweat was dripping off him. I've gotten hit with it a few times in the front row and didn't mind one bit."

Liz stared at Kenny's chest. "That Kenny can strum me like his guitar later tonight." She grinned. "I can't wait. And you know what, Jenny?"

"What?"

"I'd like to lick the sweat right off that chest."

Jenny glanced at Liz out of the corner of her eye. "Next time he comes over here to switch guitars again, do it."

"Is that a dare?" Liz asked with fiery eyes.

Jenny laughed. "No, because I know you will."

It was two more songs before Kenny came back to their side to get a different guitar from his guitar tech at the rear of stage right. Liz winked at Jenny then ran to the back, taking Kenny by surprise as he put his guitar on. She put her head down to his chest and took a long lick from his navel all the way up and over his right nipple.

He grinned at her with widened eyes. "Blimey! Let's end the show now!"

As Kenny ran back onstage, Liz laughed all the way back to Jenny. "I did it!"

Jenny rolled her eyes. "I saw. That was great."

The band played for an hour and a half. Liz enjoyed it tremendously, promising Jenny that she would buy an Escape CD as soon as she got back to Michigan. At a quarter to eleven, Escape put their instruments down and stood in front of the stage to take their bows and wave at the crowd. The lights went down and the band exited at stage right while they waited for the crowd to bring them back for an encore.

Ian quickly removed the shirt he had on and threw it at the wardrobe lady, who tossed back a New York Yankees T-shirt to him.

"Thanks, Mary," he said as he pulled it over his head. He turned to Jenny. "You know why I'm putting this shirt on, don't you?"

Jenny smiled. "You're showing support for the home team."

Ian grinned as the band walked back onstage. After the encore, Escape came off the stage and Jenny and Liz went with them back to the dressing room. Everyone was exhausted but wound up from the excitement. The guys all had towels around their necks as they were perspiring from the lights and physical activity.

Ian came over to Jenny. "What did you think?"

"I know the band always does the best they can every night. Escape is known for being professionals." Jenny looked at him seriously. "You guys are always great and tonight was no different. I loved being back here." She tilted her head up and kissed him quickly on the lips. "Thanks."

The band, the girls and Robert left from the back of the building in a black van and were taken the few blocks back to the hotel bar. There were other people in the bar who seemed to be waiting for the band to get there. They must have been fans, as they started asking for autographs and getting their pictures taken with various members of the band right away. Jenny stayed near Ian over the next hour while he attended to his post-concert duties. He even put his arm around her shoulders a few times as he talked to her.

"Is it always like this?" questioned Liz as she and Jenny stood over in a corner talking. "A party?"

"There are not always after-parties at each venue. Sometimes the guys shower and eat when the show is over, then get on the tour bus and leave town right away. It all depends on how far they need to go for the next gig. It can take a long time to come down from a show, though," confirmed Jenny. "The adrenaline will keep them up for hours."

"Is he always the center of attention?" asked Liz, noticing how people were continually trying to talk with Ian, who was standing a few feet away from them. She took a sip from a glass of wine.

"That's what I've always heard," Jenny murmured. "Robert directs Ian if there are people he needs to speak to. Everyone wants Ian. He doesn't always participate in these public relation things. The band switches off on duties. Sometimes one or two will show up, sometimes all of them if the fans are lucky. I was backstage for an after-party a few years ago. That was one time when I met him." She turned to Liz and smiled. "He won't remember, so I haven't brought up any of the details."

"Haven't you met him twice?"

"Yep. The other time was a few years later after a show. It was out by the tour busses."

Liz searched around the room. "Where did that Kenny go?"

"He's over there in the corner talking to a woman and a man." She nudged Liz and smiled. "I'm sure he'll be over here soon for you."

Liz frowned. "He had better be if he wants any repeat action from earlier today."

Jenny looked up at the clock. "I'm ready to go too." She sighed. "I didn't think we would be this long at the after-party. If Ian wants some action from me tonight, he'd better get moving before I get too tired." She stared at him. "You know, if I drink too much, I get really flirty. With all the wine I've had, I'm ready to lick that man from the mouth down. Meow, meow," she grinned as she raised her eyebrows.

"You're all set." Liz laughed. "I hear ya, girl. I have a condom with Kenny's name printed on it."

They saw Ian tilt his head toward them. It was as if he had heard their conversation. Suddenly, he was saying goodbye to the person he was talking to, then apologized to everyone else for having to leave. The girls turned to each other and beamed as he came their way. Maybe he did hear them.

"Sorry, Jenny," sighed Ian. "I'm ready to leave if you are. Sometimes it's difficult to end the night following an after-party like this. It was quite busy tonight. I do apologize wholeheartedly. I tend to lose track of time, although others would say I just like to hear myself talk." He rolled his eyes. "You be the judge." He looked toward the lobby elevator. "I see the lift over there. Are you all set to go upstairs?"

Jenny took the last sip of her wine and smiled. "Ready."

Ian grabbed her hand as they started walking toward the elevator.

"Bye," said Liz, hollering at them. "See you tomorrow."

Jenny turned around and gave her a wink and a smile as she and Ian entered the elevator.

Chapter Eight

As he pressed the elevator button for the fourth floor, Ian focused his attention on Jenny. She was the stunningly amazing girl from the front row in Detroit, then his bloody fantastic nurse at the hospital. She was wearing that same outfit to New York that he had requested and he now knew she had knickers that easily melted in his mouth...and she was just as easily melting his heart. He smiled. "Now don't get too close to me yet. I must smell like a goat."

"I doubt that." She got close anyway, glancing back up to his face. Placing her arms around his body, she held on to him tightly. "Just a sweaty, working man who needs to get his clothes off as quickly as possible."

He raised his eyebrows. "Won't be long then, will it? Although I'm sure this damp shirt is half the problem." Pulling off the New York Yankees tee, he sniffed it, then made a face. He shook his head as he threw it across his shoulder.

Jenny's eyes went immediately to his chest. Taking a hand, she slowly ran it across the front. "Hmm. I've always liked your chest."

"You have?" Ian noticed it didn't take much for him to get an erection whenever she was near. His pulse quickened and his breath came quicker as his cock strained against the black leather pants. He placed his good arm around her and let out a breath. The agony wouldn't last much longer. "Did you happen to notice that large group in the bar tonight over by the fireplace? I bet if you asked them what they drink, they would say anything they can bite the top off of."

Jenny laughed. "You're so funny, Ian. I know exactly the people you were talking about. They scared me. I wouldn't go near them." She pressed her breasts against him, then pinched his nipple.

He feigned discomfort. "Ow! I hope you're not going to be too rough with me tonight."

"Only if you make me." Standing on her tiptoes, she tilted her face up to him. "Kiss me."

He leaned over to her parted lips. Her tongue tasted fruity and sweet, like the wine she had been drinking. He smiled. "You and I can have a wash together in my room. Are you game?"

She beamed. "I am."

"We'll stop off at your room and get your bag, then." He glanced up to see the elevator had reached the fourth floor.

The door opened and they walked down the hallway together, stopping at the front of Room 412.

"Here it is." She peeked over at him. "I'll just be a moment."

Ian stayed in the hall while Jenny unlocked her and Liz's room with the pass key. As Ian held the door ajar, she grabbed her small suitcase from the floor and threw it on the bed. He watched in amusement as she scurried about, running in and out of the bathroom picking up her curling iron and makeup. Her arms were overflowing as she loaded her things into the suitcase. He shook his head. *Why do women always need so much wherever they go?*

Ian tried not to stare at her but couldn't help himself. His eyes were already starting to fall into fantasy. She was mesmerizing in that tight top and fantastically short miniskirt...and he already knew what was under it. Lust was torturing him. He was ready to tell her to bend over so he could take a peek, then thrill both of them again.

Jenny glanced up at him from the room. "Sorry. I'm not as ready as I thought I was." She shrugged her shoulders and smiled.

He loved that smile. It was warm and bright, like a promise of endless sunshine. Just looking at her made him feel relaxed and happy, like any problems he had would simply melt away. "No worries. I've clocked off for today." Putting a hand up to his chin, he couldn't help but contemplate taking her in a hot, hard rush right now. The passion was consuming him. His imagination was running riot as he thought about what the next hour would hold.

Jenny finished quickly and headed out into the hall with her suitcase. "Where's your room? Is it on another floor?"

Now it was his turn to grin as they headed to the room right next door to hers. He pointed to the room number 414, then put out a welcoming hand as he opened the door. "Step inside." He quickly pitched the New York Yankees shirt over the small couch, then leaned against it and crossed his arms.

She looked at him suspiciously as she set her suitcase down on the floor.

He gazed back at her. "My trousers will stay on unless you tell me the truth."

"The truth? About what?" Jenny frowned. "I don't know what you're talking about."

He looked at her wide-eyed. "That I excited you beyond belief in the shower at the hospital."

Jenny burst out laughing, then went forward to put her arms around his neck. She looked up. "Okay, I admit it. You did excite me beyond belief in the shower at the hospital. I could hardly control myself. Seeing you naked was too much for your nurse to handle." She touched her tongue lightly to his lips and whispered, "Now excite me again."

That was all Ian needed. His groin was blazing like a wildfire out of control. The six months of self-imposed celibacy were finally coming to an end...and not soon enough for Ian. He quickly peeled the black leather trousers off his engorged cock and threw them on the couch. His cock bobbed back and forth just like it had done in the shower at the hospital. She pulled him to her, putting an arm around his shoulder and her other

hand directly on it. He did a quick intake of breath at the first touch of her fingers, then groaned with pleasure. Jenny let her hand run the length of it, holding it firmly.

"I've been wanting to do this." She grinned.

He looked her in the eyes. "And I've been wanting you to do it."

Her hand slid down the rigid shaft, then roamed onto his balls.

Ian smiled. "I like that." He leaned back against the couch and watched her hand rub his cock, letting out a deep growl of appreciation. It felt glorious, but there was so much more they needed to do together. Touching a hand to a breast, he whispered, "Put your arms up, Jenny. You have way too much on."

Jenny let go of his cock, then held up her arms as he pulled off her camisole. He ran his hands over her full, soft breasts, then bent his head down to each pert nipple teasing them with his tongue.

"Let me take off my skirt," she breathed.

He moved back to watch her unsnap and unzip the jean skirt and let it fall to the floor. Ian grinned. "It's those barely there blue lace knickers again." He tugged at one side of them as he looked her solemnly in the eyes. "Off."

The panties dropped to the floor.

Ian leaned forward and kissed her. He let his fingers glide over her breasts and smiled. "Ready for a wash?"

She let out a breath and nodded.

Putting his arms on her shoulders, he twisted her around and started pushing her toward the bathroom. He playfully smacked her butt. "First, I want to watch your arse twitch from side to side as you walk. Then, after our wash, you can eat me from the mouth down like you said in the bar."

Jenny grinned as she started moving.

Ian followed behind her, watching every muscle. Her long, lean legs held up a softly rounded butt and the graceful curve of her spine showed him a beautiful back that he had never seen before. He couldn't wait to touch her delicate shoulders with his fingertips and his mouth...and it would only be moments now. As he stared at her, his pulse jumped, along with his throbbing cock.

* * * * *

When they reached the bathroom, Jenny put the shower on hot, then turned to him.

"The tile on the floor is cold in here," she said, shivering. She put a hand on his arm. "We need to wrap your cast so it doesn't get wet."

"A trash bag and tape are over there." Ian tilted his head toward the towel rack, where the bag was hanging and the tape was lying on the counter by the sink. "You see, I have been following instructions."

Reverting back to being a nurse for a moment, Jenny pushed her hair over her ears and out of the way. She covered his cast with the trash bag, then taped it closed around the top of his arm. Ian grinned as he tried to suckle her nipples while she was working, but she gently pushed him away. His free hand roamed over her breasts, then down her abdomen and between her legs. She was afraid she would come at the very first touch of his finger to her clit. Breathing hard, she waited expectantly for the sensation, but he didn't touch it.

She grinned as she finished with his arm. "It was difficult to concentrate with you doing that."

He raised his eyebrows. "You are ridiculously beautiful and I no longer have to hold myself back."

She let out a breath. This was the best reality she'd ever had.

She smiled as he opened the shower curtain and they stepped into the shower together. Ian picked up the hotel-issued tiny soap and lathered up both of their hands. Jenny rubbed her soapy fingers over Ian's chest and under his arms, caressing and massaging his skin. His wet fingers slid over her breasts then turned her around to get her back and butt, letting his fingers drift between them.

They put their arms around each other tightly and let the hot water run over their heads and down their bodies to rinse them. Their open mouths pressed hard against each other, tongues hot and wet, as the sensation of skin on skin excited each of them.

Ian ran his hands over the front of her naked body, then let a hand slip between her legs. He crept along her folds with his fingers, touching the delicate flesh. As he found her soft center, he let an ample finger plunge inside. "You're wet and it's not from the water," he said smiling, as his tongue slid around her chin.

She grabbed his cock with both hands and held it. It was smooth, hard and beautiful. Pressing her face against his chest, she drank the dripping water off him and wondered if anything in her life would ever feel this good again.

"You don't have to wait until after our wash if you still want to eat me. I'm ready now." Raising his eyebrows, he put both hands on the shower walls to balance himself, then expectantly waited for her to make the next move.

Her mouth went up to his again. She licked his lips, then stuck her tongue in his mouth, reaching as far back as she could go, tasting him, exploring him, wanting him more than anything in the world. The water from the shower made their bodies slip and slide against each other and it felt wonderful. Jenny slid her hands around the back of his head. She bit his lip, then dragged her tongue down his chin and neck.

The water poured over her head, plastering her hair down her face. She rubbed her hair over his nipples, then gently bit each one as they hardened. Continuing lower to his navel, she stuck her tongue in it, then took her teeth and pulled out a hair growing right next to it. She made a point of spitting it out so he could see.

He laughed heartily.

"Laugh it up, big boy, I'm going lower." She turned her head up to him and smiled.

"No teeth, no teeth," he pleaded as he put his hands in her hair and tilted his head down to watch.

She sank to her knees, both hands going to him. It was time to turn up the heat. One went to his balls and the other seized his throbbing cock as she pulled it down to her mouth. She swirled her tongue around the rim, then flicked her tongue up and down the base.

"That feels good," he groaned. "Put it in your mouth." Velvety smooth and amazingly hard, she eased her lips over the head and sucked. She continued down lower on it, her mouth stretching over its expansive width. His cock was huge...the biggest one she had ever had in her mouth. It felt slick in the back of her throat as she drew it in as far as she could. The only sound that could be heard in that shower was a wet, sucking noise, like a wand being pulled back and forth from a fresh tube of mascara. She let go of his cock with a pop, kissing and licking it all the way down to his balls as the water rained down on her. Gently taking them in her mouth, she rolled them around as he moaned. This was what she had always wanted. Her gorgeous rock star moaning because she was giving him pleasure.

"Stop, Jenny, stop." He looked to the ceiling and let out a breath. "I can't stand it anymore. This is bloody fantastic, but I'm not coming in here. I want to be inside you." Taking her by the shoulders, he pulled her up to him. He placed his hands around her wet face and plunged his sizzling tongue into her mouth.

Jenny closed her eyes, savoring the sensation. They kissed fiercely, not stopping until they could no longer breathe. Leaning against each other in a clutch, they exhaled heavily.

He grinned, then licked the water out of the corners of her mouth. "I knew you would be wonderful. Let's get to the bed straight away."

Jenny turned off the water and they stepped out of the shower. They took towels and dried the dripping water off each other. Ian passed the towel slowly between her legs, peeking at her sex and smiling. She tugged the trash bag off his casted arm and dragged him out of the bathroom.

She went to her purse for a moment, letting him go as she took the small package out. Heading over to the bed, she yanked the bedspread off the bed onto the floor, turned down the white hotel sheets and fluffed the four king-sized bed pillows. She climbed into the bed and got comfortable on the pillows, then patted the area next to her for him to join her. Her self-imposed six months of celibacy were finally coming to an end. She couldn't help but grin. It was going to be well worth the wait.

"Get over here," she purred, happier than she had ever been in her life. "We've just gotten started."

He smiled and climbed into the bed, scooting close enough for their damp bodies to touch. His hand stroked each breast, then pulled her closer to his chest so her breasts would touch him. He traced a finger around her lips, then placed the tip of it in her mouth. She twirled her tongue around it and gently sucked. His green eyes crinkled in

delight as he leaned forward and kissed her forehead. She ran her hand down the front of his body over the scattered brown hair to his rock-hard cock. He responded by putting a hand between her legs, resting it against her moist cleft. She moaned approvingly.

He raised his eyebrows and looked her in the eyes. "I want to have you all night."

"You will," she whispered. "I'm so wet. I can feel it without even touching myself."

He turned his head around and looked over on the bedside table. "I need to find some protection first. Where did I put it?"

Sliding her hand under a pillow, she produced a condom and held it up for his approval.

"Bloody marvelous," he grinned, as he took it from her and ripped it open. "Would you put it on for me?"

She gave him a sly smile, then, popping it in her mouth, she leaned over and rolled it slowly down his cock as far as she could. After finishing, she gently pulled on his erection. "I don't know if this is a good fit or not." Her eyes twinkled. "You're so big."

"That's what a man likes to hear." He raised his eyebrows. "No worries. It fits. Just a bit extra tight."

Jenny lay down on her back and stared longingly into his eyes. "I want to see you on top of me, Ian...every inch of you. Now get moving." She trembled and let out a breath. This was about as good as it gets. The man of her fantasies plunging his rigid cock into her...and she was about to live it tonight. The wine was no longer pushing her on, giving her confidence.

It was all Jenny...and it was all great!

He leaned over and caressed her inner thighs with his solid fingers, then spread open her legs. Moving above her, he rubbed her moist pussy with his ready cock. "How does that feel?" he breathed as he looked her in the eyes.

She moaned and laid her head back. Her body tensed and she could feel it quivering. "Put it in, Ian. I can't wait any longer."

He gently eased inside her as she pressed her moist cleft against the hardness. They both had a quick intake of breath at the thrill of finally being together so intimately. It seemed ever so long that they had waited.

Jenny couldn't think of anything else except the feeling of him thrusting against her. She wrapped her legs around him, pulling...sucking him in. They stared into each other's faces, each letting out a breath at every thrust.

He breathed heavily. His face and chest were hot with sweat. "You're so wet," he said as he pushed himself farther into her. "I feel it gushing."

She smiled as she lifted her head up and kissed his chin. "See what you've done to me."

He grinned back. "I like that."

She couldn't have enough of his mouth and his cock. Her burning tongue plunged into his mouth every chance she got. Wrapping her arms and legs around him, she pulled him into her as close as she could. They stared into each other's faces. His passionate thrusting filled her up completely. She had never felt this way about any other man. Was it just because Ian was her dream man and she was finally having sex with him? Or was it something more?

The "something" that she didn't dare think about.

They moaned—they writhed, fierce and hungry for each other as their union became primal. It didn't take long until they exploded together in one massive, overpowering, simultaneous orgasm. He cried out in a leopard's roar as a tremendous sound of joy escaped his lips. She tensed, then gasped, feeling as though the earth had moved and tears began steadily flowing down her cheeks.

As his semen burst from him, they melted together as one on that king-size bed in Manhattan. They lay together sweating, shuddering, breathless as the reality of perfect sex hit the two of them. When Ian eased away and lay on his side, they cuddled closely together and cooled off. Draping their arms over each other, they kissed and ran their lips over each other's cheeks and chins. He touched a nipple gently with a finger and grinned as it hardened. She wiped the tears from her face and smiled.

"I thoroughly enjoyed that." He pushed a stray strand of damp blonde hair out of her eyes and looked at her longingly.

"It was great, wasn't it?" Jenny realized she had never cried tears of pleasure before. What an amazing feeling it was. She laid her head gently against his shoulder as her breathing gradually returned to normal. The sex with Ian was the best she had ever had in her entire life.

He grinned. "I can't believe that I finally got you into bed. If you had told me at the hospital how wonderful it was going to be, I would have had you there." He raised his eyebrows.

"I wouldn't have let you." She smiled.

Ian wrapped his arms around her and held her tightly against him. He closed his eyes. "Jenny, Jenny."

"I'm so tired," she whispered, eyes barely open. Her body was worn-out and she melted into his.

"I feel a heart beating steadily. We're so close together I can't tell if it's mine or yours."

"I don't know whose it is, but it's rocking me to sleep." She put a hand over his shoulder and rubbed his four-leaf clover tattoo in thanks with her fingers.

They smiled at each other and kissed gently, letting their tongues rest inside of each other's mouths for a moment. Whether out of pure exhaustion or because they didn't want this encounter to be at an end, all was peacefully still.

“Now be a good girl and go to sleep. You’re going to need your strength.” Ian raised his eyebrows. “Remember? I did say I’m going to have you all night.” He glanced over at the clock. “And the night isn’t over.”

Reaching at the foot of the bed for the covers, Jenny pulled the cool sheet and blanket over her and the incredible man beside her. She could still feel tiny vibrations within her body as it relaxed from orgasm. Reaching over to the bedside table to turn out the light, she then snuggled up next to him and let out a breath.

Life didn’t get any better than this.

Chapter Nine

Ian felt himself awakening with the morning light and peeked open an eye to see who was lying next to him. He had done that for many years—it was a reflex. As soon as his befuddled brain started that line of thinking, he stopped it just as quickly. He was with Jenny. Both eyes open now, he took in her beauty and watched her sleep. Her silky blonde hair was spread out over her pillow. Putting a hand on it, he ran his fingers through the tresses. Jenny's lips were barely open and a faint sound of breathing in and out could be heard. He traced her mouth with his fingers and she moved her head in sleep. He already wanted her so badly he could taste it...and he could still taste her on his lips.

Many times in the past he would have no idea what he had done the night before. He might have picked up a lady of the road, then proceeded to get drunk and have his way with her. By morning, he would be more than ready for the unknown girl to leave...and leave as soon as possible. It came with the territory and everyone did it. He was Ian McAllister, after all, a famous serial shagger.

But last night was somehow different.

The satisfaction he felt after having sex with Jenny was so dissimilar from the other unknown women of his past and even the two other significant girlfriends he'd had. The sex with her had been utterly fantastic. He and Jenny laughed and teased each other. It was comfortable but at the same time feverishly exciting. It was like they were meant to be. Did he dare say that?

Sex with Jenny was an emotional as well as a physical encounter. He glanced down at her face and watched her breathe softly on his skin. In and out. So gentle. They'd had sex later on during the night and it was just as fabulous as the first time. He had woken up to feel her hand massaging his cock in the dark. His erection came quickly and Jenny slid a condom over it.

Without even turning on the light, they rolled around in bed in the darkened room and he plunged into her from an assortment of positions. They kissed and touched and nibbled and sucked. As they arrived at a thunderous orgasm, the wetness of her pussy equaled the wetness of her mouth and he thought he was drowning.

He wanted to drown in her...

As their bodies lay tangled together after sex, he asked himself if anything would ever feel this good again. No woman had ever aroused him so intensely. Should he let this end after the weekend? Sex was already more important with her than his last meaningless partner...whoever it had been...over six months ago.

He was falling for Jenny fast and hard and he decided right then he would not let it end when the weekend was over. It was like he was seeing the light for the first time.

She was the light. Was he off his trolley? One sandwich short of a picnic? He felt like he was shaking...giddy and excited like he had butterflies in his stomach. How could they possibly work it out? She had to go back to Michigan and to her job at the hospital. As he thought, he tapped his mouth with a finger. She stirred feelings in him he hadn't known existed. It was time for him to make a fresh start.

A start that included her.

He frowned as some distressing thoughts got the best of him. What if she didn't really want him, the real Ian? Maybe she just wanted Ian McAllister like so many other women and didn't care about the person inside. He bit his lip. She couldn't be like that. After all, they did already know each other a bit. He had to stop the waffling and force himself back to the business of seeing her again. Maybe he could fly her back in a few days. He'd have to look at his schedule to see what would work with hers and hope for the best.

If he tried to tell Robert, he would raise his eyebrows at Ian and shake his head. What is wrong with you, he would ask. She's just another girl.

But she wasn't.

Robert would tell Ian that he would eventually get bored with her and he'd try to talk Ian out of making further plans.

But he wouldn't.

Ian would talk to Robert and trust that Robert wouldn't be a perpetual drag. He hoped that Robert would give him his full support, but if he couldn't, it didn't matter. Ian would have none of it this time.

Jenny was real...grounded. Something he had never had but wanted. It felt right. She felt right. They had talked during the night about their lives and their shared love of music and old movies. They had more in common than either had realized. He couldn't forget she was intelligent, sexy and beautiful. And she had fire. All bonuses.

He crazily started thinking about all the things he wanted to do with her. Show her the places she had never been. London, Paris, even LA. But he would start with Central Park this morning.

As he glanced over at her lying next to him, he could feel his erection starting yet again. He wanted her. His body ached for hers as he watched her sleep. Did she feel the same way about him? He just couldn't be sure. But if her participation in the sexual activities of the last twelve hours were any indication, it would be a resounding "yes".

He leaned over to her face and breathed her in. Slowly drawing down the covers, he slid a hand over a perfect breast and massaged it. Bending over, he kissed her eyelids, her face. He whispered into her ear. "Jenny, wake up."

Her eyes fluttered for a moment, then focused on him. They looked puzzled, like she was unsure of where she was.

His hand went to her other breast and rubbed it. "Are you ready to get up?"

She smiled a little with recognition, then rubbed her eyes. "What time is it?"

"I believe it's about ten a.m. If we're going to Central Park, we should get moving, unless you want to just lie in bed this morning, watch an old movie on the telly and eat crisps." He raised his eyebrows. "I could go for that too."

Jenny glanced around her, then looked him in the eyes. "As much as I'd like to stay in bed with you all morning, Ian, I'd also like to see Central Park. I've always heard it's one of the most beautiful parks in the world." She sat up. "Do you mind?"

"Not at all." He threw down the covers. "I'll only have about three hours to spend with you now. Kenny and I have a radio station interview at two p.m. and then much of the same as yesterday as the evening draws near."

She yawned, placing a hand over her mouth. "I know you're working. It's fine. Can we get coffee on the way to the park?"

"Of course. There's a Starbucks right outside the hotel."

Jenny yawned again. "I really need the caffeine after the wild night we've had. You wore me out." She tried to hide her smile.

He didn't hide his. "You wore me out too, and it was utterly fantastic!" Leaning over to her mouth, he puckered his lips. "Morning kiss?"

She kissed him quickly and jumped out of bed. "I can be ready in about ten minutes." She raised her eyebrows in a dare. "Can you?" Grabbing her small suitcase, she disappeared into the bathroom and out of sight.

Ian chuckled as he got out of bed and looked at himself in the mirror. His hair was a mess and stubble could already be seen on his face. He stretched his face to look at his chin. He'd have to shave before the concert tonight but wouldn't bother this morning. The time with Jenny was already ticking away and he needed to make the best of it. She probably wouldn't mind if he was a bit scruffy. Who knows? She might like him scruffy. He pulled on a pair of jeans and a purple T-shirt from the small carry-on he had in his room. Socks and boots followed, then a comb that hit more than a few tangles. He heard the bathroom door opening and turned that way.

There she was. Wearing a black fitted halter top and jeans with flat leather slide shoes, blonde hair hanging loose and with minimal make-up, Jenny Page was gorgeous. She absolutely took his breath away.

Ian froze. "I would call that a come-hither halter." He stared. "I like it. Like it a lot. Just the proper amount of cleavage."

She grinned. "Yes, proper. I like it too."

He walked over to her and put his hands around her shoulders. Smiling, he bent down to kiss her. Jenny was sexy, desirable and flirtatious. A girl ready to play.

"Is it on to the park, then?" he asked.

"Yes, Ian," she said softly, looking him in the eyes.

The way she breathed his name almost pushed him over the edge. He grinned as he felt his heart pounding. "We best be going. I'm sure Robert will be calling at some point

to give me my instructions for today. He's rather good at telling me what to do." He raised his eyebrows.

They left the hotel, grabbed coffee at Starbucks and headed across West Eighty-Sixth Street toward Central Park. There were rows of apartments all connected together down the entire street. Each three-story apartment had a set of ten steps flanked by black metal railings that led up to the wooden doors. Some had little porches, some didn't. Mature trees and bushes lined the street and it was easy to see it was a gentrified area by the strollers being pushed and the dogs being walked...even a dog being pushed in a stroller!

Ian and Jenny held hands as they ventured down the street. When they got closer to Central Park West, the buildings became larger. Jumping from ten to twenty stories, they looked like mammoth apartment buildings with a fabulous address. They crossed the busy street into the park.

"Central Park is huge," said Ian, holding out an arm. "A place to get away from it all for the millions of people who live here."

They saw a giant reservoir of water to the left with joggers running around it. The tall buildings of Manhattan could be glimpsed on the other side of the basin. Jenny turned her head to all sides and could see the buildings peeking out of the trees around her. They kept going farther down a flowing, tree-lined path until they came to a huge open area. There were acres of beautiful grass with a baseball field thrown in each corner.

"This is called the Great Lawn," stated Ian. "I'm sure you've seen it in numerous movies and on the telly."

Jenny nodded. "I have. It's gorgeous." She looked around her. "So how many times have you been here?"

Ian frowned. "I have no idea. Work and pleasure have brought me to New York City so many times over the last decade."

Jenny looked in awe all around her. "I like it here. Look over there." She pointed. "I see paths, a wooden bridge and a forest. I can't imagine the upkeep for this place."

He raised his eyebrows. "We could never see this place in one day. I heard it's hundreds of acres." Ian's phone rang. He pulled it from his pocket and glanced at the caller ID. "Hello, Robert." He listened a moment, then frowned. "No! I don't believe it!"

Jenny glanced at Ian with a concerned look.

"When could this have happened?" He listened again while Robert spoke. "Well, I'm over at the park with Jenny. We'll leave now and get to the venue to speak with the police straight away. Will you still be there?" He nodded as Robert spoke. "All right, then. We're off." Ending the phone call, he turned to Jenny.

She frowned. "What happened?"

"My wardrobe at the venue was found open this morning." His face looked grim.

She looked at him with widened eyes.

He pursed his lips. "Someone destroyed my clothes sometime during the night."

Jenny put a hand to her mouth. "I'm shocked."

"Me too." Ian nodded. "My extra pair of black leather trousers and the few shirts I alternate for the stage were in there. Some of my daily clothes too. All I have is on my back and the very few things I keep in my small carryon at the hotel." He shook his head. "We need to get over there."

She nodded. "Of course."

"The police want to question me."

Jenny looked puzzled. "Why would they question you? You don't know anything."

"Just a formality, really. To find out timelines, I suppose." He shrugged his shoulders. "I haven't a clue."

She put an arm through his and gave him a sly smile. "I'll tell them you were in bed with me all night."

He grinned. "Mmm. That I was. Didn't need any clothes last night. Clothes would have greatly interfered with all the shagging going on in that hotel room." He raised his eyebrows as they turned to walk back.

Hurrying back the same way they came through the park, they briskly walked the few blocks to the venue. A police car was parked outside of the unlocked front door. As they went in, they found Robert talking to a police officer in the foyer.

Robert grimly looked up. "Ian, this is Officer Gennaro."

"Hello." Ian nodded as he shook hands with the man in blue. "I'm quite shocked by all this. I don't know who would possibly want to do anything to me."

Officer Gennaro's eyes looked over Jenny for a moment, then went back to Ian. "Mr. McAllister, I'd like for you, me and your manager to go into the venue director's office and talk. I need to ask you a few questions before I show you the wardrobe. Your friend can stay here."

Ian frowned. "All right." He glanced over at Jenny. "Are you okay waiting or do you prefer to go for a wander and we'll catch up when I'm finished?"

"I'll stay here. Go ahead," she urged. "I'll be fine."

Ian followed the officer and Robert down a short hallway, then inside a small cluttered business office. There were stacks of papers on the floor and barely space to move around.

"Please sit down," offered Officer Gennaro. He motioned to a folding chair for Ian, then stood against the closed door with his arms folded. "When was the last time you were in your wardrobe, Mr. McAllister?"

Ian squinted one eye. "Well, right before the gig, obviously. I put on my stage clothes."

"Did anyone else have access to that room?"

"Many people." Ian appeared to be thinking. "The other band members, a few people who work here..." He shrugged. "I don't know who else could have been in there."

"Do you have any enemies?"

Ian rubbed his chin. "I do slag off other bands from time to time. Don't think I've slagged off any of them enough to destroy my personal property."

"Anyone else? Old girlfriends? Old business acquaintances?"

"Hmm." Ian didn't want to say that there were disgruntled women everywhere...especially if they offered him sex and he turned them down. The last six months came to mind. He had turned down quite a few. Were any of them angry enough to do this to his wardrobe? He had no idea.

Officer Gennaro raised his eyebrows. "Nothing comes to mind, huh? I've already talked to the rest of the band. They deny seeing anything. According to them, all of you dressed at approximately the same time, then left the room. No one went into any wardrobes after the concert. Your band mates all had their overnight bags packed and left the venue for the hotel, then went their separate directions for the rest of the evening." Officer Gennaro glanced at Robert. "According to Robert, the young lady out there with you was the last known person in that room. It seems that the two of you were in there together before the concert started. Is that correct?"

"What?" Ian stood, then glared at Robert. "What's going on here, Robert? Are you dragging Jenny into this mess?"

Robert looked Ian in the eyes. "She was the last known person in that room, Ian. I know that you wouldn't want to believe it, but you don't even know her." He rolled his eyes. "Please. I'm only looking out for you. You know that. She might have done something to your clothes. What is she to you anyway? A fan? A groupie? What?"

Ian put a hand to his forehead in exasperation, then pointed a finger at Robert. "Bollocks, Robert! You know as well as I do that she was my nurse in the hospital. She has a professional job, a career. We got on quite well and I invited her here to New York. That's the reason she's here."

Officer Gennaro got out his notepad. "What can you tell me about her?"

"That she is not a suspect," said Ian firmly as he sat back down.

Robert raised his eyebrows. "Well, strike up the band and give us a cheer, Ian," he said in a droll voice. "You know so much about the girl, don't you? Thank goodness we called you into this room to enlighten us before we questioned her."

"What? You're going to question her? That's quite unwarranted." Ian frowned. "All right then. I'll tell you what I know. Her name is Jenny Page and she's from Michigan. She works at Clark Memorial Hospital. I could tell you what she's been doing for the last ten years, but I don't think you'd care." He looked smug. "We have spent a lot of time talking, believe it or not, Robert. She's been a fan of the band since the beginning. Jenny is an intelligent, beautiful young woman that I want to know better. She helped me when I was in need. I don't want her accused of anything."

Officer Gennaro nodded toward Ian. "Let me hear about your last minutes with her in the dressing room. What did you two talk about?"

Ian opened his mouth to speak, then quickly closed it. He had pleased Jenny on the dressing room couch before he left to meet the radio station winners. "Er, ah, we weren't doing much talking."

Robert rolled his eyes in exasperation. "Oh I remember now, officer. I can help you there. I found the door to be locked when I tried to get in. Ian needed to attend a meet and greet for local radio station winners but wasn't finished with the girl yet."

"Correct," chimed in Ian. "However, you say that in a bad way and it wasn't that way at all. Your astuteness never ceases to amaze me, Robert." He scowled at him.

Officer Gennaro wrote a few words down in his notebook. "Was the girl upset that you were leaving her?"

Ian grinned, as he thought back to the day before. Jenny had been quite relaxed after her orgasm on the couch. Languid, really. "Well, she didn't want me to leave, I can tell you that. She was quite happy, actually."

Robert shook his head and groaned. "Oh, Ian, please."

"But you did leave?" prodded Officer Gennaro.

"Yes, shortly thereafter. I knew I was dreadfully late for the meet and greet." Ian appeared to be thinking. "I did get her a glass of wine from the refrigerator, then we said our goodbyes. We didn't see each other again for about an hour, I believe."

"And what do you suppose the girl was doing while you were gone?"

Ian frowned. "She was supposed to meet up with her friend Liz, who came to New York with her, then they would be amusing themselves walking around the venue." He shook his head. "This is madness! Jenny wouldn't have done anything to my clothes."

Robert let out a breath. "Should we show Ian the wardrobe now?"

Officer Gennaro glanced over at Robert. "Let's bring in the girl first. We should question her in front of Ian, then we'll take the two of them to the wardrobe."

Robert nodded.

The officer opened the door and poked his head into the hall. "Ms. Page, can you please join us in here? We need to ask you a few questions." He moved away from the doorway.

* * * * *

Jenny let out a breath as she came into the room. She felt as though she was already on trial and it wasn't a good feeling. Ian stood up from the chair he was in and offered it to her. She sat down, crossing her legs and feeling quite uncomfortable. Looking from face to face, then glancing back to Ian, she had no idea what to think. Was Ian also considering that she might have done something to his clothes? She certainly hoped not.

Officer Gennaro cleared his throat. "Ms. Page, I apologize for this surprise meeting, but I need to ask you a few questions. We've already talked to Mr. McAllister, as you know. He has confirmed that the two of you were together in the dressing room before he was called away for a meet and greet."

She nodded.

"Can you tell us what you and he were doing in the dressing room before he left?"

The color pink washed over Jenny's face. "We...we were..." She froze. Unable to continue, Jenny had never felt so embarrassed in her whole life. How could she possibly say that she was moaning and groaning because his beautiful mouth was on her pussy? That she exploded in orgasm while he drank in every drop of her until she couldn't take it anymore? That he kissed her sensitive cleft as her legs lay open in her afterglow? Even thinking about their scorching couch encounter made her tingle all over. She shuddered, then felt her nipples harden as she glanced at that big British man. She wanted to put a hand over her mouth in awe as she remembered those wonderful moments, but she couldn't.

Ian smiled at her, as if reading her mind. "I told both of you that Jenny and I were getting to know each other better. I do believe that is the only information you need to know." He raised his eyebrows. "Unless you're looking for juicier details for your own sordid amusement." He looked at Robert condescendingly.

Robert raised his eyebrows in disgust at Ian, then let out a loud breath.

Officer Gennaro frowned. "I apologize, Ms. Page. I'm not looking for any such thing that Mr. McAllister is suggesting. I can promise you that."

Jenny nodded but still felt embarrassed.

The officer continued. "Can you tell me what you did after Mr. McAllister left?"

She swallowed, as she tried to remember. She glanced over at Ian. "I sipped on a glass of wine until my friend Liz showed up."

The officer nodded. "You were alone in the dressing room for a period of time after you and Mr. McAllister parted."

She nodded. "Yes."

"What was your frame of mind after Mr. McAllister left?"

"I...I was fine." She frowned. "I'm not sure what you mean."

"Could it be said that you were happy? Feeling good? Or were you upset in any way because he left you alone so quickly after your...encounter?"

"What are you suggesting?" Jenny looked at Officer Gennaro. She didn't like this conversation at all. They were thinking she was to blame for the destroyed wardrobe. "I don't understand what you want."

Officer Gennaro looked her in the eye. "Did you go over to his wardrobe and open it?" He put a hand on his chin. "Perhaps look inside of the wardrobe and become angry, thinking that he had just used you for his own pleasure, then left?"

"What?" demanded Ian, as he stood up straight.

"No!" Jenny shook her head at Officer Gennaro. "That's not how it was at all. You have it all wrong."

Ian raised his voice in anger. "This is ridiculous! Are we going back to this line of questioning again? You're cross-examining her like she's a criminal!" He looked to Robert and frowned. "Robert, I'll have none of this. Jenny is not under suspicion here."

Jenny cleared her throat, then glanced up at Ian. "I obviously am under suspicion, Ian, and I'd like to clear everything up right now."

"Say whatever you like, Jenny." Ian glowered at Robert and Officer Gennaro. "You have the floor."

Everyone turned to Jenny, waiting expectantly for her next word.

She looked down to the ground for a moment, then up to Ian's face. "Ian and I had a great time together. I was sorry that he left...but for my own selfish purposes." She smiled up at him from the chair.

Ian grinned back.

Jenny continued. "Obviously, I knew he had to go to work. That was the reason I was here in New York City to begin with." She couldn't help but give a frown to Robert and Officer Gennaro. They had made her angry too.

Robert cleared his throat. "I do apologize for this line of questioning. We have to explore all avenues."

"Ian was kind enough to get me a glass of wine from the refrigerator before he left for the meet and greet. I was just sitting on the couch sipping it until Liz came in." She closed one eye as she thought. "Wait a minute. Something else did happen."

"What?" asked Ian.

Officer Gennaro looked at Jenny.

Jenny focused on the floor, trying to remember. "A man came in before Liz did."

Robert frowned. "A man?"

"What man?" inquired Officer Gennaro.

Jenny bit her lip. "It was one of the roadies. I saw him before." She glanced up at Ian.

"A roadie?" Ian frowned.

"When Liz and I first arrived at the venue an hour or so earlier, he tried to talk to me."

Ian nodded. "Do you have a name, Jenny?"

"Let me think." She looked away for a minute. "I'm not sure if I heard someone speak it."

"A description would be nice if you don't have a name," said Officer Gennaro, his voice softer. "Please think, Ms. Page."

She put both hands over her face for a minute. "I'm trying to get a mental picture of him again."

The room became quiet to give Jenny a chance to think.

"Take your time," affirmed Officer Gennaro.

Jenny let out a breath. "The first time I saw him was after Liz had left to find Kenny. Ian had gone over to talk to Robert at the soundboard."

Ian nodded. "I remember leaving you for a few minutes."

Robert agreed. "Yes. Ian came to speak to me at the soundboard."

"A scruffy-looking man with a ponytail, beard and moustache came over to me and asked me if I was Ian's girlfriend," offered Jenny. "I remember that another man came over and yelled at him, telling him he's not supposed to be talking to me, since I was there as a guest of the band."

"Go on," said Ian, glancing at Robert.

"The man who yelled at him was large and bald." She frowned. "Multiple tattoos. I remember his name. It was RoadDog."

"He's the roadie manager," said Robert to Officer Gennaro. "Been with us for years. Roadies may change from tour to tour, but RoadDog has been around for quite a while directing them."

"Wait a minute," said Jenny. "I have it. The scruffy-looking man's name was Bill. I remember RoadDog calling him that when he yelled at him."

"Bill," repeated Ian as he glanced at Robert. "Not sure if I know him."

"Nor I," said Robert. "Might be a fill-in for a couple of roadies who had to leave the tour."

"Well," confirmed Jenny, "he was the one who came into the dressing room after Ian had left me. I was just sitting on the couch sipping my wine and he opened the door and peeked in."

"What did he say?" asked Officer Gennaro.

"I just remembered exactly what he said." Jenny looked from man to man. "He wanted to know which wardrobe was Ian's." She frowned. "Do you think he could have been the one who destroyed it?"

"Hmm," said Officer Gennaro, as he wrote down the new information. "We'll certainly look into it as quickly as possible."

Robert nodded. "I think it's time that Ian and Jenny got a look at the wardrobe. Perhaps there is something else that Jenny can remember when we go back into the room."

Jenny stood and the group walked out of the room and down a long hallway to the back of the venue. A few workers had already arrived. There was a man buffing the tile on the floor and a woman with an apron coming out of one of the bathrooms with cleaning supplies.

Officer Gennaro opened the door into the dressing room and they all went in. Jenny glanced at the beige leather couch where Ian had given her so much pleasure. She had

writhed and moaned on the edge of that very couch until he had brought her to a mind-blowing orgasm. What a stellar flashback! She couldn't help but smile as she glanced at Ian again. He raised his eyebrows. Looked like he was having the same flashback.

They were directed to the rear of the room to the band's wardrobes. Ian's immense black wardrobe was trimmed in silver and had stickers on it from various countries. The name of the band was printed on it in silver letters followed by a series of numbers underneath. He had bright green tape on the upper right corner. The wardrobe was wide open and the contents were completely destroyed.

He swore as his eyes took in the spectacle. "I'm disgusted that someone has done this to my clothes. Bloody wanker." Ian shook his head.

Robert nodded, grimly. "The latch was pried open with a tool, like a screwdriver. Your wardrobe wasn't even locked. They ruined it even more out of pure spite or pleasure, I'm not sure which."

Jenny perused the wardrobe. Ian's extra pair of black leather pants were cut in strips while still hanging on the pants hanger. His dressy concert shirts had the sleeves ripped off and were lying on the ground. Concert T-shirts were completely stretched out and ripped apart. Something oily had been poured inside over the black velvet lining of the wardrobe and Ian's clothes.

"We think the oil is common variety vegetable cooking oil. Nothing more," said Officer Gennaro. "The perpetrator could have gotten it from the kitchen here. We're checking to see if anyone in the kitchen saw or knows anything."

Jenny glanced over at Ian. "If the roadie, Bill, was the one who did this to you, do you think he had anything to do with your broken arm?"

"What?" Ian opened his mouth in shock.

Robert nodded in understanding. "She has a point there, Ian. You tripped over a cable onstage that should have been taped down. It was due to roadie error."

"And don't forget the speakers that were stacked on a tilt," offered Jenny. "Thank goodness they were found before Escape took the stage."

Ian raised his eyebrows as he peeked at his casted arm. "Hmm. Interesting to think about, isn't it?"

"Very good observation, Ms. Page," affirmed Officer Gennaro as he wrote down the new information. "This is certainly an excellent lead you've given us. In fact, if you'll excuse me now, I'll do what I can with this new information." He nodded to the three of them and left the room.

Robert raised his eyebrows. "It certainly looks as though someone out there means Ian real harm."

Jenny shook her head. "Why would somebody do that?"

"I have no idea," said Robert, as he glanced over at Jenny. "I apologize if I got a bit out of hand earlier."

She let out a breath. At least Robert didn't suspect her anymore. "Apology accepted."

Robert looked at this watch. "I'll ring you later, Ian." He followed after Officer Gennaro.

Ian came over to Jenny and put an arm around her. He smiled. "Cheers for remembering all that you did. I'm sure it helped the officer immensely."

Jenny tried to smile back. "Ian, I'm so sorry this happened. What are you going to do about your clothes?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Forced to do a little shopping today. Mary, our wardrobe lady, is visiting friends in Brooklyn so she can't help me. I currently have nothing to wear for the gig tonight except my other pair of black leather trousers back at the hotel."

Jenny grinned. "Just wear the pants without a shirt. I don't think any of the women in the audience would mind."

Ian looked at her with a twinkle in his eye. "Right. But if I do that from the beginning of the gig, what do they have to look forward to?" He raised his eyebrows.

She laughed.

"I'll probably shop on the way to the radio station interview with Kenny."

She nodded.

"Did you and Liz already make plans for this afternoon?"

"We'll be doing a little of our own shopping in Greenwich Village. I've always wanted to walk around there."

"You'll love it. Slick place. Just don't be chasing gents while you're there." He winked.

An Escape ring tone could be heard playing from Jenny's phone. She blushed. Caught with her pants down so to speak. "Oops." She shrugged her shoulders. "That's my phone."

Ian grinned widely.

Jenny unzipped her purse and grabbed the phone. "Hello." She listened a moment. "I know, Liz. Isn't it awful about Ian's clothes?" She listened again, then looked at her watch. Putting the phone away from her mouth, she looked up at Ian. "Do you know when you'll need Kenny? He and Liz are at the hotel."

Ian frowned. "Tell Kenny that we'll be over momentarily and to please finish his business. Have him ready to do a little shopping with me." He looked at his watch. "And I don't want him slagging me off about it. We'll need to buy my things before the interview."

Jenny went back to the phone. "We're on our way over. Ian wants Kenny to go with him to shop for a couple of things before the radio station interview. He has nothing for the show tonight." She listened for a moment, then shook her head and grinned at what she was hearing on the other end. "Okay, Liz. See you soon. Goodbye."

"Well?" Ian asked.

"Let's go." Jenny put her phone back in her purse and smiled. "I heard Kenny in the background complaining that he didn't want to help you shop. He said you were a difficult poser and have thrown a wobbler into his day."

Ian raised his eyebrows. "A wobbler? As much as I've done for him? He's got the nerve. He wouldn't even be in this band if it wasn't for me."

"He also said you weren't the boss of him." Jenny grinned, then stood on her toes. "Come on. Come on." She pursed her lips at him.

He bent his head down and they kissed gently. Smiling at each other, they started walking toward the door.

* * * * *

Jenny peeked at the street sign and squinted. "What does that say? The sun is in my eyes."

"Why didn't you bring your sunglasses? It says Bleecker Street," Liz confirmed.

"I've heard of that street before. Let's walk down this way for a while." Jenny glanced around as they turned down the smaller, two-lane street from the wide and busy four-lane avenue. "Seventh Avenue and Bleecker Street. This place is so cool. Can you imagine living here?" She looked around at all the businesses and could see other side streets with rows of apartments down them.

"If I were rich, I could imagine living here. Couldn't be here without money, though. That certainly wouldn't be any fun. I've heard most of these apartments cost millions."

As if on cue, a real estate office was the next business they came to. Jenny and Liz looked in the front window at the properties listed for sale.

"Wow," gasped Jenny, "that one looks nice." She pointed to a picture of a three-story, red-brick apartment building with black wrought iron railing and trees lining the street of identical establishments.

"A steal at four million dollars with twelve-thousand dollars a year in taxes?" asked Liz. "Let's go. This is out of our league." She pulled Jenny by the arm to the next business, which had mannequins in the window dressed in erotic outfits.

They stopped short to peer into the store.

"You know, Jenny," Liz grinned, "I think this is your place. There's a whole row of condiments, so to speak, on the side wall here. See?"

Jenny agreed. "You're right. Let's go in." She opened the door for Liz and they stepped excitedly into the tiny shop.

They perused the merchandise on the shelves from top to bottom as they strolled around. Vibrators of all colors and shapes, bondage toys that ranged from mild handcuffs to downright scary-looking mechanical devices, sex books, adult DVDs and

sexy outfits lined the walls and aisles. Jenny headed toward the lotions and potions wall as a young woman in the back by the cash register waved at her in greeting. She waved back.

"Oh I like this." Jenny plucked off a sampler pack of a variety of lickable oils from the wall and began reading the label. "Let's see. This package contains orange, grape, chocolate and cherry." She turned to Liz and grinned.

"Nice combination." Liz raised her eyebrows. "Is four flavors enough?"

Jenny smiled, then touched her mouth, each breast and between her legs. "I guess the manufacturer knows what they're doing."

Liz nodded her head, then grinned. "Do you need anything else to go with your outfit?" She grabbed a white boa lying on a shelf and threw it around her neck, then posed seductively.

Jenny shook her head. "Nope. I'm staying with the nurse theme to go with our history and Ian's fantasy. I already bought the rest of my outfit in Michigan." She grinned, then her eyes found the condom shelf and she headed that way.

Liz followed. "I better come with you to that wall. No bareback riding with Kenny. Who knows where that wild boy toy of mine has been." She picked up a condom that advertised it had bumps on the outside for the receiver's pleasure. "Hmm. This looks like my pick for today." She grabbed another. "Better take two in case my pleasure gets doubled tonight."

Jenny glanced at her. "How are you and Kenny getting along anyway?"

Liz shrugged her shoulders. "Fine. He's got quite a lot of baggage, though." She frowned. "Let me see. Two current girlfriends, one in San Francisco and one in England. One ex-wife and child who live in Ireland and another ex-wife and child who live in Las Vegas."

"Whoa! I didn't know there were so many. That's a lot of juggling for the boy."

"Yeah," Liz frowned, as she picked up another condom to look at. "I'm not even going to try to be the third girlfriend."

"No?" Jenny grinned. "I think he needs a girlfriend in Michigan. Can you imagine what kind of frequent flyer miles he has accumulated?"

Liz shook her head. "I like him, but I think that ultimately he's too hard to handle. It's just a fling and I'm fine with that." She shrugged. "Who knows? If you see Ian again, maybe I'll come along for the ride." Liz raised her eyebrows, then smiled. "All right. I'll definitely come along for the ride. Feel free to ask me."

Jenny wished she could think the way Liz did. She sighed as she looked up and down the rows at the condom selections. It was getting harder and harder to feel like it was just a fling with Ian. The sex they had on through the night was amazing. Besides being passionate during sex, he was tender and sweet with her afterward. Smiling, nuzzling, gently touching her. How could something so wonderful end tomorrow? She wanted it to go on forever. She was jolted from her dreamlike state from Liz.

"Look at these." Liz held up a package of glow-in-the-dark condoms of green, yellow and blue.

Jenny grinned. Those would have come in handy during her and Ian's late night shenanigans. She could have seen his cock in the dark instead of just feeling for it. Jenny did a quick intake of breath as she saw the perfect condom sitting right in front of her. "I see my condom pick for tonight." She grabbed the package and read off the words. "Raspberry ribbed condom, extra large. I want Ian to try this one. The regular size didn't look like it fit well. It seemed too tight to me, although he said it was fine."

Liz raised her eyebrows, then tilted her chin. "You're joking, right? It was too tight?"

"I think so." Jenny smiled and shook her head. "He's a big boy, Liz. I told you that at the hospital. And a big boy needs a big boy condom."

"Whew." Liz glanced out of the corner of her eye as a man and woman entered the store. "You're one lucky girl. The man of your dreams and he's hung."

Jenny grinned and got her wallet out to pay the sales girl. As she started walking toward the back of the small store, the man who had just entered bumped into her arm.

"Oops, excuse me," he mumbled.

"No problem," said Jenny, as she continued walking without looking at the man.

"Hey, wait a minute. Don't I know you?" the man demanded.

Jenny stopped in her tracks, then pivoted around. To her surprise, it was Bill, the scary roadie for Escape...and the man who was the main person of interest by the police in Ian's wardrobe incident.

"Yeah, I do know you." Bill stared, as he lecherously looked her over. "You're one of Escape's groupie chicks." He raised his eyebrows. "We've talked before."

Jenny didn't know what to say to him or what to do about seeing him. She tried to think quickly. "I'm just visiting in New York City for a couple of days." She wanted to run outside the store and call Ian or Robert to let them know where the roadie was but didn't know how she was going to do it.

Liz walked up to her carrying the two ribbed condoms and the glow-in-the-dark ones. "I'm ready. We can split the glow-in-the-dark package if you think Ian's cock can fit into them. It's a four-pack." She raised her eyebrows. "How about you? Done shopping?"

"Yeah, I'm finished." Jenny turned to Liz and frowned. Thank goodness they had discussed Bill earlier in the day. Liz had been completely updated about him being the main suspect in the destruction of Ian's wardrobe. Jenny rolled her eyes toward the right, in the direction of Bill so that Liz would see him and hopefully understand Jenny's signal.

Liz understood. "Can you pay for these, Jenny, and I'll reimburse you later? I just have to run outside and return a phone call real quick that I didn't pick up a few

minutes ago. I'll only be a second." She dumped the items in Jenny's hands and hurried out the front door of the shop.

Bill's eyes followed Liz suspiciously out the door, then went back to Jenny. "Buying condoms?"

Jenny felt uncomfortable but knew she should try to keep Bill occupied. "So how long have you been a roadie for Escape?" She tried to smile at him.

"Not long. Just this tour." He looked outside again where Liz could be seen talking on the phone. Glancing over at the woman he had entered the store with, he now hollered at her. "Darlene, I don't care what you're looking at, let's get outta here."

Jenny glanced at the woman Bill was calling to for the first time. She was shorter than Jenny, with shoulder-length brown hair. An attractive woman in her twenties with tight blue jeans and a hot pink T-shirt. Why was she with Bill? He seemed to be quite peculiar. As Darlene turned around, her dark eyes went directly to Jenny and she frowned. She gazed at every inch of her, then look at Bill as she walked to them.

"Yeah, I'm ready." Darlene glared as she continued to look Jenny over. "Who is this you're talking to, honey?"

Bill turned to her. "This is Ian McAllister's groupie while he's in New York City."

"What?" Darlene frowned. "His groupie?"

"Yep." Bill nodded. "I met her backstage yesterday."

Jenny interrupted. "I'm not a groupie."

Bill glanced back at Jenny. "Then you're McAllister's girlfriend. I know you two were behind closed doors in the dressing room doing something." He raised his eyebrows. "I bet you weren't playing cards."

Jenny bit her lip, feeling more uncomfortable by the second. She felt like a bird cornered by hungry alley cats. "I'm not his girlfriend either. We're just visiting with each other while the band plays here in New York City."

Darlene stared at her. If looks could kill, Jenny would be lying on the floor. Was the look she gave Jenny one of jealousy, anger or both?

"Tell me," Darlene demanded. "Did you have sex with Ian? I need to know."

"I think that's obvious," interrupted Bill. "She's buying condoms."

"I-I don't believe that's any of your business," Jenny stammered. She glanced out the front window, wondering what was taking Liz so long.

"Whether she's an Escape groupie or a girlfriend, she has nothing on you, Darlene." Bill put his arm around Darlene and smiled a toothy grin at her.

Darlene curled her lips into a smile. "You got that right, baby."

Jenny was appalled and more than a little frightened at what was going on here. *Where is Liz?*

Bill raised his eyebrows at Darlene. "Then what are we waiting for? I'm ready for that good time you promised me at the hotel. Let's go." He turned quickly and started walking toward the front door of the small shop.

Darlene followed, talking loudly. "That's why I got myself a roadie. He's happy to have me. Those rock stars are all a bunch of high-maintenance creeps. I'll make sure some of them pay in the long run. Yep, you betcha."

Jenny frowned. She didn't like the remarks that were made at all. Was that a threat? As Bill and Darlene left the store, Liz was finally coming back into the shop.

"What took you so long? Did you get that call made?" Jenny asked sharply as she strained her eyes to see the way Bill and Darlene were walking.

"Unfortunately, I wasn't able to reach anyone. Had to leave a message." Liz glanced at the couple in question, who were now almost out of sight.

Jenny let out a breath. "Too bad that police officer didn't give me his card. You could have called him."

Liz shrugged. "It all happened so quickly. There wasn't much we could do. The police will probably pick him up tonight before the show. He has to go back to work, doesn't he?"

"You're probably right." Jenny nodded. "That woman gave me the creeps, though. You didn't get to hear what she said. Bill called me a groupie again and Darlene acted like she was mad at me."

Liz flipped her head toward the register. "Don't let them bother you. Did you pay for our stuff yet?"

Jenny shook her head.

Liz pulled money out of her purse and handed it to Jenny. She appeared to be thinking. "I've actually met a couple of country music groupies and they were very nice women. They just like being in the thick of things, I guess." She smiled. "Some women get all the fun."

Jenny nodded as she glanced out the window again. She tried to remember more of the conversation that had taken place when Liz had been outside. "That woman Darlene said something about how some rock stars will pay in the long run. What do you think that meant?"

"I don't know."

"Do you think it has anything to do with Ian?" She frowned.

Liz shrugged.

"Oh well." Jenny looked at her watch. "Can't dwell on this anymore now. We need to get going." She tried to smile as she headed toward the counter. "Darlene said she'd be giving that gross Bill guy a good time when they got back to the hotel."

"He deserves a good time too, doesn't he?"

"Yuck."

"Since you already know you have the lead singer for tonight, you're giving the roadie a hard time? That's not very nice. He deserves some action." Liz smiled.

"Hey, he might have done something to Ian's clothes," Jenny said matter-of-factly. "He's wanted for questioning. Remember?"

Liz closed one eye. "Oh yeah. Can't forget about that."

Jenny frowned. "Quit sticking up for him. You did that last time in the dressing room too, when he came in there and scared me half to death."

Liz bit her lip.

Jenny smacked her in the arm.

"All right." Liz huffed. "No more sticking up for him."

Jenny smiled as she looked down at the items she was purchasing. "Just wait until Ian gets a load of my outfit tonight." She fluffed her hair. "He's going to love it."

Liz grinned. "I guess that you will then be getting a load of him." She raised her eyebrows.

Jenny laughed as she paid the salesgirl.

Chapter Ten

The second concert night went as planned. It was much the same as the previous night. Jenny and Liz were onstage the whole time watching the band perform. Jenny even recognized some of the people in the front few rows as being the same people from the night before. She'd done that herself more than once. Travel as much as you can for the band. Unfortunately, when you have a job, it's not as easy to take a lot of time off to travel to see your favorite band. You'd like to travel a lot more than you were actually able to. She shook her head. How could some people get off work so much? And afford to do it?

Bill the roadie was a no-show to the concert. This would have been his busy night for the tear-down afterward, so it was painfully obvious he had no intention of showing up. The equipment buses would be leaving for Philadelphia as soon as everything was disassembled and packed safely away. Jenny and Liz kept their eyes open all evening for Bill's girl, Darlene, but never saw her either.

The police and Robert had questioned Bill's boss, RoadDog, before the show started. RoadDog admitted he had covered for Bill with the cable incident in Detroit and the speakers placed on a tilt in New York City. He denied knowing anything about the wardrobe incident or where Bill was at the current time. He apologized over and over again, saying he was just trying to give the guy a chance. Who would have thought that Bill was going to be a troublemaker? Everyone believed RoadDog's version of the story, as he was a trusted employee. It looked like there would be no resolution to the wardrobe incident. Everyone hoped that there would be no further problems to worry about since Bill was gone.

Ian and the rest of Escape wouldn't be leaving until the morning. There would be one more night at the hotel for rest and relaxation...or whatever else the night brought.

Jenny tilted her head to see if she could still hear the shower. Thank goodness they were finally alone in the hotel room. Grinning, she even thought she heard Ian singing. Didn't he ever get tired of doing that?

She turned from side to side to look in the huge vertical mirror at herself to make sure she looked good. Wow! Even she was surprised how great the outfit turned out. Her blonde hair was up in a messy French twist and she had her nurse's cap from college pinned on above it. White lace push-up demi bra held her breasts but didn't cover them. Her pink nipples were proudly displayed for Ian's enjoyment. A matching white lace garter belt held up sheer white stockings, but no panties could be seen...only a neatly trimmed triangle. Yep, basically nude with accessories. Oh yeah, can't forget the shoes. They were the male-fantasy high-heeled pumps...white to match the outfit.

Her pulse raced with anticipation of what the night would bring. Where was a camera when you needed one? She grinned.

Flavored body oil had been rubbed on her nipples and her pussy. Her finger had just polished the inside of her mouth and tongue with a different flavor. She glanced over at the bed and saw her stethoscope hanging over the headboard. The bed sheets were turned completely down to the foot of the bed, making it inviting and ready for action. *Perfect.*

Ian would be out of the shower in a few moments and was going to be in for some surprise. He was going to love it! Oops, one last thing. She grabbed the bright rose-colored lipstick and traced her lips with it, then blotted them together. Lip gloss was dotted over them with a finger. Puckering her bright and shiny lips, she glanced at the mirror one more time. Her outfit was absolutely stellar. It was show time and she was the star!

Ian opened the bathroom door and the steam poured out to the rest of the room. He was naked and still drying his wet hair with a towel as he walked. His eyes widened as he grasped her outfit, then a smile filled his face. "I'll be buggered. My nurse fantasy comes alive."

They stared at each other and grinned.

"Lie down on the bed," she cooed, "and we can begin."

He threw his wet towel over a chair, then climbed to the center of the bed and positioned two pillows behind his head. Still grinning, he turned to her, waiting for the next move. The steam from the shower lay thick and hot in the room, along with the sexual tension.

As she took a deep breath for confidence, she realized how much fun this was going to be for the both of them to act out. She was ready to start the festivities. Her face turning serious, she put a fist up in the air and knocked on his imaginary hospital room door.

"Knock, knock," she called, then pretended to open it and peek in. "Hello, Mr. McAllister. My name is Jenny and I'll be your nurse for the rest of the night." She gave him her best smile and posed. Standing up straight, she held her chest high and turned from side to side so he could get a good view of her. As she faced him, she licked her bright and shiny rose-colored lips.

"Blimey." Ian laughed. "I already can't breathe." He glanced down at his cock, which was starting to pay attention to Jenny too.

Sashaying over to the bed, she sat down on the side and crossed her legs. She held one out so he could see her shapely leg with the delicate stocking and the glamorous high-heeled pump. She tilted her head toward him. "I heard about your unfortunate accident onstage with your arm, the PA equipment that might have hit you in the head, then the awful incident with your clothing." She shook her head, then batted her perfectly painted eyes. "I'm so sorry that these things happened to you, Mr. McAllister."

Ian nodded. "Feel free to call me Ian. Thank you for caring, Jenny." He reached out a hand to try to touch her breast.

"Please!" She smacked his hand gently. "I'll need to do my nursing shift assessment now, which is just a quick check of your body." Looking him over, she raised her eyebrows. "Hmm. This may take longer than I thought. However, I do have other patients to see. Can't stay with one all night you know, even if I'd like to."

"Spend as much time with my body as you wish." He smiled. "I'm yours for the taking."

Climbing onto the bed, she straddled him at waist level, letting her pussy lie bare against his skin. As she leaned forward to check his casted arm, her breasts came into better view.

"Scoot up higher," he insisted, opening his mouth and grinning.

She frowned. "Don't be a bad patient or I'll have to spank you." Checking his pulse, she then squeezed his hand. "Pulse good. Temperature warm. Your circulation is fine, Mr. McAllister, er...Ian." Starting at his neck, she slowly ran her hands down that slightly hairy chest that she liked so much, stopping to squeeze each of his nipples. She bent down and licked each one, then kissed it, leaving a rose-colored lip print. Massaging and caressing the skin of his chest, then abdomen, she progressed farther. "Everything is looking very good so far. You're in excellent shape."

"Happy to hear I'm passing the examination." He bit his lip and grinned.

She scooted her hips down lower, moving her cleft slowly over his cock, sliding her folds against him as she moved. He was getting harder by the second and she could feel herself getting wetter as she skimmed over him.

He chuckled. "Whew! Thank you very much indeed for that."

She sat up on his thighs and smiled. Taking his cock lovingly into her hands, she examined it closely, fingering the silky rim. "This is a beautiful specimen, Ian. It is quite large, isn't it?"

"So I've been told." Ian raised his eyebrows. "I've always been proud of it. It's served me quite well over the years."

She looked at him. "I don't usually do this to my patients, but I'd really like to give it a kiss. Would you mind so very much?"

"I thought you'd never ask." His face became serious as he stared intently at her lips.

She opened her mouth a little so her bright and shiny lips stayed the primary focus. Dipping her chin, she put her lips over his cock, then ran her tongue slowly around the rim several times. Not wanting to use up the flavored oil inside her mouth, she raised her head and sighed. "Your cock is just marvelous, Ian. I'd really like to go on forever, but I don't have the time." She smacked her lips, then kissed the tip, leaving rose-colored lipstick on it. "Sorry."

He groaned. "Tell me you're not stopping."

She shook her head. "Sadly, yes." She ran a hand down the length of it, then cupped his balls with the other, gently squeezing them. "Looking pretty good here. I don't see a problem. Hmm. Your cock seems to be quite a bit bigger than before." She acted like she didn't care and let everything go, scooting down farther. "Legs look strong." She rubbed her pussy back and forth over them. "Oops, sorry." She smiled. "Had a little itch there."

He grinned.

She glanced at his feet and frowned, then looked back at him. "Just so that you know, I don't go there."

"There are plenty of other places to go. Pay no mind to my feet."

She raised her eyebrows. "I won't." Scooting slowly back up to his waist, she sat up and smiled. "Well, Mr. McAllister, I think we'll get along just fine tonight. I hope you find me as pleasing as I find you."

He nodded. "You're exactly my cup of tea. The most beautiful nurse I've ever seen."

She smiled, then looked down at her outfit. "Just so you know, I don't usually wear this fancy of a nursing uniform during the week, but it is Friday night and I like to dress up a little for the weekend shifts. Hope you don't mind."

"I don't mind at all. I'm sure your other patients will enjoy it too." He stared at her breasts and the neatly trimmed triangle. "I'm finding this to be an immensely impressive facility. I'll never come anywhere else again. Ever." He widened his eyes.

She grinned. "Time to proceed. I'll need to listen to your heart for a moment." She moved up higher on his chest and reached for her stethoscope that was hanging over the headboard. As she leaned over, she let a breast drop into his face. It covered his nose and mouth and she pushed it down to playfully smother him.

He acted like he was trying to talk and couldn't. Unintelligible noise came from his mouth as he laughed.

"Please excuse me," she gasped as she sat up and placed a hand over her mouth. "I'm so sorry. I had no idea I was cutting off your oxygen supply." Grabbing the stethoscope from the headboard, she hooked it into her ears and placed the bell over his heart. She intently listened to the strong, beating heart of a man she was trying hard not to fall in love with. Lub dub...lub dub. The two standard heart sounds perfectly in tune, one right after the other as they should be. They were music to her ears. His heart was the sound of life and something she had always enjoyed hearing. She swallowed hard.

"Will I live?" He stared at her with earnest eyes.

Jenny met his gaze just as deeply. "I believe you will," she murmured. After laying the stethoscope on the bedside table, she appeared to be searching for something. "Oh no. I didn't bring a thermometer with me. What am I going to do?" Putting a finger to her rose-colored lips, she pulled down the bottom one as she thought. She shrugged. "I guess I'll just have to check the warmth of your mouth with my tongue." She pointed a

finger in his face. "I want you to know, I don't usually do that to my patients. You don't mind it in your mouth, do you? After all, you hardly know me."

"I don't mind at all." He grinned. "I'd love your tongue anywhere you'd like to put it."

"Fine. I'll also be doing a sensory check." She leaned forward to his right ear. "Ian, can you hear me?"

"Yes, I can."

She slipped her tongue inside of his ear and swirled it, then whispered, "I'm going to make you forget all about the unfortunate incident today with your clothes. You just need to do what you're told."

"Brilliant."

She sat up. "I'll be checking your senses with some tasting, smelling and touching exercises."

"Oh." He raised his eyebrows. "Then let's get started."

She leaned forward and rested her breasts on his chest. Folding her arms in front of her, she talked closely to him. "Do you like the feel of my breasts on you?"

"They feel glorious." He smiled as he glanced down at the two perfectly matched globes lying on his chest.

Her rose-colored lips opened as she moved her body up to his face. His mouth was parted, ready for the kiss. Jenny bent down, pushing her tongue far into his mouth tasting, exploring, stroking every part of it. She loved taking what she could get from him. It was great being in charge and feeling comfortable with Ian.

"Umm. Chocolate," he garbled as he tried to talk with her tongue in his mouth.

They kissed slowly, moving their heads at different angles to deeply reach each other. Her nurse's cap hit the headboard once and was almost yanked off. They laughed. He lifted his head off the pillow and sucked the chocolate flavor off her tongue. The kissing was wet and warm and wonderfully exciting. Jenny could feel her pussy creaming and clit tingling. She broke off the kiss and licked his lips like a hungry cat coming to the end of its delicious meal.

"I don't believe you have a fever," she confirmed as she pulled away and wiped a drop of moisture from her lips.

"Don't stop," he whispered as he moved his mouth toward her. "I'm rock hard for you. Kiss me like that again."

She denied him and pulled away, sitting up straight so her breasts were standing at attention. Bending forward slowly, she let one pink-tipped globe fall right in front of his mouth. "See this nipple?"

He shook his head in amusement, then stuck his tongue out. As he touched her nipple with his tongue, he looked her in the eyes. "This one here?"

"Yes, that one. I'm doing more sensory exercises. Tell me what my nipple tastes like if you can."

He took a hand and guided the soft, rounded breast into his mouth. He tugged on the nipple with his lips, the breast swelled and the nipple puckered. "Grape," he confirmed as he sucked on it.

Pulling the wet nipple out of his mouth, she pushed the other breast toward him. "Don't play favorites. The other one demands equal attention. They're like that, my jealous girls. What flavor is this one?"

Smiling, he licked the other nipple. "Orange." He took it into his mouth and sucked gently.

"This seems to be too easy for you, but it hasn't been easy on your nurse." She sighed, then put a hand to her forehead as if feeling faint. "Unfortunately, you've gotten your nurse quite excited. I've never had a patient do that to me and it's quite disconcerting."

He released her breast from his mouth, then kissed the stiff nipple. "Getting my nurse excited is quite pleasurable for me too. So what are we going to do about this, Nurse Jenny?"

"I have no idea." She put a finger to her lips, as she sat up. "Oh no." She rolled her eyes and frowned. "My pussy is pulsing like mad as we speak." Glancing down at herself, she slid her fingers over the garter belt and pulled up on her labia so he could see her swollen clit. "Oops. It's really tingling now that it's out in the open."

He tilted his head and raised his eyebrows as he peeked. "Pulsing? Tingling? Is it now?"

She nodded. "I think you're going to have to scoot your pillow down a little," she requested. "I apologize profusely. This was supposed to be just a simple nurse visit, but I'm afraid I need some assistance from my favorite patient."

"Favorite patient? Happy to have made the grade. All right then. Of course I'll help my beautiful nurse." He looked amused. "Why do I need to scoot my pillow down?"

"I need you to kiss everything. You know, all those little pulsing and tingling places of mine. Another nurse told me you're pretty good at it." Jenny bent down to his ear and whispered. "It won't take long, I promise. I'm already pretty excited." She threw a hand up. "Okay, just do anything you feel like you need to do to take care of the little problem I'm having with my pussy." Looking nervously around the room for a moment, she returned her eyes to his. "I hope another patient's light doesn't go on while we're busy. What would I do then?" She put a finger on her lip, then widened her eyes with an innocent look.

"I guess you won't be answering. Someone else will have to get it." Pulling on his pillow, he moved down farther on the bed. He turned his face up toward her. "Nurse Jenny, bring your gorgeous self up here to my face. I would be extremely pleased to lend a hand, er...tongue, to make you feel better."

Crawling toward his head, she rubbed a stocking next to his cheek in thanks, then straddled his face with her eager pussy. She let out a breath. "Thank you. I knew you were a man a nurse could mount...I mean, count on to help her out in a pinch."

He raised his eyebrows. "I have a no quibble guarantee." Placing his hands on her butt, he positioned his mouth up toward her pink pussy, then sniffed. "I smell cherry." Stretching his tongue out of his mouth, he slowly began licking and exploring her with the tip. "Tastes like cherry too. Mmm. My nurse is quite the yummy thing I expected her to be."

Jenny could barely breathe. She was dying to come right now but held back. "Thank you," was all she could manage to mumble. Leaning forward, she grabbed the headboard for the support that she was going to sorely need.

His fingers plunged into her, then opened her up so he could dive inside with his tongue. He sucked and licked and teased her up and down her sensitive cleft, making her pussy cream. Settling in on her clit, he put the slightest pressure on it with his skillful tongue and she moaned in reply. She moved her pussy back and forth over his face, finding a rhythm that took her to a paradise she didn't want to end.

He kissed, he nibbled, he swirled his tongue around the swollen bud, then started a hard, delicious suck that immediately unglued her. The juices poured from her and dripped down his chin as he tried, but failed, to catch all of them.

"Oh Ian!" she cried out, groaning and writhing above his face. She felt like a volcano ready to erupt. It took only seconds before her breathing became hard and heavy, only a few seconds more until she exploded in ecstasy above him. "Ahh! I never came so hard in my life!"

Ian was just as excited as she was. "Hurry, Jenny, sit on my cock!"

Shakily climbing off his face, she moved down, her breathing still energized. She tried to think of where she had put the special condom she had bought for tonight. Where was it? She looked around, still not able to think. Her brain was foggy from the orgasm. The entire workings of her body were focused on her pelvic region. *Oh no!* Where was that damn condom? Then she remembered. It was placed just inside the top of her garter belt. She felt for it and let out a breath. Thankfully, it was where it was supposed to be. Pulling the package out, she ripped it open.

He was staring at her with heavily lidded eyes and a look so blazingly hot she could have been burned. A hand was palming his rigid cock. "I've been hard for so long, it's killing me. Put it on."

Jenny rolled the raspberry ribbed condom over his erection. The extra-large size fit him perfectly, much better than the tight, regular size. She leaned over and put her tongue on the condom, quickly tasting it. "I know it doesn't matter now, but it's supposed to be raspberry. I just wanted to check to see if I got my money's worth." She smiled. "Yep. It tastes like raspberry."

He grinned, then whispered, "Get on top."

She straddled his legs and slid slowly over his enormous length. She felt her entire body warm and pussy spasm as he filled her. Feeling him inside her was the greatest thing on earth and she shuddered at the sensation.

They complemented each other perfectly in desire. It was like riding the swell of a perfect surf, amazing with stellar conditions. His cock was steaming hot and she was dripping wet. She leaned forward as he started thrusting in and out, meeting him full force with her pelvis while she stared into those wondrous green eyes. Ian let out a deep moan of pleasure as his hands slid up her body toward her breasts. Her nipples beaded in anticipation of his touch. She had never had a man so thick before, or a man who satisfied her so completely. Her only concern was that she didn't want this feeling to end...ever.

As they looked each other in the eyes, their bodies melded together like a puzzle that finds its correct piece. Time stood still and nothing else existed except them tangled on this bed. They were floating on the edge...on the brink of happiness or was it madness? Whichever it was, it was deliciously fantastic.

They were making love.

Ian groaned and began plunging in and out of her at a quickened pace. Jenny cried out in a savage response as her second orgasm hit unexpectedly in a powerful body rush. His wave of pleasure erupted immediately after with his semen bursting forth like hot magma.

They lay together in an exhausted heap, trying to recover. She felt flushed and tousled. Her nurse's cap was askew and hanging by one bobby pin. A large part of her hair was down in her face and her eye makeup and lipstick were smeared. His hair was plastered wet against his head as the sweat poured from his body. They stared at each other and grinned.

As Jenny came back down to earth, she wondered why having a mind-blowing orgasm with Ian felt like love when it was supposed to be a fantasy-fulfillment booty call. She now swallowed that lump in her throat and held him tighter, trying not to let the sob out. She was just a dreamer. They hadn't made love. It was all in her mind. A sense of loss set in and physically letting go of him would mean it was over. She closed her eyes, dreading the release.

Maybe Ian would remember that she had made his nurse fantasy come to life. He would tell his friends how much fun she had been and the highly sought after nurse fantasy would be perpetuated for other men. Maybe she'd get to see him again at a concert sometime in the future and talk to him backstage.

Or the worst scenario...she'd never be close to him again after tonight.

She let out a breath. It was time to end it. There was nothing she could do to prolong this electrifying night. Nothing at all. She gently pulled herself off him and took the remaining bobby pin from her hair in anguish. Tossing her nurse's cap nonchalantly over on the dresser, she stood up straight and proud, trying to deny the intense misery she was feeling. There was no way she should let herself be that way. The weekend had been much too wonderful.

"That was great, Ian." She raised her eyebrows in pleasure, then smiled at that beautiful naked man lying on the bed in tranquility. It gave her some solace to know he was feeling that way because of her.

"Sterling! Absolutely sterling! Jenny, you were more fantastic than my own nurse fantasy." He propped himself up on one arm. As he gazed at her, an expression came over his face that scared her. "Do you think we could talk seriously for a moment? I'd like a word."

Jenny let out a bewildered breath. What was he going to say? Had he seen the look in her eyes and wanted to clear things up before she became too infatuated with him? She swore at herself. Her face always gave her away. She suddenly had a feeling he was going to let her down easy, reminding her that it was just a fling...that it was only intended to be a fling and she would have to be okay with that.

At that very moment, she decided that she would be fine. She would make herself be fine because her only other choice was to be hurt. "Let me go in the bathroom for a moment first. I must look awful." She grimaced. "Be right back." Closing the bathroom door, she washed her face and tried to make herself feel perky again. She pinched her cheeks and ran a comb through her hair. These two days with Ian had been wonderful and would stay safely tucked inside her memory forever. After finishing in the bathroom, she strolled back out to the bed and sat down next to him.

He was still propped up on his side and staring at her outfit. "Would you like my help removing your things?"

"Sure," she nodded, as she sat down and turned her back to him.

He unhooked her bra and the straps draped loosely over her shoulders. She pulled it off and dropped it to the floor. Ian leaned over and gently kissed her shoulders, then lightly ran his hands back and forth over them.

Jenny let out a quiet moan at his touch. It was unbelievable how he could make her feel so quickly. She looked down at her feet. "I'm surprised I still have these high heels on after all this time." She kicked them off. "Oh that feels better. They were starting to hurt."

"Why don't you lie down?" Ian grabbed a pillow and placed it next to his. He patted it with his hand.

Stretching back out on the bed, she stuck it behind her head and sighed. "I just realized how tired I am." She closed her eyes, not wanting to hear any bad news from him.

He unhooked her stockings and rolled them down her legs. "Do you care how I take these off?"

Jenny shook her head and smiled. "Do whatever you want with them. Put them on if you like." She raised her eyebrows. "Actually, I'd enjoy seeing that."

"I don't think they'd quite fit me the way they do you." He smiled, then pulled them off her feet and threw them to the floor. "How do you feel about seeing me again?"

She froze, not knowing if she had heard him right or not. *What?* Her heart started pounding in anticipation. This certainly wasn't what she had expected. She opened her eyes and looked into his. "You're on tour and I have to go back to work."

He nodded. "We could meet somewhere."

Jenny understood now as she let out a breath. He wanted another fling with her. She'd heard about these arrangements with rock stars before. They might fly you around to a few different cities until they tired of having sex with you. Then it was on to someone else. What should she do? She was a strong person and she enjoyed being with him. She would be foolish to expect anything more than sex from Ian, even though she wanted a lot more. It was obvious Ian continued to want her because she was a nurse and a good lay. Just a fantasy...that's all she was to him.

What would Liz say? Jenny bit her lip as she thought for a moment. Liz would definitely say to go for the gusto as long as you could. At least Jenny could still see him. Yes. Definitely, yes. It would be okay... Jenny would make it okay. Another fling with Ian would be just fine with her. It had been a totally stellar sexual experience.

It had been the greatest sex she had ever had.

"Sure. When?" she asked casually as she looked up at the white ceiling of the hotel room.

"I don't know. I'll have to check my schedule." He shrugged his shoulders. "I think we're out East for a while longer. Another week or so."

She glanced at his face. His eyes looked sincere and his lips looked so utterly kissable. She turned her face toward him and he leaned over and gently kissed her. "All right," she agreed without thinking further. "I'll work it out somehow."

He searched her eyes. "I'd really like to get to know you better...more than we know each other now." He bent over and kissed the closest nipple, then cupped the breast and gazed at it as though it was a work of art.

She watched him. "I think we have a good start. We haven't had a lot of time to get to know one another. Two days wasn't enough."

Ian nodded. "Agreed." He paused. "Jenny, I believe that I'm..." He looked away, as if he wasn't sure of what he was going to say.

Jenny blinked, waiting for him to continue.

He glanced back at her, then let out a breath. Silence took over and what seemed like minutes was in fact only a few seconds. Changing the subject, he spoke quietly. "Turn over on your side and let me undo that garter belt."

She noiselessly turned over as he unhooked her garter belt and thought about what he said about wanting to spend more time with her. Were the feelings possibly not one-sided after all? She knew she wanted to spend more time with him... She could spend a lifetime with him. Her history of awful relationships with the wrong men would be over forever. Pulling off the garter belt, she tried to lighten the mood. She popped the elastic from it and shot the garter belt as far as it would go across the room.

They grinned at each other. As she lay back down, he grabbed the sheet and threw it over them. He turned toward her and placed an arm around her back, nuzzling into her neck and hair. The coolness of the sheet chilled her and she sank even deeper into him. Their naked bodies quickly warmed together and she felt secure as he held her. Although she'd be leaving in the morning, sleep would be easy tonight. Whatever the future brought for the two of them didn't matter right now. Tonight he was all hers.

Chapter Eleven

Jenny and Liz sat in the hotel lobby, all packed up for their ride to the airport. Ian had paid for a luxurious Lincoln Town Car that would be picking them up momentarily. Unfortunately, he hadn't been able to wait with them in the lobby. He had business calls to make, then needed to get out on the tour bus to leave the city as soon as possible. There had been no further news about the roadie Bill and his girlfriend Darlene. It appeared they had vanished.

"Did you get any gifts from Kenny?" Jenny asked.

Liz's eyes widened as she patted a large bag sitting next to her small suitcase. "Everything I requested, including the band's poster that he signed to me."

Jenny laughed. "Did he write what you wanted?"

"Yep. 'To a cute bird with a hot ass! Love, Kenny'." Liz smiled. "Isn't that great?"

"It is. I'm glad you had a good time." Jenny yawned. "I'm so tired."

"What time did you two go to sleep?" Liz raised her eyebrows.

"After the nurse fantasy, we fell asleep for a while, then woke up late into the night. I don't know what time it was. We talked forever, it seemed, about everything. My family, his family, growing up in Michigan, growing up in England, early days of the band, which I already knew a lot about and he thought was amusing." Jenny smiled. "He even made me what he called a proper cup of tea."

"And what is a proper cup of tea?"

"To quote Ian, 'The water has to be boiling, end of chat'. He travels around with one of those electric water kettles that you plug in to get boiling water for tea. That way he can have tea in every hotel room he's in, whenever he wants."

"That's cute. He's always prepared for his cup of tea. Ah, those Brits." Liz smiled, then glanced over at Jenny. "I know you're sad it's over."

"I'm trying not to think about that." Jenny sat up straighter on the couch and crossed her legs. "Don't want to talk about it anymore, either."

She looked away and drifted back to their last few hours together in bed. It was nice waking up where he was. They had sweet goodbye sex up in the hotel room just over an hour ago. Ian had definitely brought forth the sensual woman she was. Relaxed and unhurried, they stared into each other's eyes and smiled while they made love. Yes...she was going to say that word again. Jenny and Ian kissed and fondled and laughed and touched while they made love to each other in that big ole king-sized bed in the Upper West Side of Manhattan.

And it was fantastic.

"How long do we have to wait for our ride?"

Jenny glanced at Liz and shrugged. "I don't know. Hopefully, it'll get here soon. We may as well be on our way." She fell back into her dreamlike state, replaying their final scene. She and Ian insisted they would be talking later today. Jenny kept thinking he was trying to say something to her but was unable to. He kept looking away after staring into her eyes. She wanted desperately to tell him that she was in love with him but couldn't. The words just wouldn't come out. It was probably for the best anyway.

She was just letting her emotions get the best of her after having so many bad relationships. A weekend fling that had turned out stellar. Yep, the "L" word was a little too strong for as long as they had known each other. As they kissed their final goodbye, Jenny still wondered if he would really call her. Would she ever see him the way she wanted to again?

"He said he'd be calling you, didn't he?"

Jenny let out a breath and nodded. "He also said I could feel free to call him anytime. Whether that really happens or not remains to be seen. In a few days, I may feel like he's out of reach."

Liz hit her lightly in the arm. "Don't get all melancholy on me."

"I know, I know." She pushed her hair over her ears. "I'm just being realistic. He's busy, I'm busy and I've always had trouble with men anyway. I can't imagine what it would be like having a relationship with someone like him, when I can't even have any luck with one in my own backyard."

"But Jenny, he said for you to call him...so call him."

Jenny tried to smile. "Maybe I'll call him tonight if he doesn't call me first. We'll see how it goes."

A commotion at the front desk caused them both to turn their heads. A woman with shoulder-length brown hair was waving her arms at the person working behind it.

"That's right!" cried out the woman with the brown hair. "Call up to Ian McAllister's room right now. He's expecting me."

Jenny's mouth gaped open. She glanced over at Liz, who refused to even look at her. She turned back to the brown-haired woman to listen.

"Sorry," mumbled the clerk. "I don't have you on his list. I...I can't call upstairs for you."

"It's my turn!" screamed the woman. "He got rid of the other one and I was already told this morning that I have him for the next two days. He's on the two-day plan with women, you know." The woman folded her arms and began tapping her heel impatiently on the wood floor.

Jenny's heart plummeted. She could feel pain so intense it felt like her abdomen was being sliced open with a knife. Did she hear what she thought? Was Ian really expecting another woman so quickly? Jenny hadn't even left the building yet.

The woman threw her purse up on the counter, then let out a huff.

Jenny looked closely at her. The woman was wearing a short red dress, no stockings and matching heels. Even from behind, there was something about her that was familiar. Was it her voice? Did Jenny know her?

"There's nothing I can do," the clerk insisted. "Sorry." He turned from the woman as he went to answer a ringing phone.

"I want to see your manager!" the woman snorted. "Don't ignore me! Come back here!" The woman abruptly turned around from the counter and glared directly into Jenny's eyes.

Jenny put her hand over her mouth. She was too shocked to even glance over at Liz because she knew Liz was doing the exact same thing. The woman standing in front of them at the desk was someone they had just seen yesterday for the first time. She was attractive, but that was the only thing remotely pleasing that could be said about her. Loud and obnoxious, this was the woman with the roadie Bill at the condom store yesterday. The woman who was going to give Bill a good time at his hotel room. Jenny felt like her face had gone pale, completely washed of color like bleached white hotel sheets.

How could it be? This was the woman who said she was happy with a roadie and that rock stars are all a bunch of high-maintenance creeps. And now this woman was saying that Ian was expecting her up in his room? Her name came to Jenny as she let out a deep breath. It was Darlene.

"Well, well," Darlene snarled as she looked mockingly at both of them. "It's Escape's groupies being kicked to the curb. Time for the band to move on to the next town and time for a new girl for the lead singer."

Liz scooted closer to Jenny to give her support. "I don't know what you're trying to prove," she retorted to Darlene.

The woman sneered. "Prove? I don't have anything to prove." She stared at Jenny. "You're gone and I'm in for the next two days." She looked at her watch, then glanced back to the clerk behind the counter. "Forget about your manager. I'll just call Ian myself. He'll take care of things for me." Grabbing her purse off the counter, she took out her cell phone and appeared to scroll through some numbers, then let the phone dial. As she started walking away from the desk, she began talking loudly to someone.

Jenny and Liz just watched. They didn't know what else to do. The shock they were feeling made this whole scene seem surreal.

"Ian," purred Darlene into the phone, "I'm down in the lobby." She appeared to be listening for a moment. "No, those other girls haven't left yet. Okay, I can wait a few more minutes." She listened. "Meet you in the hotel restaurant? Aw, aren't you sweet. You want to buy me breakfast." She smiled, then glanced back at Jenny. "Okay, Ian, see you in ten." She closed up the phone and placed it back in her purse. "Ta, ta" she called out to Jenny and Liz, as she waved and walked out of sight.

Jenny breathed heavy. "No, it can't be. I don't believe it."

Liz frowned. "I don't believe it either. She was making that up."

Jenny ran her fingers through her hair, then shook her head. "I'm not dealing with this. I thought I could handle some sort of a relationship with him, whatever kind it was, but I can't. I don't want to see him ever again, Liz." She opened her purse and appeared to be searching for something. Finding a tissue, she took it out and dabbed at her eyes. She had let herself become more vulnerable than she had ever realized. She swore. It was time to give up on men altogether. She had enough of their dishonesty to last a lifetime. "How could he lie to me so blatantly?" The shock of what she was feeling caused her body to shudder.

Liz bit her lip. "There's something not right with this, Jenny. Don't be so quick to judge him."

Jenny sniffled. "Ian is such a player. He always has been. I should have known better than to expect anything more from him. I was just too vulnerable, too hopeful that something good would happen to me with a man I cared for. I've known about the way he goes through women. I've seen it. I've seen them. He's a master at seduction and I fell for it."

"Oh Jenny."

"You know, Liz, I really thought he wanted to see me...to get to know me. He said that. He looked me in the eyes and said that. Ian even acted like he wanted to say more, but I can no longer believe it." She blew her nose. "He just wants to see everyone he has good sex with again. Why was I so stupid?" Shrugging, she looked to the floor.

"Don't jump to conclusions."

"At least he could have waited until I left the hotel before he scheduled something with that...that nasty woman." Jenny was getting more upset by the second. She had given Ian everything she had to make their weekend exciting, sexy and enjoyable, but things were different now. She felt used...and it wasn't a good feeling.

Liz glanced at Jenny with widened eyes. "Why don't you call Ian right now? That way, you can find out if that girl is really going to see him. Ask him if you can come up to the room. Say you forgot something."

Jenny let out a breath. "I don't think so, Liz. I'll never call him again. I'm done. Ultimately, he was nothing more to me than that high-quality, one-hundred-dollar vibrator I always wanted but never bought. I guess that vibrator will be a good investment now since I'm finished with men." She shrugged. "I don't know why I'm letting myself get so upset. I hadn't expected anything permanent to come of this weekend."

Liz put her hand on Jenny's shoulder and gently rubbed it.

"But you know what?"

"What?"

"I'll never be able to go see Escape again or even listen to their music. It would just be too painful hearing Ian sing." Jenny swallowed hard. "I can't believe I'm saying this, Liz, but I love that man. I really love him." She let out one heartbreaking sob, then

forced herself to regain her composure. Taking in a deep, cleansing breath, she let it out just as deeply.

"Jenny, no. This is awful."

Jenny shook her head and glanced toward the street, biting her lip. "Our ride will be here anytime. It can't get here soon enough for me."

"Where is your phone?" Liz grabbed Jenny's purse from her lap and began searching around inside for it.

Jenny frowned. "What are you doing?"

Liz triumphantly held up Jenny's phone and began scrolling for Ian's phone number in the address book. "I'm calling him – that's what I'm doing."

"No! I don't want to talk to him. Don't call him." Jenny reached to grab the phone from Liz.

Liz looked Jenny in the eyes. "Listen to me. Darlene was with Bill the roadie yesterday. Why would she be with Ian today? It makes absolutely no sense. You're not thinking rationally." She found Ian's number and dialed, then put the phone to Jenny's ear. "Besides...she's not his type. You are."

Jenny tried to push Liz away, then relented as she listened to the phone ringing on the other end.

Ian answered after two rings.

"Hello, Ian," Jenny stammered, not knowing what to say next.

"Jenny, is that you? I was expecting another call."

With that remark, Jenny couldn't help but blow up. "I know you were expecting another call. I saw the woman who had talked to you a minute ago. Did you think she was already calling you again?" She jumped up from the couch and started pacing.

"Jenny," Ian protested, "what are you talking about? There is no other woman."

"Someone is waiting for you."

"Something sounds dreadfully wrong. Are you still down in the lobby?"

"Yes." Jenny let out a breath. "Our ride hasn't come yet."

"It's crushingly obvious we need to talk, but it'll be a few minutes before I can get there. Make the driver wait. I'm almost done doing the final clear-out of my room."

"No!" Jenny commanded as she looked out of the front door of the lobby. "I've had enough. I don't want to talk to you anymore."

"What? Don't leave, Jenny."

"Liz and I will be out of here as soon as the driver arrives."

"I'm coming down," he confirmed, getting louder. "Wait for me!"

"Don't bother," Jenny huffed, trying not to let her voice crack. "I know what we had was just a fling, Ian. If that's the way you really are, then fine. I shouldn't have expected anything more out of you than that. Women have always been a weakness, haven't they? No matter who they are or where they come from. All it takes is for them

to show you a little attention. It was my fault for thinking you might be real." She let out a breath. "My fault for thinking that something real might be going on between us."

"What is flaming going on down there? Jenny, believe me, I fancy you like mad. I thought you knew that. Where is this coming from?"

Jenny continued, not listening. "What I'm not okay with is that you have someone already lined up to replace me before I've even left the building. That's rude and disgusting behavior. I really didn't get the impression you were like that, but you had me fooled. What do I know about you, anyway? I guess I don't know you at all."

"Jenny..."

"You can't even have any down time, can you? I've always wondered that about you. Can't you ever be alone?"

"I'm alone right now. If you come up, you'll see for yourself."

"Well, I don't believe you. I don't believe anything you say." She took a deep breath, then let it out. "I thought we shared something special, Ian. I wouldn't think you would talk about those private things in your life to just anyone. Guess I was wrong. Darlene will be hearing all about growing up in England later on tonight, won't she? Do you tell everyone about Aunt Hermione and her strange animal farm too?" Jenny could feel a crushing pain in her chest. It was her heart breaking and there wasn't a damn thing she could do about it.

"No one has heard the stories about Aunt Hermione before, except the band and a few mates," Ian retorted. "I've talked about her in a group for a bit of a giggle. No other woman has ever heard her name even mentioned."

"Right." Jenny raised her eyebrows. "I'd greatly appreciate it if you delete my phone number from your phone, Ian. I no longer care to get a call from you. It was fun and I did want to see you again, but you've wrecked it." She looked down at the floor. "You've wrecked everything."

"Jenny, don't hang up!"

Jenny abruptly ended the phone call and threw the phone down into her purse. She was fighting the total breakdown that she wanted to have. A crying jag wouldn't do and she refused to give in to her emotions. She was too strong for that nonsense. Sex with her favorite rock star...no, her favorite man...was over. She had her memories, now tarnished by Ian's behavior. Time to focus on her real life again.

Liz stood there with her mouth wide open. She croaked, "What did you just do?"

Jenny shrugged as she fell back down on the couch. "I guess I just dumped Ian. He's probably not used to that." She raised her eyebrows. "Looks like he had already dumped me anyway. I just didn't know it yet."

"You're crazy." Liz shook her head in complete disbelief.

"No, I'm not. I did what needed to be done. I told you at the beginning of the weekend this was going to happen. Unfortunately, I was right. Ian is now in my 'Men

Are Scum' file along with all those other guys." Jenny looked toward the lobby door again. *Where is that fucking airport ride?*

* * * * *

"Jenny, listen to me," Ian demanded. "You can believe me when I tell you there is no other woman." He let out a breath, gaining his confidence. "This is extremely hard for me to say. In fact, I've never said it to another girl before. Jenny, I...I think I love you." There...it's out. He waited for a response from her, but none came. It took him a moment before he realized that Jenny had hung up the phone. He placed a hand over his forehead in anguish, then glanced around the room. Time was running out.

Quickly pulling the zipper to close his small carry-on, he set it down on the hotel room floor and wheeled it to the door. He had to get downstairs to see Jenny before she got into that car heading for LaGuardia Airport. His heart began to frantically beat. The walls were tumbling down on him, like an earthquake had just hit. As he walked briskly, he pushed the buttons into his phone and anxiously waited for it to be picked up.

"Hello, Ian," Kenny muttered, as he answered the phone sounding annoyed. "What is taking you so long? We're waiting to leave. Martin is getting rather grumpy and is fidgeting in the driver's seat. I prefer not to have my driver angry when he gets on the freeway."

"Tell him I'm on my way down, but I have a favor to ask of you."

"Why am I not surprised? Could this be the reason why you're lagging behind?"

"I need your help."

"We need to get on the road. Have you not said farewell to Jenny yet?"

"Kenny, I want you to ride Party Bus to the next city. I'm asking Jenny to go with me to Philadelphia when I get downstairs to the hotel lobby and am cautiously optimistic that she'll accept."

"What is going on there?"

"Please, Kenny. I'm somewhat overwhelmed by what's rolling around in my brain as we speak and can't explain everything now. Ride with everyone else on the other bus. She's going to leave me forever if I don't stop her. I...I can't let that happen. There's something special about her. Really special that I can't explain right now. I've been telling you that ever since I met her in the hospital. Remember how alarming my behavior was there and on the way to New York City?"

"Dare I forget?"

"Something has happened and I need to be alone to talk to her."

"You've been together for two days. What is the problem?"

"I'm obviously the problem. Couldn't speak my mind. Me? Can you believe that one? A bit of a giggle, isn't it?"

"Are you the same Ian who normally can't keep his mouth shut?"

"Guilty."

"All right then. Guilt admitted. If you're absolutely sure about this, I'll move to Party Bus straight away."

Ian could see Kenny's eyebrows rising as he thought Ian to be totally daft. He let out a breath. "I've never been so sure of anything in my life," he murmured. "I'll call you in a bit. Just get on the other bus before they head out. Tell Martin I hope to be down there in a few minutes."

"Sure, mate," Kenny affirmed. "I'll tell him."

"Cheers." Ian hung up the phone.

As he reached the elevator and pushed the button, it seemed as though it was taking an alarming amount of time to arrive. He swore. He was afraid that Jenny would be gone by the time he reached the hotel lobby. His body started to sweat and his jaw clenched. He felt like he couldn't breathe.

Ian McAllister was in deep.

* * * * *

Jenny was staring stone-faced out at the street, watching the cars and cabs zoom by the hotel. "We should have just taken a cab. We would have already been gone."

"He wanted us to go in style. It's fine. I'm more than happy to ride in a Lincoln Town Car to LaGuardia Airport." Liz glanced over at Jenny. "Jenny, I wish you'd talk to him face to face before we leave."

"No."

Liz cleared her throat, then took a quick intake of breath. "Don't turn around now, but Ian just got off the elevator and is heading this way. He looks very upset."

Jenny guardedly tilted her head to peek. Ian entered the expansive lobby like a cyclone...unpredictable, challenging, his energy taking over the room. He walked purposely toward her with a confused look to his face. She froze.

He reached them quickly. "Jenny, what on Earth is the matter?"

She glanced over at him but couldn't look him in the eyes. Seeing his face would just make her sad. "I told you what was wrong on the phone. There are no other explanations necessary. Thank you for the good time, Ian. I'll always remember it."

Ian looked to Liz for support. "Do you have any idea what is flaming going on here?"

Liz nodded. "A woman was just here, acting like she was talking to you on the phone. She said she was your next girl." She raised her eyebrows.

"What?" he snapped. "That is just rubbish!" He turned to Jenny again. "Jenny, I told you I had phone calls to deal with. They're for radio stations in the next city we're going to. I had received one before you called. I thought you were the other."

Jenny now looked him in the eyes, trying to see if she could see the hint of a lie. She wasn't sure.

Ian pleaded. "Don't believe a word that someone else says about me because it happens all of the time. People tear me apart for no good reason. It comes with the territory. I'm used to it." He glanced around the lobby. "Where is this woman who says she'll be seeing me? Show her to me. I'll tell her to her face that she's a bloody liar. Maybe then you'll believe me."

"She said she's meeting you in the restaurant," Jenny murmured. "You're buying her breakfast."

Ian's voice roared. "I'm doing no such thing!" He shook his head. "I have to leave, Jenny. The bus is waiting for me right now. I'm late. I couldn't buy anyone breakfast. Not even you."

Liz glanced at Jenny. "I told you so. That woman is a fraud. Remember, she was with Bill the roadie. If he's a suspect in Ian's wardrobe destruction, I think we can safely say that she is too."

"What?" Ian interrupted. "Did you see Bill?"

Liz shook her head. "Just the woman. And she's obviously caused enough damage."

Ian turned to Jenny again. "Jenny, you must believe what I say. Why would I see that woman anyway? It makes no sense. Please. Let me make this up to you. Stay with me. Go with me to the next city so we can talk this out."

A Lincoln Town Car pulled up to the valet area outside of the hotel. Everyone saw its arrival as they glanced that way.

"No," affirmed Jenny, as she stood. "I'm not expecting anything more out of this weekend. I enjoyed myself more than I should have, but it's over now. It's time for me to go home. My life is there. Goodbye, Ian." Picking up her small suitcase, she turned and started walking toward the revolving door, hoping Liz was following her out to the car.

"You said that you thought we shared something special!" Ian boomed. He let out a breath. "I thought so too, Jenny. The position that I'm in, I normally don't tell people about my personal life. I have to be careful about those things. They're only told to people I trust."

Jenny stopped but didn't turn around. Her bottom lip started trembling. These few minutes seemed like a lifetime.

"Am I supposed to forget how your body tastes? How it feels to be inside of you? Don't do this to me, Jenny," Ian pleaded. "You're not a passing fancy. I've been waiting for someone like you."

She didn't know what to do.

"Tell me something, then, before you leave me forever. I have a question that I'd like an answer to."

"Yes?" She stared straight ahead, watching as the Lincoln Town Car driver opened the trunk.

Ian cleared his throat and spoke softer. "I'm not without my worries too." He paused a moment. "Did the things we did together really mean anything to you or were you just having sex with Ian McAllister?" He let out a breath. "I'd really like to know for myself."

Jenny shuddered. Her façade was cracking. She wanted to tell him she loved him and wished they could try to build some type of relationship, but that was just crazy talk. She needed to hold back so he wouldn't think she was being ridiculous.

"Well?" he asked.

She turned around slowly and looked at him straight on. His eyes were burning green fire into hers. Her heart began thudding in her throat. Although she dreamed of running to him and throwing her arms around his neck, she held back. But she was going to tell him the truth. "The relationship we've had over the past two days has meant everything to me."

Ian stared back at her. "If what you say is true, then I'm begging that you go with me to the next city so we can talk." He glanced at Liz. "Liz will be okay on her own. Won't you, Liz?"

"I will, Jenny," said Liz, following Ian's lead and nodding. "I'll be fine. I know you have to work tomorrow, but I'll cover for you. How does that sound?" She raised her eyebrows and nudged her.

Jenny peeked back at Liz. "You'll work for me tomorrow?"

Liz nodded. "Yep. Twelve hours for you, babes. I'm giving up a day off after vacation for you. You're going to owe me. Just call the boss and tell her the plan."

Jenny bit her lip.

Liz pleadingly looked Jenny in the eyes. "I think you should go with him. Go on. It'll be fine."

Ian winked at Liz. "Then Liz best be going. Your carriage awaits."

Liz smiled, then raised her eyebrows at Jenny. "I'll be talking to you soon." Without hesitation, she picked up her bags from the floor and put her purse on her arm.

"You're a great friend," Jenny murmured. She put her arms around Liz's neck and hugged her. "Thank you."

Liz bent to her ear and whispered. "It's going to be okay. Remember when we arrived this weekend and talked about the four-letter word called lust?"

Jenny nodded.

"I think your four-letter word has changed. It's no longer just lust...it's love. Lucky you." She stood up straight, lifted her eyebrows and grinned.

Jenny swallowed hard and nodded, then suddenly felt nervous being alone with Ian. After all they had done together, how could she be nervous with him? Her brain felt twisted, like a corkscrew. She was unable to think. Did they both love each other?

Liz walked quickly out of the lobby and through the glass revolving doors. The driver of the car got out and took her bags, placing them in the trunk. Ian and Jenny watched as Liz climbed into the back seat of the black Lincoln Town Car and sped off toward LaGuardia Airport.

He turned to her but didn't come any closer. "Jenny, cheers for staying. Let's go have a wander. We'll first look into the restaurant to see if that evil cow is there. I want to set your mind at ease and prove to you I didn't lie."

Jenny picked up her small suitcase and nodded.

"I can take that for you." Ian held his hand out. "I'll lay it on top of my carry-on and pull it."

"I'm fine, thanks." Jenny looked straight ahead and started moving.

They walked across the spacious lobby and down a hallway to the left. A large easel was standing at the entrance to the restaurant with the morning fare presented in bright pictures. The young hostess picked up two menus and motioned for them to come in.

"We're looking for someone," said Ian to her as they stood in the doorway. "We're not here to eat."

The hostess nodded, then moved away so they could see.

Jenny strained her eyes across the sparsely filled restaurant. There was no one that looked the least bit like Darlene. She shook her head. "I don't see her at all."

Ian let out a breath. "I'm not surprised. I told you what she said was rubbish."

Jenny didn't know what to say. It appeared as though Ian might be telling the truth. Did she jump to conclusions?

He bit his lip. "I'm sorry you got upset, Jenny. Sometimes I fail dismally trying to explain things. I hope you believe me."

She looked at him out of the corner of her eyes. "I'm trying, but it's hard for me. I have trust issues."

"Then we have a lot of talking to do." He glanced at his watch. "We need to get moving before Martin leaves."

Jenny tried to suppress the grin that was involuntarily coming. She relaxed, but just a little. "I don't think Martin will leave without you."

Ian smiled.

They quickly trekked through the hotel to the street behind it where a single bus was parked.

Chapter Twelve

As they stepped up into the bus, Martin could be seen making the final preparations for the trip. He threw a map over to one side of the console, then glanced up at them.

"Martin, you remember Jenny, don't you?" asked Ian. "You met her in the hospital parking lot back in Michigan."

"I do." Martin nodded. "Welcome back to Pleasure Bus."

Jenny blinked. "Thanks."

"Our luggage is right outside the door, Martin."

"Fine," said Martin. "I'll put it in the storage area."

"Are we rolling in a few minutes?" asked Ian.

"Yes. Party Bus has gotten a head start on us, but I have to run back into the hotel for a moment. The front desk just called and said I left something on the counter and need to pick it up. I asked what it was but they had already hung up the phone." Martin frowned. "Odd, really. I can't think of anything I could have possibly left there." He glanced at his watch, then shrugged. "We'll leave in about fifteen."

Ian smiled. "Fine then. We'll just go into the back. I'm pulling the curtains across the front here for privacy. Don't mean to be rude."

Martin grinned. "Cheers for the warning." He raised his eyebrows as the curtain was pulled.

Ian directed Jenny to the living room area where a long, leather bench seat and another smaller one faced each other. Jenny fell into the biggest seat and let out a breath. They were alone and her nerves had gotten the best of her again. She glanced around the bus trying to make conversation. "You name your busses?"

"Doesn't everyone?" Ian laughed. "I guess I didn't tell you at the hospital. It distinguishes each of them to have a name. That way we're not always saying this bus or that bus."

"I got it." She nodded her head in understanding.

"It may be my home away from home, but I do get tired of it." He glanced toward the front of the bus as it started moving. "Looks like Martin got back quicker than he thought. We're on our way, after all."

Jenny looked out the window as they started riding through the streets of Manhattan. A sign for the Lincoln Tunnel could be seen as they headed toward New Jersey.

"We'll be going through New Jersey to get to Philadelphia," he said as he sat down next to her. "Would you like anything to drink?"

"Water, thanks."

He got up and walked into the galley kitchen and took two bottles of water from the refrigerator. Handing one to her, he sat down closer this time. "Jenny, I'd like to talk now. We have privacy."

"I know." Jenny glanced over toward Martin, then back to Ian.

Ian leaned forward. "And Martin will not bother us. I'd like to get this straightened out."

"All right."

"I don't know what you thought, but I'm sorry for what happened. I don't want us to go through a bad patch already. We've barely started."

Jenny felt confused. "Started?" What was Ian trying to say? Did he possibly feel the same way as she did?

His eyes softened. "I wanted to see you again and I thought you felt the same. I was serious about meeting up."

"I was serious too."

Ian smiled. "I haven't had sex in six months until you came along. It was important for me to have it with someone I cared about. In my business, you tend to forget about those things and I had forgotten."

She looked at him from one eye to the other, waiting for him to continue. *Six months? It had been six months for him too?*

He let out a breath. "I had no idea that you would have such an effect on me."

Jenny shook her head. "We're obviously thinking the same way. I hadn't had sex for six months either, although my reasons were different. The 'Men Are Scum' headline comes to mind." She rolled her eyes.

"What?" He frowned.

Jenny exhaled. "I seem to be a girl who always has trouble with men, no matter what I do. But I've run out of patience and will not be putting up with dishonest men anymore. I'm finished."

Ian raised his eyebrows. "Good thing I'm giving you an explanation then. Wouldn't want to fall into that category."

Jenny tried to smile. "You're not a little boy. You've been around a lot more than me. I have no illusions as to what your life has been like in the past."

"I'm ready to move forward. Forget about my past. It's not important to me." He placed his arm around her. "We are what is important."

She didn't know what to say.

"I had fallen for you at the hospital. It was just an additional benefit that you were a nurse." He grinned at her. "You know you nearly killed me with the nurse fantasy last night."

She couldn't help but blush. "I wanted you to enjoy yourself. As it turned out, I had an amazing time too."

"It was spectacular. I thought I was going to really need your nursing services." He leaned toward her and whispered, "You put me over the edge of reason."

She looked intently into his eyes and whispered back, "I planned it that way."

He smiled. "I'm sorry you were hurt, Jenny. I had no control over what that woman said. You must believe me."

Putting his fingers on her chin, he gently lifted it up to his face. They stared at each other, each searching for the logic of being together. This was what they both wanted, wasn't it? Did it make sense?

As he leaned forward and their lips met, the tour bus made a sudden lurching movement to the right, tearing them apart.

"What's going on?" Jenny looked out the window in surprise. She held on to her seat, waiting to see what would happen next.

Ian strained his eyes to see outside the bus. "Looks like we're out of the Lincoln Tunnel. Martin must have been avoiding another vehicle or something. I don't see anything out of the ordinary." He smiled as his attention went back to her. "Now, where were we?"

Jenny grinned as she scooted closer. Ian was being wonderful. "We were right here." She put her arms around his neck.

Another wobbling movement of the bus began as they turned sharply again. Ian glanced outside. "I don't see the freeway. Looks like Martin has turned us into a park. I'll be buggered. What are we doing here?"

Jenny turned her head toward the window. "Strange."

"We are supposed to be on the freeway." He stood. "Martin, why are we in a park?"

The curtain was abruptly yanked open by a hand with long, red nails. It was Darlene who stood there in front of them with a grin on her face. And in the driver's seat was not Martin the bus driver... It was Bill the roadie.

They had been hijacked!

* * * * *

"What is going on here?" asked Ian angrily. "Where's Martin?"

Bill laughed out loud. "We left him back in New York. He was probably surprised when he came from the hotel and the bus was gone."

Darlene shook her head. "Sorry he couldn't join us, Ian, but it just wouldn't do. We were watching you and blondie's disgusting display in the hotel lobby from around the corner and I couldn't take it anymore."

"I had already seen the other bus leave. Your driver had gotten on this remaining one, so I knew you'd be getting on soon. But I didn't know that blondie would." Bill raised his eyebrows. "A bonus."

"So Billy here came up with a great plan to get rid of the bus driver and us to take over the wheel. Fortunately, he knew how to drive this thing. I wanted an audience alone with you, Ian. And I got it." Darlene smiled. "But now that we have blondie too, we are all going to have a little park party."

Ian took his cell phone from his pocket. This couldn't possibly be happening. "This is ridiculous and I'll have none of it. I'm calling the police."

"Oh I wouldn't do that, pretty boy," Darlene sneered. She reached into her front pants pocket and pulled out a small black gun, pointing it directly at Ian and Jenny.

"Put that thing away and get off of my bus!" Ian hollered as he stood. He couldn't understand the bravado he was feeling. Guns scared him out of his wits.

"You have a lot of nerve." Darlene held out her other hand while still pointing the gun. "Give me that phone now. You wouldn't want me to shoot blondie there."

Ian let out a breath, then begrudgingly handed over the phone. Darlene placed it in her front pants pocket and patted it.

"Sit down, Ian. You're not in charge anymore." Darlene smiled. "I am."

Ian reluctantly sat down next to Jenny and placed an arm tightly around her.

"He don't know you very well, does he, Darlene?" asked Bill.

Darlene nudged Bill. "Isn't Ian funny? He thinks he's still the boss." She turned back to Ian. "Ian, honey, you're only the boss onstage. You need to remember that."

"Yeah, Ian, you need to remember that," Bill said in a girly voice. He laughed as he turned the tour bus down a dirt road in the park.

Darlene grinned at him. "And to think, Billy poo, that not so long ago I wanted him."

Bill glanced over at her and raised his eyebrows. "He would have been a terrible choice."

Darlene let out a breath. "I see that now." She leaned down and juttied out her lips for Bill. They kissed noisily.

"Ha, ha ha!" Bill put a fist into the air in victory.

Ian glanced at Jenny. "I have no idea what's going on here."

Jenny leaned over to his ear and whispered. "My cell phone is in my purse and I just dialed 911. Maybe it can be traced. I don't know."

"Worth a try," Ian whispered back.

"What's going on over there!" yelled Darlene. "No whispering, kids. That's r-u-d-e. Rude." She looked closely at Jenny. "Give me your purse, blondie."

Jenny zipped the purse closed, then handed it over to Darlene. She let out a breath as Darlene threw it against a wall and it fell down to the floor with a thud.

Bill made a quick turn down one dirt road, then another. He pulled the bus onto the shoulder and turned off the engine. Rolling the captain's chair around, he faced Darlene. "This good, honey?" he asked.

Darlene nodded as she glanced out the window.

From what Ian could see, there was nothing around them but greenery. No cars, no people. The four of them appeared to be alone and that wasn't a good thing. He had to engage them in conversation, since he had no idea what Darlene and Bill planned to do with him and Jenny. What was going on here?

"What's the matter, Ian?" asked Darlene. "You seem deep in thought."

Ian looked her in the eyes. "What's this all about anyway? Do I know you?"

Darlene sauntered toward Ian and Jenny, then sat down in the white leather bench seat across from them. She crossed her legs, then put the gun down on the seat. "You met me in Chicago six days ago."

Ian frowned. "You'll have to refresh my memory. I meet new people every day."

"I worked in the kitchen of the hotel where the band stayed. I even brought room service up to you." Darlene raised her eyebrows, then tilted her head. "I know you'll remember now."

Ian nodded as he looked over her face and shoulder-length brown hair. He did recognize her. It was after the gig in Chicago, late in the evening. Escape was spending the night at a hotel since they only had to drive to Detroit for the next gig. Ian had decided to go up to his room and relax instead of socializing. He had called room service to place an order and Darlene was the person who had brought him up his club sandwich. She had carried the tray into his hotel room and set it down on the small table by the door. Not waiting a moment longer, she pulled off her shirt and bra, then started to unzip her trousers. He quickly stopped her before she took off anything else, but she had gotten angry with him.

"I was in the front row at the concert," explained Darlene, looking serious. "You flirted with me from the stage when you sang a line of a song directly to me. Remember? I was sure you wanted to meet, so I made it happen. The girl that was supposed to bring up your food unexpectedly had hot water spilled on her and was unable to make it." She grinned. "She had to go to the hospital for a nasty burn. That was why I came upstairs to your room instead."

Jenny raised her eyebrows.

Ian cleared his throat, trying to think of how to answer. He had to smooth things over because this woman had suddenly become scarier. "It was a misunderstanding, then, Darlene. I deeply apologize. I flirt with a lot of girls. I do things like that all of the

time. Flirting is a part of my job and my fans expect it. We're in a band that girls like." He threw up a hand. "Half of our audience is girls. I just try to make everyone feel like they got their money's worth and so does the rest of the band."

Darlene raised her eyebrows. "That was my first time seeing Escape, you know."

Ian frowned. "What? You've never seen us before?"

She shook her head. "I couldn't even name one song the band does. I've heard about Escape before, but you're not the kind of music I usually listen to. Someone I work with in the kitchen couldn't go at the last minute and gave me her ticket."

"So you're not a fan?" Ian prodded.

"No, but you shot an arrow through my heart that night as soon as our eyes met." Darlene looked down. "I was sure you really liked me. We had an instant connection and were attracted to each other."

Ian looked Darlene in the eyes. "I'm sorry that you got the wrong impression when I sang to you. If you wanted a picture or autograph, that would have been fine, but I don't routinely have sex with women I don't know or fans who pop into my room. The stage show is all in fun. I've done that for years. My long-time fans know how I normally behave."

Jenny cleared her throat, then looked at Darlene. "I'm a long-time fan and what Ian says is true."

Darlene frowned. "You're a fan and you're with him. Bill already told me you two were staying together in New York City. Did you come up to his room like I did, only he accepted you?"

"No," offered Jenny quickly. "We already knew each other before New York. We weren't strangers."

Ian looked at Jenny out of the corner of his eye. It was true what Darlene had said, though. Jenny had been a fan he had flirted with from the stage, although they hadn't really gotten to know each other until the hospital. And now look at them. Jenny was someone he wanted to be with all of the time. He smiled inwardly. Hurray for fans! He had fallen in love with one of them.

Darlene slanted her eyes. "I had told people that I was coming up to your room to spend the night."

"You shouldn't have done that." Ian shrugged his shoulders. "I'm sorry. I don't know what else to say to you."

"You made me angry that night," Darlene huffed as she raised her voice. "Really angry. That's why I've been hurting you."

Ian was taken aback. He looked her in the eyes. "What?"

"Lucky for me, after I left your stinking hotel room, I ran into Billy here downstairs in the bar. I was too upset to go back to work at the hotel. My coworkers would have laughed at me." Darlene looked over to Bill in the driver's seat. He grinned back at her. "I never went back to that kitchen."

Bill sneered at Ian. "You don't know what you turned down, buddy." He grinned. "I took full advantage of the opportunity and I've been happy ever since."

Darlene smiled knowingly. "Bill didn't seem to mind me at all. He's the one who didn't tape down the cable onstage when you tripped and broke your arm in Detroit."

Ian glanced at Bill and frowned. "So it was you?"

Bill nodded. "Got caught too. But my boss, RoadDog, covered for me." He shook his head. "RoadDog shouldn't have done that."

"Bill was going to dump a PA stack on you too, but someone else saw the stack tilting at the last minute and fixed it." Darlene blew a kiss to Bill and he blew it back.

Ian let out a breath. "It is crushingly obvious now that you two are the ones who destroyed my wardrobe."

Darlene burst out laughing. "That was so much fun. I had no trouble just waltzing into the hotel kitchen, grabbing some vegetable oil and getting into your dressing room. The wardrobe wasn't locked and your name was on it."

"You did that?" Jenny interrupted. "That's awful."

"We both destroyed Ian's wardrobe. Bill used his knife and we just tore everything up." Darlene grinned. "What a rush of excitement that was. We were having a field day, weren't we, baby?"

Ian shook his head in disgust.

"But we have one last thing on the agenda, then Bill and I will leave for points unknown." Darlene raised her eyebrows. "We'll be finished completely with you and I'll have my revenge."

"Haven't you done enough?" Ian snapped. "Can't you just leave us alone? Go now. You've told me your misdeeds. I hope you're very pleased with yourselves."

"Nope," Darlene retorted, sounding very sure of herself. "We're not going yet."

"What more do you want from me?" burst Ian. "To say I'm sorry again for turning you down? Okay, I'm dreadfully sorry."

"That doesn't even matter anymore." Darlene pointed a finger at Bill. "That guy is the most important man in this world for me now. His arrow was a lot stronger than your little weak one. Cupid hit us quickly. Didn't he, honey?"

Bill nodded at Darlene. "You bet, baby."

"Then what is the further point of this?" huffed Ian.

Darlene smiled at Bill. "My lover here has told me that he thinks your girl is cute. Normally I'd be a very jealous woman, but I told Bill he could have sex with her and I wouldn't mind. He's done so much for me that it's a small price to pay to make him happy. I'm offering her up to Bill as a token of my appreciation." She pointed a finger at her boyfriend. "But this is the only time I'm going to agree to something like this. Nobody else...ever!"

Bill raised his eyebrows and grinned leeringly at Jenny. Her mouth dropped open in shock.

"No!" Ian yelled.

Darlene nodded. "Oh yes. I trust you really like this girl, Ian. I'm hoping this hurts you like you did to me that night in Chicago." She glanced over at Jenny and smiled slyly. "We're just leveling out the playing field."

* * * * *

"He's not getting near me!" Jenny bellowed. She put her arms up in fighting stance.

Darlene frowned. "That's what you think."

Ian stood. "With every breath in my body, I will beat both of you down. No one will touch Jenny!"

Darlene picked up the gun still lying on the couch and pointed it directly at Ian. "I don't mind shooting you, so don't make me. We'll be leaving after Bill is done with her."

Ian cautiously moved toward Darlene.

"I'm serious," Darlene confirmed, raising her eyebrows and frowning. "Don't take another step."

Jenny hoped that the connection to 911 was still open on her phone and that someone was on their way or at least listening. "Ian, stop! I don't want you to get hurt."

Ian froze in his tracks, frowning at Darlene. "Is there any way to reason with you people?"

Darlene smiled at Jenny. "Just let Bill have his way with you. I'm sure it won't take long." She raised her eyebrows. "I've already given Bill the nickname of minute-man on more than one occasion."

Bill leered at Jenny as he stood from his seat and started easing toward her. "Take off your clothes," he urged. "I want to see you naked."

Jenny placed her hand tightly around Ian's arm. Although she was scared to death, the consequences of the gun loomed large. As she glanced up to Ian, the look on his face said it all. He wasn't ready to give up and was poised for attack. Whatever he needed to do to save Jenny from being ravaged, he would do it. Ian was going to risk being killed for Jenny and her heart ached at the thought. It looked like she meant more to him than she had ever considered. Could Ian possibly be in love with her like she was with him?

A voice unexpectedly boomed from outside the bus. "This is the police. Put down your weapons. You are surrounded. Open the door to the bus and come out with your hands up."

Darlene let out a half-dozen expletives. She glanced out the bus window and could see flashing lights surrounding them. "Bill, what are we going to do?"

Bill put out a hand. "Give me the gun, Darlene. I'm going to point it at pretty boy's head for all to see, then we'll drive out of the park"

As Darlene started to pass the gun over to Bill, Ian lurched toward it. The movement startled Bill and the gun fell from his fingertips to the ground. Ian and Bill both dived for it. They rolled around and around on the floor trying to locate the gun and ended up hitting each other in the process. Ian slammed his cast into Bill's head as Bill tried to bend back Ian's other arm. Neither one of them was able to see where the gun had gone.

Jenny watched as the gun slid to the front of the bus and under the driver's seat where it went out of sight. She glanced back to Darlene, it was apparent that Darlene still had no idea where the gun was either. She appeared to be frantically searching for it with her eyes as the men continued to tussle.

Jenny looked up the aisle of the bus to where the bunks were stacked two deep. A guitar could be seen lying on the unmade mess of one of them. She bit her lip. A guitar as a weapon. It just might work. She glanced out the window first, seeing that the police were still out there surrounding the bus. It was now or never. She jumped up and quickly moved down the aisle to the bunk as fast as she could. Grabbing the guitar neck, she twirled around immediately, knowing that Darlene would be right there waiting.

"Give me that!" screamed Darlene as she went for the guitar.

Jenny held the guitar like a baseball bat, and with all the force she could gather, slammed it into Darlene like she was the baseball. The impact of the blow caused Darlene to fall to the floor where she sat in a daze. Jenny dropped the guitar, then ran for the front of the bus door, jumping over Ian and Bill, who were still fighting. Pushing the lever that opened the bus door, she screamed to the outside.

"Help us!" Jenny yelled. "Hurry!"

It was over quickly. Three officers converged on the bus, coming in with guns raised. Bill and Darlene were quickly subdued and dragged off the bus in handcuffs. Ian and Jenny fell down on the couch, arms around each other as they regained their composure.

"Good riddance to bad rubbish," said Ian.

Jenny let out a breath. "I'm so glad that guitar was there."

Ian tried to smile. "Thank goodness it wasn't one of mine."

They glanced up as Robert, Kenny and Martin stepped up into the bus.

Jenny bit her lip, then whispered. "Is it Kenny's?"

Ian nodded.

"Oops."

"No worries. He has his own line of guitars at that company." He grinned. "He'll just ring them up and order a new one."

"Then he won't be mad at me?"

Ian raised his eyebrows. "Now I didn't say that." He turned to the group who had just entered. "Well, it's about time someone from our organization showed up. My time of need and not a Brit in sight."

Kenny snorted. "Mate, me and Robert were ahead of you on Party Bus. If I remember correctly, you begged off to be alone with Jenny."

"Agreed," conceded Ian. "I remember saying that. I'll let you off this time then." He glanced up at Martin. "And just what happened to you back at the hotel?"

"I went inside to the hotel desk like I said I was going to do," offered Martin. "When I arrived there, everyone denied ringing me. I returned to Pleasure Bus, but it was gone. I tried to reach you and couldn't."

"Martin called us next," Kenny nodded, continuing the story. "We called 911 and turned the bus around to look for you. The police had managed to pinpoint the area you were at from Jenny's 911 call, but we still had a mile to work with. Not exact. I think we actually did pretty well under the circumstances."

"Good job, mates." Ian smiled. "I'm sure this somewhat large bus helped matters in the locating. Jenny was able to beat the other girl down with Kenny's guitar and save the day." He put an arm tightly around her. "I might just have to keep her."

"My guitar?" Kenny winced. His eyes opened wildly as he saw his guitar lying at an odd angle down the aisle and hurried to pick it up. He made a face. "Possibly salvageable." He tried to smile but was doing a poor job of it.

Ian glanced at Jenny. "I knew she was keen and she proved it."

Jenny blinked. "You were trying to save my honor. Thank you." She leaned forward and smiled, then kissed him gently on the lips.

"Oh Jenny," Ian teased, "I think we can do better than that." He looked her in the eyes, then pulled her firmly against his chest. His lips were on hers in a second.

Jenny hardly had time to think as he started stroking the inside of her mouth with his tongue. Slipping into the other world that only held her and Ian, she melted into the couch. Hearing someone clear their throat and knowing it wasn't either one of them, she opened her eyes. There was Robert, Kenny and Martin...plus one. A detective. She broke from the kiss, pushing away an amorous Ian.

"What?" Ian frowned as he looked at the detective.

"I have questions," said the detective. "Everyone can leave the bus except Ian and Jenny. It won't take long."

* * * * *

They sat closely together on the same side of the picnic table, straddling it and facing each other as they waited for the rest of the crew to finish their statements to the police. His hands were holding her shoulders, her fingers rubbing his thighs. Leaning forward, they gave each other gentle kisses one right after another.

"I only have two months left on the tour," he whispered. "Can you handle it?"

"I'll try to." She grinned as she nuzzled his chin.

"I know my schedule can be difficult at times, but I want us to give it a go."

"Sounds like a plan."

"We're a team. I think that's crushingly obvious."

"I haven't been on a team in a long time." She sighed. "I won't know how to act." For the first time in years, Jenny felt hopeful about the start of a relationship...strong, confident, looking toward the future. She wanted to believe in love and everything it was supposed to be.

"I think we're off to a flying start." He smiled, then looked serious. "I'm in bewildered awe at what's happened between us. Please give me a chance."

She nodded back slowly.

"Will you be my very own angel of mercy? I'll never get to heaven without you."

Jenny tried to swallow and couldn't. Her heart was in her throat.

Ian raised his eyebrows. "Some people you meet right away and know you belong with them."

"Is that right?" She grinned. "You knew right away?"

He pulled her tightly to his chest. They were face to face and she felt unable to breathe.

"I did." He stared her in the eyes. "You, Jenny Page, are the best thing that's ever happened to this bloke from Birmingham, England."

She put a finger on his lips and traced them. "Hmm. I'm thinking that you're not so bad yourself."

He leaned over and whispered into her ear. "You're the one I've been looking for. I want to lie naked in bed with you all night long, and wake up with you next to me in the morning."

She didn't know how to answer for a moment, then slowly looked into those smoldering green eyes that she knew would be burning into hers. Her heart was pounding.

Ian lifted his eyebrows just a notch.

Jenny let out a breath but didn't break the stare. "Who would have thought it would be the two of us. We should have thanked Darlene and Bill for helping us get together. If you hadn't fallen onstage in Detroit, we never would have gotten to know each other."

"We'll write them a thank-you note." He smiled back at her. "Jenny, a confession is in order on my part. I've not stopped dreaming about you since I left Michigan. My imagination has been running riot. Every night, every day. I thrill with each touch you've given me. I've wanted to tell you but have been unable to until now. I'm not good at expressing my feelings." His eyes softened, as he gently stroked her hair.

Jenny wiped away the tear that was forming. She almost stopped breathing at the look of longing in his eyes.

"I think that Kenny still needs to ride Party Bus for tonight," he whispered.

"Agreed," Jenny murmured.

"As I kiss every inch of you later, I will tell you how much you mean to me. Count on it."

Jenny's chest swelled with happiness at his words. All she could do was grin. This was the best reality she had ever had.

"I'm having a graphic shag flashback right now with you as the star." He smiled. "I think you should start kissing me now, tongue in sight for all to see. A public display of spit swapping is in order. Then unbutton my shirt, put your hands on my trousers..."

Jenny laughed, understanding the game. "Touch my breasts, rub my legs."

He chuckled. "They'll want us to stop, especially Kenny. He'll think we're being bloody awful and won't be able to stand it! Due to jealousy, of course, because he's not involved in the merriment. We'll make everyone feel so uncomfortable they'll leave and we can have the privacy we so richly deserve."

She nodded.

Ian raised his eyebrows. "It's time for the lusty lovers to get up close and personal in my bunk. You haven't been in there yet and it's calling your name. I'm greatly looking forward to it." He winked. "You know I never did put my signature on your breast."

"Sounds like the best idea I've heard all day." Jenny batted her eyes. "And what will you write on my breast?"

He pressed his lips to her ear and whispered, "To Jenny, Love, Ian."

So the nurse took a deep breath and put her arms around the rock star she loved and grinned. It was a glorious time of looking forward. She leaned toward him and the kissing began.

About the Author

Melody Lane has been a registered nurse for many years, working in a variety of settings. An avid rock music fan, she has been going to concerts since she was a teenager with a preference for being as close to the stage as possible. Traveling is another passion of Melody's and she prefers to write about places, she has visited. London, England, and New York City are two of her favorite vacation spots and to which she is always prepared to return.

Melody publishes contemporary romantic suspense and paranormal romantic suspense genres under a different pen name. A daily writer, she is currently at work on her next novel. She lives in the countryside of Michigan.

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