



*That's
Rock-n-Roll*

GINNY MICHAELS

A Total-E-Bound Publication



www.total-e-bound.com

That's Rock n Roll

ISBN # 978-0-85715-326-5

©Copyright Ginny Michaels 2010

Cover Art by April Martinez ©Copyright November 2010

Edited by Andrea Grimm

Total-E-Bound Publishing

This is a work of fiction. All characters, places and events are from the author's imagination and should not be confused with fact. Any resemblance to persons, living or dead, events or places is purely coincidental.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced in any material form, whether by printing, photocopying, scanning or otherwise without the written permission of the publisher, Total-E-Bound Publishing.

Applications should be addressed in the first instance, in writing, to Total-E-Bound Publishing. Unauthorised or restricted acts in relation to this publication may result in civil proceedings and/or criminal prosecution.

The author and illustrator have asserted their respective rights under the Copyright Designs and Patents Acts 1988 (as amended) to be identified as the author of this book and illustrator of the artwork.

Published in 2010 by Total-E-Bound Publishing, Think Tank, Ruston Way, Lincoln, LN6 7FL, United Kingdom.

Warning: This book contains sexually explicit content which is only suitable for mature readers. This story has been rated *Total-e-burning*.

THAT'S ROCK N ROLL

Ginny Michaels

Dedication

For my husband.

Chapter One

Yes. Just a little more. That's it, baby. Liquid lightning shot down Christian Scofield's spine. He thrust hard one last time into the oh-so-lovely ass of the willing groupie he and band mate Seth Perillo had chosen from the crowd that night.

His eyes closed and his head fell back. Like so many other nights, he pictured himself buried not inside the willing woman in front of him, but in Holly's luscious body instead. He could almost hear her cries of bliss as they came together in one explosive orgasm. Christian's balls drew up tight and his cock jerked as he filled the latex barrier. Momentarily drained beyond the ability to move he remained still.

There's only one problem, asshole. She's not Holly. The incessant voice inside his head returned, reminding Christian of his dissatisfaction.

Hell! Frustrated, he slipped from the bed, leaving Seth to continue satisfying the girl currently shifting to riding his cock like a pogo stick. Christian snagged his jeans and underwear off the floor and plodded off to the bathroom to dispose of the condom.

When did this obsession with Holly start and why couldn't he climax anymore without picturing her? He pitched the latex, cleaned up and began to dress.

It used to be that nights like this, where sharing a willing woman who was into ménage was the highlight of the week or month, especially since it didn't happen often. The kink factor of having one woman so readily take two men at the same time got his rocks off. Though, recently he'd all but given up on taking a woman to his bed and only bothered with sex when Seth managed to find a willing groupie wanting to share her body with multiple men and invited Christian to join in. Even then, he only managed to get it up when he pictured Holly in the woman's place.

Stewing over his new fixation with his former guitarist wasn't productive or healthy. For all he knew she now hated his guts. Who could blame her? Neither he nor the rest of the band had fought for her when she needed them most. Instead, they'd abandoned her for fame and fortune.

His reflection caught his attention in the mirror and he stopped. Who was that longhaired person with the day old facial growth and sad eyes staring back at him? More importantly, what happened to the rock star he was so used to seeing? When did he lose the taste for the lifestyle? He'd just spent the last half hour fucking an extremely sexy and willing girl, so why did he feel so...unsatisfied?

Now certainly wasn't the time to ponder the same question he'd been asking himself for weeks. It wasn't as if he were any closer to a real answer anyway.

Pushing his issues to the side, he returned to the bedroom to find Seth sprawled out on the bed with one arm draped over his eyes, apparently fucked into a stupor by the groupie now dressing in the corner. Her flush features only served to accentuate the look of complete contentment she wore. Normally, a perverse sense of satisfaction at the idea he'd had something to do with the girl's pleasure would have filled Christian. Instead, a gnawing emptiness tugged at his heart.

She looked at Seth, smiled and turned her gaze to Christian. "Thank you for a wonderful time, Christian." She nodded to a motionless Seth lying on the bed. "Can you tell Seth I said goodbye? I don't want to wake him."

What in the hell was her name? Christian shrugged. "Sure. I'm glad you enjoyed yourself."

She sashayed up to him and placed a palm on his cheek. "I'm guessing I probably won't see you guys again, huh?"

"Probably not."

He had a strict policy about never seeing a girl he bed a second time, thus preventing any unwanted attachments. He motioned to the door. "When you get to the end of the hallway, the security guard will help you hail a cab."

Her smile widened and she leaned into him to place a gentle kiss on his lips. "Goodbye, Christian."

His gaze followed her until the door closed between them. Feeling more drained than usual, he dropped into a nearby chair and closed his eyes. Every night it was a different town, different problem with the band and it used to be a different woman in his bed. God he was tired.

He'd only rested a moment before a pounding on the hotel door caused Christian to rocket from his chair and sent Seth jerking upright in bed. Knowing the entire floor was under security detail, Christian didn't bother to check the peephole before flinging open the door.

His bodyguard, Chester Knightly's hulking frame took up the doorway, his eyes wide with concern.

Instant fear caused Christian's heart to skip a beat. "What's happened?"

"It's Rally."

Those two little words sent a new chill racing up Christian's spine. The band's current guitarist Rally Michaels was a perpetual pain in Christian's ass. The last time Chester banged on Christian's door, Rally had trashed his hotel room and was threatening to jump off the balcony in his room. Drugs of course had been involved and he'd narrowly missed going to jail for possession and use of an illegal substance, not to mention the property damage he'd caused.

"What is it this time?" Christian was almost afraid to ask.

"Maybe you should go see for yourself. Paramedics are on their way up."

Paramedics? Chester stepped back giving Christian space to sprint by and down the hallway to Rally's room. *What in the hell has the dumb ass done this time?* He skidded to a stop mere feet from where two members of the security detail performed CPR on Rally. Blood trickled down his arm, creating a small pool on the carpet just inches from where a used needle lay.

Christian raked a hand through his hair and took a step back, allowing room for the arriving paramedics to enter. The entire drama played out as a repeat of previous nights and frankly, Christian was tired of it. Even if Rally managed to survive this latest round in his on-going battle with drugs, the tour would be over, since both the record company and the courts would insist on rehab. That was only if the courts didn't toss him in jail first for violating his parole.

Christian couldn't help but think about how this wouldn't be happening right now if the record company had waited for Holly to recover from her car accident. The only high Holly ever took pleasure in was playing music.

Seth sidled up behind Christian and placed a hand on his shoulder. "This shit has to stop."

"Don't I know it?"

"Are you thinking what I'm thinking?"

Christian could still see the pained look on Holly's face when he'd told her the record company decided not to wait for her recovery. She'd nodded and said she'd understood, but deep down he knew it cut deep to see them move on without her.

"Yeah." He knew what needed to be done.

* * * *

Christian lightly strummed his guitar and looked over at his band mates. "According to management, as soon as Rally is well enough to leave the hospital, he's headed for court ordered rehab."

Collin nodded and sank into the chair next to him. "I say good riddance. If I never see that jackass again it will be too soon."

Seth twirled a drumstick in his hand. "I'm with you there, but our contract is up, which means Rally's rehab is a problem for us. If we kick Rally out, the record company might not sign us for a new deal."

"And if we keep Rally, there won't be a new deal." Nick opened the case sitting on the floor and pulled out his base guitar. "I don't want to work with that raging asshole again."

"Me either," Christian agreed. "But Seth's right. We have a serious situation here. An incomplete band is a liability not an asset and no record company will take a chance on us, reputation or not."

Nick appeared to ponder Christian's statement. "So you're saying that even if we don't want him in the band, for now we need to act like we do. Once we have a replacement lined up and ready to go, then we kick him out. That way we don't fuck up any chances we have with our current or future record labels."

Christian nodded. "You got it."

Seth stood up and moved from behind his drum kit. "Christian and I have an idea we want to run by you guys."

Nick and Collin both paused, their gazes shifting from Christian to Seth and back. "Let's hear it."

"Holly."

Nick grinned. "I already like the sound of this idea."

Collin leant forward and rested his elbows on his knees. "Question," he began, directing his words at Christian. "What about your feelings for her?"

Christian felt his brow furrow. "What about them?"

Collin continued. "Just hear me out. While I agree Holly is exactly what we need, I think I speak for all of us when I ask, what are you going to do about the sexual tension between you two?"

"Holly had a strict no sex policy when it came to the band. I doubt that would change," Christian snapped. He knew exactly what Collin was talking about and the thought of having Holly back in the band and not being able to make sweet love to her drove him crazy.

Collin leant back in his chair and folded his arms over his chest. "Then I vote no."

Christian felt what could only be described as a lead ball falling into the pit of his stomach. He'd been sure the guys would go for the idea. "What?"

"I agree." Nick nodded. "I'd love nothing more than to have her back in the band, but not if it means dealing with the two of you dancing around your desires all of the time."

"Right," Collin agreed. "The only way the band could work is if the two of you deal with your feelings. It would be better for you both to release that pent up tension by screwing your brains out every night in the hotel, than to bring it on stage and into the studio. None of us wants to have to step around the friction we had before."

Christian held up a hand. "Wait...you want me to have sex with Holly?"

Collin grinned. "If it keeps you two from acting like sex starved idiots on stage then yeah, I want you to fuck her."

Never would he have expected a blessing from his band mates where Holly and his love life was concerned, but it appeared that's exactly what he'd gotten. Christian shook his head. "Even if I did agree with you guys, she'll never go for it."

"I don't know, Chris." Seth continued twirling his drumstick. "She might if we play our cards right."

"What do you mean?"

"Hear me out," Seth began as he strolled around the room. "What we need to do is work on your relationship with her first. Then, once she's fallen in love with you, we ask her back into the band."

Christian shook his head. "I don't know, Seth. I don't like deceiving her."

"We're not. Look." He stopped in front of Christian and placed a hand on his shoulder. "We're all in agreement that you and Holly hooking up would be best for the band. If we take our time and approach her correctly, I believe it will all work out."

"She's always been a stubborn one," Christian argued. "Even if she did agree to come back to the band, which is a big assumption on our part, I don't see her changing her stance on the no sex policy."

"Consider the position we're currently in," Nick said. "What do we have to lose by at least trying? If it works out, then we have Holly back."

"And if it doesn't," Collin continued the statement. "We're no worse off than we are right now."

And right now, they were screwed. He considered their conversation. They'd given him permission to have the fantasy he'd been dreaming of for years. Implementing it would be another story. There was Holly to consider. She'd all but stopped contact with them after that first year they were gone. They'd even resorted to sending her birthday presents to her friend Zoë's house because she'd moved and not provided a forwarding address.

For all he knew she could be married with children by now. His stomach lurched at the thought and for a second he feared he might vomit. *No!* He gave his thoughts a mental shake. He couldn't be so pessimistic.

What he needed to do was test the waters and find out where Holly was now, what she was doing with her life, and if she'd even entertain the idea of coming back to the band. He reached into his pocket and toyed with his phone. He still had Zoë's number programmed into his cell.

Zoë would be a place for him to start. Then he could decide how to proceed. It wouldn't be easy to win his way back into Holly's good graces and he certainly wouldn't blame her if she were a bit wary. After all, they'd burned her once.

Still, with Seth's help, if he played his cards right, not only would she finally end up in his bed, where she belonged, but Holly Decambra would return to her rightful place in the band.

Chapter Two

Six weeks later...

What was I thinking? Holly stepped through the theme park gates and stopped in front of her two friends Zoë and Angela. "Tell me again why we're here."

The two shared a quick look before Zoë walked over to the information stand, retrieved a map and came back to where they waited. "Since you won't allow us to throw you a party for your thirtieth birthday, this is our way of celebrating the occasion without letting it slip right on by."

"Today is Saturday. My birthday isn't until Wednesday."

"Which will put it smack in the middle of the work week and we'll all be too busy to enjoy it." Zoë placed her hands on Holly's shoulders and turned her towards the midway. "Now stop being so uptight and enjoy yourself already."

"Just what type of rides am I going to be able to enjoy when I still have back problems from the car accident?"

Angela frowned and unfolded the map as they walked. "I was with you during your last visit with your specialist. He said your back was completely healed."

"Yes, but I still have two fused vertebra. When he declared me healed, I doubt he thought I'd be riding roller coasters in my near future." They passed by the end of one giant steel coaster and shaded their eyes against the sun as the people filled car roared by. Shouts and screams of delight filtered down towards them and Holly shook her head. "No way am I riding that thing."

"Nobody is asking you to. There's the log flume, the white water rapids, the Ferris wheel, and about a dozen other rides that have nothing to do with roller coasters and won't harm your back." Angela grabbed Holly's hand and pulled. "Now stop being such a fuddy duddy and let us enjoy your birthday."

Outnumbered, Holly sighed and allowed her friend drag her along through the crowd to their first destination—a large carousel with both horses and menagerie animals. A slow

smile tipped her lips. From the time she was a little girl Holly had loved carousels. It wasn't just the dizzying feeling of going in circles, but the romance and fantasy that went along with allowing one's mind to wander for those few minutes of fun.

Holly climbed aboard a large black horse with red and yellow flowers painted into its mane. Angela took the lion next to her while Zoë went for a white steed covered in shiny silver armour a few rows up. Holly glanced around at the other animals filled with children, many accompanied by parents worried their little tykes might fall. "I feel ridiculous," she said as the music began to play.

"Why?" Angela motioned to a couple holding hands a few rows up. "We're not the only adults on the ride."

"True, but it doesn't feel very 'grown up' if you know what I mean."

"So what?" Angela grabbed the pole with one hand and leant back to wave her other hand in the air. "I hope I never grow up."

With a laugh, Holly turned her attention to Zoë a few rows up, where her other friend currently whooped and cheered with a small boy no more than six or seven riding on a giant green chicken next to her. "Speaking of never wanting to grow up." She nodded to Zoë.

Angela chuckled. "I think we need to take lessons from her."

Holly considered her friend's words. One thing she loved about them both was their ability to let go of their inhibitions. There was a time, before her accident when she was as carefree as either of them. The band had been the one factor in her life where she'd been serious, always analysing all sides of an issue before making an informed decision. Then the accident happened and her carefree attitude washed away with the road. Maybe, just for today she could let go and be the woman she used to be.

Three minutes later, she stumbled down the exit ramp laughing at Zoë's antics. "What's next?"

"Gee," Zoë tapped a finger to her temple. "Did I hear a hint of anticipation in your voice?"

Holly did her best to glare at her friend, falling short when the grin she tried to hide broke free. "All right. I admit it. I'm having fun. Now can we move on before I morph back into a grump again?"

An hour later, still damp from her tryst on the white water rapids, Holly sashayed along the walkway, soft drink in hand, trying to decide what to ride next.

"The log flume is just up on the right," Angela said after consulting the map.

"That's a—" Holly froze mid-step, causing Zoë to run into her.

"Hey, what's the deal?" Zoë protested while rubbing the place on her chin that impacted Holly's shoulder in the collision.

It couldn't be. There, a short one hundred feet away stood a man who looked too much like Christian Scofield for her liking.

"That guy." Holly pointed in the direction of a mini-stage where several men worked.

Zoë lifted a hand to shade her eyes and turned her attention in the direction of the men.

"Which one?"

"The one with the long black hair and big dagger tattoo on his left bicep."

"Yeah, so?"

"So? Doesn't he look a lot like Christian?"

"Maybe a little, but Christian and the band are still on tour, right?"

"Wrong. The tour ended a month early when their oh-so-wonderful rhythm guitarist nearly died from a drug overdose. As far as I know they're on sabbatical while he's back in rehab."

"Even if they're not on tour anymore," Angela began "Why would Christian be here?"

Holly wanted to say she didn't care about the whys, but that would be a lie. She did care and for reasons beyond explanation, she needed to know the man's identity.

* * * *

"Are you sure this is going to work?"

Christian set the speaker cabinet down and turned to look at Seth. "Relax. I spoke with Holly's friend Zoë and she promised me they'd be here."

Seth brushed a hand across his forehead, wiping the sweat from his brow. "I still don't understand why we couldn't just go to Holly's house and talk to her."

"Kind of hard to do when her phone number is unlisted and she's moved from the only address we knew."

"Why wouldn't Zoë give you Holly's address or phone number?"

"She didn't want to be implicated in this situation in anyway. If we showed up on Holly's doorstep, she'd want to know how we found her. A chance meeting at the amusement park is random and she won't be able to blame anyone."

Seth grinned. "You're lucky Zoë still had the same phone number or we'd have been screwed."

"We would not. It simply would have taken longer to locate Holly. Now stop your bitching and help me with that other speaker cabinet. We're supposed to be here as roadies for my little brother's band, remember?"

Seth shook his head. "I haven't schlepped my own gear in years and now I'm doing it for somebody else's band?"

"Shut the hell up and grab that handle."

Whether Seth realised it or not, the local talent showcase put on by Trinity Lake Amusement Park provided them with the perfect opportunity. If Zoë actually managed to talk Holly into coming to the park, it would be the optimum place for them to meet after so many years apart. With so many people around, Holly wouldn't dare make a scene, which would give them the chance to say their piece and sway her opinion. At least he hoped it worked that way.

"Hey." Seth landed a hand on his shoulder. "I think she's here."

Christian looked up from the effects pedal he'd just set in place and froze. God, she was even more beautiful than he remembered. Her blonde hair had grown long with time, easily reaching the middle of her back even as some strands blew softly in the breeze. From what he could tell she'd hardly gained an ounce, with her curves all still in the right places.

His heart gave a little leap and sped up as his mind pictured his hands cradling those soft hips while he made sweet love to her. His dick twitched and he resisted the urge to reach down and adjust himself.

What if she says no? As quickly as his hard-on grew, it deflated. He shook away the negative voice inside his head. Everything that meant anything to him was riding on winning Holly back. Quite simply, this had to work.

He stood rock still while she slowly closed the distance between them. What would he possibly say to her after five years? He'd thought about this moment nearly every day for the

last six weeks, but now that it was here, his tongue seemed heavy and words abandoned him.

Feeling as nervous as a bridegroom, Christian shoved his hands in his pockets and rocked back on his heels. *Come on mouth, say something.* "H-hello, Holly."

She slowed, then stopped a few feet in front of him. Her face was void of expression, yet her movements were hesitant as she lifted a hand to remove her sunglasses. Her cobalt gaze landed on Christian, kick starting his heart with a jolt he hadn't expected.

"I thought that was you," she finally said. "What are you doing here?"

He pulled a hand from his pocket and motioned to the sign positioned a few feet from the stage. "The park is sponsoring a local talent weekend and Corey's band is playing. Since I'm not doing anything right now, I told him I'd be his roadie for the day."

A surprising smile lit up her features. "You? A roadie? That's rich. I doubt you've carried your own equipment since you left on tour five years ago, yet you're willing to haul your little brother's gear around?"

He returned her grin with one of his own. "Five years wasn't so long ago. I remember what it was like and figured I'd help. Besides, it's free admission to the park, which means when they're through playing and my work is done, I can stay and ride the rides."

"Still thinking one step ahead, I see."

"Always."

She nodded her acknowledgement to his statement, then her gaze travelled away from him to the roller coaster roaring by in the distance, the happiness in her face disappearing with the screaming riders.

He glanced behind her to where Zoë and Angela stood. Zoë urged him on, waving her arms for emphasis.

"S-so, how have you been?"

"Good," Holly shot back a little too quickly, her attention still focused on the coaster in the distance. "Real good."

Christian didn't believe her for a second, but decided it would be best to let her statement go for now. "That's great."

Exasperated, Zoë cocked her head to one side and mouthed the words 'Say something', at him. Apparently, patience wasn't a virtue she embraced. From the moment Christian

contacted her, Zoë'd been all for making this little encounter happen, citing that Holly had never been the same after the band left. Still, she had to know that this wasn't exactly an easy conversation for him to have. After all, what do you say to the woman whose dreams you crushed?

"I heard about what happed to your guitarist," Holly finally said, bringing her focus back to him and breaking the silence a second time. "Tough break."

"Yeah, well. I believe that everything happens for a reason. So maybe this was a blessing in disguise."

"Do the other band members feel the same way?"

"They do, but Seth's here, so you can ask him yourself." Christian motioned behind her to where Seth stood watching them from behind the speakers at the corner of the stage.

She turned in the direction he pointed and her smile returned. "Seth."

Slowly he closed the distance between them, eventually reaching for her. Much to Christian's surprise, she went willingly into Seth's arms and wrapped her own around his neck in hug.

"How have you been?" she asked against Seth's shirt.

"I've been good. I've missed you though."

She pulled back, her eyes wide with surprise. "You have?"

Christian jumped down from the stage, landing next to them. "We both have, sweetheart. I don't think a day has gone by when I haven't wondered how you were doing."

Her gaze drifted down and she kicked at an imaginary stone. "I still have all the letters you both wrote during that first year."

"You do?" Christian and Seth said in unison.

She nodded, but didn't look up.

"Why didn't you ever write back?" Seth asked.

"Or call?" Christian added. "I gave you my cell number before we left."

"I thought about writing, but what was I going to say? You guys were living the dream while I was learning how to walk again, going to physical therapy and figuring out what I was going to do with the rest of my life." Now she did look at them, her eyes brimming with tears. "I wasn't about to bring you down or make you feel any guiltier than you already did."

Christian's heart nearly split in half as he stared at her. Understanding the reasons for their decision to leave hadn't made the situation any easier for her to accept. "I know an apology could never make up for what we did to you, but you can't imagine how sorry I am about the way things went down when we left."

Holly opened her mouth only to close it again when Zoë's cell phone began to ring.

"Hello?" Placing a finger over her other ear so she could hear, Zoë walked away from the group.

Holly turned back to them and began again. "There's no need to apologise, Christian. You did what was best for the band."

"Yes, but we hurt you in the process. I still feel horrible about that fact."

"That was my brother-in-law," Zoë began as she rushed towards the group. "Apparently my sister has finally gone into labour." She rolled her eyes skyward. "After four false alarms, Lord only knows if this one will be the real deal or not, but since I'm the backup coach I still have to go. Unfortunately, since I drove that means Holly and Angela either have to leave with me or find their own way home."

Chapter Three

"I really appreciate you guys volunteering to take me home." Holly stirred her drink with her straw as they waited for their food inside the restaurant and pub.

Sitting next to Holly, Christian exchanged a quick glance with Seth across the table. "We're glad you were willing to stay."

"I haven't seen you in so long. Of course I'd be willing to stay. Though I'm happy Angela went with Zoë. It wouldn't have been as intimate and enjoyable having her here."

"True, but we could have stayed in touch if you'd written us back," Seth protested, then appearing to realise the accusatory tone, clamed up.

Holly leant back in her chair and looked directly at Seth. "You're absolutely right but we've already covered this topic, so let's choose another."

"I agree," Christian shifted to one hip and angled his body towards her. "So how have you really been and don't just give me 'good' as a response."

"Actually, for the last couple of years I *have* been pretty good. I'll admit, that first year after the accident was hard. Between physical therapy and trying to keep the bills paid it was difficult. Zoë let me move in with her, which eased my financial burden."

"If you needed money, you should have called."

Her eyes filled with anger as she met Christian's gaze. "I don't sponge off people."

Tempting fate and the temper he knew she probably still held, he reached out and placed a hand over hers on the table. "For years you worked two jobs to make the rent while the rest of us pretty much sponged off of you. It would have only been fair to help you out when you needed us."

"Especially," Seth added, "considering everything else we did to you in the process."

"Would it have eased your guilt?" she asked, her voice raw with emotion.

Christian's brow rose in surprise. "As a matter of fact, it would have, but that's not the point."

She nodded. "You're right and it's a waste of time to dwell over what's done."

"Okay," Seth reached out, covering her other hand with his. "Let's not turn this into a pissing contest. The last thing we want to do is upset you, hon. Why don't you tell us what you are doing with yourself these days?"

Christian wasn't done, but knowing Seth was right, he let the subject drop—for now. This debate was simply an additional file to store away for another time, when he'd be able to break down that wall she'd erected. "Yeah, are you still playing guitar?"

"I am. In fact, I'm teaching guitar at the Kingston Academy."

Seth pulled away from her, picked up his drink and finished it in one long swig before speaking. "Wow, Holly. Isn't Kingston that elite private school in Montgomeryville?"

She nodded. "That's the one. They not only teach academics, but have special emphasis on music, dance and art."

Happy to hear she'd managed to land on her feet, Christian grinned. "That's a really nice gig you have."

"I think so. Between the royalty checks I receive from the songs I wrote on the band's first album and my pay cheques, I managed to buy my own home."

"That's wonderful." Christian did his best to sound happy for her even though inside his stomach clenched. It was stupid of him to think that she wouldn't have moved on with her life while they were away playing rock stars. Still, hearing her talk about her job and home made one thing very clear—talking her into coming back to the band was going to be a nearly impossible task. Could he really ask her to give up the life she'd built for herself just to save the band?

If they looked hard enough, they could find another guitarist to fill the slot without asking Holly to upend her life. The problem was, he didn't want any other guitar player. He wanted her.

"So, tell me what it was like being on tour." Holly's voice cut into his thoughts, pulling him back to the conversation taking place at the table.

Seth shot him an imploring look.

Wouldn't sharing their experiences only serve to make her feel worse than she already did about what happened? "It really wasn't all that," Christian said, knowing Seth would back him up.

"Yeah," Seth agreed, toying with his now empty glass. "You've seen one large town you've seen them all."

Holly's frown drifted from Christian to Seth and back. "Don't try and tame it down for my benefit. I want to know the real deal. What's it like to play to thousands of people?"

One of the many things Christian loved about Holly was her need to talk straight about a subject, even if it meant hurting herself or someone else in the process. Giving her anything less in return would be wrong. "At first it was scary as hell," Christian began. "Then it became pretty cool. Touring the world and seeing all the places we always read and talked about firsthand was inspiring. Then there are the fans. Nothing in the world compares to hearing thousands of people sing the words to a song you wrote back to you."

With a contemplative look, she nodded. "I always hoped to experience that feeling, but it wasn't in the cards for me. Maybe someday I'll get to tour the world though."

He squeezed her hand. "I'm sure you will, honey, especially if Seth and I have anything to say about it."

Seth gave a quick shake of his head, his gaze boring into Christian like daggers. Change the subject before it's too late.

"Of course," Seth began, not waiting for Christian to steer the conversation in another direction. "Just like any job, it can get tedious after awhile."

Christian nodded. "There is something to be said for being able to sleep in your own bed from time to time.

"I'm sure there is," she replied, then pushed her empty glass to the middle of the table. "I love that we've had some time to catch up, but I'd really like to go ride some rides now, if you don't mind."

"Not at all." Grinning, Christian stood and waited for her to join him.

"After you," Seth motioned as they started their trek from the bar back outside.

She stopped and angled a thumb towards the bathrooms. "Let me just hit the ladies room first and I'll be ready, okay?"

"Take your time," Seth replied. Once she was out of earshot, he turned to face Christian. "I know you want her back in the band. I do too. But you said it yourself, if we dump too much on her too soon, she's going to bolt."

Christian raked a hand through his hair, dragging it out of his eyes. "You're right. I just didn't expect to have such intense feelings at seeing her again."

Seth tilted his head to the side and looked at Christian with a gaze that made him squirm. "So I can assume you're still in love with her?"

Making sure Holly hadn't returned yet, Christian glanced at the closed bathroom door then back to Seth. "Yeah, I think I am."

"All the more reason for you to take your time with her. Screw this up and it will be more than just the band that looses."

* * * *

Enjoying the day more than she'd expected to, Holly walked through the exit gate of the giant Ferris wheel and glanced back at Seth and Christian. Funny, she considered as they strolled along the walkway behind her, how after everything that happened to her she still cared deeply for them both.

Feeling the lump forming in her throat, she quickly worked to get her emotions under control. They had their lives and she had hers. To even allow her emotions to play into the situation would certainly lead to more pain in the end. "So what would you like to ride next?"

"How about the log flume?" Christian motioned to the ride in the distance. "It's muggy and I'd love to cool off."

"Sounds good."

Five minutes later, they walked up to the ride entrance. Much to her surprise, for the time of day, the line wasn't very long and moved quickly. Before Holly knew it she was seated inside a wet, rocking boat carved to look like a log.

Christian climbed in and took the seat directly behind her, while Seth eased into the seat all the way in the back.

"You haven't developed a fear of heights, have you?" Christian whispered against her ear. His sexy warm tone caused a delicious shiver to run down her body. How was it she still carried a torch for him, especially when they'd never actually slept together?

"No." She turned her head and found her mouth mere inches from his. "Have you?"

"Not a chance." He leaned in and placed a small kiss on the tip of her nose, then grabbed the built in handle under the front opening of the boat. "Up we go, sweetheart."

With the help of the conveyor belt, the log climbed high into the air. When they finally reached the top, the drop was small, but still sent up a splash that peppered her blouse with water. The boat bumped and twisted along the tiny canal, turning this way and that, climbing and dropping at intervals until they reached the peak of the ride.

Heart in her throat, Holly challenged herself to keep her eyes open as the boat topped the final hill.

"Here we go!" Seth screamed from behind.

Before he'd finished his sentence, the boat dropped along with her stomach as they rushed towards the base of the ride. A scream filled with both terror and joy tore from her throat and Christian's arms tighten around her waist. With the plunge over, the boat slowed quickly right before a giant gush of water flew over the nose, soaking her and Christian.

"God, that's cold," she gasped, pushing her hair from her face.

"I'm fucking soaked," Seth stated from behind her and Holly turned to look at Christian. Water trickled down his face and dripped onto his already wet shirt, but his eyes were focused entirely on her. A giddy thrill caused her belly to drop a second time. She'd seen that look in the past, right before they decided it was best not to get involved because of the band.

But the band isn't an issue any longer. So what was stopping her from taking what she'd always wanted? There wasn't any doubt in her mind that he'd leave again for the road, but why couldn't she at least experience the joy of loving him even for a short time? She lifted a hand to his face, brushing away an errant drip. He grabbed it in his, spread her fingers and placed a gentle kiss directly in her palm. A shiver raced through her, though she couldn't be sure if it was a result of his kiss or her simply being wet.

"Christian," she whispered, knowing her voice sounded husky and not caring much either way.

"Time to get out you two."

Holly looked up to see Seth standing next to the boat, holding out a hand. She took it, lacing her fingers through his as he helped her step from the wet boat. Almost immediately,

she felt the heat of Christian's body behind her. "W-what's next," she managed to squeak as the three of them headed for the ride's exit.

Seth gave her fingers a quick squeeze. "Whatever your heart desires, sweetie."

She swallowed audibly as they walked across the bridge out of the ride. What her heart currently desired wasn't allowed by the park. In an attempt to buy a few moments to get her wayward libido under control she he turned to gaze at the sunset and instead found dark clouds looming in the distance.

"Um, guys, I think I know why the line for the ride wasn't that long."

"Why?" they asked in unison as they both turned to look.

"Shit, that looks like one nasty storm brewing," Seth said.

"Yeah." Christian's gaze diverted to another steel coaster just twenty feet from where they now stood. "I don't know about you two, but I'd rather not be near all this metal in an electrical storm."

"Me, neither. How about we get out of here?" Holly added.

Christian took her hand in his. "Good idea. Come on."

By the time they reached the parking lot, the storm now hovered directly overhead, casting an eerie feel on the surroundings. A bolt of lightning stuck in the distance, the residual crack caused Holly to jump. Then the sky opened up, drenching anything and everything in the storm's path.

Christian wrapped an arm around Holly's shoulder and steered her down a long lane of cars. "Almost there," he shouted over the roar of the rain.

A few feet away the lights of an Escalade blinked. Christian grabbed the passenger door handle, opened it and helped Holly inside. He then climbed into the back as Seth took his position behind the wheel.

Holly pushed her hair back and tried to settle into the seat the best she could. "As if I wasn't wet enough already."

Rain pelted the vehicle's roof, the sound drowning out the possibility of any serious conversation. With seatbelts in place and windshield wipers on high, Seth pulled out of the parking spot and into the line of cars now fighting to exit the lot.

"What's your new address?" Seth had to shout over the deafening sound of the rain hitting steel.

She shook her head. "It doesn't matter. My place is nearly an hour from here," Holly replied, cringing at her own words. It was a storm like this one that had washed out the road she used to live on and sent her car tumbling down the embankment. It was a storm exactly like this one that had changed the course of her life forever.

"It's okay," Seth offered. "The place we're renting is only about twenty minutes from here. We'll go there and ride out the storm."

If his statement was meant to make her feel better, it didn't. In her current state of mind, walking through the door of their home would be the equivalent of stepping inside the lion's den. She wouldn't have a chance.

Chapter Four

Less than a half an hour later, Seth put the truck in park in the driveway of the rented duplex. "Give me a minute and I'll unlock the door."

Christian nodded from the back seat. "You got it."

While Seth sprinted through the deluge for the door, Christian helped Holly from the vehicle. They made quick work of the path from the drive to the front door. Safely ensconced inside the home, Holly stood on the linoleum entryway dripping water on the floor.

"I guess I probably should have checked the weather before I agreed to go to the park today."

Christian brushed strands of wet hair from her face. "If you had, we wouldn't be here right now."

"True, but I'm soaked and dripping all over your floor."

"So are we," Seth said, flipping on the overhead light. "Don't sweat it."

Instantly, Christian grimaced at the mess he and Seth had left behind that morning. For the five years prior to the band's record deal, they'd all lived together in a two-bedroom apartment. Seth and Christian shared one room, their base player Nick and the singer Collin shared the other while they'd blocked off the den area with sheets so Holly could have her own space.

She'd lived among their filth, picking up after them when she wasn't working at one of her two jobs, so she'd seen them at their worst. Still, it shamed him for her to see that in the time since, neither he nor Seth had managed to break their slobbish habits. "Please ignore the mess."

She smiled. "I see some things never change."

"And some things do," he shot back. Her grin slipped as their gazes locked. Back at the park he swore he'd seen desire in her eyes, but after they exited the ride he'd reconsidered, thinking he'd been mistaken. Now, as she stood in front of him, dripping wet, he realised he hadn't. Heat shot directly to his groin and he wondered if she could see the steam rising off him from where the rainwater sizzled against his skin.

"I shouldn't be here," she said even as she lifted a hand to stroke a finger along his cheek.

"I can still take you home if you like."

He snaked an arm around her waist and pulled her against him. Her breath escaped as a gasp, and her hands came to rest against his chest.

"And have to worry about you driving back in this rain?"

He tilted his head and leant forward until his lips all but brushed over hers. "I'm touched by your concern."

"You should be." She slid her other arm around his neck and took possession of his mouth.

Her actions had him pulling her hard against him as he sank deep into the kiss. His balls drew up tight as his cock came to life, pushing against his jeans. Their lips tangled and for several long seconds he nearly forgot where he was.

Seth's voice barely registered as Christian lost himself to the moment. "I'm just going to go make myself a sandwich."

Then, nearly as quickly as the kiss started, it ended with her pulling away and tucking her head. "I-I'm sorry, Christian. I shouldn't have done that."

The last thing he wanted to hear was an apology. "Why?"

"We've been apart for a long time and kissing you after only a few hours back together seems a little impulsive."

He curled his finger beneath her chin and forced her to look up at him. "If I remember correctly, you used to have no problem being impulsive."

"That was before..." She glanced towards a picture hanging on the wall. "Just before that's all."

Out-manoeuvred by her sudden mood swing, Christian took a step back and motioned to the bedroom. "I think I have a clean, dry shirt for you to change into while your clothes dry out."

She shook her head and shifted from one foot to the other. "That won't be necessary. I'm okay."

No matter what was going through her head, he couldn't allow the possibility of her getting sick because she stayed wet clothes. He took both her hands in his, forcing her to

stand still and look at him. "You're soaked and whether you know it or not, you're shivering. You need to get out of those clothes before you make yourself sick."

He sensed her hesitation, could almost feel her vulnerability and wished more than anything that he could put her at ease. Back in the day, they were best friends, trusting each other with everything, including their innermost thoughts and secrets.

Could she know exactly how much he wanted to make love to her right now? Did she want him too? If so, would she act upon her feelings? The Holly he remembered tended to act on impulse, to go with the flow, except when it came to the band. From booking shows to dealing with conflicts between the band members, she analysed all sides of an issue before making a decision. The band was serious business, her dream to make come true.

Being able to separate those two aspects of her personality was something about her he'd always admired. Now, however, he wished the impulsive girl he'd seen snippets of over the past few hours would return. Since that probably wasn't going to happen, it would be important for her to understand that she was in control.

"Look, I'll admit that I'd love nothing more than to take you to bed and make love to you all night, but you're in charge here. Nothing is going to happen that you don't want, okay?"

After several long, silent seconds, she looked up, meeting his gaze. "T-that's exactly what I'm afraid of," she whispered.

"Sweetheart—"

She placed a finger over his lips. "Don't, Christian. We've both spent years dancing around our attraction for one another in order to not risk the band. The big difference between then and now is, we're both older and the band isn't standing in the way."

If she only knew... "Nothing has to happen, Holly."

"You're right, but you know as well as I, that if we don't explore this..." she motioned between them, "whatever this is that exists between us, we'll both regret it."

Knowing she spoke the truth, yet unprepared for the direction the night was about to take, Christian inhaled deeply. Then there was the whole band issue. Could he take her to bed now, knowing he would be asking her to rejoin Sanctuary later? If he asked her back into the band first, then nothing would happen between them and he couldn't stand the idea of staying 'friends'.

"You're probably right, but I don't think we need to rush into anything. Let's start by getting you into some dry clothes and see where the evening takes us."

She nodded and took his hand, allowing him to guide her down the small hallway and into the bedroom. He eyed the bed as he walked to the dresser to retrieve a shirt for her. Outside, the storm seemed to be passing, unlike the one currently churning inside his body.

It was a hell of a thing. This morning he wasn't sure she'd even be willing to talk to him and now absolutely anything was possible. His dick hardened with that thought and Christian moved out of her line of vision to adjust himself. More than likely, she'd already noticed the growing bulge in his pants, but there wasn't any reason to convey his current state of discomfort. After repositioning his shaft to a more comfortable spot, he began rooting through the drawer and came up with an old white AC/DC concert tee.

"This should do for now. If you'll change I can throw your wet clothes into the dryer."

"Thank you."

Christian snagged a clean pair of shorts out of the drawer and backed out of the room. "You're welcome. I'll just go change in the john." Quickly, he made his way to the bathroom, where he worked to strip out of his wet jeans. His mind raced as he considered the possibilities. She wanted to make love to him. That knowledge was enough to both excite and scare the shit out of him.

For years, he'd kept her on this sexual pedestal, just out of reach—a fantasy for his libido. Now, faced with the very real possibility of ending that fantasy, he realised how nervous he was. What if he didn't live up to her expectations? Did she even have expectations when it came to sex with him? Could he bring Seth into the fold without freaking her out and why did the idea of sharing her suddenly seem so distasteful?

Christian tossed his jeans towards the overflowing laundry hamper and walked out. When he'd set this plan in motion six weeks ago, he'd had a firm direction of how he wanted it to play out. The problem was Holly had thrown a pipe wrench into the cogs of his wheel with her admission. She wasn't supposed to make wooing her back so easy.

The kitchen light spilled out into the living room area. Seth was a bottomless pit when it came to food. More than likely, he was still in the kitchen eating.

"Hey." Christian opened the refrigerator and pulled out a bottle of water.

"You get Holly some dry clothes?" Seth asked before taking a bite of the bagel with cream cheese he'd made.

"Yeah." Christian twisted the lid off the bottle and took a long swig. "I'm confused as all hell."

"I think you have a right to be. I heard her admission." Seth leaned against the counter and crossed his now dry, jean-clad legs at the ankle. "She's making this too easy for us."

"That worries me."

"Why?"

"Because when it comes to anything associated with the band, it's not in Holly's character to jump into a situation without analysing all sides."

Seth set the bagel down and picked up a glass of milk he'd poured himself. "Seems to me she's been thinking about this particular situation for a long time. I say don't look a gift horse in the mouth. Take what she's offering for face value and enjoy it."

"What about the band?"

Seth took a long drink, downing half the glass of milk before coming up for air. "What about it? We all agreed that you getting her into bed had to happen first. No way could any of us stand the sexual tension you two radiate when you're together."

"Yeah, I know what we agreed to, but —"

"But nothing," Seth cut him off. "It will be much easier on all of us, if you two are a couple first and band mates second. Now we have another six weeks before Rally's rehab is up. That gives you time to work on building up your relationship first. Then we'll work on her with the band."

Christian looked out into the living room and considered Seth's words. "You're right. It just feels weird to know that after all these years I might get the one thing I've always wanted and couldn't have."

Seth finished his milk, put the glass in the sink and pitched the remainder of the bagel in the garbage. "Well," he said wiping his hands on a paper towel. "I'm heading off to my room to watch some television."

"Wait? I thought —"

Seth held up a hand, stopping Christian. "I know what you thought and I'll wait for another night. No point in pushing our luck. She wants you, buddy. She's always wanted you. For now we go with that."

As relieved as Christian was to hear his friend say the words, he still felt guilty for leaving Seth out of the fun. "I can't believe you're okay with this."

Seth placed a hand on Christian's shoulder and squeezed. "More than likely you're going to get laid tonight and I have to say I'm jealous as hell, but we have a greater purpose here. If that means I have to take the hit for cause then I will."

"Yeah, you're a martyr."

Seth laughed. "I'm realistic. There's been sparks between you two for as long as I can remember. It's only right that you finally get to light that fire. There will be time later to warm her up to the idea of maybe playing around with both of us. For now, I'm heading to my bedroom."

Chapter Five

Holly stripped out of her wet clothes, debating shortly on whether to leave her bra on before chucking it onto the pile with her jeans and blouse. Maybe it was the fact that she hadn't had sex in over a year. Maybe it was nothing more than her attraction to Christian that had her being so bold. Whatever the reason, she knew by Christian's own admission that she was in control.

She pulled his shirt over her body, noting how it nearly touched her knees, then glanced at the mirror hanging on the back of the bedroom door and checked out her reflection. There was a time, before the band made it big that she used to wear his shirts all the time. That was when the entire band rented a small two bedroom apartment and they'd all be struggling musicians, sharing everything but their beds and working two jobs to make rent.

Her attention shifted away from the mirror and slowly travelled across the room. Blue gingham curtains matched the comforter on the full size bed. A handwoven rug rested directly in front of an old pine dresser. The furnishings didn't really match Christian's personality. If she were to venture a guess, she supposed the duplex probably came furnished. Turning to go, she caught a glimpse of a small picture frame sitting on the bedside table. She crossed to the bed, eased down onto the mattress and picked up the frame.

The photo inside was of her, Christian and Seth, with arms wrapped around each other's shoulders while making funny faces at the camera. She remembered that night. Collin had taken the photo during Christian's twenty-third birthday. The last one they'd celebrated before the band went big.

Did it mean anything that she had the exact same picture sitting on her nightstand at home? Drawing in a deep breath, she returned the frame to the table and stood. There wasn't any point in hiding in the bedroom. Christian was probably wondering what was taking her so long and she shouldn't keep him waiting.

Tamping down the butterflies flapping around in her stomach, Holly stepped into the hallway. At what point exactly did she make the decision to do this? She stopped at the

entrance to the living room and her last thought fluttered away with the storm outside. There standing in front of the window, clad in only a pair of cotton shorts, his long hair still wet from the rain, laying loose along his back, was the one man she'd loved above all others.

Because of his continued involvement in the band, she knew the possibility of any real relationship wouldn't happen. Long distance relationships didn't work, especially when one of the involved parties was a rock star. Still, she wasn't going to deny herself whatever time she had with him before the band moved on again. There would be pain when he left. She'd already acknowledged and accepted that fact. When the time came to deal with it, she would. Until then, she would enjoy every minute they spent together.

He turned, his gaze landing on her. "Hey you."

She smiled. "Hey yourself." Forcing her feet to move, she closed the distance between them. He reached for her, his hand closing over hers and squeezing gently. The butterflies in her stomach increased their fluttering and she placed her other hand over her abdomen. Why was it that even the smallest gesture from him caused the weirdest things to happen to her insides?

He tugged her to him and she went willingly, allowing him to wrap his arms around her waist as she rested her head on his shoulder.

"It's been such a long time," he whispered.

"I know."

He continued to gaze out the window at the continuing storm. "No matter what city we were in, a night never passed when I didn't think about you."

Yeah, right! She barely held back a smirk. "Right...I'm sure you were thinking of me while you were having sex with all those willing groupies flinging themselves at your feet." The second the words left her mouth she wanted to take them back. Not just because of her defensive tone, but more for the fact that it was unfair of her to throw his good fortune in his face. Christian hadn't conjured the storm that washed out the gravel road causing her subsequent car accident. "I'm sorry. That wasn't fair of me."

"No, it wasn't," he replied, shocking her. "But it was honest." He turned away from the window and faced her. "I always had a feeling you were more hurt about our leaving than you'd admit."

Sudden tears blurred her vision and she blinked hard. This wasn't the conversation she wanted to have. "You did what you had to do."

He lifted his hands to cup her face. Using his thumbs, he brushed away her tears. "You need to stop rationalising and start feeling, baby. I know we hurt you with the decision not to wait for your recovery."

She sniffled and fought to hold back the onslaught of feelings threatening to break through the carefully constructed wall she'd built. "My recovery was uncertain at best."

He swore and his grip tightened slightly. "Damn it, Holly. Admit it, already."

"Why?" she nearly spat as she tried and failed to pull away. "To assuage your guilt? You have nothing to feel guilty over."

"The hell I don't," he shouted and took a step back, breaking their contact and leaving Holly bereft of his touch. "I was there, damn it." He raked a hand through his hair. "I was there by your side when the doctor's weren't sure you were going to make it." He began to pace. "I was there when you were finally awake and facing the very real possibility that you might never walk again. I saw the heartbreak in your eyes, felt the fear you tried so hard to hide the day I told you we were leaving for California without you. Hell, you hadn't even taken your first steps yet when we abandoned you."

Holly remembered that day too, all too well. How could anyone forget the moment her dream dies? She sucked in a ragged breath as the rushing river of feelings flooded her system. Love. Hate. Fear. Sorrow. Each emotion did its part to chip away at her resolve. "Y-you did what was right for the...for the band."

Christian paused, and looked at her, his gaze filled with years of sorrow and regret. "I should have done what was right for you."

"And walk away from the one shot Sanctuary had of making it big?"

"A shot you made happen," he argued.

"We made happen," she corrected as she closed the distance between them. "How do you think I would have felt if you guys had passed up the opportunity and Sanctuary died? You kept my dream alive." She jabbed a finger in his chest. "So what if watching you leave ripped my heart out?" She shoved at him. "I understood. Yes, it hurt like hell." She pushed at him again. "Yes, I was bitter, angry and resentful, but not at you. Not at the band." Tears

streamed down her cheeks as she turned away from him sobbing. How dare he force her to dredge up old feelings when all she wanted to do was forget the past?

"I'm sorry." His words permeated her pain and she glanced over her shoulder at him.

"I desperately wanted to hate you for the decision you made." She furiously swiped at the dampness on her cheeks as she regained some of her composure. "Truth was, I probably would have done the same thing if the tables were turned."

"Maybe you would have," he offered, "but it was you this happened to and you have a right to your feelings."

"And you have a right to yours."

In all the years since her accident she'd refused to cry over what she'd lost. Now, with her defences down she couldn't deny her emotions any longer. She went to him, crying for all the times when she didn't.

He held her, the warmth of his embrace offering her the comfort and strength she needed. Time passed and yet he didn't make any move to pull away, instead he gave her his patience and love until she'd purged her long pent up emotions. In truth, she'd spent way too long running from the pain. Having Christian force her to face it was painful to say the least, but maybe dealing with the heartbreak and loss would help her to move on and finally put the past behind her. Slowly, her tears began to dry and her breathing returned to normal.

"I know this was the last thing you wanted to discuss," he whispered as he pushed her to arms length. "But it was a barrier between us that would never go away if we didn't face it."

Damn it, she hated him for being insightful. "You're right." Using her knuckle, she wiped the dampness from her cheeks. "I want to be pissed at you for dredging up the subject, but you're right."

His lips tipped into an ever so slight smile. "Don't you feel better now?"

Despite the red eyes and raging headache resulting from her crying fit, she realised that deep down she did feel better. Somehow with her admission, the years of bitterness and grief holding her down lifted from her shoulders, leaving her feeling better than she had in a long time. She wiped the residual wetness from her eyes and gave him a little grin. "I do, but I must look a mess." She tugged at the tee shirt she wore.

"Far from it." He smiled and leaned into her. "I have a confession to make," he whispered.

"What would that be?"

"I've always loved seeing you wear my shirts. I don't know why, but I think it's sexy as hell."

She chuckled. "Oh, please. You're just trying to cheer me up. I know I look like a slob."

"I won't deny trying to make you laugh, but I'm also telling you the truth, Holly. You're one hot mama any man would be thrilled to be with."

Desperately wanting to believe him, but not quite getting her brain to commit, she cocked her head to the side. "Really?"

"Oh, yeah." His grin widened. "Those lean legs peaking out from beneath the hem. The way cotton clings to your breasts and reveals your puckered nipples. You're a real live wet dream and if you don't believe me, then believe this."

Taking her hand in his, he slipped it between the two of them, placing her palm directly over the massive erection encased behind his shorts. An electric jolt zinged through her arm at the contact. For as long as she could remember, she'd wanted to touch him in a way that was more than just friends.

First the band, then her injuries had stood in the way. Now she was getting her chance. Her fingers curled into the fabric and wrapped around his shaft. Beneath the cotton barrier he pulsed in her grip, with promises of what was yet to come. White-hot need, long dormant and more powerful than any earthquake, flashed through her system.

Whatever happened between them in the future she'd face, but for tonight she would have her man. Mimicking the empty clenching of her pussy, she gave his cock a slight squeeze. The action caused a low growl to reverberate from his chest.

"Don't tease," he ground out.

Her gaze locked with his as she stroked him through the fabric. "I'm not."

He appeared to study her for a moment, gauging her sincerity. "Honey, I want you more than I want my next breath, so you better be sure."

She lifted her other hand and cupped his cheek. "I'm sure."

"Then come with me."

Taking her hand, he led her down the hallway to his bedroom. Every step she took brought with it the reality that something wonderful was about to happen and a bad case of nerves. Would this night measure up to her dreams? Could she possibly be the woman he'd fantasised about? What would he think about the scars on her right leg, hip and back?

She entered the room with him and nearly jumped when the door closed behind her, the creaking signifying her point of no return. While technically she knew she could back out at any moment, she wouldn't. This meant too much for both of them for her to back out because of cold feet. Feeling the sudden need to be in control, she turned to Christian and gave him a shove, sending him sprawling onto the bed.

He grinned. "So this is really going to happen?" The hopeful inflection in his tone nearly caused her to laugh. He'd been waiting for this moment for a long time.

If she wanted to be completely truthful, so had she. "Yes, my friend. You're about to get very lucky."

Chapter Six

Being bolder than she'd ever been, Holly stripped out of the tee shirt and panties, leaving them in a pile on the floor.

Seth's eyes widened, his gaze boring heat directly through her. "You're so fucking beautiful, baby." He held out a hand. "Come here."

She took his hand and climbed onto the bed. Struggling to tamp down her nervous stomach, she leaned across him, her breasts brushing against his abdomen as she palmed the bulge in his shorts. "Is that for me?" she teased, then lifted the waistband to peek inside.

He grabbed her hand and cupped it over his erection. "It's always been for you, sweetheart."

Her fingers curled around his shaft and squeezed. His head fell back and bounced against the pillow. "Take my shorts off and really see me, Holly."

Her pussy clenched with his demand, sending a fresh shot of liquid surging into her channel. Never would she have pictured Christian being the type of man who liked to dominate during sex, but his not so subtle command led to that exact possibility.

Hooking her fingers under his waistband, she gently pulled the fabric up and over his engorged shaft. Christian lifted his hips, giving her the help necessary to remove his shorts. She tossed them to the side and took a moment to admire his body. She'd always known he was sexy, but seeing him like this for the first time did funny things to her. It made her question why she'd waited so long to make love to him.

He lifted a hand to her, caressing her cheek with the slightest contact. "Touch me." While she was sure he'd meant the statement as a command, it sounded more akin to a plea.

Her hair pooled on his belly as turned to face his shaft. She wrapped her fingers around him a second time and gave one long slow stroke upward, drawing a bead of precum into the slit. Tempting as a fresh drop of dew on a spring morning, it called to her, begging to be tasted. Not wanting to waste another minute, she flicked her tongue over the tip, lapping up his essence before grazing her teeth over the heart shaped heat.

His body stiffened beneath her as a whispered curse flitted in her ears. Spurred forward by his reaction she placed her other hand on his abdomen, palm down. His skin was warm and the lower her hand slid, the more his body tightened against her touch. Her fingers tangled within the ring of curls encasing his shaft. Even as one hand continued to stroke him in a gentle steady rhythm, her other bypassed the base and skimmed over his sac. She fondled and rolled it in her hand until he arched his hips, straining for more.

"Jesus, Holly."

She smiled and slid lower, giving her mouth better access. As if he anticipated her next move, Christian bowed upward, driving his member deeper into her mouth. Giving him the access he craved, she opened wider and shifted her breathing through her nose. Christian Scofield was about to find out that he wasn't the only one skilled in the ways of sex.

She shifted hands, taking the one now well lubricated with his juices and sliding between his legs. Using her mouth, she pushed deeper until the tip of his penis hit the back of her throat.

"Fuck, baby." He swore as his hips began to rock in rhythm that caused the bed to creak.

Next, she slid her still lubed finger between his cheeks and rimmed his anus. He stiffened briefly before continuing to rock his hips. Since he hadn't freaked out and stopped at the tease she took that as a good sign and slowly inserted one finger. His rhythm faltered and she caught the sharp intake in his breath, but still he didn't ask her to stop.

Careful not to hurt him, she worked her finger in and out, mimicking the movement of his hips, then gently added a second finger. His body went rigid, yet he remained silent. Holly waited until he relaxed once again and returned to working his hole. Two fingers knuckle deep in his ass, she struggled to find the elusive sweet spot. Then her fingers grazed over the almond shaped button of flesh and Christian's hips jerked in response.

"Holly," he called out, his voice hoarse with need as she stroked over the spot a second time. "Oh fuck. Yeah, baby. Don't—aghhh." He jerked hard in her mouth and the first splashes of cum flooded her throat.

She swallowed greedily all the while continuing to stroke his prostate until even the inevitable after orgasm softening of his shaft had passed.

Hard again, he panted and gulped for air. "Enough, baby," he managed to squeak.

She pulled out and sat back wearing a satisfied grin.

"Come here." He reached for her.

About to make love with the man she'd loved for years, Holly went willingly. She twined her arms around Christian's neck and rested her head on his chest for the briefest of moments.

He kissed the top of her head and ran his hands lovingly up and down her back, caressing her in only a way he could. "Believe it or not, but I've missed you so much, honey."

"I've missed you too," she replied before planting a soft kiss directly over his heart.

"I've waited so long for this moment," he said, urging her upward with his hands. "I want you to ride me, just like you've done in my dreams."

Her heart clenched, squeezing his words tight as they settled into the niche they created. She waited while he quickly rolled on a condom, the anticipation building with each passing second.

"Guide me," he whispered. His words barely had time to register, before he was lowering her down.

She reached between them, grasped his cock and guided it towards the one place he'd never been.

Her folds parted and her channel stretched around his girth, the muscles contracting as he slid deeper. The fit was tight, gloriously so. Her mouth tipped open and her head fell back as Holly revelled in the feel of him sheathed inside her. He stopped, holding still for a moment, giving her time to adjust.

Warm hands covered her breasts seconds before the sharp bite of pain caused her to gasp. "That's it, sweetie. Go with it. Feel it," he encouraged right before he pinched her nipples a second time.

She'd never had someone play with her nipples like that before. It was a strange feeling, but one she was quickly discovering she enjoyed.

He grinned. "You like that. I can feel you rippling around my cock every time I touch you."

He reached up, cupped her face and pulled her down to meet his kiss. "I have so much to share with you."

Her body responded to the heady desire in his voice, twitched around his invading shaft.

He rolled his hips upward, thrusting into her with more force than she thought possible. Slick around him, she slid up and down, matching him thrust for thrust. She tasted him, enjoying the sweet texture of his tongue mixing with her own.

He pulled back and laced his fingers through her hair, pushing it away from her face. "You feel so damn good, baby. You have no idea how long I've want to make love to you."

Her nose burned and tears threatened as his words took up more space in her heart. For years she kept him at bay, refusing to give in to the desire they shared, and for what?

Chapter Seven

What was running through that head of hers? Concerned, Christian pulled her back down and kissed her again in an attempt to soothe her distress. His arms encircled her, and he gently rubbed along her spine before sliding down to her ass. "What is it?"

She shook her head. "Nothing."

"You look as if you're about to cry again. That's not nothing."

"Just letting my head get in the way is all." She kissed him again, a long lingering meeting of lips that left him ready to explode. "Now make love to me."

He cupped her ass, lifting and lowering her with each thrust. "You're in charge, sweetheart. Sit up and take what you want. Ride me hard."

Her heavy desire-filled eyes seemed to gobble him up and his stomach clenched in response. Heaven was having her hands on him, her fingers circling his nipples, her hair dusting across his skin.

She inched her way up until she rose above him. Her blond hair cascaded over one shoulder making her look like the goddess she was. A desperate yearning slowly surfaced, making Christian realise now that he'd opened the door between them, one night with her would never be enough. Every sexual encounter he'd had lead up to this one moment. He wanted her, needed her, on a primal level and could only hope she felt the same way.

He trembled as she rose and fell above him. His need to touch her again overwhelmed him until he couldn't stand it any longer. He lifted his hands and cupped her breasts in his palm, pinching her nipples between his fingers, elongating them into taut peaks. Her mews of pleasure spurred him to ask her for more. "Give me your hands."

She did without question and when he placed them on her breast, she didn't pull away.

"Now play with them, honey. Do what I was doing."

She did, tweaking her nipples, pulling and twisting them until Christian thought he would explode. God, what a beautiful sight she was.

His fingers dug into her hip and brushed across the scar from her accident, reminding him how her past would forever be a part of her. His pace increased. "I'm so close, baby," he groaned. "I want you with me when I come."

She let go of her nipples and lowered her hands to his chest. Using him for leverage, she shifted her position forward. Her heavy lids began to close.

"No, sweetheart, keep them open. Look at me."

Again, she followed his direction. Their gazes locked and her mouth parted on a sigh as her walls clenched around his shaft. "Christian!" she gasped as her orgasm grew, claiming her until she could do little more than shake as her body convulsed with pleasure.

Hearing her say his name in the throes of the moment was too much. He snaked his hand through her hair and pulled her down to him, fusing his mouth to hers. Ravenous for her, he devoured everything she gave him until he thought he'd drown in her. Leveraging his feet against the mattress, he pounded into her until his body exploded, releasing years of need and pent up frustration into her welcoming body.

After what seemed like an eternity lingering in the bliss they'd created, he finally slowed his thrusts until sheer exhaustion demanded he no longer move. She came to rest on top of him, her body limp and satisfied. To have her draped across him limp like a rag was the best feeling in the world.

His dreams hadn't come close to the reality of making love to Holly. Never again would he be satisfied to bed another woman. Not when everything he needed in his world lay within his arms.

* * * *

Bright light filtered through the sheer curtains of the one window in the bedroom, creating a warm glow against Holly's eyelids. Not wanting to get up but knowing she needed to, she opened one eye and scanned the room before opening the other to her new reality.

Hard, warmth against her back had her turning her head slightly to catch a glimpse of a still very naked Christian snoring lightly into his pillow. So last night hadn't been some vividly realistic dream after all. Careful not to wake him, she tossed off the covers and with

less grace than she liked, slid from the bed. After a few moments of careful searching, she managed to find all her clothes and quickly dressed.

Maybe it was good that she had some time to consider what had happened before he woke. While she'd be the first to admit to enjoying the entire experience, it was an action totally out of character for her.

She pushed her hair from her face and silently slipped out of his room. The moment she stepped into the hallway the aroma of freshly brewed coffee teased her senses, promising her the jolt of caffeine she needed to clear her head.

Expecting to find the coffee pot set on a timer, she nearly skidded to a stop when she spotted Seth sitting at the table eating a bowl of oatmeal. Spoon half way to his mouth, he looked up and smiled. "Good morning."

Oh God, he knows. Heat flooded her face as she worked to gather her scattered thoughts. "I-I thought the coffee pot was on automatic."

"It is." Seth nodded towards the carafe. "Help yourself."

She poured herself a cup and rejoined him at the table. *Might as well get the awkwardness over.* "I'm guessing you know I slept with Christian last night."

He smiled over the top of his mug. "I doubt much sleeping was actually done."

The heat in her face increased. "Seth."

He leaned across the table, his lips stopping millimetres from her ear. "Next time I may just have to invite myself into the mix. Christian may be in love with you, but that doesn't mean I haven't had a few fantasies of my own about finding you in my bed."

A slow shiver rippled through her body as his words took root. Seth had fantasies about her?

Unsure of how to reply she lifted her mug and proceeded to take a long, slow drink, enjoying the warmth as it slid down her throat.

"Can you deny that the thought of having sex with me and Christian turns you on?" Seth reached out and brushed a knuckle along her cheek. "We both know there is a kinky streak in you."

Her body reacted to his words and warmed under his touch. Instinct had her slapping his hand away in a sorry attempt to keep her emotional footing. "I do not."

He chuckled and reached over to pick up her now empty mug to take it to the sink. "Oh yes, you do. I realised you had one back when we shared an apartment and you walked in on me having sex with Chelsea Moore."

The memory of that moment came flooding back with his words and Holly couldn't help but smile. "I remember that day. I left work early because I didn't feel well. The last thing I expected was for anyone to be home that time of day, let alone being going at it like rabbits on the kitchen table."

Seth's grin widened. "True, but you didn't scream in shock and go running from the room like I expected. Instead, you quietly backed away from the entrance and even watched for a second before you disappeared into your room."

Shock had her eyes widening. "You saw me?"

"I did. That's when I knew you were kinkier than you let on."

"I...I was just curious. I'd never seen two people having sex in real life."

"It was more than curiosity, hon, and next time you stay over I plan on doing more than sleeping alone in my bed."

A fierce ripple of desire raced through her system. Would there be a next time and if there was, what would it be like to have sex with both Christian and Seth? Anxious to change the subject before she revealed too much, Holly pushed from the table and stood. "So, how long have you guys been back?"

He chuckled at her attempt to steer the conversation in another direction, but didn't call her on it. "A few weeks."

"What made you guys come back here of all places?"

"Christian wanted to spend some time with his folks and little brother."

"Makes sense, but..." She motioned to the room. "Why are you here and why rent this place instead of staying with his parents?"

"For privacy mostly. Our fans and the media would expect us to stay with Christian's folks and actually staked out their place when we first announced we were taking a hiatus. In order to keep them out of the spotlight, we rented this place and they come here to visit."

"That explains why Christian is here, but why did you come back with him?"

Seth shrugged. "I don't have any real ties with my family and Christian's folks practically raised me, so it only made sense. I'm just sorry we couldn't have met up with you

a few weeks earlier." He arched a brow. "You know, we won't be here much more than another month or so."

She nodded. "I figured as much. You guys are just waiting for Rally to finish rehab, right?"

"Something like that," he replied before dropping his spoon into his now empty bowl. "Honestly, I don't want the asshole back. Neither does Christian for that matter."

"Does the record company still have that much of a hold over you guys that you can't make any decisions for yourselves?"

"They used to when we were first starting out, but not anymore."

"What's different now?"

"Two million copies of *Wicked Desire* and sold out concerts for the last year and a half is the difference." He pushed the bowl away and rested his elbows on the table. "You see, hon, they signed us for a three record deal, which with the completion of this tour we've fulfilled. If they don't hear us out, we can simply choose not to sign back with them."

"But then you'll be without a record deal."

"Ah, but that's where you're wrong." He picked up his bowl, pushed from the table, stood and walked to the sink. "We've already had executives from other labels talking to us. In the six weeks since Rally entered rehab we've had offers from at least three other labels wanting to write a deal. Right now, Sanctuary is hot and we can pretty much call the shots."

"That's fantastic, Seth, but you two shouldn't be piddling around here in a rented duplex when you could be out looking for another guitarist."

"You see, that's the thing." He walked across the kitchen, pulled a fresh mug from the cabinet and poured himself another cup of coffee. "We've already picked out the next guitarist."

A quick stab of jealousy landed directly in Holly's stomach. "You have?"

He nodded. "We've talked to Collin and Nick about this and we all agree that we want you to come back to the band."

She froze, her gaze locked on Seth. "What?"

"We want you back in the band," he repeated.

"Why didn't you tell me this before?" She motioned to the hallway. "Before last night?"

Christian stepped into her line of sight, the look on his face hopeful. "Because if you said yes to the band, we knew you'd say no to me – to us." He closed the distance between them before taking her hand in his. "And I couldn't stand the idea of having you choose the band over me – again."

She yanked her hands out of his grip then lifted it to her head and pressed a thumb and finger against her temple to rub at the beginnings of a headache. Confusion racked her brain even as anger began to well deep in her chest as she slowly realised she'd been duped.

"Let me get this straight. You were going to ask me to come back to the band, but first you wanted me in your bed because you knew if you tried it the other way around, I'd say no – is that correct?"

Seth nodded as Christian shoved his hands in his pockets. "Pretty much."

Her nose stung as tears burned her eyes. She'd trusted him, given her body over to Christian unconditionally. To find out that they'd both deceived her was almost too much.

"Holly?"

Eyes full of tears, she looked up at Christian. "I want to go home – now!"

Chapter Eight

Christian snuck a glance at Holly while he drove along the two-lane highway on the way to the address she'd provided. They'd been on the road nearly twenty minutes and she hadn't said a word since her demand to go home.

Despite her refusal to speak, tension washed off her frame in waves that threatened to drown him. Knowing she'd need more time to absorb the new twist in their relationship he hadn't meant to spring the band invitation on her so soon. Apparently, he'd forgotten to discuss that little tidbit with Seth.

The sad fact remained that by rushing into the situation they not only breached her trust, but also may have very well ruined any chance the band had of her returning. Even if she was angry, this silence was killing him. "Holly."

"Don't talk to me," she snapped.

The pain and anger in her voice nearly undid him. He'd waited so long to have her back in his life. To know he may have ruined everything with his bad judgement twisted his stomach into knots. "You can't just close me out."

Her head jerked to the side and she shifted on one hip to look at him. "Watch me."

Oh, man! While he knew how stubborn she could be, he'd forgotten about her temper. "Even after what took place between us last night?"

Pain flared in her eyes, telling him that their encounter the night before had meant something to her.

"You lied to me."

He glanced back to the road, noting the upcoming turn as he slowed the vehicle. "I may not have told you everything, but I did not lie to you."

"Oh, really?" she countered. "So what do you call intentionally withholding information in order to achieve your goals?"

He made a left off the main road onto a lane leading to a small grouping of houses. "Okay, I'll admit that maybe Seth and I could have handled the situation better." He pulled into the driveway, put the SUV in park and turned off the ignition.

"So now I'm a situation to be handled?" She grabbed the door handle and flung open the passenger door. "Real nice, Christian."

"Hol—" She slammed the door on his words. "Damn!" He banged a palm against the steering wheel then pushed open the driver's door. No way was he going to let her walk away like this. "You are not a situation." He practically ran to catch up as she stomped up the deck steps all the while rooting in her pocket for her keys. "And I resent you putting words in my mouth."

She turned on him, her face red with anger. "And I resent being treated like one of your fucking groupies."

Anger flared through his system and he grabbed her by the biceps, his face inches from hers. "Don't you ever say that again! You are not a groupie."

She shoved at him. "You've lost the right to touch me."

He let go as if her words burned him. "Holly, be reasonable."

"I am being reasonable. As far as I'm concerned, what you and Seth did was sneaky and underhanded. Obviously, you don't give a damn about my feelings. Otherwise you would have told me about the band offer first."

"That's not how it is."

"Then how is it, Christian, because I'd really like to know."

"I love you."

She froze with his words, her eyes going wide with shock.

He reached for her. "I know it might be hard for you to accept, but it's true. I love you, Holly."

"Y-you haven't seen me for five years. How can you claim to love me?"

He shook his head. "Time is irrelevant. I might not have thought this situation through, but that's only because I couldn't bear the thought of you choosing the band over me, again."

"Well, now you don't have to worry about either happening." She slid the key into the lock and turned the handle. "Goodbye Christian."

* * * *

Forty minutes later Christian walked back into the house to find Seth pacing the living room, cell phone to his ear. "Yeah, I understand perfectly. I'll be in touch."

He flipped the phone closed and raked a hand through his hair before he turned and spotted Christian. The look on Seth's face told Christian something very wrong had happened during the time he'd been taking Holly home.

"What's going on?"

"Rally's gone."

Christian tossed the keys on the table and stalked towards Seth. "What do you mean he's gone?"

"At some point in the last twelve hours he walked away from the rehab centre."

"I don't understand. He's there under court order and can't check himself out."

"He didn't check himself out, Chris. He walked away. Nobody knows where he is, but when they do find him, he's going to jail."

"So what? We didn't want him back anyway."

"Yes, but management says that the record company has officially washed their hands of him. They're scouting out new guitarists for the band."

A quick jolt of panic hit Christian. "They can't do that."

"That's a matter of debate. When I told management that we were looking for a guitarist ourselves, I was given an ultimatum—find somebody in the next two weeks or the record company would. If we reject their pick they'll drop us from the label."

Christian shrugged. "While I'll admit that throws a small wrench in the cog, what does it really matter if they drop us or not, especially when we have three other labels wanting to take us on?"

Seth turned, picked up a newspaper and tossed it at Christian. "That's what makes it matter. Apparently we didn't go as unnoticed as we thought yesterday."

Christian glanced down at the page and his heart all but stopped. There on the front page of the entertainment section was a photo of him and Seth holding hands with Holly while walking through the park. Next to it was second photo only this one had Collin and Nick walking out of The Music Place, a music store owned by famous rock guitarist Evan Weir.

The headline above the photos said it all. "Sanctuary not such a safe haven after all."

Christian scanned the small article below the photos.

In the face of yet another setback caused by guitarist Rally Michael's reoccurring drug addition, it appears as if the remaining members of Sanctuary have decided it's time to move on. While drummer Seth Perillo and guitarist Christian Scofield were recently caught spending their time with former Sanctuary guitarist Holly Decambra, singer Collin Gaffney and bassist Nick Swan have been spotted hanging out with the former Rock Palace guitarist Evan Weir, leading to speculation that the three are entertaining the idea of forming a new band.

"Shit."

"Exactly," Seth replied as he plopped down next to Christian. "The record execs from the other labels catch wind of this story and we're done. Hell, Chris, once they hear of Rally's situation we may be done anyway."

Christian tossed the paper onto the coffee table and dropped his head into his hands. "This isn't a total disaster. We can have management put out a press release debunking the article, but I'm not sure how much good it will do. People tend to believe what they want, no matter what the truth really is."

"Don't I know it? If we have any hope of saving the band, we need some immediate damage control."

Christian shook his head. "That's not what I mean, Seth. Yes, all this speculation and shit with Rally is bad for the band, but I'm more worried about what we just did to Holly."

Seth raked a hand through his hair. "That is a complication I didn't foresee."

"It's not just a complication. It's a deal breaker."

Seth's gaze rocketed up to meet Christian's. "What are you saying?"

"I'm saying that maybe that article is more accurate than you think." He stood and walked to the window. "Last night with Holly was everything I'd ever dreamed of and more. Then when I saw the hurt in her eyes this morning, I realised just how badly I'd handled this situation." He turned to look at Seth, knowing what he was about to say would be yet another minefield for Seth to navigate. "I don't just love her, Seth. I'm in love with her and I'm going to do whatever it takes to win her back."

* * * *

"So this is your new niece." Holly handed the photo back to Zoë.

Smiling, Zoë took the picture and slipped it back into its protective sleeve. "Yep. Abrianna Fay Hampton, born at ten-forty-five p.m. on Saturday night, and weighing seven pounds seven ounces."

"Congratulations, Auntie Zoë."

"Thank you. So what happened with Christian and Seth?"

Knowing Zoë would want details, but hoping she'd forget to ask, Holly shrugged while she tried to decide exactly how much to tell her friend. "We stayed and rode the rides, and then they took me home."

Looking dejected with her answer, Zoë sat back against the booth seat. "That's it? Oh, come on, Holly. You haven't seen them in five years. I can't believe they just took you home without any fight."

"They didn't have much of a choice when they realised I was mad."

Zoë frowned. "Why were you mad?"

"Apparently they need a new guitarist and they wanted me to come back to the band."

"And why would that make you mad?"

"They didn't tell me until after I'd slept with Christian."

Zoë nearly spewed her drink all over the table. "You had sex with Christian?"

Holly rubbed at the beginnings of yet another headache. "Yes."

Eyes wide, Zoë leant forward and rested her arms on the table. "Wow. Okay, so dish, girl. I want to hear everything."

"I didn't plan to have sex with Christian, but the storm rolled in and we got soaked. I didn't want either of them driving the hour in the bad weather to my house and the place they were renting was closer." She pushed a hand through her hair and closed her eyes, taking a moment to breathe away her frustrations with deep breaths. "Honestly, I don't know what came over me, but before I knew it Christian and I kissed and then one thing lead to another."

Zoë's lips tipped into a rueful smile. "I'm so jealous."

"Well don't be, because apparently Christian felt it was better to put his needs in front of the band's."

"I'm not following."

"There's been this insane attraction between me and Christian for years, but because I had a strict no sex policy with members of the band, we never acted on our urges. Apparently Christian had this ridiculous thought that I'd want to come back so badly that if he slept me first, I'd still agree to rejoin the band."

"That way he'd have the best of both worlds."

"Right. Only I don't think either he or Seth planned to tell me about the band issue so soon. Needless to say, I got angry and demanded that Christian drive me home. I have a life now and it would be stupid of me to turn it upside down just to save their sorry asses."

Zoë held up a hand, stopping Holly mid rant. "Now wait a second. You've never been the same since they left you behind. Not once in the past five years have I seen that same glow in your eyes that you used to get when you talked about a show or anything to do with the band, for that matter."

"So what are you saying, Zoë? That it's okay for him to sleep with me under false pretence?"

"Of course not. It's just...well...he's a man, they both are and sometimes men think with the wrong head. While their approach lacked something to be desired, you really should be flattered by what they planned."

"And how do you figure that?"

"It's simple. When it was time for them to find another guitarist, you were the first person they thought about. They're giving you a chance to recapture your lost dream."

"And the sex?"

"It simply means he finds you desirable, even after all these years." She shook her head. "God, Holly, you lived a lot of women's dream. You got to have sex with Christian Scofield."

"I think you're missing the point."

"No. I think you are." She leaned across the table and took Holly's hands in hers. "Try and look past their approach and see the bigger picture here. You have the opportunity to not only live out your dream, but possibly find love at the same time."

"And that's the exact reason why I don't want a relationship within the band. What if it doesn't work out, Zoë? Then all of us lose because two of us made a big mistake."

"Nothing lasts forever. After everything that's happened in your life, don't you owe it to yourself to at least find out where this could take you? Even if it does blow up in your face

later, you can at least say you tried. Besides," her lips tipped into a large grin. "If nothing else, it will be one hell of a ride."

Chapter Nine

Seth paced back and forth in front of the living room window. "I know you wanted Holly back in the band. Hell, we all did, but I think we're going to have to face facts."

Christian raked a hand through his too long hair. "And what facts would those be?"

"That we fucked up and ruined whatever chances we had with her."

"Not necessarily," Christian argued.

"I know you're in love with her, but the band's future is on the line here, bro. We're out of time and out of chances. If we don't cut our losses now and start a quick search for a replacement guitarist, we're going to have some serious issues to overcome."

"We have two weeks," Christian reminded him. "I'm not willing to give up on Holly just yet."

"She's furious with us. What makes you think she's even going to want to see either of us again?"

"Wednesday is her birthday."

Seth eased into the chair opposite Christian. "Yeah, so?"

Christian turned his attention away from his guitar and onto Seth. "So, I have a plan."

"Let's hear it?"

Christian set his guitar back on the stand and raked his hands through his loose hair. "The first thing we have to do is get her talking to us again. You know how stubborn she can be. So that task alone won't be easy."

Seth's gaze drifted to the window and held there before pushing off the couch. "Maybe it will be if we do it right."

"Exactly, but we have to be very careful in our approach. Even if she's willing to give us a second chance, I guarantee we won't get a third."

Seth paused at the window his attention focused at a downward angle. "Flowers."

"Flowers?" Christian wrinkled his brow as he joined Seth. His gaze landed on the small flower bed beneath the neighbour's house, complete with two blooming rose bushes."

"Roses," he whispered, understanding where Seth's mind was going.

"Roses," Seth echoed. "They're her favourite flower. Remember how we'd all pooled our extra money and bought her a dozen roses for her birthday, the year before the band was signed?"

Christian nodded. "She cried like a baby when she saw them, and when the last one died she pressed it in the pages of her diary."

"Then we send her roses as an apology."

Christian shook his head. "Not just as an apology, but for her birthday. Let's do it right. We'll send roses to the school, to her home and then we'll show up with roses and dinner Wednesday night."

"What about a gift?"

Christian pursed his lips as he continued to stare out the window. "Remember that time when she inherited that money from her uncle's will?"

"Yeah, so?" Seth shrugged.

"She was so excited because she finally had enough money to buy the guitar of her dreams. Then the very next week our PA system stopped working and her amp took a shit."

"Oh, yeah." Seth snapped his fingers. "She ended up using the money to buy new equipment for the band instead of the guitar."

Christian smiled. "I say we find her that guitar."

Seth's brow knit with concern. "Her birthday is in two days. With today being Sunday, all of the shipping places are closed. How are we going to find the guitar, pay for it and have it shipped here by Wednesday?"

Mind already churning with ideas, Christian slapped him on the back. "You let me worry about the guitar and you take care of making the flower and dinner arrangements."

"I'm on it," Seth replied then set off for the phone book in his room.

Christian turned back to the window and closed his eyes against the sun's glare. No way would he be able to leave now that he made love to Holly. If this idea didn't work, he'd have little choice but to make the hardest decision of his life.

* * * *

"Okay." Holly clapped her hands together as she began her walk around the classroom. "I want to start today's class by going over the chord progressions I showed you during our last class."

One of the three female students in the class raised her hand. "I have a question about the transition."

"Okay. We'll start with the transition." She turned back to her desk only to pause for the knock at the door. Once a class was in session most people didn't interrupt unless it was important. Hoping nothing was seriously wrong, she opened the door to find a dozen red roses staring her in the face. The vase moved, revealing one of the school secretaries. "These came for you."

Her first thought was that Zoë had sent her flowers for her birthday, but Zoë wouldn't send red roses.

"Thank you," Holly said, taking the flowers from her. "But you could have left them in the office and I would have gotten them after class."

"Yes, but they were so pretty, I thought you should enjoy them right away."

"That was very thoughtful of you, Mrs. Welsh. Thank you."

Using her foot, she closed the door and turned back to her students, who had abandoned their instruments to gather around the desk.

"They're beautiful," one girl said as Holly set the large vase down.

"Who are they from?" another inquired as she leant forward to sniff one of the petals.

"I don't know," Holly replied, though she had a good idea. Despite her best efforts to break all ties with the band so she could fully move on with her life, the guys wouldn't let her. Every year either on or around her birthday, Zoë would show up with a present for Holly sent to Zoë's address from the band. .

One year they had sent her an authentic kimono from Japan along with a Japanese tea set. No matter what they sent, they'd never forgotten. She had no reason to think this year would be any different.

"I found a note," one of the boys said. He pulled it from its holder and read it before Holly could protest. "Please forgive our stupidity. Love. Christian and Seth."

"Wow," two of the girls said in unison. "Two guys apologising with roses? What did they do?"

"Wait?" one of the boys said, holding up a hand. "Christian and Seth? As in Christian Scofield and Seth Perillo from the band Sanctuary?"

A quick shot of panic raced through her system. As far as she knew, none of her students was aware of her connection to the band. To make that connection now would completely disrupt her class and undermine her ability to effectively teach.

Holly shook her head. "No –"

"O.M.G.," the girls squealed. "You know the members of Sanctuary?"

"Yes, but –"

"Of course she does," Wyatt Wright, her most talented student cut her off. "Ms. Decambra was their original guitarist."

"You?" the girls said.

"Ms. Decambra, that's wicked cool."

"I suppose it is, but I need –"

"Then you were in that car accident and had to leave the band, right?" Wyatt started again, bowling over her.

Frustrated at her loss of control, Holly slapped her hands against the top of her desk. "Stop!"

Instant silence filled the room as each student looked at her wide-eyed. She certainly hadn't planned to spend the day explaining her situation to a bunch of teenagers. Thanks to Seth and Christian she now didn't have much of a choice. "Everybody sit down and we'll talk."

Chair legs scooted and the sound of feet shuffling filled the silence, until all of the students were once again seated, some of them with their guitars now sitting on their laps.

"Good. Now Wyatt, why don't you tell me how you know about my connection to the band?"

He looked shocked by her question as he glanced around the classroom. "Any true fan of the band knows about its lineage. You are a founding member and if you hadn't been in a really bad accident while driving home from a local promotional event, you'd still be in the band."

Holly drew in a deep breath and held it for a moment. Why had she never considered how easy it would be for people to find out about her past? "Go on," she urged, knowing

Wyatt was chomping at the bit to reveal more information. Might as well get it all out in the open now and deal with the fall out.

"Well," he began again. "From everything I know about the band it appears that Rally Michaels is nothing more than a hired gun. While he does have writing credits on the last two albums, he's not in any of the band photos and doesn't participate in interviews. I once read somewhere that the rest of the band members hadn't wanted Rally from the beginning. That they were willing to wait for you to recover, but the record company wouldn't. So the two entities struck a deal that allowed Rally into the band, but not as your official replacement."

Holly sank into the nearest chair. Even she hadn't known about 'the deal'. Of course, she'd made a point to cut all ties with the band after the car crash. While they'd continued to write and call, she'd stopped answering the phone and never wrote them back. The only reason she hadn't returned the birthday presents they sent was that they never came with a return address.

While it had hurt her to end her friendship with the guys, she knew in the end, it would hurt her worse to watch them achieve their dreams without her. She pinched the bridge of her nose with her thumb and forefinger. "Who else knew who I was before they signed up for my class?"

A little over half of her students raised their hands and Holly wanted to groan. She wanted to be judged on her merits as a teacher, not as the former member of one of the hottest up and coming bands in the world.

Tony, one of her most talented and most lazy students spoke up. "I get it now."

Holly arched a brow. "What's that?"

He stood and looked from her to the other students in the class. "You know how you always say at the end of class to practice what we've learned, but to make sure we complete all our academic work first? That it was okay to reach for the brass ring, but to make sure you had a back up plan in place if you missed it."

"Yes."

"I always thought you said that because you didn't want to encourage us too much, but that's not it at all. You're speaking from experience. You reached for the brass ring and the accident snatched it away."

For a split second it felt as if someone had jabbed her with a knife. She held her breath while the pain passed, then slowly nodded, knowing there wasn't any way out of this particular conversation. "I did and it wasn't easy to watch my dream go up in smoke, but sometimes life hands you something you aren't prepared for and you have to adjust. I've made the best of a bad situation and watching all of you grow your talent is extremely rewarding." Hoping to cut off any more conversation about the band, she clapped her hands together. "Now, let's get back to work."

Chapter Ten

Emotionally drained, Holly unlocked the front door and let herself in. The last thing she expected when she left for school that morning was to end up having her students teach her a lesson. Yet, that's exactly what had happened.

Tony's words still echoed in her head as she dropped her bag on the sofa and headed to the kitchen for a drink. She always knew she'd missed her opportunity to snatch the brass ring, but to hear the words spoken in such a matter of fact manner hurt more than it should.

Holly opened the refrigerator and pulled out a bottle of water, twisted the cap off and took a long drink. After the accident, everyone around her kept telling her to look for the positives in her situation.

"Everything happens for a reason," Zoë had told her the day the guys left for the tour, the day her dream officially died.

For those first few painful weeks she'd been so depressed that nothing could cheer her up. Then, as she slowly regained her mobility and with it her confidence, she began to seek out the positives Zoë talked about. In the end, it was a chance encounter at a friend's picnic that made the difference. Coerced into giving guitar lesson's to one of Zoë's nephews, Holly found a new avenue for her love of music. One lesson became two, then three, then ten. The day she started work at Kingston Academy, Holly thought she'd put the band behind her.

Over the last few years she'd come to find joy in the lessons she taught, measuring her own successes and failures by the accomplishments of her students. She'd learned to be satisfied with the opportunities life had offered her instead of dwelling on the missed chances of her past. Still, when it came right down to facts, no matter what joy she garnered from seeing her students succeed, it didn't compare to her dream.

She returned to the living room, dropped down on the couch and rested her head against the arm. Three days ago she'd been willing to settle for being a music teacher the rest of her life. Then Christian and Seth walked back into her world and turned her thoughts upside down.

Denying that she enjoyed the time she spent with them Saturday night would be an outright lie. Finding out that they had ulterior motives for their actions hurt more than she could imagine. Yet, in those moments when she allowed the pain to subside, her mind considered the possibilities. They'd handled the situation badly, but could she really fault them for keeping the information about the band from her when they knew her feelings about sex within the band?

For years, she and Christian danced around the sexual tension sparking between them, frustrating not only each other but the other band members as well and for what? Protecting the unit became a moot point the moment her car hit that ditch and flipped. With two broken vertebrae, a fractured hip and broken femur, her recovery was long and painful. Had the guys stood firm on their feelings about keeping her in the band, they would have lost everything they'd all worked so hard to achieve.

As it turned out, because of their success and the writing credits she held on the first album, her ties to the band would always be there, whether she returned to them or not.

A light tapping on her door had Holly pushing off the couch. Considering the earlier flower delivery, she had a good idea of who was standing on the other side of the door.

Her suspicions were confirmed the moment she peeked through the side window. There, both looking as handsome as ever, were the two men who'd managed to make her feel beautiful and used all at the same time.

Steeling her nerves, she blew out a breath and turned the handle. "Christian. Seth. What brings you two here?"

Christian moved the dozen red roses he held and smiled. "Did you think we would forget that today was your birthday?"

Seth held up the two bags he carried. "I hope you haven't eaten, because we brought dinner."

She eyed the bags and despite her best attempt to stay angry with them, smiled. "What is it?"

"Chinese," he replied, giving her a sheepish grin. "I know it's not a fancy dinner out, but we didn't want to risk being noticed by fans. I hope you don't mind?"

"Not at all." She stepped back, making room for them to pass. "Come on in."

As they passed by, she noticed the guitar case Christian carried with his other hand. "Planning to serenade me for my birthday?"

He set the case down and smiled. "Actually, maybe you can serenade us."

Her brow knit in confusion and her lips tipped into a frown. "What do you mean?"

He motioned to the closed case. "Happy Birthday, honey."

Awareness struck with a fierceness that nearly astounded her. "You bought me a guitar?"

"Not just any guitar. Open it and take a look."

Her hands shook as she knelt and flicked open the locks holding the case closed. She lifted the lid and forgot to breathe. Nestled inside the velvet lining was the guitar of her dreams, the guitar she'd always wanted and could never afford.

"A 1968 Les Paul Custom?" Gingerly, she reached out and touched the ebony fret board while her eyes drank in the body's rich cherry finish. "You remembered," she whispered as she choked back a sob.

"I did," Christian replied, "and knowing how practical you are, I figured you probably never bought one for yourself."

She shook her head and tore her gaze away from the instrument to look at him. "I never could afford one before the accident happened. After that, knowing how much they cost, it seemed like a frivolous purchase." Her eyes widened in horror. "This must have cost a fortune."

"A drop in the bucket," he replied. "You deserve it."

"Wait," she hated herself for what she was thinking, but couldn't stop the narrowed gaze she focused on him. "This isn't another attempt to get me back in the band, is it?"

Christian sighed. "I'm sorry that my actions have caused you think that way. No." He shook his head. "It's nothing more than a gift from my heart."

Feeling even more like a heel for thinking such awful things about his motives, Holly glanced from him to the guitar and back. "I love it. Thank you."

"Um...I hate to interrupt, but where do you want the food?"

Holly motioned to the coffee table. "Just put the food there and I'll grab some plates from the kitchen."

She was halfway across the room when Christian spoke again. "Honey, why are you limping?"

Damn! Normally she noticed her limp before anyone else and adjusted for it. With her emotions all out of whack, it had slipped past her. The last thing she wanted was to make either of them to feel bad for what happened, but now that he'd asked she needed to explain.

Drawing in a deep breath, she turned back to face him. "The doctors call it a leftover from the accident. When I'm tired or I've been on my feet for a long time, I tend to develop a limp. It's nothing that won't pass with a little rest."

"Then you sit." Seth motioned to the couch. "I'll get the plates." He headed for the kitchen. "Just tell me where they are."

She looked from Seth to Christian, then made her way back to the sofa. No point in trying to argue over such a trivial thing. "Okay. Silverware is in the top drawer next to the sink. Plates are in the third cabinet to the right of the window."

Seth nodded. "I'm on it."

She took a moment to watch him disappear into the other room before turning her attention to Christian. "About the other day —"

"I'm really sorry," he replied, cutting her off.

"Me too." She wrapped a hand around the vase he still held, her fingers grazing over his in the process. "Once I had some time to think about things, I began to understand why you kept the information about the band from me."

He let her have the flowers and swiped a hand along the back of his neck. "Yeah, about that... I'm glad you understand my reasons, but it still doesn't excuse what I did. I was selfish, Holly. I thought if I could get you into my bed first, then I could have both you and the band. It was wrong of me to put my feelings above yours."

The distress in his gaze tore at her, ripping tiny holes in her heart. Why was it that she could never stay mad at him? Without thinking about the consequences, she reached up with her free hand and cupped his face. "You can stop beating yourself up over it, Christian. I forgive you."

"You do?"

She brushed a gentle kiss over his lips then turned to set the roses on the end table next to the lamp. "We'll talk about it over dinner. Now let's eat."

Seth returned weighted down with plates and silverware. "Do you want to eat at the dinner table or in the living room?"

Holly motioned to the coffee table. "Let's keep it informal and use the coffee table."

"You got it." Seth set the plates on the table then proceeded to pull containers from the bag and place them next to the plates. "Tell me Chinese food is still your favourite."

She smiled. "It is and I'm impressed you remembered."

"There are some things even a lunkhead like me can't forget."

She grinned. "Lunkhead? Aren't you being a little hard on yourself?"

He paused and looked directly at her, causing Holly's stomach to do a little flip. "Not when it comes to you."

Clearing her throat, she turned her attention to the food. "Maybe we should eat."

* * * *

"So you think my return to the band will somehow save Sanctuary from the dreaded rock and roll grave yard." Holly set her now empty plate on top of the others. "Just because I forgive you for your...misjudgement, doesn't mean I'm going to change my mind about the band."

"We need you," Seth protested.

"No," she argued. "You want me, both as a lover and a guitarist."

Christian took her by the hand, twining his fingers with hers. "What's so wrong with that?"

"What's right with it, Christian? Think about it. If we become an item and it doesn't work out, not only will the band suffer for our mistake, but our friendship will be over."

"If it does work out then you have your band and your man. Are you so afraid of failure you're unwilling to take a leap of faith with someone who loves you?"

Why wasn't he taking no for an answer? "I'm not afraid, Christian, but you can't waltz into my life after five years and expect me to drop everything simply because you want me to."

He released her fingers and sank back against the cushions. "You're right."

"What?"

He looked over at her, the expression on his face showed every trace of guilt, pain and turmoil he must have been feeling. "I said, you're right. We didn't consider how asking you to return to the band would affect your personal life. You have a good job, a nice house, and supportive friends who are there for you when you need them. Asking you to give all of that up is selfish and I'm sorry." He reached for her, stroking a finger along the back of her hand. "Just tell me one thing, sugar."

"What?"

"Do you regret sleeping with me?"

She slid off the couch and crouched in front of him, cupping his face in her palms. "Of all the regrets I have in my life, sleeping with you is not and will never be one of them."

"If given the opportunity, would you regret sleeping with both of us?" Her body stiffened with Seth's words. Her gaze drifted from Christian's face over her shoulder, upward to where Seth towered above her. "I...I don't know. Are you suggesting you want to have sex with me, too?"

He grinned, revealing the dimple in his right cheek. He reached down and snared her wrist loosely in his hand. Her skin tingled where he touched her and sent that tingle travelling on a white water rapids ride through her system.

She rose and turned to face him. "Seth."

He raised his other hand and placed a finger over her lips, silencing her. "It's not a rhetorical question." He stepped forward, closing the distance between them. "I'm telling you that I want to have sex with you and I want to watch Christian have sex with you. I want to see your creamy skin flush with heat from our bodies grinding together. I want to watch your face when you come, and I want to hear your sexy voice scream out in pleasure. Is that clear enough for you?"

The warmth of his body against hers sent an unfamiliar ripple of desire racing through her. Never could Holly remember a time when Seth showed any physical interest in her, at least not anything beyond his typical playful nature. To do so now had her scrambling for footing.

He moved his finger, sliding it down her neck and over her collarbone.

"Seth?" she whispered as he slowly lowered his face towards her.

"Yes?"

"What are you doing?"

"I'm about to kiss you." He paused and the smile that tipped his lips had her heart doing tiny flips. "You have a problem with that?"

Her brain scrambled, rendering her speechless. "I...um..."

His grin widened. "I didn't think so."

Sudden warmth against her back chased away the shiver of awareness shimmering through her body. Christian's lips brushed along the soft spot on her neck, then he lifted his head to nibble on her ear. "Tell Seth to stop if you don't want this," he whispered.

Holly couldn't think past the sensations bombarding her. Telling either of them to stop was out of the question. Her mouth went dry, with any words of protest turning to dust on the tip of her tongue

Christian slid his arms around her waist, holding her steady while he continued to shower kisses along the nape of her neck. Her eyes drifted shut just as Seth's lips brushed across hers. The sensation of having two men pressed against her was foreign, erotic and exciting. She parted her lips, allowing Seth more access. He accepted her invitation, his tongue sweeping over her lips before exploring deeper.

While Christian had been the star of her erotic dreams on more than one occasion, never, in all the years that she'd known Seth, had she ever considered the idea of sleeping with him. Nor had she ever once considered being with two men at once, even if those men were Christian and Seth.

Seth pulled away, the smile still gracing his features. "We'd love to make your birthday special, sweetheart. Will you let us?"

Swallowing, she closed her eyes and grappled with the sensations bombarding her system. Much to her surprise, her body ached for what they offered, but they were moving so fast. "I-I don't know."

Christian continued his assault on her senses. "I know you're nervous, baby, but aren't you even a little curious to know what it would be like?"

His question tapped directly into her desire and her body sagged back against his in response. The evidence of his desire pressed against her ass, causing her pussy to flood with need.

"You know I want you," he whispered and ground his hips against her. "Open your eyes and look at Seth, honey. He wants you too."

Following his direction, she opened her eyes and let her gaze fall. The unmistakable bulge pushing on the front of Seth's jeans had her scrabbling to catch her breath.

Seth took her by the wrist and placed her hand over his erection. "This is all for you, Holly. Just say the word and we'll make this night one to remember."

So, once again, the decision to proceed would be hers. Holly barely resisted the urge to curl her fingers into the denim. In a few weeks the men would return to California and begin their search for another guitarist, she'd return to her safe, sanitary life, and this would be nothing more than a wonderful memory of a very special night. They were all adults and whatever they did together would only affect them.

Her only real reason for saying no would be to hide her scars from them. She'd never worried much about her scars when it came to the other men she dated, but her feelings for Seth and Christian were different. No matter what she wanted to believe, the truth was, for reasons beyond explanation, their opinions mattered.

She and Christian had made love in dim light reducing the chances of him seeing her scars. However, she was sure he'd brushed a hand over the remnants of the incision on her hip and never said a word about it. Maybe Seth would be the same way. "I...have...scars."

Seth took her hands in his and lifted them to his lips. "We all have scars, sweetheart."

"Not like mine." She swallowed hard. "My leg, hip and back are marred from surgeries after the accident."

Christian leaned into her from behind. "I felt the blemish on your hip, honey. It doesn't seem that bad. Besides, we want you because of the person you are inside, not just because of what you look like."

Despite her reservations, Christian's declaration bolstered her confidence. "Okay," she whispered before she could find another reason to back out.

"That's a girl," Christian said as he hooked his thumbs under her skirt's elastic waistband and her panties. "Just relax, baby. We're going to make this good for you."

He slid both garments over her hips, taking them all the way down to her ankles. The warmth of his fingers brushing along her skin seduced her with promises of pleasure. Instinct had her stepping out of the puddle of clothing, widening her stance in the process.

Seth's calloused fingers brushed across her labia, and Holly sucked in a strangled breath in response. Her gaze cut between them to the sight of his hand playing between her thighs.

"Eyes on Seth's face, honey." Christian's words melted through her haze of need and she obeyed, lifting her attention to meet Seth's gaze.

"I want to see your reactions when I touch you," Seth said, then slid his fingers lower, until they made contact with the tiny bud of nerves.

She shuddered in response.

He continued his trek, dipping his finger between her folds. "Damn, sweetheart. You're sopping wet."

Holly bit down on her lip to stifle a moan.

"See, I knew there was a wild streak in you." He pushed a finger into her channel, driving a gasp from her. "So responsive, so sensitive. I bet you're beautiful when you come." He lowered to his knees, and using both hands spread her nether lips with his fingers. "Hang on to Christian, baby, cause I'm gonna take you on a ride."

Christian's hands slid beneath her shirt and unhooked her bra, freeing her breasts. He gently cupped them, as he licked along her earlobe, then bit down gently. "Let go and enjoy yourself."

She nodded and tried to remember to breathe.

Slowly Christian stroked along her breast, tweaking her nipples between his thumb and finger, sending a quick shot of pain racing through her system the same time Seth swiped his tongue over her swollen clit. Tiny zings of pleasure and pain ping ponged around inside her body, mixing, mingling and upping her desire.

Seth's lips wrapped around her clit, creating the most delicious vacuum she'd ever felt. The feeling started low in her belly, the one that indicated an impending orgasm, and slowly began to build. Seth slid two fingers into her pussy and began to pump, while he continued to lick and suck her clit.

"That's it, Holly, come for us," Christian urged as he pinched and twisted her nipples with a near painful pressure.

"Oh." She reached for Seth, bracing her hand on his shoulder in a bid to stay on her feet.

"Let go, sweetheart. We've got you."

Giving into the sensations bombarding her, Holly did just that, letting her climax unfurl with a fury that had her struggling to stay on her feet. "Yes. Yes. Yes!" she cried as her body convulsed with pleasure.

Seconds passed and her climax receded, but instead of satisfying her, she still felt needy.

"Let's go to the bedroom," Seth said.

Numbly, she nodded and on unsteady legs, led them down the short hallway to her bedroom.

"Up, on the bed," Christian instructed as he helped her onto the comforter. She sat on her knees in the middle of the bed and watched while both men stripped.

With ripped muscles and a shaggy cut that stopped right below his ears, Seth reminded her of a body builder. Slightly darker skinned, but more lean, Christian dropped his shirt onto the chair before slinking out of his jeans. His long sable hair was loose and helped to create an air of mystery around him. Diverse as they were, both men had glorious bodies, built for sex.

Seth reached into his jeans pocket and pulled out several condoms. He tossed one to Christian, then tore open the pack and proceeded to sheath himself. His cock, thick and hard jutted towards her, guiding him to the bed.

What would it feel like to have him inside her?

He slid onto the bed and positioned himself on the pillows, then stroked a hand over his dick.

The crinkling of another foil packed had Holly looking over her shoulder to see Christian slid the condom in place. He leaned over, picked up his jeans and produced a tiny bottle of lube.

"Seth and I want to take you at the same time, sweetheart. Are you up for that?"

Holly's body jerked with his admission and cream flooded her channel. Never would she have thought she'd want to have sex with two men at the same time, but now, faced with the opportunity, desire dictated she tap into her carnal side and explore the possibility.

Before she could start finding reasons to say no, she nodded. How bad could it be? Chances were, she might actually enjoy it. If she didn't like it or the situation became too painful, she could always have them stop.

Seth slid his hands beneath her arms. "Come over her, baby. You're going to ride my cock while Christian takes that lovely ass of yours."

Her stomach clenched as she straddled Seth.

"Easy now. That's right," he soothed as he lowered her onto his shaft. Full and thick, he stretched her channel, creating a wonderful friction that had her gasping for breath.

"Oh God, Seth!"

"Yeah." He grinned. "You feel so good on my cock, honey. Okay, you ready for Christian to take that lovely ass?"

Wanting more, she nodded. "Do it now."

A cool liquid covered her anus and she tried to not tense as Christian's fingers begin to work through the lube, testing and teasing her hole. Erotic images of him pumping in and out of her ass flittered through her brain, until the need to know how it would feel nearly overwhelmed her.

He dipped inward, stretching and lubricating her opening. "You're as ready as I can get you, sweetheart. Just remember to relax and push against me."

His fingers disappeared, replaced almost immediately by his cock pushing against her. A slight burn began and her first instinct was to pull away.

"Push back against me," he ordered, his breath choppy.

She followed his instructions and the pressure increased. *Oh, God.* No way could she accommodate him. She was about to tell him so, when her ass parted for him, opening for his shaft, until amazingly she felt him begin to enter her.

Inch by succulent inch, he worked his way inside her body. The burning increased and for a brief moment she wanted to cry out and tell him to stop. Then her body surrendered, and he surged forward burying himself completely inside her ass. Full to the point of bursting, she panted and gasped. Connected to both men, loving them with her body, her heart opened.

Seth cupped her breast, rubbing his thumb over her nipple while Christian pumped in and out of her ass with slow, deep thrusts. Never, in all her life had she felt so full, so stretched with both men seated deep inside her.

Yet, the sensations brought on new and wonderful feelings, ones she hadn't known existed until this moment. Seth pulled out, the slow drag creating such a delicious friction against Christian's inward stroke. He stopped, resting balls-deep for a long moment before withdrawing as Seth pushed back in.

Then Seth pulled her face to his, capturing her lips in a savage kiss that threatened to steal her breath. Their tongues tangled and clashed, retreated and charged until she forgot everything but these two men and the way they were loving her.

Pressure, low in her belly built with each of the men's thrusts until she shattered on a climax so powerful she swore her body would simply blow apart. She screamed, as her lower half convulsed around the men, driving each of them to their own finish.

Christian was the first to break rhythm and surge forward; holding there as he came on a growl so loud Holly would have sworn it rattled the windows. Seth quickly followed, his orgasm just as powerful, but much quieter as he came with a groan.

Unable to hold herself up any longer, Holly's arms gave out and she collapsed on top of Seth. Christian eased his way out of her abused backside and disappeared into the bathroom.

A few minutes later he returned with a warm washcloth and proceeded to clean her. Nearly too exhausted to lift her head, she squeaked in protest. "I can do that."

"I want to. Now just relax and let me care for you."

Too tired to argue, she once again rested her head on Seth's chest. Her eyes drifted closed as he ran slow circles over her back with his hand. They were right about one thing. It had certainly turned out to be a birthday she'd never forget.

Chapter Eleven

Cautious, Holly eased down into the chair across from Dean Wyback's desk. The last time she'd been in his office was for her job interview three years earlier. She couldn't imagine what he wanted with her now.

"How have you been, Ms. Decambra?" the Dean asked as he leant forward to rest his elbows on the desk.

"Good." She locked her fingers together on her lap in an attempt to mask her nervousness.

"I'm glad to hear that. Look, I'm going to get right to the point. I've had several telephone calls from concerned parents regarding your intermediate music class yesterday."

Great! "Oh? May I ask what about?"

"From what I gathered, you had a flower delivery yesterday that sparked a conversation about your past."

Oh, boy. Holly blew out a nervous breath. "Yes. It was my birthday and some friends sent me flowers."

"And from what I gathered, these friends are famous?"

Suddenly realising where the conversation was heading she pressed her fingers to her closed eyelids in an attempt to stave off the beginnings of a headache. "Christian Scofield and Seth Perillo."

"I see." Dean Wymack's chair creaked as he sat back. "And that's what brought up the discussion of your past involvement in the band?"

"Yes." Knowing this conversation was about to become much more difficult, she looked him straight in the eyes. "I know I promised not to mention the band when you hired me and I swear to you that I didn't initiate the subject. One of my very astute students put two and two together and began talking about the band. I tried several times to get the class back on track, but they kept going on about the band and my connection to it. I figured the only way to get them refocused was to address the situation so we could move on."

"Yes, well, several of the children went home and told their parents about your 'conversation'." He quoted the air with his fingers. "I don't have to tell you that the parents weren't happy about their children being influenced by a former rock musician."

"I beg your pardon, but I always stress the importance of academics first, music second and I did so yesterday too. I even used myself as an example as to how your dreams can die unexpectedly and it's always good to have a back up plan."

Several long silence seconds passed. "Okay," he finally said. "You've been an excellent employee with an exemplary record. I have no reason not to believe you." He reached into the centre drawer and pulled out a newspaper. "However, I'm afraid this might be a bit more difficult for you to explain."

He set the paper in front of her and Holly's entire body jolted with shock. There, on the bottom front page of the entertainment section was a picture of her with Seth and Christian at the amusement park.

"I...my friends took me to the park for my birthday. Christian and Seth were there to help Christian's younger brother's band. We talked and rode some rides together. I'm sorry. I don't mean to be disrespectful in any way when I say this, but there's nothing nefarious about this picture." He certainly didn't need to know about the carnal activities that took place later in the evening.

"No, but the article beneath it poses several questions, the least of which is, are you planning on leaving Kingston Academy?"

"No!" Holly's attention cut from the paper to Dean Wymack. "Look, I don't know who took this picture, but I have no intention of quitting my job. I won't deny that it was nice seeing Christian and Seth again after all this time, but I have a job and a life beyond the band. I'm not going anywhere."

Dean Wymack reached across his desk and retrieved the paper from her grasp. "I hope you're correct, but I do have to remind you that Kingston Academy is an elite and prestigious school and quite honestly, rock stars, former or not, don't fit that image. I urge you, Ms. Decambra, to cut your ties with the band before I'm forced to let you go. Do I make myself clear?"

Inwardly, she seethed at his words. How dare he tell her who she could and couldn't have as friends! Outwardly, she swallowed audibly and nodded. How could something that started out so innocently end up causing so many complications?

* * * *

"Are you guys there?" Christian leant forward in his chair and rested his elbows on his knees as he stared at the phone. This wasn't a conversation he looked forward to having, but it was necessary if he had any hope of winning Holly back.

"We're here," Collin's voice carried up from the speaker.

"What's going on?" Nick asked.

"I have something to tell you and I didn't want any of you hearing it from the news outlets."

"What is it?" a wary Collin asked.

"It's something that more than likely will not make any of you very happy." He paused for a moment, building his resolve. "I've decided to leave Sanctuary."

His gaze lifted to Seth, who sat across from him, mouth agape and eyes wide with shock. Several long seconds of silence followed and Christian could feel the room's tension ratchet up another notch.

"Okay, I get it," Collin chuckled. "This is some twisted joke, right? You saw the pictures in the newspaper and thought you'd play with us. You're one sick puppy, Christian."

Christian cringed at his statement. Why hadn't he considered the idea that the guys would think he was playing some practical joke? He swallowed hard. "I'm not joking, Collin. I'm leaving the band."

"Why?" Nick chimed in. "Does this have to do with that newspaper article about me and Collin hanging out with Evan? Because you know he's not interested in joining any other band or touring again."

"No, Nick. I know that. My decision has nothing to do with any of you. We've been through a lot together and I love you guys like brothers.

"Then why are you leaving?" Seth mumbled.

"I'm...well, my decision has to do with Holly."

"Holly?" they said in unison.

"Wait," Collin said and Christian could picture his friend, hand to temple, eyes closed while he tried to process the information. "I thought she was coming back to the band. So why would you want to leave?" he asked.

"Holly's not coming back," Seth concluded, "and I need a beer." He stood and stalked towards the kitchen, leaving Christian to deal with Collin and Nick.

"What did Seth mean that Holly's not coming back?" Nick asked. "I thought you guys said she'd jump on the opportunity."

"Well, we were wrong." Christian snapped. He didn't expect the guys to make his decision to leave easy, but they didn't have to be quite so difficult. This situation was rough enough without them reminding him of his failure. "Holly has a life here and she doesn't want to give it up."

Another silence ensued, before Collin finally spoke. "So what does Holly's refusal to rejoin Sanctuary have to do with you wanting to leave the band?"

"I don't see any other way for me to prove my love for her. She won't come back to the band and long distance relationships don't work."

"Love?" Nick's voice interrupted. "I get it now. You managed to get her into bed, and now you're head over heels for her. Not that you didn't have it bad for her before, but now that you've slept with her, you're hooked. Only she's still standing by her old rules regarding relationships within the band and refused the invitation."

Seth reappeared in the doorway, beer in hand. "More like she got furious, all but called us liars and demanded Christian take her home," he nearly shouted at the phone.

A groan came from the speaker. "You two gambled and the band lost." Collin said.

"That's pretty much it," Seth replied and pulled a long drink from the bottle.

"You said before that we were in a pinch either way," Christian argued in a desperate attempt to make the guys understand. "We needed a guitarist and coming back for Holly was no more of a gamble than sending out a talent call."

"Except now that you've had a taste of what it would be like to be with her, you're choosing Holly over the band."

Christian scrubbed his hands over his face. "Rally's going to jail as soon as they find him, without Holly the record company will force another of their lame choices on us. The band has never been the same without her, and honestly, I don't want to go on as it is."

Seth let out an audible sigh. "Not that I'm any happier about this situation than you guys are, but I do have to agree with him. Do we really want some lame ass guitarist shoved down our throats again? I mean look what happened with Rally. If not being allowed to pick our own guitarist means losing our ride with the record company, then so be it."

"Thanks, Seth," Christian began only to stop mid sentence when Seth held up a hand signalling him to halt.

"Hang on before you start thanking me. While I agree about the guitarist situation, I think you're making a huge mistake leaving the band. Yes, Collin, Nick and I could and probably would start over. We could assemble a project and more than likely find a deal somewhere, based on who we are, but that wouldn't be the same either."

"Of course, it wouldn't be the same," Christian argued. "It wouldn't be Sanctuary. Hell for all you know it could be better."

"And what are you going to do, Christian?" Collin asked. "All you know is music. Are you going to be happy schlepping equipment for your little brother's band or working in some second rate music store?"

"Holly loves me," Christian blurted, "and if the band is what is keeping us apart, then my leaving removes that barrier."

"Right," Nick's voice dripped with sarcasm. "I can see the newspaper headline. The great Christian Scofield spotted selling equipment at Guitar City."

"If you're lucky you'll make some commission on your sales and maybe give a lesson or two. And for what?" Collin continued his line of questioning. "There is no guarantee she'll take you back even if you do quit the band. If that happens, then you'll have lost everything."

Christian stared down at the phone as he processed Collin's words. He'd considered the what ifs and knew the chance he was taking. If she did reject him he'd be devastated, but he could live with being crushed. What he couldn't do was move on without at least trying.

"I'm willing to take that risk."

Chapter Twelve

Still stewing over her conversation with Dean Wymack, Holly pushed the button on the remote control and continued to flip through channels. How dare he! What she did on school grounds or during work hours was one thing. How she spent her off time was another.

She nearly grinned as she thought back to the night before and her encounter with Christian and Seth. What would Dean Wymack think if he knew one of his instructors was having carnal relations with two men at the same time? He'd probably fire her in a nanosecond. Tight ass.

A knock on her front door had Holly jerking upright in her chair. It was late and she wasn't expecting anyone. Using caution, she quietly padded over to the door and looked through the peephole.

Shock slid through her system at the sight of Seth standing on the other side. After last night's encounter with him and Christian and their conversation regarding the status of the band she was sure the two of them would be packing up to leave town in pursuit of another guitarist.

Heart pounding, she grabbed the handle and slowly opened the door. "Seth?"

"I need to talk to you."

When she didn't move he qualified his statement with a 'please'.

Slowly, she stepped back and made room for him to enter. "If this has to do with the other night—"

"It doesn't," he cut her short.

"So why are you here?"

"Christian is quitting the band."

The words hung in the air between them like a thick fog. She couldn't have possibly heard him correctly. "What?"

"Christian. Wants. To. Quit. The. Band," he repeated, saying each word as if it were its own sentence.

"Why?"

"He said that if you're not going to be a part of the band then he doesn't to want either."

"That's stupid."

"I know, but he says Sanctuary has never been the same without you. Actually, I agree with him on that fact, even if I don't agree with his decision to quit."

Holly took a step backward and felt the couch brush against the back of her legs. She sank to the cushions. "He's willing to give up everything you've achieved to be with me?"

Seth nodded. "He loves you Holly and he's willing to do whatever it takes to be with you, even if that means giving up his dream to do it."

"But he can't do that."

"He can and he has."

"What do you mean he has?" Her heart jolted with his words. "What did he do?"

"He's already informed management that he'll be leaving the band. Once they tell the record company, they're going to issue a press release and that will be that."

Her stomach tightened, giving her a sick feeling. While she might not be part of the group anymore, Sanctuary had been her creation and her dream. To see it live on without her was still better than letting the dream die. "What about you guys? If he walks away Sanctuary is dead."

"That's why I'm here, honey." Seth crouched in front of her, taking her hands in his. "I know you've built a life for yourself and I can't ask you to give it up, but I also know how much the band means to you, even if you're not a part of it. You're the only one who can keep our dream alive."

"What am I suppose to do? He's not going to listen to reason."

"Like someone else I know," Seth replied. He leaned in and brushed the softest of kisses over her lips. "I have to go before Christian realises I'm here."

Still stunned by his words, she could do little more than watch him stand and walk away.

So this is what it all came down to? If she did nothing she'd have to live with the guilt of knowing she stood by and let the band fall apart. Yet, if she rejoined the band and something happened between her and Christian, she'd carry the guilt of knowing their

relationship was ultimately the group's downfall. Either way the burden rested on her shoulders.

Then there was her job at the school. In order to even keep her job she'd have to cut all ties to the band and pretend to be someone she wasn't. Even if she were willing to do that, and she wasn't, did she really want to spend the rest of her life sitting in a classroom all day, teaching basic chords to beginners, especially when she was faced with the opportunity of a lifetime?

Zoë was right when she'd accused Holly of being just as selfish as Christian and Seth. She was about to deny herself and them of something beautiful and special simply because of her own stupid beliefs—beliefs based on an unfounded fear of the unknown.

With a single focus in mind, she stood and headed to the small office area she'd created in the corner of her dining room. This time she wouldn't let the brass ring slip through her fingers without a damn good fight.

* * * *

Holly walked along the tree-lined street, her fingers laced through Christian's as he kept pace.

"I'm glad you called." He smiled down at her.

"Me too. I'd forgotten how much I enjoyed spending time with you."

"I'm happy to hear you say that, since I have something I need to tell you."

"I know you're quitting the band."

He stopped mid step and looked down at her, eyes wide with shock. "How... Seth," he finally said.

Holly nodded and began walking again. She glanced ahead, gaining her point of reference, ensuring they were on the right path. "He came by the other day. He's really upset about your decision."

"He'll get over it," Christian snapped.

"Why should he have to?"

"I think you know why. I want to be with you and you know as well as I do that long distance relationships don't work. Since you won't rejoin the band, my only other option is to leave."

"Is that really fair to the guys?"

Christian shrugged. "I guess not, but we're in a sticky position anyway. Rally's headed to jail and the record company will dump us when we refuse to allow them to pick our next guitarist. Nick, Collin and Seth seem to be okay with my decision, even if they're not happy about it."

"Of course they're not happy about it, Christian. You're walking out on your best friends when they need you the most. Not to mention that you're letting our dream die."

He stopped again, his gaze meeting hers. "Now you're not being fair. You won't rejoin the band, but you don't want me to leave either? What do you want me to do, baby? Can't you see the position I'm in?"

She turned and took both his hands in hers. "You can't just walk away from everything we've worked so hard for, especially when your decision affects not just you."

"Yes, I can, Holly. Don't you see that it all means nothing if you're not part of it? Sanctuary was your baby. We took it away. To continue on without you, when the opportunity for you to return to the band is there, just seems wrong."

"It would only be wrong if you hadn't given me the choice."

"We didn't, remember."

She smiled. Funny how he now tried to use her own words to justify his decision. "It's not too late to change your mind, Chris. Seth said that you had other labels interested in you."

"That was before the newspaper article made its circulation. Even if I decided to stay, no label is going to give us a deal when they think the band is on the verge of a break up."

Holly placed a hand on his bicep. "And you know bad press can be countered with good if you try hard enough."

He shook his head. "My decision is made."

She let go of him and walked ahead to cross the street into what was once the shopping district of town.

"You know." He raced to catch up with her. "I thought you'd be happy. Now we can be together."

She didn't slow her pace as she passed by empty storefronts. "You honestly thought I'd be happy to see the band break up, knowing I was the cause?"

He grabbed her by the arm, stopping her forward motion and Holly had little option but to look up at him. "I-Love-You," he said with such conviction she had little choice but to believe every word. "Do you love me?"

"Of course I do. I love you more than I've ever loved anyone, but sometimes it isn't enough."

"It will be enough for us if you let it be."

She pulled back and turned away from him, intent on reaching her destination before their conversation ruined her surprise. "What happens in a year or two or five when you realise the mistake you've made and start resenting me for it?"

"That's not going to happen," he argued as he walked behind her.

"How do you know that?" She turned the corner and caught sight of the newly renovated brick building directly in the middle of the block. "It's easy to make what you think is the right decision, only to realise your regrets later. I'm telling you, it's not too late to fix this."

He patted her hand as they continued to walk. "Actually, it might be. Even if I did entertain the idea of reconsidering, the guys are already toying with the notion of forming a new band. Finding a guitarist shouldn't be very difficult for them. They might even be able to approach another label and get signed based on their resume."

"But that doesn't save Sanctuary."

Christian sighed. "I suppose we could go on as a four piece, but that brings me back to my quandary with you."

"Besides that, you won't be able to play the songs off the first three albums correctly without a second guitar."

"I know, but it would be a better choice than taking on somebody who isn't a perfect fit."

"What if you found that perfect fit?"

"You're the perfect fit, honey." He squeezed her hand. "Let's not ruin our night together by talking about the band. There will be time later to sort out the details."

"I suppose you're right." She stopped in front of the brick building.

"What are you doing?"

Holly smiled. "I have something I want to show you."

She opened the door and let him pass through.

A man sat behind a small desk next to a corridor lined with doors. "Ms. Decambra."

"Hello, Thomas. Are they ready?"

He nodded. "Room four, all the way at the end."

Christian looked from the man to Holly and back. "What's going on?"

She grinned. "You'll see. Follow me."

She stopped in front of the door with a number four on the outside and opened it.

Christian walked past her and stopped. There inside the room the rest of the band waited.

"About time you two showed up," Seth said from behind the drum kit.

Christian glanced from Holly to the band and back. "I don't understand."

"I thought you might like to see what the band sounds like when you have the perfect fit."

"But you said —"

She held up a hand, cutting him short. "I know what I said. I also know that I haven't been happy since the accident. Regardless of how much I want to protect myself from pain, the fact is, I'll never be truly content with my life unless I'm back where I belong."

"And us?"

"Well," she dragged a finger along his chin. "I've talked with the guys and it appears that I was the only one who had issues with a relationship inside the band." She leaned into him and brushed a soft kiss across his lips. "Since I love you and I want to be with you, then I'm willing to toss that rule out the window."

He wrapped his arms around her. "God, I love you."

"I love you too, Christian, now let's play some rock-n-roll."

Epilogue

"So how does it feel to be on stage, playing to thousands of people?" Christian slid the keycard into the lock. The light turned green and he pushed the door open, holding it for Holly and Seth to enter.

Her body ached from the workout she'd just received, yet her mind continued to reel with images of the last two hours.

She collapsed into the wingback chair in the living room of the hotel suite, a perpetual smile glued to her face. "Wonderful." She closed her eyes and saw the crowd cheering for her, singing along to the band's songs and welcoming her as if she belonged on that stage. "And tiring."

She threw an arm over her eyes and sank a little deeper into the chair. "Who knew that living your dream could be so exhausting?"

"I'm glad you finally have the opportunity to experience that aspect for yourself," Seth yelled from one of the two bedrooms in the suite.

"Me too," Christian said. "That exhausted feeling is one filled with satisfaction though, right?"

Holly moved her arm and opened her eyes to look at him. "That's an accurate description. Though I'd be even more content if I were snuggled beneath the covers of the king size bed."

Christian held out his hand. "I can make that happen."

She smiled up at him.

The weeks since she rejoined the band had been a whirlwind of interviews, practices and work on the new album. While it would have been easy for her to become overwhelmed after being away for so long, having Christian by her side made even the most difficult situation seem easy.

She took his hand and allowed him to pull her into his arms. Wrapped in his embrace, he proceeded to kiss her along the soft curve of her neck. "How about I snuggle with you?"

Her grin widened. "Just snuggling?"

He licked the soft spot just below her ear, causing a shiver of anticipation to race down her spine. "Well, maybe a little more than just snuggling."

Knowing what he had in mind, she played along. No matter how tired she was she'd always find the energy to share her body with the man she loved.

"What about Seth?" she whispered.

"I like to snuggle too," he shouted from the bedroom.

Holly couldn't help but laugh at the anticipation in his voice. "Looks like we'll have company."

"You don't mind, do you?"

She pulled back and looked him in the eyes. "This isn't going to be an every night thing, right? I mean when we climb in bed tomorrow night, it will just be you and me?"

"Right. Special occasions only, just like we agreed. And I think your first time back on stage ranks up there as a special occasion."

She smiled. "Then I don't mind."

Christian shifted and tucked an arm around her waist, then guided her towards the bedroom Seth occupied.

She noted the limp in her step and made a mental note to take a long hot bath later. Too many hours spent on her feet were starting to take their toll on her hip and leg. Maybe if she were lucky, she could talk Christian into giving her a massage too.

She'd barely stepped inside the room when Seth snagged her wrist and pulled her against him. His heat infused her body and she couldn't mistake the massive erection pushing against her belly. Arousal, powerful and quick shot through her system.

Seth eased her down onto the bed, taking her blouse off in the process. She lifted her arms, allowing him to pull the fabric clear, then quickly made work of her bra and tossed it off the bed. She leant back to enjoy the scenery as Christian and Seth began stripping out of their clothing.

How had she become so lucky as to have not one, but two men love her? Revelling in her good fortune she watched her men strip, not missing a single detail. Being shirtless to start, Seth divested first and slowly stalked towards the bed, his cock, an impressive size that would please any woman, led the way. The fact that he was at full mast already, only

solidified what she already knew. He wanted her. Her heart beat a little faster with that knowledge. The bed sank under Seth's weight and Holly fought not to move.

The last of Christian's clothing hit the floor, but instead of joining them on the bed, he motioned to Seth, then wrapped a hand around her ankle.

Seth slid in behind her. "Scoot down, sweetheart."

Her ass barely rested on the edge of the bed, but Christian seemed pleased with the position. She reached to unbutton her jeans only to have him slap her hand away.

"Mine."

"Give me your hands," Seth whispered, then pulled her arms up until her hands were above her head, clutching Seth by the neck.

With nimble fingers, Christian made short work of her jeans and panties, leaving her open and bare for his pleasure. He grinned and dropped to his knees between her splayed thighs. He placed his hands over her legs, holding her open.

Her anticipation kicked up another notch as she watched him watch her. He slowly moved forward, his gaze never wavering from her face. Her breath stalled as his tongue gently slid over her sensitive folds.

"You taste so good, baby," he said, then burrowed his tongue deeper, teasing her pussy.

A gasp tumbled from her lips and she started to move only to realise the men had trapped her in place. Much to her surprise, that knowledge only heightened her pleasure and she couldn't stop the moan that escaped.

"Leave your hands where they are," Seth ordered as his hands slid down to cup her breasts before tweaking her nipples between his fingers and thumbs.

The sharp bite of pain shot straight to her pussy and she cried out as both men tormented her.

Christian slid a finger into her channel, heightening her pleasure even more. "You want me here, baby?"

"God, yes," she cried, wanting nothing more than to feel his massive cock deep inside her pussy.

"Up on all fours, baby, and I'll make that happen for you."

Holly couldn't move fast enough and scrambled over onto hands and knees. Seth lay beneath her sprawled out like a buffet just for her. The position placed her in the perfect

angle to bend down and take every luscious inch of him in her mouth. She stared down at the impressive erection and licked her lips. His cock head was a deep shade of red, with precum weeping from the slit.

Lost in thoughts of taking Seth, she nearly jumped when Christian's gentle hands spread her thighs.

"Easy baby," he murmured just before the tip of his dick entered her pussy. Slowly, as if he were savouring every second, Christian slid deep into her channel, filling her with his massive girth almost to the point of pain.

She closed her eyes and moaned, enjoying the exquisite feeling of him filling her to capacity.

For several long seconds she rocked back against Christian, enjoying the friction their coupling induced.

"Honey, I'm dying here." Seth's strained voice caused her to open her eyes.

There before her he lay, stroking his cock, his eyes locked on her in anticipation.

It was time to make this as good for him as Christian was making it for her. She lowered her mouth, and slid her tongue over his damp flesh, enjoying the way he jumped from her touch. His hand tangled in her hair, and he groaned when she finally closed her mouth around the head.

Why, she wondered as she bobbed her head up and down on Seth's staff, had she waited so long to give into her desires, especially when it resulted in such pleasure?

Christian began to rock his hips, slowly at first and then with more force. Each thrust pushed her forward, forcing her to take more of Seth in her mouth.

"I'm not going to last," Seth gasped as his grip tightened on her hair. The sharp bite of pain it incited drove her arousal to that precarious peak where her orgasm lived.

Christian surged forward, the friction driving her right into the most glorious orgasm she'd had in some time. Spots floated in her eyes until her vision started to blur, then she erupted, her body spinning out of control like a tornado.

She screamed, the sound muffed by Seth now thrusting his cock into her mouth as his climax hit. Warm spurts of semen flooded her tongue and she swallowed with fervour while Christian surged against her, burying himself into her deepest regions. He held there,

grunting and panting as he too came, then slumped against her for a few seconds before sliding free of her and moving away.

Bereft of his warmth, but too tired to protest, she fell forward onto Seth's chest. He wrapped his arms around her, running a soothing hand over her back while she recovered.

Seconds later Christian climbed on the bed to join them. She eased down between the two men and snuggled back against Christian while Seth pulled the covers over them.

Christian wrapped an arm around her waist and pulled her tighter. "How you feeling?"

"Incredibly blessed."

Seth chuckled. "That wasn't quite the response we expected."

"It's true though." She closed her eyes and sank further into Christian's embrace. "I have my band back, my health and two men who love me. I'd say that's incredibly blessed."

Christian pressed a soft kiss to the back of her neck. "No honey, that's what you've always dreamed of...that's rock and roll."

About the Author

So you really want to know about me? Well, actually there's not much to tell. Am I a mom? Yes, to two beautiful kids. Am I married? Yes, to one very happy husband (at least he was the last time I checked.) How long have I been writing? A long time, only recently did I decide to get serious and put my imagination to work. I love everything romance. I'm also a firm believer that no one should be afraid to explore their forbidden desires, a belief my husband is happy I embrace.

Email: authorginnymichaels@gmail.com

Ginny loves to hear from readers. You can find her contact information, website and author biography at <http://www.total-e-bound.com>.

Also by Ginny Michaels

The Training of Maggie Malone: First Encounter

Total-E-Bound Publishing



www.total-e-bound.com

Take a look at our exciting range of literagasmic™
erotic romance titles and discover pure quality
at Total-E-Bound.