

AWARD-WINNING AUTHOR
NICHOLE ROSE

This will be a
reunion tour
to remember...

*Valentine's
Groupies*



HITCHED TO THE

Heartthrob



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Heartthrob

NICHOLE ROSE

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About the Book



T EQUILA, ONE WILD NIGHT, and two rings will send this former boy band heartthrob and the curvy girl of his dreams up in smoke.

Cruce

Ten years ago, everyone knew my name.

They screamed it everywhere I went.

Now, I'm back on tour and it's like nothing has changed.

Except me and my band. We're older, wiser, and far more prepared for life in the spotlight.

Or so we thought. We didn't count on the sassy group of women following us.

I certainly didn't count on falling for Ireland.

When she drunkenly suggests a late-night wedding, I know I should shut it down.

Instead, I do everything in my power to make it happen.

I want her tied to me in every way possible.

But now I have to convince my feisty wife that she wants to keep that ring on her finger.

Because I can handle a lot, but living without this curvy little goddess?

That's the one thing I'm *not* willing to do.

Ireland

I woke up married to a rockstar, and it's all my fault.

Thanks, tequila.

I've been crushing on Crue since I was a little girl.

But I didn't mean to freaking marry him, though!

I just wanted an interview for my music blog.

Now, the possessive man refuses to let me take off my ring.

And he's growling anytime his bandmates even look at me.

I shouldn't encourage this because I know it won't last.

But he has my heart in his hands and I'm not sure I want him to give it back.

Maybe I should just keep him and pretend there's a no return policy.

Who knew scoring an interview with a heartthrob would be this complicated?

Prologue



CRUE

I LEAN AGAINST THE wall in the rehearsal studio, pretending I'm not doing a damn thing even though I'm carefully watching the other members of the band. It's an old habit. Even after ten years apart, I guess I still haven't been able to shake the damn thing.

This time, I'm not checking to make sure everyone is in the right headspace for a show. I'm simply trying to figure out if anyone wants to be here at all. It's been a long fucking time since we were on a stage together. But time doesn't heal all wounds, and when everyone from here to China screams your name, you end up with a lot of those.

Jax moves to the leather couch, picking up his guitar. I grunt, not sure where the hell I stand with him. We've always been oil and water, sliding against one another but never mixing.

Asher stares out the window, lost in his own world. He's always been our moral compass, but he's been off lately. I'm not sure what's up with him.

Mason drums his fingers against the tabletop, counting out some beat only he knows. He can't dance to save his life, but I'm not mad about it. The man writes the best hooks in the business. He has that look to him now, as if he's working on something in his head.

Jameson scrolls through his phone. God only knows what he's looking at. Set lists? Ways to fake his death and escape to Bora Bora? I don't know. He's hard to pin down.

It's obvious none of them want to be here anymore than I do, though. Who can blame them? The label didn't exactly give us much choice. It was either come back for this tour and album or lose the money they owe us. I don't particularly want to spend the next ten years tied up in court, fighting for what's rightfully ours just because we signed a shit deal when we were too young to know better.

I don't need the money, but I'm not going to let the label fuck us over again, either. Which means it's up to me to get their heads in the game and get them excited for the tour none of us want to be on. But if freedom lies on the other side, well, that doesn't suck.

I clear my throat to get their attention.

Four sets of eyes turn in my direction.

"Alright, ladies, gather round," I say. "We all know why we're here. One last album, one final tour. Then we're free. We've got a lot to cover before we hit the road again."

Jax immediately frowns. "Who put you in charge, Crue? Last I checked, this wasn't a dictatorship."

I roll my eyes. Of course he's the one arguing over who leads this shitshow. As if it fucking matters who leads it so long as we get the shit done and over with.

"Fine," I sigh to appease him, shaking my head. "We'll take a vote. All in favor of me leading this meeting say 'aye'."

“Aye.” Asher raises his hand to count his vote.

“Aye. Let’s just get this over with.”

“Aye.”

“Excellent. Then, by the power vested in me by the band *Soul Obsession*, I now call this meeting to order.”

“Do you need a gavel there, Judge Crue?” Jax asks sarcastically.

I ignore him. He’s been a dick for as long as I’ve known him. It’s part of his charm. He hides a lot behind it.

“Alright, first order of business, the setlist. Management wants us to focus mostly on our old hits, with a couple of new songs sprinkled in. I think we should open with *Girlfriend* since that always got the crowds pumped up,” I say.

“Agreed. Can I sit out for that one this time?” Mason asks, his British accent obvious. “I’m really not looking forward to all those synchronized group dances we used to do. Dancing was not in my original job description as the drummer, you know.”

“What exactly was in your original job description, Mase? Sit there and look brooding while hitting stuff with sticks?” Jax asks, giving Mason shit now.

“That’s the dream.” Mason grins, shooting Jax a wink.

“A proctologist appointment sounds more appealing to me than synchronized dancing,” Asher mutters.

“Come on, guys. It wasn’t all bad. We used to have fun together. Don’t you remember how great it felt to hear the crowd roar?” I ask, trying to get them in the right headspace. The tour is going to crash and fucking burn if every single one of us don’t want to be there. “Doesn’t that count for something?”

“Oh yeah. Nothing fills the soul quite like having underwear thrown at you every night by screaming teenagers and running from paparazzi during the day,” Jax mutters.

“It sounds like hell.” Asher grimaces, his face pale. “Please remind me why we’re doing this to ourselves again?”

“Alright, alright. I’ll admit the fans could be...intense. But the point is, we had some crazy times together back in the day. It wasn’t all bad,” I say, still trying to turn the ship around. I feel like a goddamn fraud because they’re right. Our lives were a disaster back then. We had no privacy, no rest, and very little say in anything. It was a helluva way to live, and we did it for years.

“Says you!” Jax growls, getting heated. “You weren’t the one getting blasted by the press for every late night out or questionable girlfriend.” *“Soul Obsession’s Bad Boy Caught in New Scandal”*. They ate that shit up.”

“Only because you kept feeding it to them!” I remind him. “If you didn’t sneak out to a party or hook up with a new girl every night, they’d have had nothing to write about. Or maybe if you didn’t get stoned and tumble out of clubs?”

Jax’s jaw clenches and I know he’s pissed. But he knows I’m right. We were all over the news all the fucking time, but he got the worst of it because he gave them so goddamn much material to work with.

“I was nineteen, man! What was I supposed to be doing, knitting sweaters and baking cookies?” he snaps.

“Cookies sound good right now,” Asher mutters.

“You do knit a mean scarf, Jax.” Mason’s lip twitches.

“Shut up,” Jax sighs.

“Yeah, leave the guy alone. We were kids, we all did stupid shit. Isn’t that why we’re here? For the fat paychecks so we can finally get the record label off our backs?” Jameson cuts in.

“I’m ready to be done with all this shit,” Asher says, earning a grunt from Jax.

That makes five of us. But...

“This reunion is about more than money. It’s about giving the fans the closure they deserve. We owe it to them—and

ourselves—to do this right,” I remind everyone. As much as it sucks, I’m right. I don’t want to spend the rest of my life regretting the way we left shit ten years ago, and I don’t want them to regret it either. Right now, every single one of us does...and for the exact same reason. We had no control over any of it.

“Just say you miss the limelight, man,” Jax says, rolling his eyes.

“Maybe I do miss parts of it. Sue me for loving the music that made us famous in the first place. But don’t pretend you all don’t miss it too. The music brought us together. Through all the messy stuff, that was the one thing we always had.”

“I miss some things more than others,” Asher admits with a shrug.

“Crue is right,” Jameson agrees. “The music was always there for us, even when things got tough. I know I complained about the fans but seeing their smiling faces in the crowd... there was no better feeling.”

“How poetic, Jameson. Did you rehearse that, or are you just naturally this sentimental?” Mason asks, giving him hell.

“Naturally. Comes with the crooner territory.”

“Can you guys focus?” I growl. “This is about more than closure. It’s our shot at finally controlling our narrative. We’re not those kids anymore. For once, we get to decide how we’re remembered.”

That’s the important thing as far as I’m concerned. We get to introduce the world to the real *Soul Obsession*, the band they never got to meet back then. We get to decide how this ends for us. Not the label, not the tabloids, but the five of us. That’s worth all the bullshit.

“Just so you know,” Asher says, “it kills me to admit you’re right.”

“I’ll admit it. We did kick ass together,” Jax mumbles, shocking the hell out of me. I figured we’d have to drag him kicking and screaming the whole way.

“So are we good? We gonna bring the fire one last time for our fans?” I ask.

“Let’s light this shit up!” Jameson grins.

I glance at the other guys and see them nodding their agreement, matching grins on their faces.

Fuck. We’re actually going to give this a real shot.

Chapter One



CRUE

“THERE’S ANOTHER ONE,” MASON says, his eyes directed at the dressing room across from ours.

“Another what?” I play dumb, pretending I don’t know exactly what he’s talking about. As if anyone around here has been able to forget the small cadre of wild women who have infiltrated our tour.

When our tour manager, Shelby Fitzgerald, mentioned bringing along a few friends to some of the shows, we didn’t think it’d be a big deal. We scratch her back, she scratches ours, right? We should have read the fine print. Shelby’s friends quickly turned the tour upside down.

Every time a new girl joins the group, another one of my friends bites the dust.

Jax was the first to fall. He landed on his knees for Dani right before the tour started. Our head of security, Xander, was the next to fall. Beckett fell shortly thereafter...which turned

out to be a good thing since the sneaky fucker was planning to write a tell-all about us. Falling for Resa changed his plans to some degree. He's still writing the book, but we have veto power now.

And then Asher started following Brielle around with hearts in his eyes. I don't know what the fuck is going on with Jameson, but he's been acting weird since the tour started... right about the time our new tour manager waltzed in. And Mason has his own situation going on. His nose is stuck in his phone more often than not.

We're falling like fucking dominoes around here. It's impressive and terrifying.

I seem to be the last motherfucker standing. And the last thing I need to do is fall in love on this tour. We're halfway through.

Surely Shelby is almost out of friends by now, right?

"Another girl," Mason growls, stomping toward the stage with me. "She has another friend."

"So you're pissed she has friends?"

Mason doesn't handle people well. Ironic, all things considered, but true. He prefers them in small doses.

He shoots me a dirty glare. "Do you want to end up married by the end of this tour, motherfucker? Because you just might if she keeps collecting friends in every city."

"Yeah, that's not happening."

"Yeah?" He smirks like he knows something I don't. "We'll see."

"What does that mean?"

He ignores me, so I grab his arm, halting him in his tracks.

"What does that mean, Binsky?" I growl the nickname he hates, not playing this cryptic shit. I've gone out of my way to avoid being linked with anyone this entire tour. I refuse to be fodder for the tabloids again. Being labeled the heartthrob ten years ago was a goddamn nightmare, especially when I was a

fucking virgin. I had nightmares about the media finding out the truth and spilling my big secret to the world.

Jax had it bad, but none of us escaped unscathed. I've gotten used to the privacy I've carved out for myself in the last ten years. No one gives a shit about a former boy bander in a city like Nashville. I fly under the radar, especially since my brother, Cortez, became a certified billionaire.

I've managed to stay out of the tabloids for the majority of this tour. I'd like to keep it that way. Particularly given that I'm ten years older and still carrying the same secret. The tabloids would have a field day with the fact that I'm a goddamn virgin at my age.

"They were talking about you," Mase says. "The new bird wants an interview."

"Hell no." I've been nice and more than patient with the girls. Even when shit has gone completely sideways because the guys have stars in their eyes, I've been supportive. But I draw the line at giving an interview. We've done plenty of those on this tour. They all ask the same bullshit, asinine questions.

"Knew you'd say that," Mason smirks at me. "Just don't be a right arse when you shoot her down. She's staying for the rest of the tour."

Of course she is. This tour is quickly becoming my own personal hell. It serves me right for pretending to be all kumbaya about it to the guys. Karma is a bitch. The only thing that works faster is the internet.

"Were you listening at the damn door?" I growl, stomping up the steps to the stage for rehearsal. Our next show is tonight. We need to run through everything to make sure our shit traveled all right and we're good to go.

"What? No." He scowls at me. "I was talking to Jax. He's in their dressing room with Dani."

Jax and Dani have been attached at the hip since they got together. She's been good for him. Really fucking good, actually. I've never seen him so settled or so happy. It's a good

look on him. If anything positive has come from having the girls here, it's the fact that Dani has kept Jax grounded.

I'm just seriously fucking worried about the rest of the band. Asher's got his head in the clouds. Jameson swears he's told us everything about his situation, but I'd bet my left nut that he's hiding something. And Mason is...well, he's Mason. He's writing love songs like they're going out of style. If things don't work out for him in Texas, it'll crush him.

I don't have time to worry about it right now, though. Apparently, I need to keep my own ass out of the fire. I don't know what kind of magic these women possess, but they're dangerous.

None of this was on my bingo card for this tour. Screaming fans? Check. Wild nights? Check. Possibly crashing and burning? Also check. Falling like dominoes for a group of wild women? Nope. Not on the card.

Clearly, we should have planned better.

I make a mental note to avoid the girls at all costs. At least for the foreseeable future. It's not much of a plan, but it's the best one I've got that doesn't involve shooting this girl's request down, pissing off our tour manager and half the band. Or inadvertently ending up married.

It's a fine line to walk.

"Surely she's almost out of friends by now," I mutter as we step out onto the stage, making Mason laugh loudly. "She has to be running out of girlfriends."



The stage lights shine in my eyes, momentarily blinding me. I lose track of where I'm supposed to be on stage and bump into

Jameson. He growls a curse, narrowly avoiding crashing to the ground. It's too damn late to save me, though.

I land flat on my back, staring up at the spotlights overhead.

"Fuck my life," I groan. Of course, my mic picks it up and sends the curse bouncing through the arena. And, of course, the group of women watching our rehearsal from the front row crack up.

Jameson leans down over me, extending his hand. "Missed your mark," he says with a smirk.

"Clearly." I haul myself to my feet, trying—and failing—to avoid looking at the group of women in the front row. My eyes shift in their direction anyway. Dani and Brielle have their heads bent, whispering back and forth. Chastity and Resa are seated beside them, dancing in their seats. Shelby's directly to the left of Chastity. But the tiny little redhead beside her is new. She's also fucking stunning.

She's younger than most of the girls, maybe twenty-one or twenty-two, with the brightest smile and the clearest green eyes I've ever seen. Freckles march across the bridge of her nose in chaotic patterns my fingers itch to trace. A cute pair of green cat-eye glasses perch on the end of her nose, perfectly matched to her dress.

Jesus H. Christ. With her head tilted back and laughter still falling from her lips, she's a bright ray of sunshine spilling light into the arena. My dick immediately pops up, standing at attention in my sweats. There's no hiding it. He just fucking reacts.

I jerk my hand from Jameson's, spinning away from the girls before they get a show they didn't come to see. The new girl is the only one getting a ticket to that performance.

Mason looks up from his drums, sees my situation, and immediately bursts into laughter. He starts humming the Wedding March between loud guffaws. For a moody drummer, he's an asshole.

"Why the fuck are you...whoa!" Jameson jumps back like my dick just tried to bite him. "Jesus, Crue. Put that goddamn

thing away.”

“I didn’t invite him out in the first place,” I mutter, running through a list of the worst things I can think of—their bare asses, running from screaming fans, that one time in Tokyo, catching my dad railing my ma on the sofa. Nothing works.

“Are we going to finish this rehearsal or...what the fuck, Crue?” Asher reacts the same way Jameson did, jumping back two steps. And then he glances over his shoulder at the girls and back to me before he smirks. “So I guess Ireland’s getting her interview, huh?”

Ireland. Her name is Ireland.

I commit it to memory like I’m learning the periodic table, memorizing every line and curve of each letter. I plan to say them often.

“Get your dick under control so we can finish this rehearsal,” Jameson says, as if I decide what the monster does. Frankly, until two minutes ago, I thought he was broken. He hasn’t gotten hard for anything in years. Apparently, he isn’t broken. He just doesn’t work unless Ireland is involved.

Shit. Just thinking her name makes him harder.

“Can we stop talking about my goddamn cock?” I growl, trying desperately not to think about the curvy little redhead currently sitting in the front row.

“This band is too close,” Jax mutters, walking over to us. “I don’t even want to know why we’re talking about...Oh. Well, I guess that’s why we’re talking about your dick.”

I’m never going on tour again.

“Um, you guys know we can hear you, right?” Shelby calls up to us.

“No, you can’t!” Jameson shouts back to her, making all the girls laugh.

“We can. Your mics are still live.”

Not even that’s enough to tame the beast.

“We’re taking five,” I mutter.

“You mean us...or you and your dick?” Jax asks, earning loud laughter from the rest of the band.

Schroeder, Toby, and Kai, who play our backing instruments, are practically fucking wheezing with laughter, the assholes.

I flip him them all off, already halfway to the exit on the left side of the stage. But then I say fuck it and reverse course. Everyone here has already heard us discussing my dick. Might as well own the fact that I’m hard as hell for the little redhead currently lighting up the whole damn arena.

I jump off the stage, stomping toward her.

The girls all watch me with wide eyes.

“Don’t even think about looking at his dick!” Asher shouts to Brielle.

“What he said,” Jax growls to Dani.

They aren’t looking. They’re too busy gaping as I stop in front of Ireland’s seat, trying not to look like a complete fucking horny asshole.

“Hi,” I murmur, smiling at her. “I’m Crue. You’re Ireland?”

“Yes,” she whispers, those clear green eyes eating me up behind her glasses. Fuck, she’s sweet. “Ireland Fitzgerald.”

Fitzgerald. She’s related to Shelby? Little sister? I glance at Shelby, instantly confirming the connection. Yeah, they’re definitely related. Shelby’s watching me like she thinks I plan to seduce her sister right here in front of everyone.

“Mason said you wanted to interview me. Is that true?”

“I...um...yes?” Her gaze drifts to my cock. I swear to God, he grows three sizes. “I have lots of questions about your member.”

Shelby slaps a hand over her mouth. Her friends all die laughing. She doesn’t notice. She’s still staring at my cock.

I reach out, tipping her head back until her eyes meet mine again. “Eyes up here before I let you ask all those questions you have about my member, Éire.”

“W-what?”

I grin, trying not to laugh. She has no clue what she just said.

Shelby leans over, whispering something in her ear.

Her eyes grow comically wide. “I did not say that.”

“You did,” Shelby says.

Her friends all bob their agreement.

Ireland presses her hands to her hot cheeks, clearly dismayed.

“Let me see your phone, baby,” I murmur, not wanting her to dwell on it. It’s not the worst thing someone has said to me. Hell, it’s not even on the list of worst things someone has said to me. Besides, I’m the one who decided to have this conversation while my dick’s standing at attention. If she’s flustered, that’s on me.

She stares at me like I’m speaking a foreign language, which is just fucking cute. Who am I kidding? Everything about this girl is adorable.

“I need your phone, Éire.”

She reaches into her pocket and pulls it out before holding it out to me. As soon as I take it, she squeaks like a little mouse and slaps it out of my hand.

“Wait! You can’t look at that!” she cries, her face turning bright red as she dives out of her seat after it.

I get to it before she does, kneeling to snatch it up.

She lunges for it, trying to grab it out of my hands, but I’m a lot faster than she is. Instead of her grabbing the phone, I grab her. She lands on my knee, bent backward over my arm, and staring up at me in shock.

“Oh, he’s fast,” Dani whispers.

“Uh-huh,” Brielle agrees.

Not even Shelby makes a move to help her. They all seem content to watch this play out. Which is good news for me

since I don't particularly relish getting my ass kicked by a bunch of girls while my dick bobs in the wind.

"What's on the phone, Ireland?"

"N-nothin'," she drawls in the sweetest Southern accent.

I tap the button on the side to bring the screen to life and then turn it around, praying she has facial recognition set up.

"Wait!" she cries as soon as she sees my plan. But it's already too late. The phone unlocks, granting me access.

I immediately see what she wanted to hide. Henry Cavill's Geralt in a bathtub. At least she has good taste. *The Witcher* is phenomenal. I'm not looking forward to hating Henry Cavill for the rest of my life, but it's inevitable if she's got a thing for him.

"Fucking Henry Cavill," I grunt, flicking my gaze from the phone to her.

"I'm not explaining on account of you invading my privacy," she mumbles, her cheeks still pink.

"You handed me the phone." I scroll to messages and shoot myself a text so I have her number and she has mine. "And unlocked it."

"I tried to take it back!" she cries. "And you used my face to unlock it, so that doesn't even count, Crue."

"Semantics." I finish sending the text and open a browser. From there, I search my name and grab an image. I quickly replace the background on her phone, and then lock it before handing it back to her.

She hugs it as if it's her firstborn.

"I'll call you after rehearsal so we can set up a time to start the interview."

"You mean you're going to call today? As in *today*, today?" she squeaks as I slowly haul her upright, trying like hell not to think about how she smells like orange blossoms, or how incredible she feels in my arms, or how fucking hard I am right now. Jesus. Is he ever going down?

“Today, today,” I confirm, setting her on her feet. “I’ll call you after rehearsal. Answer the phone, Ireland.”

“What if I’m busy?” She narrows her eyes on me, making me smile. “What if I’m in the bathroom?”

“Fine. Don’t answer.” I shrug like it doesn’t matter to me one way or another. We both know I’m full of shit, just like we both know she’s going to answer when I call. Not because of the interview, but because she can’t take her eyes off me, and I haven’t seen anything except her since I saw her sitting in the front row.

While Mason was humming the Wedding March, I was planning my future. And it looks exactly like the pretty little redhead standing in front of me right now. She’s mine. Not even karma, Henry Cavill, or the tabloids are going to stand in my way.

Chapter Two



IRELAND

AN HOUR AFTER *Soul Obsession* finishes their rehearsal, I'm pacing holes in the carpet in my hotel room while Brielle watches, trying her best not to laugh at me. Shelby is dealing with some last-minute travel snafu for the next stop. And I am *stressed*.

I thought I'd have to wheedle my way into Crue Blake's good graces before he agreed to an interview. Instead, he just freaking appeared in front of me like some hot rock god and offered. This is not how my day was supposed to go.

I'm looking a gift interview in the mouth, but I can't help it. I've had a crush on him since I was a kid. His posters used to hang on my wall. When they went on hiatus ten years ago, my little heart was broken. I'd never even gotten to see them in concert.

Now, they're back together, and I'm here, living out every fangirl's dream.

And Crue Freaking Blake wants to talk to me. Unless I'm completely wrong and the monster in his pants just does that all the time, I think he may want to do more than that.

Stress? Don't know her. I *am* her.

Not that it matters. He'll change his mind as soon as he realizes I'm still clinging to my V-Card. A casual hookup on tour is one thing. They probably do it all the time. But getting entangled with a virgin who hasn't even been kissed? That's a whole different ballgame. One I'm sure he'll tag himself out of as soon as I spill the messy beans. If we even get that far.

I mean, maybe he calls everyone baby and steals their phones.

Right. And maybe he's just egomaniacal and that's why he changed the background on mine to a picture of him.

Ha. Crue is a lot of things, but he's never been full of himself.

"I should change," I mumble. My emerald-green skater dress makes my eyes pop. And my boobs look fantastic in it, but I should at least project the appearance of a professional for this interview, right? Right. The dress, while adorable, doesn't scream, 'I'm a professional baddie.'

"Don't you dare," Brielle says. "You look beautiful."

"I look like a college kid."

"Uh, two months ago, you were in college." She eyes me like I'm crazy. "You graduated with honors, Ireland. And you just finished an internship for one of the biggest music publications in the United States. You weren't in a boring suit when you did any of that."

She has a point. But I wasn't interviewing the hottest freaking man alive when I did any of that, either. So...she has a moot point. I twirl on my heel, heading for the suitcase I dragged onto the second bed in my room earlier. I don't even know why hotels have closets. Anyone who has time to unpack and repack on vacation is not living their best life.

I barely make it two steps when my phone rings.

My heart instantly slams against my ribcage.

For a split second, I consider not answering. I don't know why! Panic pumps through my veins instead of blood and it seems like a reasonable thing to do. But then I remember how much I want this interview...and how much I liked it when he smiled at me. And I yank my phone out of my pocket like I'm in a race.

"Hello?"

"Ireland." My name rolls off his tongue like the notes of a seductive song. "Where are you, sweet girl?"

Sweet girl. Oh, he's way good at this charming rockstar thing. Way too good.

"My hotel," I say. "Where are you?"

"Probably down the hall from you." The smile in his voice makes my stomach flutter. "Where do you want me? Your room or mine?"

Stretched naked across a bed, please.

I glance around my tiny room. My clothes are strewn over the back of the chair. My toiletries litter the top of the desk. An empty Starbucks cup sits beside the mini-fridge. It's a hot damn mess.

"Yours. Definitely yours," I hurry to say. There's no way he's stepping foot in here with it looking like a tornado blew through. My panties are out and everything! "You aren't allowed to see my room yet."

"Yet?"

"That's not what I said," I lie.

His wicked laugh rolls down the line, turning my nipples to hard points. "I'm going to let you pretend that isn't what you said for now," he chuckles. "Top floor, room 3811. See you in five."

"Wait. I—"

He disconnects before I can tell him I need to change.

I pull the phone away from my ear, huffing, “He’s bossy.” Except I say it with a smile so it doesn’t sound nearly as annoyed as it should.

“Asher says he’s always been that way.” Brielle laughs quietly. “He says Crue means well. He just doesn’t like not being in charge.” Her laughter fades. “They didn’t have any control for a long time.”

“I know,” I whisper, my heart pulsing with empathy for them. As a kid, I don’t think I realized how much they went through. To me, they were just these incredibly talented guys who also happened to be gorgeous.

I don’t think anyone really understood back then just what it was like to be a boy band or to be a worldwide phenomenon. But the curtain has been pulled back on the music industry over the years, and it’s ugly behind the scenes. Especially for bands and artists that shoot to superstardom as teenagers. Everyone wants to profit. Very few want to protect.

I’m glad things are different for the guys this time around. They deserve to do it their own way at least once. They earned that much. And it’s what the fans want for them, too.

Brielle crawls off my bed, stretching. “You better go before he comes looking for you. I’m going to find Asher.”

Right. No time to change.

I spin in a circle, looking for my laptop bag. Brielle spots it before I do. She retrieves it from under the desk, holding it out to me. I run my fingers through my hair, trying to tame the unruly strands—not that it’ll do much good. My hair does what it wants when it wants. And then I inhale a deep breath. “Wish me luck.”

“I don’t think you need it,” Brielle says, blowing me a kiss as she ducks out of the door ahead of me. “But break a leg anyway.”

“Don’t say that,” I groan, turning toward the bank of elevators at the opposite end of the hall. “I might actually break one.”

Brielle's laughter floats after me as she heads down the hall toward her room...which is basically the room she's sharing with Asher at this point. I can't believe they're together! I mean, I can believe it because Brielle is amazing. Why wouldn't Asher fall for her? But I can't believe I missed it!

I didn't get to join the fun until this morning. Thanks to my internship, I've missed the first half of the tour. Shelby has been keeping me updated, but it's not the same. I missed all the good parts!

It's been a whirlwind for my sister and our friends, that's for sure.

Resa is glowing. Brielle is happier than she's ever been. Chastity has a permanent smile on her face. Shelby swears her relationship with Jameson is fake, but, well, I know my big sister better than anyone. She's lying to herself and has been since the beginning. Besides, New York kind of changed everything. As it turns out, even from half a continent away, I still know her better than she thinks I do. Never in a million billion years did I think following *Soul Obsession* on their reunion tour would turn out like this for the people I love most, but I'm so freaking happy for them.

They're madly in love. I'm getting the interview of a lifetime. Life is good. Actually, it's great. If my journalism professor could see me right now, he'd lose his mind.

I giggle at the thought, pressing the button for the elevator. I peek over the balcony, watching water spray up from the fountain in the lobby. The hotel is seriously nice. Way better than my tiny little dorm room at Northwestern or the room I've been renting for the last couple of months.

The doors of the elevator slide open, and I bounce inside, a bundle of raw nerves and anxiety. I'm going up to Crue Blake's room. As soon as the doors slide closed, I bust a move, dancing in the elevator like a crazy person. I don't even care if security is watching me right now.

My first interview is my dream interview. No one is dulling my shine today.

“Jesus.”

I squeak, spinning around so fast my laptop bag smacks me in the knee. It buckles and I stumble, nearly falling on my face. I catch myself on the handrail, meeting Crue’s gaze. Humor dances in his hazel eyes, softening him. For just a moment, I see traces of the boy he used to be...the one who drove the whole world crazy with his crooked grin and insane talent.

The man he grew into is something else altogether. Young Crue was a mere hint of what this man would become. There’s a hardness to him that was never there before. He’s all sex and sin and control, with tattoos climbing up his neck and down his arms. I don’t know what story they tell, but they’re etched into his skin like armor.

I think he hides behind them, holding the whole world at bay. Just like he’s hidden from the world for the last ten years, disappearing to Nashville and pretending the seven years before that never happened. He’s an enigma, a beautiful puzzle. And he’s haunted my mind for far too long.

Now, he’s haunting my elevator too.

“Hey, sweet girl.” He smirks, looking me up and down.

“You’re supposed to be in your room.”

“Missing this show?” His smirk grows. “Not a chance, Éire.”

“The doors are supposed to be closed.”

“You didn’t feel the elevator stop?”

“I was busy.” I narrow my eyes when his lips twitch. “You better not be laughing at me, Crue Blake. Not all of us are basically choreographers, you know.”

He thrusts his arm out, halting the elevator doors as they start to slide shut. “Basically a choreographer?” One brow rises. “Baby, I hate to break it to you, but I’m not *basically* anything.”

“You worked on My’khail’s first tour.”

My'khail hit the music scene three years ago and blew it up. Not many know that Crue choreographed most of the tour that put him on the map. I don't think many know that Crue's one of the best dancers around, period. It's just one more piece of the puzzle that is this man.

He eyes me silently for a moment. "You going to dance on the elevator all day, or are you coming with me?"

"I'm coming."

"Not yet," he mutters and then shakes his head as if to dispel a thought. "After you, Éire."

I duck under his arm, grazing his body on my way out of the elevator. My entire system sings. Lord have mercy. He smells like bad decisions. You know, the kind you want to make over and over again.

"You changed," I murmur, a little disappointed the gray sweats are gone. I liked those sweats. It's not even gray sweats season and he's winning all the awards.

"Believe me, it was necessary," he growls, something... hungry in his gaze.

I shiver, not sure what to say to that. Sorry? Yay me? Do dirty, dirty things to me, please? I settle on, "Oh." It seems safest.

He takes my laptop bag from me, hanging the strap over his shoulder.

We stroll down the hall side by side, not speaking for several moments. He keeps looking at me out of the corner of his eye, which makes my stomach turn somersaults.

"You're staring," I finally whisper.

His lips twitch again. "So are you."

"Only because you are."

"You're far more interesting to stare at than this fucking carpet, Ireland."

"Well, it's rude."

“Is it? Then you should definitely stop doing it.”

“Can’t. I’m very interesting,” I say, purposefully missing his point, which makes him laugh.

A second later, he places his hand on the small of my back, steering me down the hallway to the left. The doors are further apart here. Probably because the rooms are bigger.

“You didn’t deny being rude.”

“I’m not rude,” I manage to choke out.

“Neither am I. I’m direct. There’s a difference.”

“You’re also bossy. Funny how that’s always left out of the write ups on you.”

“I’ve got friends in high places, Éire.” His smirk does things to me it shouldn’t. Especially paired with the tattoos crawling up his neck.

“You mean your brother, Cortez?” I ask, genuinely curious. It’s not every day you meet someone related to a legitimate billionaire.

“You’ve done your homework.” He draws to a stop in front of a door, pulling a keycard from his back pocket. “I’m impressed.”

“I may not look the part, but I am a professional, Crue.” I place my hand on his arm, earnest. “I just finished an internship with Apollo Press, and I have well over two million followers on social media. I post about music exclusively.”

“Damn, baby,” he whistles. “You’ve been working your ass off, haven’t you?”

“I have, but it’s worth it.”

He meets my gaze, smiling like he’s proud of me. My stomach turns another somersault and I get lost in his eyes. I kind of want to stay there, lost. It seems heavenly.

He slowly lifts his hand toward my face. I don’t move. I barely breathe. He gently cups my cheek, his palm rough against my skin. “You’re going to fucking own me, aren’t you, Ireland?”

I don't know where the response comes from. I certainly don't give my mouth permission to speak it. But my lips part anyway.

"Yes," I say, my voice clear and firm. "That's the plan, Crue."

He groans, his mouth crashing down on mine. I gasp as he pulls me up against him, trapping me against the door and his body at the same time. I feel every inch of him pressed against me as his mouth moves over mine, annihilating any defense I had against him...if I ever had one at all.

He kisses me as if he's never tasted anything sweeter than my lips, growling like he's mad about it. But he can't seem to stop coming back for more. He nips and licks, doing things with his tongue that have my entire body aching. I twist my fingers up in his shirt, pulling him closer, moving with him.

I have no idea if I'm doing it right, but he isn't complaining, and his erection is wedged against my lower belly so I'm guessing I don't suck at it.

"Crue," I whisper, not sure what I'm trying to ask him. For more? For him to get me in his room before I combust? I have no idea. But as soon as I say his name, he growls, dragging his mouth from mine.

"Fuck," he groans, burying his face in my hair. "You can't do that in public. I have no self-control around you."

"I didn't do anything," I mumble. "You're the one who kissed me."

"You just told me you plan to own my ass. You're damn right I kissed you," he growls, brushing my hair aside to press his lips to my throat. "Don't say sexy shit like that if you don't want me fucking you up against the door next time, Éire."

"I'm not doing it for the first time against a door."

He freezes, pulling back slowly to look at me. "What'd you say, baby?"

"What?" Oh. Crap.

"What did you just say?"

“N-nothin’,” I lie, peeking around. “Did you hear something? Maybe you heard the neighbors. I bet the walls are paper thin here.”

“Ireland.” His lips twitch. “As fucking cute as you’re being right now, I need you to be serious, sweet girl. Are you a virgin?”

“I’m not having this conversation in the hall of a hotel,” I hiss, my cheeks burning hot.

He eyes me for a moment and then shifts me forward an inch. A second later, the door clicks open behind me. Before I can even more, he’s shuffling me through it. It slams behind him, and then I’m pressed up against it, my laptop bag still dangling from his arm.

“Now,” he says, “we’re not in the hall. Tell me the truth. Are you a virgin?”

“Yes.” I lift my chin, meeting his gaze. “And I’m not ashamed of it either.” I’m not...exactly. I’m just tired of being judged for it. In a world where we’re now allowed to be as sexual as we want with no judgements, sometimes, it feels as if we’re not allowed to make a different decision for ourselves. We can have all the sex we want, but as soon as we decide that we want to wait for the right one, everyone has something to say about it. They assume we’re either crazy, religious, or just naïve.

I’m none of those things. Well, I mean I’m a little crazy. And maybe a little naïve. But I believe in romance and soulmates. I want my first time to mean something. Most of my friends who had sex in high school or college didn’t last through the end of the year with their partners. I made a different choice for myself, and I don’t regret it.

“Good girl.” He brushes his lips against mine in a sweet kiss and then runs a single finger down the center of my body, all the way to my hips. His gaze tangles with mine as he cups my sex through my dress.

I gasp, caught between the urge to squeeze my thighs together and trap his hand...and the urge to beg him to slip my

panties aside and touch me. For the love of all that's holy, just touch me.

“You’ve taken good care of my pussy for me,” he says, his voice like sandpaper. “But it’s mine to take care of now, Ireland.”

“I...” I have no idea how to respond to that, so I simply nod.

He rewards me with another of those panty-melting grins before slipping his hand from between my legs. “Come on, baby. Let’s get this fucking interview out of the way so we can get to the important shit.”

“W-wh...” I lick my lips, trying to work moisture back into my mouth. “What important stuff?”

“For every question you ask me now, I get to ask one of my own later,” he says, smirking like the devil.

“That...is not how this works, Crue.”

“It is now, Éire. It is now.”

Chapter Three



CRUE

“**W**HOA,” IRELAND SAYS, GLANCING around my room. It’s not much, but it comes with a sitting area, a table, a king bed, and a balcony. “Your room is way bigger than mine.” Her nose scrunches up. “Neater too.” She practically skips to the closet, pulling it open. “Why am I not surprised that your clothes are hanging up?”

“Yours aren’t?”

“Uh, no.” She turns to look at me like I’ve lost my mind. “Mine are all over the place like they should be in a hotel room.”

I grin, leaning against the wall. “So what you’re saying is you’re a mess when you travel.”

“Obviously.” She pushes the closet closed before moving on to the minifridge. She doesn’t ask for permission before she starts prowling through it. “No wonder you look like you do,” she mumbles. “You live on junk.”

“Fruit, protein shakes, and water is not junk,” I protest with a laugh. “It’s healthy.”

“Exactly. Junk,” she sniffs, closing the fridge before turning to face me. “Your room is boring, Crue. There aren’t even any skeletons in the closet or six packs in the fridge.”

“So you’re saying I make a shit rockstar?”

“If the shoe fits.” She shrugs, making me laugh.

“Stop poking through my shit and get your laptop set up, Éire.” I set the bag on the table for her.

She shoots me an impish grin before making her way back to me. “Sorry. I couldn’t resist. I’m unbearably nosy.”

“I didn’t notice,” I say, deadpan.

She makes a face at me while unpacking her laptop, and then sobers, switching from sassy, carefree Ireland to business mode. The dichotomy is sexy as hell to me. I learn something fascinating in this moment. She throws everything she has into everything she does. If she’s playing around, she plays hard. If she’s working, she gives it everything she’s got. She holds nothing in reserve, living each moment to its fullest.

When was the last time I did that?

Today, with her. But before that? I can’t remember.

“What do you regret most about being part of the band, Crue?” she asks.

“Jesus.” I blink, caught off guard by the question. “We’re playing hardball right out of the gate, huh?”

“No. Well, maybe. I just think everyone tries to tell your story for you, but no one ever asks you for the real story. And the real story isn’t as neat and tidy as we wish it had been for you guys.” She gives me a sad smile. “It was hard on you. All of you.”

“I don’t regret it, Ireland,” I say quietly. “Being part of *Soul Obsession* was life-changing for all of us. I love the band and the fans and the music and everything we accomplished. We helped define a generation. Not many get to say that. But I

regret that we didn't know enough and didn't have the right people around us back then to help ensure the decisions being made were in our best interests. A lot of them weren't."

"If you could do one thing differently, what would you do?" She slips into her chair, her fingers flying across her laptop as she types.

I chuckle at the question. "Only one thing? Because I've got a whole fucking list, baby."

"Let's start with one," she suggests.

"Refuse to play the game."

She glances up at me, a question in her eyes.

"When we first started, we thought it was important to be on the covers of magazines and in the news," I explain. "Any press was good press. And for a while, it was good press. But it became negative fast. Everything we did was overanalyzed. Half the shit they wrote wasn't true, but we never corrected it. If I could do one thing differently, I wouldn't do that shit again. I wouldn't play that game. It wasn't worth the price."

"Is that why you guys walked away?" she asks. "Off the record this time."

"Partly. We were just fucking tired. We did it for seven years without a break, album after album, tour after tour. And in between all of that were the appearances and photoshoots and award shows and everything else. We had no lives and no privacy."

I think we all knew we were walking a tightrope, in danger of falling off the side. How many times did we see the same shit play out around us? Friends picked up the bottle to drown out the world and damn near drowned themselves instead.

When Jax started down that road, I was worried as fuck he wouldn't make it out. I was afraid I'd be attending his funeral. I never told him that, but I think he knows. I think he resented me for it for a long time, but we're good now. We talked through our shit in Vegas. If I had to do it over again, though, I'd walk away for the same reasons. He mattered more than any of this shit. We all did.

“I’m glad you guys got out,” she whispers. “I mean, it was tough news to swallow when I was eleven and you broke my heart, but now that I know a little more about what you guys went through, I’m glad. Most of your old fans feel the same way, you know. We just want what’s best for you guys. It feels a little like we grew up together in a weird way. We support you no matter what you do.”

“I’m getting that,” I murmur. I’ve heard the same sentiment from some of the other girls since we started the tour. They support us no matter what. That’s what I’ve always loved about our fans. The screaming and chasing us and sneaking into our hotels and crazy shit drove us fucking nuts, but the normal fans? They were always bad ass.

She beams at me, turning back to her computer.

“So I broke your heart, huh?” I say after a moment, unable to resist teasing her since she let that tidbit slip.

“Yes.” She looks up at me with wide eyes. “Are you kidding me? I cried for days when you guys announced that you were going on hiatus. Even my diary was sick of my crap that week, Crue.”

“Please send my apologies to your diary then,” I say, chuckling. Fuck, she’s funny. “And please send your diary to me. I’m dying to read the entries from that week.”

“Deary diary,” she says dramatically, placing the back of her hand on forehead like she’s in some old movie. Her southern accent shines through strong. “It’s been two days since *Soul Obsession* broke up. I don’t think they were kidding. Why does it hurt so bad? Doesn’t Crue know how much I love him? I can’t even listen to their songs without crying now. As soon as I hear his voice, I feel like my heart is breaking all over again. This sucks. Love, Ireland. PS: I aced my math test.”

By the time she’s finished, I’m grinning ear to ear. “Is that an actual entry or did you make it up on the fly?”

“I’ll never tell,” she says, her cheeks pink. “What happens in the diary stays in the diary. Those are the rules.”

“The rules are bullshit. I want to see this diary.”

“Well, take it up with womankind. I didn’t make the rules. I was just grandmothered into them on account of being born with a vagina.” She shrugs. “I’m not violating the sisterhood to sate your morbid curiosity.”

“You better ask your next question,” I growl. “Because the more you talk, the more I want to kiss the words from your lips, Éire.”

She squeaks, slapping a hand over her mouth. As if that’ll stop me. When it comes to her, I don’t think there’s much that’ll stand in my way. I want this girl more than I’ve ever wanted anything, and I don’t see that changing anytime soon.

I’m going to end up married by the end of this tour. If I don’t, I’ll be mad as hell about it.

Mason is probably laughing his ass off right now.



“Crue.”

I stop halfway to the stage when Shelby calls my name, her eyes laser-focused on me. I’m not surprised she’s back here waiting for me. I honestly expected to find her waiting after rehearsal earlier.

I reverse course, heading in her direction so she can speak her piece. Ireland’s her baby sister. She won’t be satisfied until she gets to say it. But if she thinks whatever she has to say is going to stop me from claiming her sister, she’s wrong.

My decision was made five minutes after I met Ireland. Spending half the afternoon with her only cemented it. If anyone on this earth was made for me, it’s that bright, fiery little redhead. She’s sweet as pie and sassy as hell in the same damn breath. She may also be one of the smartest people I’ve

met in a long time. It's a little frightening how much information she remembers, not just about me and the band or music but about anything she's ever read.

One way or another, I'm going to make her fall in love with me. Shelby doesn't get a say in that. Ireland is a grown woman, capable of making her own choices. I don't want to piss Shelby off, but I'll fight for her sister.

"Hey," I say, drawing to a stop in front of her. "What's up?"

"You spent the day with Ireland."

"I did."

"Thank you for doing the interview for her," she says, tightening her ponytail. "She really appreciates it."

"It was no trouble. I'll have the rest of the guys set something up with her too." She and I already talked about it. We've all got shit we'd like to set straight. Beckett might not like us doing it on her blog, but it'll work in his favor. The little tidbits we dole out will only drum up more interest in his tell-all.

Shelby nods gratefully and then bites her bottom lip, her eyes filling with worry. "You're not just leading her on, are you? Because if this is just something to do to pass the time, then you need to look elsewhere, Crue. My sister isn't a toy. She has a huge heart, and I don't want to see it broken."

"Of course she isn't a toy. She's fucking incredible."

"I'll kick your butt if you hurt her. I'm serious. Hell will not compare."

"Hurting her is the last thing I want to do," I promise, holding my hand up in the Scouts' salute. What? I wore the fucking uniform as a boy. "Give me a little bit of credit here. I know the type of shit the press used to say about us, but you've been with us long enough now to know that we aren't those guys anymore. Hell, most of us never were in the first place. I'm not a heartbreaker. I never was."

She eyes me for a long moment, trying to determine for herself if I'm telling the truth or not. I think she wants to

believe me, but this is her baby sister we're talking about here. And Ireland is about as innocent as they come. Of course Shelby's protective. But I'm not the enemy here. She and I are on the same team when it comes to Ireland.

"Look," I say, dropping my hand to my side as the stage manager motions for me to hurry it the fuck up. "I think your sister is phenomenal, and I get why you're worried. But I'm not the enemy here. She's safe with me. I'll move heaven and earth to ensure she stays that way."

"Fair enough," she says, expelling a breath. "But you better take care of her, Crue. If you don't, I know where you sleep at night." She gives me a smile that makes my blood run cold. "And I'm the one with spare keys to all the rooms."

"Jesus Christ," I mutter. "Has anyone ever told you that you're mildly terrifying?"

She beams at me, patting me on the chest. "Thanks!"

It wasn't a compliment, but I'm not going to tell her that. I'm not fucking crazy. She's the best tour manager we've ever had, Jameson will kick my ass, and I plan to marry her sister. I'm not fucking with that magic.

"Break a leg out there," she says.

I shake my head, jogging toward the stage. But I make a mental note to put a fucking chair in front of the door if I ever piss her off. Just in case.



"If you don't behave, we're going to be giving all these people a show right here," I growl at Ireland, grabbing her hips to still her as she grinds her ass against me on the dance floor.

She looks back at me over her shoulder, her smoky eyes full of wicked intent behind her glasses. The siren's smile on her face makes my fucking knees weak. She knows exactly what she's doing to me.

Sober Ireland is a sweet little treat. Drunk Ireland is a wicked little minx. I'm hooked on both.

I hook my arm around her waist, anchoring her to my body. "Keep playing with me and I'm going to bend you over the nearest flat surface," I warn, dragging my lips down the side of her throat. Fuck, she smells good.

"Mmm," she moans, melting against me. "That feels good, Crue."

"Yeah?" I wrap my lips around the shell of her ear. "It'd feel even better if I were inside of you, Éire." I have a feeling that's going to be pure heaven. Especially if simply touching her feels like this. Every time I've got my hands on any part of her, my entire body lights up like a livewire, shooting off electric sparks strong enough to power a city.

Nothing has ever felt better, and I've won Grammys and played in front of sold out stadiums. Even with tequila pumping through my veins, she's the only thing on my mind.

"Crue," she groans. "You're making it hard."

I chuckle, pressing my face to her throat. "Baby, you made it hard the minute I laid eyes on you this morning. The bastard hasn't gone done since."

"That's not what I meant," she says, pouting up at me. "I meant my virginity. You're making it hard to keep it."

"That's because you know it belongs to me."

"Yeah, but..." She bites her bottom lip.

"But what, Éire?"

"Nothing. It's not important."

"Tell me," I growl, spinning her around in my arms. We aren't even dancing at this point. We're just standing still in

the middle of the dance floor while everyone else moves around us. I don't give a fuck.

"What if I want to be married first?" she whispers like she's giving away state secrets or something.

Shit. Does she want to be married first? Is that what she's saying?

"You want to be married before you have sex, Éire?"

"I don't know. Maybe." She shrugs, avoiding my gaze. And then she giggles. "Too bad this isn't Vegas and late-night weddings are off the table, huh?"

"Hey, lovebirds!" Asher shouts from the side of the dance floor. "Food's up."

"Oh, food!" Ireland says, instantly forgetting the conversation. She turns toward Asher.

I place my hand on her arm, halting her. "Ireland."

"Food," she says.

I drop the subject, following her toward the booth. Somehow, I manage to chat back and forth with everyone while we eat, but my mind keeps running back to what she said. Not about her wanting to be married first, but the late-night wedding part. She's willing to marry me. And I know damn well, she didn't say it just because she wants to sleep with me.

She didn't hold onto her virginity this long just to get hitched spur of the moment to give it up. If she's thinking about weddings and sleeping with me, it's because she knows I'm her one.

She's falling for me.

"I'll be right back," I say, slipping out of the booth. I have some calls to make. If my girl wants a late-night wedding, she's getting a late-night wedding. And if she regrets it in the morning?

Well, I'll just have to make damn sure she doesn't regret it in the morning.

Chapter Four



IRELAND

I STRETCH MY ARMS and groan, slowly blinking my eyes open. My head doesn't immediately start pounding, which is a good sign considering how much tequila I drank last night. It seemed like a good idea at the time.

After the concert, we all went out to a local bar. Except everyone disappeared within half an hour, leaving me and Crue to our own devices. I decided tequila was the best way to handle the situation.

Probably because Crue kept looking at me like he wanted to eat me instead of his burger. And I kept thinking about what he said in his room yesterday. The man of my dreams isn't turned off by the fact that I'm a virgin. In fact...he seems to like the idea. A lot.

I giggle, fighting the urge to squeal into my pillow like a lunatic.

“What are you laughing at this early, sweet girl?” Crue groans, sliding an arm around my waist.

I squeal, flipping over so fast I manage to elbow him and kick myself at the same time. Sure enough, he’s in my bed, watching me from hooded eyes. Shirtless and rumpled.

“You’re in my bed. Why are you in my bed? And where are your clothes?” I pull the covers up, checking to see if he’s completely naked. I don’t know why. I’m curious and panicking and it seems like a good idea. Until I see his erection tenting the front of his boxers. I quickly drop the covers back into place.

And then my eyes catch on the simple platinum band adorning my ring finger. And the matching band on his. They weren’t there yesterday. I choke on my tongue, wheezing as the floodgates open and memories from last night pop into my head in a giant parade.

Shots of tequila. Grinding on the dance floor. Talks of a late-night wedding. Him pulling me aside to tell me he had a judge on standby, all I had to do was say yes. Me laughing as we slipped out the back hand in hand.

A late-night wedding seemed like a good idea with my panties soaked and tequila clouding my mind. If we were married, we could have sex, and it wouldn’t be bad. That’s what my drunk brain seemed to think.

Apparently, his drunk brain agreed because *we freaking got married*.

It’s not even like we maybe got married. *We for sure* got married because I remember signing the license. And I definitely remember him slipping a ring on my finger.

I even remember kissing him at the end.

Oh my god. Shelby is going to kill us.

“It’s our bed,” he growls. “And you invited me into it when you agreed to marry me last night, Ireland.”

I close my eyes, pulling the covers back up over me.

“What are you doing?”

“Going back to sleep so I can wake up in a different reality.”

He chuckles, and then the bed dips as he crawls over me. “Open your eyes, Éire.”

“No, thank you. I’m manifesting my destiny.”

“Yeah? Does this destiny include me as your husband? Because if it doesn’t, I’m going to spank your perfect little ass, baby.”

I pop my eyes open to glare at him. “You’re interrupting me, Crue. Go to your own bed.”

“This is my bed. My wife is in it,” he growls.

“Stop saying that!”

“Why?”

Because I like it way too freaking much.

“Because...because it’s insanity!” I cry instead of revealing that particular truth. “We got married last night, Crue. Do you have any idea what the world is going to say when they find out that every single member of this band has coupled up on this tour? They’re going to lose their collective minds!”

“Mason isn’t coupled up yet.”

I shoot him a dirty glare. “That’s beside the point. You said you didn’t want to be fodder for the press. This is like ten steps beyond fodder. We met and got married *on the same day*.”

“Technically, it was two different days. We got married after midnight.”

I push him off me before clambering up over him and grabbing a pillow.

“What are you doing?” he asks, grinning up at me.

“Smothering you with this pillow,” I say with false cheer. “No one will even blame me. Especially if they know you.”

He chuckles, plucking the pillow from my hands and tossing it across the room. Before I can even protest, I’m on my back

beneath him again, only this time, he's wedged his body between my thighs, and our fingers are linked beside my head.

"You're fucking cute when you're panicking, Ireland," he murmurs, his eyes locked on my lips. "And you're beautiful when you're annoyed."

"Stop being sweet. I'm trying to have a meltdown."

"Kiss me, and then you can continue." He dips his head, running his nose along the side of mine.

I quickly peck him on the lips, refusing to do anything more. I drank tequila last night, and I haven't brushed my teeth. No way am I making out with Crue Freaking Blake right now.

Except Crue Freaking Blake has other plans. As soon as my lips touch his, he swoops, licking into my mouth to kiss away every ounce of resistance and restraint I have. I wrap my legs around his waist, moaning when his erection grinds against my clit.

Holy crap, that feels like heaven.

"Fuck," he groans, drawing the word out. "I can feel how fucking wet your panties are right now, Ireland."

"Yeah, well, that's your fault." I bite his ridiculously perfect lip. "You're the one half-naked in my bed."

"Our bed." He releases my hand, dragging it down my arm and then all the way down my side, leaving a trail of fire in his wake. He stops at my hip, yanking my leg up higher. His fingers dig into my left cheek, squeezing.

Only then do I realize I'm half-naked, too.

"Where's my dress?"

"You stripped out of it and stole my t-shirt."

"Please tell me I did this in the bathroom." I already know I didn't. Vague memories are bubbling up from the deepest recesses of my mind. Me, standing in front of him wearing nothing but a pair of panties. Him, growling and cursing but unable to keep his eyes off me.

I don't have to ask to know we didn't have sex. I still want him to freaking badly to have lost my virginity last night. Besides, he may be the kind of guy who marries me drunk, but he isn't the kind of guy who would sleep with me drunk.

"Nope." His lips curve into a smile against mine. "It was a helluva show, Éire. Damn near came all over myself when I saw those gorgeous tits."

"I hate you so much."

"Little liar." He nips my bottom lip again, grinding his erection against me. "Fuck, I want to slip those panties aside and feel that all over my cock."

"W-what's stopping you?" I gasp.

He growls my name, his hand tightening on my ass.

"Just once, Crue," I plead, too far gone to care if I'm tempting fate here. I want to feel him skin-to-skin just once. We've already gone this far. Why not go a little further? We're adults. Apparently, we're freaking married. It's not like what we're doing is wrong.

He yanks my panties to the side without a word, his lips pulled back from his teeth as if he's in pain. Maybe he is. Is it agony for him like it is for me right now? I want him inside me so freaking bad my whole body is in danger of vibrating apart at the seams.

He leans back, yanking his boxers down to free his cock.

I choke on my tongue at the sight. Lord have mercy. There's no way they're supposed to look like that. For one thing, dicks are supposed to be ugly. His is beautiful. Long and thick with a broad head glistening with precum. For another, they're supposed to be smaller. His is a monster.

"Crue," I say, my voice strangled. "That's not normal."

He chuckles, groaning, "You're the one who made him this goddamn hard, Éire."

"I'm sorry!" I cry.

He drags me closer to him. I moan as his cock slides through my folds. We both watch, enraptured as my juices smear with his on the broad head, mixing together.

“Jesus, that’s pretty,” he groans.

The head of his cock bumps my clit, and all I manage to do is moan instead of respond. He’s right, though. There’s something beautiful about the sight of us together like this. It’s not dirty like I thought it would be. It’s...erotic, beautiful. *Sexy.*

“Crue, do it again.”

He rocks his hips, sliding through my folds again. We both moan at the same time, hyperfocused on the sight. He watches as if he’s never seen anything like it, either. Which is impossible, but I like the thought anyway. Being this man’s first? I wish.

He reaches between us, using two fingers to wrap my lower lips around him. My inner muscles clench when he rocks his hips again, pumping between my lips as if he’s inside me. The head of his cock glides against my clit with every pass.

“Fuck yeah.” His voice is a gritty rasp, full of pleasure. “Now I feel you all over me, Ireland.”

I feel him all over me, too, and it’s almost unbearably good. I grip the sheets, writhing on top of the bed as he rolls his hips into me, striking against my clit again and again.

“I can’t take much more of this, sweet girl. You feel too fucking good.” Sweat beads on his brow as he stares from beneath hooded eyes. “I need you to get there before I lose it.”

“Lose it,” I gasp, eager to see him unraveling. I think I want it more than I want my next breath. Every naughty fantasy I’ve ever had involved this man. Most of my dreams involve him, too.

The only reason he wasn’t the background on my phone yesterday was because I changed it before leaving my room, half afraid someone from the band would see the photo of him and give me hell about it. He’s been my crush since I was a kid. I never dated because no one ever compared. It sounds so

pathetic, but it's true. He was miles out of my league, completely unattainable, but I wanted him anyway.

And I want him just like this, seconds from losing his mind because he can't take how good I make him feel. *Me*, little Ireland Fitzgerald, the only virgin in my graduating class.

"I don't come until you do, Ireland," he growls, moving faster. "That's how this works. You come all over my fucking cock, and then I do. But I don't get mine until you get yours."

"T-that's not a r-rule."

"It is in this bed." He leans down over me, taking my lips in a deep, hungry kiss. "*My wife* comes for me, or I don't."

I don't know what it is about those words and the possessive way he says them, but as soon as they leave his lips, an orgasm sparks in my womb. I cry out, gripping the sheets tight as it rolls through me, turning every single cell of my body into a pleasure center. Heat rushes through me, firing against my nerve endings. My toe curls. Lights pop and fizzle and dance behind my eyelids.

It goes on and on, one wave receding just in time for the next to knock me down. Crue rocks his hips through every single one, his voice keeping me tethered to earth as he croons praises in my ear, telling me what a good girl I am.

I peel my eyes open just in time to see him wrap his fist around his shaft, his eyes locked on the way my legs are splayed wide around his hips. He's staring right at my pussy, and I know he can see everything from this angle. He seems to really like the sight because he growls and starts jerking himself off, his hand flying up and down his cock.

I watch in fascination, unable to take my eyes off him.

Within seconds, he goes rigid. My name tumbles from his lips in an erotic groan I'm going to hear in my dreams for the rest of my freaking life. He comes hard, his seed spilling across my sex and upper thighs in hot ropes.

I gasp, my inner muscles clenching hard enough to qualify as a mini-orgasm. I don't know what prompts me to do it—instinct, perhaps—but I slip my hand down my body, swirling

my fingers through the mess, and then bring them to my entrance.

“Fuck yes,” he growls, another thick rope spilling from him when I push it inside me. “Put it all inside where it belongs, Ireland. Every last drop.”

“Crue,” I whimper, knowing darn well that we’re playing a dangerous game here.

That doesn’t stop me from obeying his demand.

It doesn’t stop me from loving it, either.



An hour later, we’re showered, which involved more orgasms—yay for me—and I’m dressed for the day. Crue isn’t. He’s lounging on the bed in his boxers, trying to entice me back into it with him.

I’m not falling for his tricks, though. We have things to do.

“Please get dressed,” I plead. “Or at least give me the name of the judge who married us, and I’ll go track him down myself.” I think about it. “Maybe that’s a better plan. You’re likely to be recognized.”

It’s a miracle he wasn’t recognized last night.

“Uh, why the fuck do we need to track down the judge, Ireland? He’s a judge. He isn’t going to go running to the press.”

“If we catch him in time, we can convince him not to file the paperwork. Then we won’t even need an annulment. It’ll be like it never happened at all.”

“An annulment?” Crue sits up slowly, his expression changing from mildly amused to outright pissed.

Crap.

“We’re not getting a fucking annulment,” he growls, jack-knifing off the bed.

I back up two steps, which doesn’t seem to help calm him down any. He narrows his eyes, stalking me across the hotel room like he’s a panther and I’m his prey. Danger and desire mingle in his gaze, and I’m not entirely sure which one captivates me most. It’s a deadly combination on him, especially when he’s still mostly naked.

“We’re not getting a fucking divorce or any of that bullshit either. Forget it.”

“That’s not what I said,” I protest, scurrying backward out of his reach. He’s awful fast for a man with no pants. “I said we need to be careful about who we tell in case things don’t work out.”

“Which suggests you plan on leaving me.” He backs me into a corner, a look of triumph overtaking his expression. Now that I’ve got nowhere to go, he prowls toward me slowly, playing with his food exactly like a predator. “You aren’t fucking leaving me.”

“I didn’t say that either,” I whisper, swallowing hard. Good grief. He’s hot when he’s cranky. And apparently, me trying to be logical is making him very, very cranky. But I wasn’t talking about me leaving him. I was more worried about him deciding he didn’t want to be tied to me for the rest of his life.

He was drinking last night, too. What happens when reality sets in and he realizes this isn’t just a fun little story to tell, but something we really did? When the press finds out and plasters our faces all over the news? Is he going to regret it? Is he going to wish he’d never met me?

I don’t want to be something else in his life he regrets. Or something else in his life that feels out of control to him. I want to be fair to him. Just because this is my dream doesn’t mean it’s his. Letting him go will shatter my heart into a

million pieces, but I can't ask him to keep whatever crazy vows we made last night just because I want to keep him.

Besides, in my dreams, he chooses me because he can't live without me. He wasn't even freaking sober when he married me last night. That isn't the stuff dreams are made of, or happily-ever-afters are built on.

That's all I was trying to say. But I guess I said it wrong because now he's all cranky and growly.

"You signed the paperwork," he says, stopping in front of me. He plants one hand on the wall over my head, hooking his finger under my chin to tilt my head back with the other. "You're stuck with me now, baby. Get used to it."

"You're insane, Crue. You know that, right? I'm offering you a chance to walk away from this whole thing a free man and you're saying no?" I gape at him like he's lost his mind. "There's no way you want to sleep with me that freaking badly."

"You think I married you because I want to fuck you?"

"I..." I shake my head. "No, of course not. I think you married me because you were drunk, and we both make insane decisions when tequila is involved."

"I wasn't drunk."

"What?"

"I wasn't drunk, Ireland. *You* were drunk. I wasn't."

"I...don't understand," I admit.

"It takes a whole helluva lot more alcohol to get me drunk than it does to get you wasted, baby," he murmurs with a grin. "I was sober."

"You weren't drunk?"

"Nope."

I process this news for a moment.

"You were sober, and you still married me?"

"Yep."

“Are you crazy?” I shout.

“Yeah, about a sassy little redhead.” He smirks, his eyes dark with desire as they rake down my body. “She’s been driving me out of my fucking mind since I set eyes on her.”

“You...I...you...” I splutter, pushing him away from me. “I’m so mad at you!”

I’m not sure that’s true, but it seems like the right thing to say, considering that he just sent my entire universe freewheeling into Never Never Land. He was sober, and he still chose to marry me. What in the heck was he *thinking*? And why do I want to kiss that stupid smirk from his face right now?

“You wanted to stay out of the tabloids, Crue! This is not how you stay out of the tabloids! This is how you end up on the front page of every magazine in the country, including the ones usually reserved for aliens. Oh my gosh. We’re going to knock aliens off the front page of the super trashy tabloids.” I press my palms to my cheeks, trying not to spiral even though I’m already spiraling.

“Baby,” he laughs. “It’s fine. Everything is fine.”

“Everything is most definitely not fine.” I glare at him as I march around the room, gathering up my stuff. I need to think, and I cannot think when he’s shirtless and staring at me. “I’m going to see Shelby.”

“Let me get dressed. I’ll go with you.”

“No!” If he’s there when I tell Shelby we’re married, Shelby may kill him. I’ll be a wife and widow on the same day. And we’ll be halfway through his funeral by the time the world finds out we got married. None of that sounds like a good time to me. “I need to tell her alone.”

“Fine.” He narrows his eyes on me. “But if you even think about taking that ring off, our wedding won’t be the only thing in the papers, Éire.”

“What does that mean?”

“It means keep your ring on.” He snags me around the waist, dragging me up against his hard body. His mouth comes down on mine in a hard kiss. “Or I will tell the whole goddamn world we’re married at the show tonight.”

“You wouldn’t.”

He smirks down at me, far too freaking hot for words. “Try me, sweet girl.”

I gulp, pretty sure he means it.

Holy crap. What did I get myself into?

Chapter Five



IRELAND

“WE NEED TO TALK,” I say, dropping heavily into a chair at the table the girls have secured in the swanky restaurant downstairs. Thankfully, none of the guys are present, and aside from an elderly couple on the far side, the place is otherwise deserted. We get to have this conversation in private.

“It’s too early to talk,” Brielle groans, reaching for her orange juice. It’s not early at all. It’s already after ten. “Can’t we just eat in silence?”

“Late night?” Chastity snickers, adjusting the headband keeping her hair back. Like me, she’s got wild red hair and freckles.

I love that I’m not the odd girl out for once. I got my dad’s genes. Shelby got our mom’s. Growing up, I was always the only freckled redhead in my class. I hated being the oddball.

Brielle pouts at her from across the table. And then she blushes. “Very late and very interesting.”

Chastity holds her hand out for a high-five. Brielle smacks their palms together, earning laughter from the other girls at the table.

“I bet mine was more interesting,” I mumble, trying to steer the conversation back on track before they start swapping stories about their sex lives. Some things I don’t need to know. “Considering I freaking got married.”

Everyone at the table goes silent. I’m surprised no one gets whiplash turning to look at me.

“Say that again,” Shelby says.

“I’m pretty sure you heard her right,” Dani whispers.

“Uh-huh.” Resa nods, her brown eyes wide.

I pull my hand out of my pocket, flashing them my ring.

“Holy freaking shiitake,” Brielle whisper-hisses, grabbing my arm before I can hide my hand under the table again...as if someone is going to repel down from the roof to snap photos of it.

“How the heck did you get married?” Chastity asks.

“It’s a long story.”

“We’ve got time,” Shelby says, completely calm.

“I drank too much tequila and suggested it, so Crue woke up a judge and a jeweler and made it happen,” I blurt and then grimace. Okay, so maybe the story isn’t *that* long. Somehow, it sounds even worse condensed, though. Way too many bad decisions crammed way too close together.

“Of course he did,” Dani says, trying—and failing—to keep a straight face. “He’s kind of a bulldozer when he wants something, isn’t he?”

“He’s not that bad.”

“Uh, really?” Brielle laughs, holding up my arm as if displaying the evidence. “He woke up a freaking judge,

Ireland.”

“And a jeweler,” Resa chirps.

We fall silent as a waiter strolls over to take my order. I quickly look through the menu and pick out eggs and toast before handing it back to him.

“Was Crue drunk?” Chastity asks as soon as the waiter is out of earshot.

Crap. I knew someone was going to ask me that.

“No.”

“Oh. My,” Chastity whispers.

“I know! What am I going to do?” I groan, hiding my face in my hands.

“Enjoy it?”

I drop my hands to my lap, shocked at Shelby’s suggestion. Out of everyone at the table, she’s the last one I expected to take this in stride. Honestly, I kind of expected her to freak out a little bit. She knows how much I’ve always loved Crue, but she’s my big sister. She’s overprotective by default. Maybe the fact that she’s falling in love in her so-not-fake relationship has mellowed her out. Or maybe it’s the other stuff that’s mellowing her out. Whatever it is, I’ll take it.

She gives me a tiny, encouraging smile. “I may have talked to him yesterday after you guys hung out,” she says, not in the least ashamed or apologetic. “He had hearts in his eyes over you.”

“Clearly,” Brielle whispers. “He woke up a judge.”

“And a jeweler,” Resa, Dani, and Chastity say at the same time and then crack up.

I choose to ignore them, focusing on my sister. “You talked to him?”

“Talked. Threatened. Same difference.” She shrugs, which makes me laugh.

Of course she threatened him. I can't believe he didn't mention it, though.

"My point is, he's crazy about you, so stop overthinking and let him be crazy about you."

"Yeah, but what if...?"

"What if what?"

"Nothing. Never mind." I shake my head, pasting a bright smile on my face. "I'm just not thinking clearly."

Shelby scrutinizes my expression, hers full of understanding as she reaches for my hand. "There isn't a single person in your life who has ever regretted knowing and loving you. He won't either."

"She's right," Dani says, empathy in her deep green eyes. "I haven't known you long, and I already love you."

"You're very loveable," Resa agrees.

"Falling for someone famous is terrifying," Dani continues, "but you owe it to yourself to give this a chance anyway, Ireland. You'll always regret it if you don't."

She's right. I know she is. But I'm not afraid of loving Crue. I've done that from afar for most of my life. It's the losing him part that scares me. He's barely even mine, and I already know it'll break my heart if he changes his mind. How much worse will it feel if he decides in a week or two weeks or two months from now that marrying me twelve hours after meeting me was a terrible idea?

People say it's better to have loved and lost, but I don't think those people ever met Crue Blake. If they had, I don't think they'd be singing that same song.

"Give it a chance before you do anything rash," Brielle says and then giggles. "Well, before you do anything *else* rash."

"I'll think about it," I say.

"Don't think. Do!" Brielle cries, making me smile. "This is basically your dream come to life. Don't you dare get all crazy pants now. Grab that rockstar by the—"

Resa slaps her hand over Brielle's mouth, silencing her before she can finish whatever suggestion she was going to make. I kind of want to know now, though. I bet it was dirty.

"Okay! Okay!" I laugh. "I'll stop overthinking and freaking out and enjoy the ride. But if he breaks my heart, I'm never talking to any of you ever again."

At least Daisy and Luna aren't here yet so I'll still be able to talk to them if this ends badly. Crap. I still have to fill them in on the details. They're going to lose their minds.

"You can't quit us. You love us," Chastity teases.

"You're right. I do love you." I pause. "If Crue asks, I'm still mad at him, though."

"Wait. Why are you mad at Crue? You skipped that part," Resa says, sipping her water.

"Uh, because he married me while I was drunk last night." My sister's gaze drifts to something over my shoulder as I talk, her lips twitching into a full-blown grin. "What kind of lunatic marries someone after *twelve hours*?"

"The one standing behind you," Shelby says.

"Ah, crap," I groan, spinning around in my seat to see Crue exactly where my sister said he was...standing behind my chair, looking like the world's hottest grump.

"Wife," he growls, leaning down to kiss me. He doesn't even try to hide what he's doing. He just freaking kisses me right there in the middle of the restaurant. "I told you already, I'm not crazy. I'm crazy about you."

"Stop kissing me," I whisper-hiss. "It's illegal."

The girls hear me and laugh.

"Is it?" His lips quirk into a grin. "That's news to me."

"I mean, it's a bad idea. Anyone could see."

"You ashamed of me, sweet girl?" he asks, stroking my cheek.

“What? No. Why would you think that? You’re basically the hottest man alive.”

“Hotter than Henry Cavill?”

“Well, I mean...”

He growls, and I laugh.

“I’m just kidding. Henry definitely has you beat, Crue.”

“Fucking Henry Cavill,” he mutters, scowling, which is somehow adorable and sexy at the same time. He’s been one of People’s Sexiest Men. Surely he isn’t really jealous of Henry Cavill? But when he presses his lips to my ear, I quickly realize that I might just be wrong about that.

“We’ll see how well you remember Cavill’s name when you’re screaming mine, Éire,” he growls, his voice pitched so only I hear him. And then he places a sweet kiss beside my ear and pulls back.

“I’m not ashamed of you,” I say quietly. “I just don’t want you to be gossip again.”

“It’s all good, baby. I was teasing.”

“Are you joining us?” Shelby asks him.

“Nah. I’m heading to the arena. I’ve got some stuff I want to work on before sound check. Need my guitar.” He tips my chin up. “Come find me when you’re done here. I’ll give you the grand tour.”

“Oh, of the buses?” I ask, excited.

“You want to see the buses, baby?”

Resa and Dani groan as if they’re tired of the buses. I guess they probably are after having spent so much time on them lately, but they’re still new and exciting to me.

“Yes! I’ve never seen a tour bus before.” I practically dance in my seat at the prospect. “Oh, can I take pictures for my blog?”

“Sure. But nothing with the license plates or anything that would make it easy for anyone to figure out what bus is ours,”

he says. “I don’t want you on a bus if a bunch of screaming fans descend. It’s not safe.”

“You want me on the bus with you?”

“You’re wearing my ring, Éire. You’ll be sleeping where I sleep while we’re on tour,” he says, pinning me with one of those bossy I’m-in-charge looks.

“We’ll see,” I say, just to mess with him.

He growls playfully and then presses his lips to my forehead. “Yeah, we will. When you’re in my bed where you belong. Come find me after breakfast.”

“Maybe.”

He narrows his eyes at me and then shakes his head, smiling. “Ladies, enjoy breakfast.”

“Bye, Crue,” Shelby says.

“Bye!” Resa waves.

Chastity and Dani both wave to him as well.

“Good job on the jeweler!” Brielle calls after him.

He turns his head toward us, winking.

Our entire table devolves into a fit of laughter.



“You lost?”

“Um, maybe?” I frown up at the massive bodyguard stationed outside of the bus Shelby pointed me toward when we got to the arena a few minutes ago. “I’m looking for Crue. Shelby told me he was on this bus.”

“You’re Ireland?”

“That’s me.”

He jerks his chin in a nod and then grins. “I’m Havoc, his bodyguard. He’s on the bus.”

“Havoc?” I gape at him. “No offense, but you’re a giant. You could probably squash people with your bare hands. *Havoc* is probably overkill.”

He laughs loudly. “The name is Ambrose Havoc.”

“Oh, okay then. I guess Havoc it is,” I say, making him laugh again. “Got it.”

“You’re funny.”

“Thanks.” I scrunch up my nose at him. “I think.”

“Go on in. He’s waiting for you.”

I bounce up the steps, not sure if I’m more excited about seeing him or the bus. The bus. Just kidding. Definitely him. It’s only been an hour, and I already miss him. I’m such a mess for this man; it’s ridiculous. It’s all his fault, too.

I hear his voice and what sounds like a guitar before I pull the door open, and remember he said he wanted to come and work on something. I open the door carefully, not wanting to disturb him.

As soon as I step inside, the mournful notes of his song wash over me. I stop in my tracks, listening to his powerful voice.

“I don’t want to sleep, don’t even want to dream. Every time I close my eyes, I see you walking out the door. I thought I was strong. Convinced myself I could handle letting you leave. It was just a lie I told to keep myself breathing. But baby, I’m not breathing. I’m not breathing. Until you come back to me.”

He trails off, setting the guitar aside to jot something in a notebook.

I don’t want to interrupt, but my heart is in my throat, and I think I have to say something. I think...holy crap. I think he’s writing about me and our conversation this morning. Is that what inspired this song? The thought of me leaving?

“Crue,” I whisper, taking a step toward him.

He lifts his head from his notebook, his hazel eyes meeting mine.

“I...”

“There you are.” A big grin overtakes his expression. He drops his pen, rising to his feet, his song forgotten as he strides toward me. In three steps, I’m in his arms, and his lips are slanting down over mine.

Everything I was going to say, the questions I meant to ask, get swept away in the maelstrom as he slides his hand into my hair and kisses the breath from my lungs. I forget about his song. I forget everything but the taste of him on my lips, the feel of his hard body pressed to mine, and the unshakable certainty that I’m falling in love with this man, not fan to idol but woman to man.

Chapter Six



CRUE

“TWENTY-THREE.”

“What?” Ireland blinks at me like a little owl, far too fucking cute in those glasses as we stroll toward the arena, hand in hand.

“Twenty-three,” I say again, leaning close. She’s already dragged my ass through every bus in the fleet, demanding I show her everything. I’ve never met anyone who gets as excited about little shit as she does. It’s fucking adorable. “That’s how many questions I get to ask you.”

Her lips curve into an amused smile. “You really counted yesterday?”

“Damn right I counted. You owe me twenty-three answers.”

“Fine, but I’m not very interesting.”

She’s the most interesting person I’ve met in years, hands down. Everything about her fascinates me. But I decide to start

off easy.

“You grew up in Texas?” I ask.

“Yep. A tiny little ghost town called Blackthorne in west Texas with more cows than people.”

“How is it a ghost town if people live there?” I quickly hold up a finger when she opens her mouth to answer. “And that doesn’t count as one of my questions. Everyone in the fucking world would have the same goddamn question.”

“Fine. I’ll let you cheat this time,” she huffs at me. “But only because you answered my off-the-record questions yesterday. It’s a ghost town because Blackthorne grew up around an old Wild West town. Except no one knows what the old Wild West town was named. There’s no record of it that anyone has been able to find, so they named our town Blackthorne after the Wild West town in an old John Wayne movie.”

We reach the entrance that gives us access to the backstage area of the arena. I shoot a quick text to Xander, requesting that he let us in the building. A few seconds later, he pokes his head out, sees us, and then holds the door open, letting us through.

“Thank you,” Ireland chirps, unfailingly polite.

“Thanks, man,” I murmur. “Ireland, this is Xander. Xander, Ireland.”

“We’ve met. Sort of.” She grins at him.

He grins back. I suddenly like him far, far less than I did sixty seconds ago.

“When did you meet?” I growl.

“Oh. Videochat.”

I nod, slightly mollified. But only slightly.

Xander smirks like he knows exactly why I’m acting like a dick. Whatever. He shouldn’t smile at my wife, and I wouldn’t have to be a dick.

“How’s it looking?” I ask.

“Fans are starting to line up out front, but it’s not crazy yet.” He frowns. “Some chick tried to sneak in earlier. We caught her before she made it past the lobby.”

“Jesus.” I’m surprised no one has shown up at the hotel yet.

“It’s all good. We’ve got it under control.”

“Thanks.” I hold my fist out for him to bump and then place my hand on the small of Ireland’s back, shuffling her around him before he can try to shake her hand or hug her or some shit. I’m acting like a possessive asshole. I recognize that. But I can’t help it, either. I don’t want anyone touching her. Or looking at her. Or fucking making her smile.

Xander chuckles behind us like he knows exactly what’s up. He doesn’t call me on it, though. He’s a good dude.

“What do you want to see, Éire?” I ask, leading her down the hallway.

“Well, I saw your dressing room last night,” she says, tapping her lips like she’s really thinking about it. “It did not live up to the hype. There wasn’t even a single naughty thing in it.”

“That’s a damn lie.” I tip my head down, hitting her with a look that says, ‘Don’t bullshit me.’ “You were in it, and we both know you started every naughty thing we did this morning.”

She beams at me, her laugh bouncing off the cinderblock walls. Christ, I could listen to her laugh all day and not grow tired of it. It’s the sweetest, most carefree sound I’ve ever heard.

If I can’t convince her to stay, she’s going to rip my heart out of my chest when she goes. I’m not going to survive it. She’s been my wife for all of twelve hours, and she already owns me, body and fucking soul. I don’t know how it happened. I don’t even know when it happened. But somewhere over the last twenty-four hours, I’ve fallen hard. I have no intention of slowing down or stopping the free-fall, either.

“Oh! Can I see the stage?” She grabs my arm, looking up at me with big, hopeful eyes. “I want to live out my rockstar fantasies while no one is looking.”

“You have rockstar fantasies, Éire?” I ask, grinning.

“Duh. Doesn’t everyone?”

I lead her toward the crossover space backstage, helping her over the electrical cords taped to the floor all over the place. The area is crammed full of equipment and gear. She gapes all around as if she didn’t just see half of this shit when she was backstage last night.

I love how fascinated she is by everything. I’ve spent so much time around it that it lost its appeal a long time ago, but seeing it through her eyes brings back a little of the magic it lost long before we called it quits a decade ago. I felt like a fraud telling the guys that shit wasn’t all bad because I didn’t even really believe it when I said it, but it was true. We had a lot of good times, and things weren’t all terrible. It’s nice to remember that.

“Wow,” Ireland whispers when we step out onto the stage. We walk to center stage before she draws to a stop, taking it all in. “It’s so much more intimidating than I expected.”

“It’s definitely intimidating.”

“How do you do it?” She peers up at me, avidly curious.

“Practice,” I chuckle.

“Don’t you get nervous?”

“Only every fucking night, but it’s a lot more manageable now than it was back then. The first time we got on a stage, we were all shitting bricks. I thought Mason was going to pass out on us.” I smile at the memory. Fuck, that was a lifetime ago.

“I love that,” she whispers.

“What?”

“How much you love them. You smile every time you talk about them. It’s really sweet, Crue.”

“They’re like my brothers.” I sigh heavily. “But we haven’t always been close, Éire. When we went on hiatus, Jax and I were barely speaking. We were all sick of each other. It was rough.”

“It usually is when you fight with family.” She slips her hand into mine, linking our fingers together. “Shelby is my best friend, but we fight too. It always sucks. But sometimes, you fight the hardest with the people you love because they matter more than anything else. Growing and changing is uncomfortable. They help us do more of it than anyone else. Family loves us at our worst to teach us how to be our best.”

I hook my arm around her waist, pulling her up against me. “You’re pretty fucking smart, you know that?”

“I know,” she says, tipping her head back to grin at me. “It’s that fancy college education.”

“No, it’s you, sweet girl.” I dip my head, brushing my lips against hers. “It’s all you.”

Her soft sigh washes across my face before she kisses me back, melting into me. Before I can pull her closer and devour her like I want, she dances out of my arms, laughing.

“No way, Crue. I have a fantasy to live out,” she says, throwing up a hand to halt me when I stalk after her. “Microphone, please.”

I stop walking and grin. “You going to sing for me, baby?”

“Maybe.”

I jog toward Mason’s drum set and grab one of the microphones lying there. The soundboard isn’t switched on, but I don’t think she really cares about that. She’s just living her best life. I don’t think she knows any other way to live.

Christ, it’s beautiful to witness.

I hand her the microphone. She sashays back to centerstage and strikes a pose, one hand in the air over her head and one hip cocked out with her toes pointed. She looks like a sassy little popstar.

She shoots me an impish grin over her shoulder, clears her throat...and immediately starts belting out the dirtiest lines of DTF, one of the last songs we recorded before we went on hiatus. It's about fucking, plain and simple. The goddamn label made us record it, and our fans lost their shit over it.

She couldn't hold a tune in a bucket if her life depended on it, but she shimmies and shakes her way across the stage, belting out the lyrics as if she's back in the elevator and no one is watching. My dick throbs in my pants, aching like a motherfucker at the sight of her, so sweet and innocent, singing about wanting to fuck in the back of a tour bus.

If she's throwing down hints, I'm picking them up. I'll gladly take her against the wall on the way to Detroit with my hand over her mouth so no one hears her moaning for me. Anytime, any place. All she has to do is say the words.

When she launches into the next verse, I stalk toward her, pulling her up against my chest. My lips descend on her neck as she sings quietly now, whispering the lyrics to me.

I run my hands up her body, brushing my palms over her hard nipples.

"Crue," she moans.

"Keep singing, Ireland," I demand, nipping her throat.

"I..." She huffs a sigh and then picks up the next line.

I pinch her nipples, teasing her. Teasing myself. Fuck. I don't know. All I know is that I can't keep my hands off this woman. And I don't have to try. She's my wife. One way or another, I'm going to convince her that she wants to keep my ring on her finger.

"You're sleeping in my bed with me tonight, Éire," I growl against her skin, rolling her nipples between my thumbs and forefingers. "As soon as the concert ends, I'm coming to find you and claim what belongs to me."

She stumbles over the lyrics.

"I'm giving you what's yours too." I press my lips to her ear, telling her the one thing I've never told anyone. My big secret.

“My virginity.”

She gasps, spinning to face me. “Crue...what?”

“You heard me.”

“There you are,” Mason says, stomping onto the stage.

Ireland jumps a foot in the air at the sound of his voice, her face somehow turning white as a sheet and bright red at the same time.

“I’ve looked all over this bloody arena for... Oh.” Mason pauses a few steps away, glancing between Ireland and me. “Shit. Sorry. I didn’t know she was here.”

“She was living out her rockstar fantasies.”

His lips twitch with amusement. “Is she any good? Is she coming for your job?”

“She has it in the bag.” I place myself between the two of them, annoyed because he’s smiling at her. Why the fuck is everyone smiling at her today? “Stop smiling at her.”

His smile grows.

Ireland elbows me. “Don’t be rude, Crue. And stop lying to him. I’ll sink the band inside of a week.”

“Promise?” Mason asks, earning a smile from Ireland.

“Great. Now you’re smiling at him,” I growl, narrowing my eyes on her.

“Yep. It’s my mouth; I can smile if I want.”

I’m not winning this war.

“You need something, brother?” I ask, giving up before she kicks my ass.

“Yeah. Do you have a minute? I’ve got something new I want you to hear.”

I don’t ask if Ireland can come. Mason doesn’t let anyone hear what he’s working on until it’s finished. He’s a perfectionist.

Instead, I glance at her, reluctant to let her out of my sight with so many fucking men around here.

“Go,” she says. “I’ll be fine.”

“I’ll call Shelby.”

“Crue, I’ll be fine! I’ll just hang out until you’re done,” she says, looking far too innocent. Which means by the time I get back, she’ll have a whole fucking army of men around her. Fuck that.

“I’m calling Shelby.”

She rolls her eyes as I pull my phone out of my pocket, but she doesn’t argue with me.



The rest of the day is a study in frustration. By the time Mason is finished with me, our manager shows up to go over some numbers. Apparently, our new album is performing insanely well on streaming platforms. Shelby and Ireland pop in with lunch for us halfway through our meeting with him.

I barely have time to even say hello to my perfect wife before she and Shelby vanish out the door again. I don’t hide the fact that we’re married. We hired our manager this time, not the record label. He works for us. He’s shocked by the news but takes it in stride. What else is he going to do? It’s not like he has a say in what the fuck I do.

We run straight to sound check after our meeting.

“There’s an entire army of fans outside the hotel,” Shelby informs us as we’re taking the stage to ensure everything is good to go. “It’s a madhouse.”

“Fuck my life,” I groan. “How’d they find us?”

“Same as usual, I guess.”

I kind of hoped we could ride through Chicago with minimal fuss. Apparently, that isn't in the cards for us.

“Their top floor is secure. You have to have a keycard for one of those rooms to access it. We're booking it out for the rest of the weekend for you guys. Xander will have security posted at the elevators.”

“Ireland stays with me,” I growl.

“Figured you'd say that. Dani is moving her stuff to your new room.” She hands me a keycard and then grins. “Good luck keeping up with her mess. You're going to need it.”

“I can handle it.” I smile, slipping the keycard into my pocket before jogging onto the stage.

Ireland waves from her seat in the front row.

I shoot her a wink before we huddle up and figure out a game plan for sound check. We decide to run through one of the new songs and take our places. I keep my eyes on Ireland the entire time, crooning the lyrics to her as we sing and dance our way across the stage.

She claps and whistles, dancing along in her seat. When the song ends, she jumps to her feet, cheering loudly.

For the first time in a long time, I realize that I'm proud to be a member of this band. It may not have been the dream I had when I left Nashville at sixteen for Julliard. I don't think it was Mason's dream when I met him there, either. It wasn't Asher or Jax or Jameson's dream when they answered the audition call either. None of us imagined we'd be thrown together in a boy band. But what we did mattered then. To us and to the fans. And it matters now, too.

I'm fucking proud of that.

I jump down from the stage, pulling her into my arms.

“Hi, rockstar,” she whispers, grinning up at me.

I claim her lips, devouring her like the little treat she is.

The guys whistle and cat-call, but I lift my middle finger in the air, ignoring them. The only thing that matters right now is the woman in my arms and the way she clings to me, kissing me back as if she never wants to stop.



“Thank you,” I murmur when I finally let her up for air.

“If you’re thanking me for kissing you, you’re very welcome. And also, please do it again soon.” She shoots me another impish grin, making me chuckle.

“That’s not what I was thanking you for, smart ass.” I tuck strands of her wild hair behind her ears, smiling. I swear, I’ve smiled more since I met her than I’ve smiled in the last ten years. “Thank you for reminding me that what we do is important. I’d forgotten that.”

“Oh. Um, you’re welcome. But I don’t know how I did that.”

“Just by being you, baby. Watching you out there having the time of your life reminded me that what we do matters. It’s always been about the music, the fans, and bringing people together. I’m fucking proud of what we’ve accomplished.”

She throws her arms around my neck, hugging me like I just gave her a fucking present. “I’m proud of you too, Crue. Your music has brought so many people together. It probably sounds silly to a lot of people for a group of grown women to follow a boy band around the country, but it isn’t just about you guys, you know? We found each other through you, but our friendships have grown beyond that. This trip is a celebration of our friendship and how it all began as much as it’s a crazy adventure about a hot boy band.”

“A hot boy band, huh?”

“Well, I mean, maybe ten years ago,” she mumbles. “Before the gray hair set it.”

I dig my fingers into her side, making her squeal. “I’m just kidding! You’re the hottest old man band ever!”

“That’s it.” I haul her up over my shoulder, smacking her ass before I plant my hand on it to keep her skirt from rising and exposing her panties to the world. She screams with laughter, pounding my back to get me to put her down. I ignore her, stomping toward the steps that lead up the stage while the guys shake their heads, laughing.

“Put me down right now, Crue Blake!”

“Not a chance, Ireland Blake,” I say, carrying her backstage. She bounces gently against my shoulder with each step. And then I feel a sharp sting against my ass cheek.

I growl, flipping her upright. “Did you just bite me?”

“Yes,” she huffs, shoving her wild hair out of her face. “And I’d do it again, too!”

I back her deep into the corner behind a stack of crates, dragging her legs up around my waist as my dick turns to steel. “Take my cock out, Éire. Now.”

She gapes at me for a moment and then jumps into action, scrambling to undo my button and zipper. I slip her panties to the side while she works, parting her slit with one finger. She’s already burning hot and soaked. I bet she has been all day.

Fucking hell. This is a bad idea. But I don’t even care. Let someone catch us. Let them plaster the news all over the goddamn universe. This wild, carefree little goddess is mine.

Her mouth parts on a moan as she delves her hand into my pants, wrapping around my cock. I grunt, pressing my thumb to her clit as she pulls my dick out.

“Grind that hot little pussy all over me,” I order her. “Don’t stop until you’re soaking me just like you did this morning.”

“Crue,” she whispers.

“Don’t pretend you don’t want it, Ireland.” I press my lips to her ear. “We both know you chose to sing DTF earlier because you were thinking about this very thing.”

“I was,” she gasps, stroking her fingers up and down my length in a way that has me ready to come all over her perfect hand.

“So take what you want. It’s yours.” I drag my teeth down the tendon in the side of her neck before attacking her collarbone with my lips and tongue.

She moans softly, lifting slightly to position herself. My cock glides against her wet cunt, pulling a groan from my lips.

Jesus Christ. How does that feel so fucking good? I haven’t even been inside her yet, and I’m already addicted to her heat and juicy cunt.

She grips my shoulders, holding tight as she begins to rock against me. My dick glides back and forth between her lower lips, bumping her clit with every pass.

“Fuck.” I sink my teeth into the sensitive skin where her shoulder meets her neck, growling. “You feel so fucking good, Éire. I can’t wait until I’m inside you tonight, and you’re screaming my name.”

“Crue,” she whispers. “We have to stop. Oh my gosh. We have to stop.”

“Don’t you dare.”

“I can’t be quiet!” She keeps rocking her hips, unable to stop even as she pleads with me. She’s desperate to come. She probably has been since we were on stage earlier. Poor little goddess. She wants this. I see it written all over her face. But she doesn’t want to get caught.

So I’ll make damn sure we don’t. If she has fantasies to fulfill, I’ll help her live out every damn one. And I’ll do whatever it takes to ensure she gets to do so in a way that feels safe for her.

I need her trust if I’m going to win her heart. And I am going to win her heart. There is no other option.

I slip my hand over her mouth to stifle her cries. “Now, no one will hear you when you’re creaming all over my cock, Ireland.”

Her pupils flare, relief, desire, and gratitude all mixed up together. Her grip on my shoulders tightens. She rocks faster, in a race to get herself there now that she feels safe.

Soft sounds escape her lips, stifled by my hand. Watching her let go is sexy as hell. She grows bolder, allowing herself to get a little louder. Her green eyes are twin pools, reflecting forever back at me.

I hold her gaze, lifting my free hand to pinch her nipple. She shatters with a cry, her honey dripping all over my cock.

I bury my face in her throat, fighting like hell not to come, too. I intend to wear her when I’m on stage tonight. But next time I come, it’ll be deep inside her where I belong. And, if I’m really lucky, it’ll be when I’m planting my kid in her.

“Crue,” she sighs when I pull my hand away from her mouth, drooping in my arms. “Are you really a virgin?”

I lift my gaze to hers, letting her see the truth for herself.

Her eyes widen as she reads it on my face.

“I was saving myself for my one, too,” I murmur, brushing the back of my hand down her cheek. “I found her yesterday, Éire.”

Chapter Seven



IRELAND

THE CONCERT IS WILD, way worse than last night. Even though we're in the front row, it's hard to hear over all the screaming, shouting, and mayhem going on behind us. After having been on the stage today, I have a new appreciation for how it must look from up there.

I'm in awe of the fact that they're up there, gliding around like they own the freaking stage while thousands of people literally scream their lyrics at them. I can't take my eyes off Crue. He's always been an amazing dancer, but he's on fire tonight. They all are.

Every time he looks out at the audience, he looks right at me. I feel like I'm living out my fangirl fantasies, except for this one is ten thousand times better. Because I'm not in love with Crue Blake, superstar. I'm in love with Crue Blake, the bossy, gorgeous, sweet, crazy man I've gotten to know since he jumped off the stage and introduced himself yesterday morning.

And somehow, some way...I think he's falling in love with me, too.

It seems like I've known him forever. In a way, I guess I have. He's exactly like I always expected, and yet he's vastly different too. He's so much more than I was prepared for... bossier, hotter, sweeter, more demanding, harder on himself, funnier, and carrying so many ghosts from the past. Yet his love for his band, the music, and the fans shines.

My heart didn't stand a chance against him.

When the concert ends, he jumps off the stage. Security immediately moves to flank him as he stalks toward me, smirking.

"What are you doing?" I ask, a little worried that he's going to do something crazy. At this point, I wouldn't put it past him.

"Coming to escort you and the girls to the back." He holds out his hand for me and then pulls me to my feet. The rest of the girls stand, too.

"What the heck?" a girl in the row behind us says. "Why do they get to go backstage?"

"What can I say?" I shrug. "When a heartthrob reaches for your hand, be the kind of girl who takes it."

She's still gaping when Crue turns me toward the stage, leading us to the back.

"A heartthrob, huh?" He leans down to shout in my ear.

"Former heartthrob," I shout back to him.

He growls playfully, his hazel eyes light and a permanent smile on his face. It looks good on him. Way too darn good.

We don't say anything else until we're backstage. As soon as we're into the crossover space, he turns, scooping me up into his arms. His lips come down on mine in a hard kiss.

"You're sweaty," I say, laughing.

"How long do you think it'll be before we're all over the internet?"

“Pfft. We’re probably already all over the internet,” I scoff, wriggling for him to put me down. “They were posting about that little interaction before we even walked away.” I shoot him a pointed look. “Which is exactly what you wanted.”

He smirks, not denying it.

I just shake my head at him. He’s not nearly as smooth as he thinks he is. But the fact that he wants the whole world to know about us is adorable. I just hope he doesn’t change his mind when the whole world really does find out, and his face is plastered all over the tabloids again.

Part of me is still a little afraid he might. It’s not because I lack confidence. I don’t. I love who I am, and I don’t care who approves. But who I am is a small-town girl. And small-town girls don’t live happily ever after with superstars anywhere except in movies. When people find out about us, they’re going to have a whole lot of opinions...and a lot of those opinions aren’t going to be nice.

They’ve already put Crue and the band through so much. I don’t want to be the reason he goes through it a second time. And I’m really afraid I will be. I’m equally as afraid that Crue won’t handle it well.

“We have a band meeting to see who is signing autographs out back.”

“This requires a band meeting?”

“It’s more like a Rock, Paper, Scissors competition, but *band meeting* sounds better,” he mutters, pulling me toward their dressing room. “You can judge. Mason cheats.”

“He does not,” I say through laughter. “It’s impossible to cheat at that game, Crue.”

“Fine. He doesn’t cheat. He’s just too fucking good, and it pisses me off.”



“Well, this is swanky,” I mumble, prowling through our new hotel room...which is actually a two-room suite on the top floor. Havoc is posted outside the door. Another security guard is posted at the end of the hall by the elevators. They’ll switch off throughout the night to make sure no one tries to sneak in.

“It’s a beautiful view,” Crue murmurs from the doorway.

I glance toward him, only to find him staring at me. I smile, unable to stop myself. Anytime we’re in the same vicinity, his eyes are on me. I love it far more than I probably should.

But then again, I love everything about this man.

“Mine isn’t so bad either.” I hop up on the bed and kick back, crossing my legs at the ankles. I let my gaze drift up and down his body, making it clear I’m talking about him. “It’s a pretty amazing view, actually.”

“Oh, yeah?” He pushes away from the doorframe, prowling across the room toward me. “I think you need a closer look, Éire.”

“Probably so. I do have terrible vision.”

He chuckles, stopping beside the bed. “You know if I get on that bed with you, I’m going to be inside you as soon as I can make it happen, right?”

“Counting on it, rockstar.”

“You should also know I have every intention of putting my kid in you.”

“I...” I blink. “Wait. Really?”

“Til death do us part, Éire,” he murmurs, tracing the ring encircling my finger. “They weren’t just words. I meant them.”

“Crue,” I whisper. “I...”

“You’re mine, Ireland Blake. You’re going to keep being mine until they bury me six feet under. I don’t care what I have to do to convince you not to leave me, I’ll do it,” he says, running his fingertip down my cheek.

“I never planned on leaving you. I just wanted to give you an out in case...”

“In case what?”

“In case you change your mind,” I whisper, looking down at my hands. “You’re a superstar, Crue. I’m just me. What happens when the whole world finds out about us, and you’re all over the tabloids again? I don’t want to be a mistake you made or something else you regret.”

“You think I could regret you?”

“I don’t know.” I shrug helplessly. “I’ve never had to face having my heart broken into a million pieces. I’m terrified that you’re going to shatter it, and I’ll spend the rest of my life hearing your stupid voice on the stupid radio, remembering that you didn’t love me back.”

He inhales a sharp breath. “You’re in love with me.”

“What? No. I didn’t say that. When did I say that?” I say, my voice rising an octave. “You’re hearing things. You should get that checked out.”

He plants one knee on the bed and then the other, crawling over me, his expression dark. “Don’t lie to me, Ireland,” he growls, caging me in beneath him. “Tell me the truth.”

“I didn’t say that!” I cry. “I said something else.”

“Tell me what you said.”

“I said I don’t want to spend the rest of my life hearing your stupid voice on the stupid radio.”

“After that.”

“I told you that you should get your hearing checked,” I say, skipping over the part he wants to hear.

His lips twitch. He knows what I’m doing. “You’re pissing me off, baby.”

“Fine. If you know what I said, why don’t you tell me then, smarty pants?”

“You said you don’t want to spend the rest of your life remembering that I don’t love you back,” he growls. “Which will never fucking happen because my heart has belonged to you since the first damn time you smiled at me, Éire.” He cups my cheek, holding my gaze captive. “I. Love. You.”

“Crue.” Tears well in my eyes, threatening to spill over. “Say it again.”

“I love you.” He leans down, brushing his lips across mine. “I love you.” His lips slide across my cheek, landing against my ear. “I love you, Ireland Blake.”

I sob his name, flinging my arms around him. “I love you too. I mean, you probably already knew that because I’m a fangirl, but I mean it, Crue. I love *you*. Not your music or your band or the fact that you’re famous or have won awards or can sing or dance. I love you and how much you love your bandmates. I love how funny you are. I love that you’re bossy even though it’s really annoying. I love everything about you.”

“Jesus,” he mutters against my skin, his big body trembling against mine. “You’re killing me here, sweet girl.”

“I don’t want you to die. I just want you to know that I don’t love you because of what you do. I love you for who you are underneath all of that. That man is kind of incredible, Crue,” I whisper. “He’s my dream, not the superstar.”

“You mean heartthrob.”

I try to knee him in the thigh, but he chuckles, grabbing my leg before I make contact. I settle for biting his neck instead. Which is clearly the wrong thing to do because he growls and shoves my legs apart, fitting himself between them.

“Keep it up, Ireland,” he breathes against my neck, grinding his erection against my pussy. “You’ll be carrying my kid before you can scream my name.”

“Yeah? Is that a threat or a promise, Crue?”

“Fuck,” he groans, lifting his gaze to look at me. “You want me to breed you, don’t you?”

“So bad,” I whisper.

A slow, wicked smirk spreads across his face. He rises up on his knees, reaching for the collar of my dress. I open my mouth to ask what he’s doing, but he yanks before I can, ripping the fabric right down the center.

“Crue!” I cry, shocked. “You could have asked me to take it off!”

“Nah, I think I’ll unwrap my present and enjoy it too,” he breathes, dipping his head. His lips land against my heart. He places a sweet kiss there before using his teeth to drag the cups of my bra down.

I barely have time to feel the cool air against my skin before he’s drawing one into his mouth. He licks and sucks and bites until I’m sobbing and writhing beneath him...and then he does the same exact thing to the other, working me into a frenzy.

When he’s satisfied, he inches his way down my body, lavishing attention on every inch of skin he unveils. My dress rips bit by bit as he unwraps me slowly, taking his sweet time. By the time he rips the dress all the way, I’m ready to explode or implode or whichever one means I’m going to die if he doesn’t give me some relief soon.

“Lift up, sweet girl,” he murmurs, tapping me on the hip.

I lift my ass from the bed, watching as he hooks his fingers into the waistband of my panties and drags them down my legs. My knees shake, knocking together. I’m so turned on I can’t think straight. I’m not nervous, though. Perhaps I should be considering what he’s working with, but I’ve never been more ready or more certain of anything as I am of this man. He’s what I want. He’s what I’ve waited for my entire life.

It was worth it. The look in his eyes right now and the way he groans as he stares at me...totally freaking worth it.

He settles between my legs, dragging them up over his shoulders. "Need a taste," he breathes, almost as if he's talking to himself. "Just one."

He doesn't take just one. He parts my lower lips with two fingers and licks me from top to bottom, growling.

I cry out, clinging to the sheets as a bolt of pleasure shoots through me.

"Ah, goddamn." His gaze flicks to mine, his eyes clouded with lust. "I can't stop now." He licks me again. "You taste too fucking good, Éire." And again. "I need to feel you coming on my tongue." He groans like the thought alone is driving him crazy and then buries his face in my pussy.

I shout his name, rocking my hips against his face as he licks and sucks and teaches my body to sing for him. It does. Oh, God. It does. He spreads my legs wide, forcing his tongue into my hole. He uses it like a cock, fucking me with it until I'm babbling his name and pleading for mercy.

He doesn't have any for me. I don't think he's capable of it. He grinds his hips against the mattress, coming back for another taste again and again. I shatter apart, exploding into nothing. He doesn't stop. He keeps eating me, demanding another. I can't give it to him, I know I can't.

But I do anyway, letting him wring it out of me with his wicked tongue and those honey lips and those devilish fingers. He uses all three like weapons of mass destruction, annihilating me with them again and then a third time.

I scream as I crack apart, falling to dust. I shake and shiver and moan, riding a current of pleasure that goes on endlessly, stretching into forever.

I'm still floating when Crue pulls me into his arms, pressing his naked body to mine. His lips touch mine, breathing life back into me. I groan, tasting myself on him. I shouldn't like it, yet I do. I shouldn't want more, yet I do.

I slip my tongue into his mouth, loving the way our tastes combine on his lips. Loving the fact that I'm all over him. He rolls us until I'm straddling his hips, my breasts against his chest.

"I need you to run this show, Éire," he murmurs, running his hand down my hip. "If I try, I'm going to fuck you until you break."

"That sounds like a plan to me."

He chuckles through a groan. "Not your first time, baby. We need to take it slow so I don't hurt you."

"Fine." I pout down at him. "But you owe me, Crue."

"I'll pay in full just as soon as I'm sure you're ready," he promises, lifting me slightly to notch his erection at my entrance. His head falls back, his eyes going glossy. "Fucking hell, baby. I'm not even in you, and I can already feel how fucking tight you are."

"Yeah?" I lean down to whisper in his ear. "Then just wait until you're in me, Crue. You'll really feel it then."

He growls, his eyes flashing fire at me. "Get on my cock, Ireland. Before I forget why we need to take it slow."

I smirk, loving the way he responds to me. He doesn't hold anything back or try to pretend he feels less than he does. When he's turned on, he makes sure I know it. When he's happy, he shows me. He gives me every single part of himself, no reservations. I love that so freaking much.

I adjust positions over him and slowly begin to sink down. My body resists the intrusion for a long moment before the head of his cock finally slips inside. He groans, releasing my right hip. His hand slips between us, his thumb homing in on my clit.

He keeps his eyes locked on my face, watching carefully as I slowly take him deeper, my body stretching to accommodate him. He keeps his thumb on my clit, driving me crazy the entire time. It's an odd sensation, feeling like you'll split in half and simultaneously loving it. It doesn't hurt. I just feel

stretched and full to the brim. Yet, somehow, I manage to take more and more.

Tears sting my eyes when my barrier tears around his cock.

“Easy, baby, easy,” he croons, still stroking my clit. He holds me still with the other hand, ensuring I don’t move. “Breathe for me.”

I take a breath, testing to see how I feel. The momentary pain is already gone, leaving behind nothing but...awe. I’m his now in a way nothing and no one can ever change. No matter how much time passes or where life takes us, this part of me will always belong to him. And this part of him will always belong to me. No one else can ever have it.

“Crue,” I whisper. “We belong to each other now.”

He groans, emotion flaring as bright as the sun in his eyes as he drags me down for a kiss. I moan against his lips, spending long minutes drinking from them, reveling in the moment and the man and the knowledge that my heart is completely full of him.

Little by little, I sink further as we kiss until my ass lands against his hips, and he’s fully seated inside of me. I’m stuffed full, and I’ve never felt more perfect in my life.

“I love you,” he breathes against my lips.

“I love you too.”

“Show me, Éire. Take what belongs to you.” He rocks his hips beneath me, hitting some magical spot inside that has stars bursting behind my eyes.

I throw my head back, crying out.

“You like that, huh?”

“Do it again.”

He does it again, hitting that same spot.

Oh, yes. I definitely like that.

I lift up slightly and drop down, trying to find that spot for myself. When that doesn’t work, I roll my hips. Another blast

of pleasure shoots through me, and I sob.

“Chase it, Ireland,” he croons.

I do, lifting and dropping and rolling my hips first one way and then another. It all feels amazing, but when his cock hits that magical spot, it transcends amazing, landing in an entirely different dimension altogether.

He moves with me, helping to lift and drop me, rocking his hips into mine. He moves me faster and drops me harder, fucking me deeper. I feel like I’m flying as bolt after bolt of intense pleasure stabs into me, turning me into a stuttering, sobbing mess.

“Look at you,” he groans, his eyes at half-mast as he watches me ride him. “You’re taking my cock like you were made to take it, Ireland.”

“I was,” I gasp. “It’s mine, Crue.”

“Fuck.” He rolls us suddenly, flipping me to my back beneath him. “Say that again.”

“Your cock belongs to me,” I say, writhing beneath him. I drag my eyes open, forcing myself to focus on him. “Y-you belong to me.”

His eyes flare bright, some powerful emotion I can’t name running through them.

“Fuck yeah, I am,” he growls, dragging my leg up over his hip. His mouth slants down on mine, swallowing my cry as he begins to move. Crue has always been powerful. He’s a trained dancer. But he fucks like a storm, his hips crashing into mine again and again.

I throw my head back, shouting his name into the room and clawing his back. It feels so good. So freaking good. If we can choose how we die, I want to go just like this, with this man fucking me out of this dimension right straight into heaven.

“That’s it, baby,” he growls, leaving love bites all over my breasts. “Scream the fucking roof down while I’m breeding this tight little cunt. Make sure everyone knows who’s fucking you.”

“Crue!” I shout. “Crue gets to fuck me.”

He roars my name, yanking my leg up higher. The change of angle has the head of his cock gliding against that magical spot with every deep thrust. I scratch and claw and bite, going wild beneath him as pleasure builds on pleasure, threatening to turn me inside out.

“Come on my cock so I can plant my baby in you, Éire,” he growls in my ear. “I’m not pulling out until you’re pregnant.”

My inner muscles clench around him.

“Come.” He bites my shoulder, sending me screaming over the edge.

I drag my nails down his back as the entire world explodes around me. My heart stops beating. My lungs cease to function. For a long moment, everything is black. And then he roars my name, and the world comes screaming back into focus. He pumps into me and goes still, his cock jerking as he comes in hard spurts.

I shake and sob as each one fills me, prolonging my own orgasm.

True to his word, when he finishes, he doesn’t pull out. He rolls us, so I’m on top of him, his cock still inside me, and wraps his arms around me.

“Jesus, Ireland,” he breathes, panting for breath. “Jesus.”

“Agreed,” I whisper.

He chuckles, leaning down to press his lips to the top of my head.

Naturally, the movement pushes him a little deeper inside me. My inner muscles clench around him. We both groan.

“Settle down,” he mutters. “You aren’t ready for round two yet. You need to rest.”

“Rest?” I raise my head to look at him. “I can’t sleep like this, Crue!”

“You can.”

“You’re still inside me,” I hiss... as if he’s forgotten.

“I’m aware.” He smirks, one of those lazy, devilish smirks that drive me wild. I swear, I know exactly why half the world is crazy about him. It’s that freaking smirk. It’s a deadly weapon. “I intend to sleep like this every goddamn night until you’re pregnant. Get used to it.”

“You aren’t serious.”

“Oh?” He quirks a brow. “I watched you scooping my cum up and pushing it into your little hole this morning, Ireland. We both know you were thinking about it then. I’m just giving you what we both know you want.”

“I...you...I...” I splutter, my cheeks turning pink. He’s right. I was thinking about it this morning. “I wasn’t trying to trick you,” I whisper. “I’m sorry if it felt that way. I just got caught up in the moment.”

He throws his head back, laughing loudly.

“Why are you laughing?” I cry.

“I’ve got my dick in you, refusing to take it out until you’re pregnant. You think I wasn’t thinking the same damn thing this morning?” he asks. “Believe me, baby, I’m not mad. I thought it was sexy as hell.”

“Oh,” I say, relieved.

He lays back down beneath me, his dick still hard.

“Um...is it going to go down anytime soon?”

“Yeah. After I’ve fucked you about fifty thousand more times.”

My inner muscles clench around him again.

“Ireland,” he growls.

“I can’t help it!” I cry. “You’re inside me, and you’re hard. And now I want you again. It’s your own freaking fault, Crue. You’re the one who...” I trail off, moaning as he drags me down on him and begins to move.

Finally.

Chapter Eight



CRUE

“I NEED A FAVOR.”

Kai looks up at me over the top of his Kindle. “The last time I did you a favor, I nearly ended up in a jail cell in Tokyo, Crue.”

Fucking Tokyo.

“This won’t be like that,” I mutter. “This favor is simple.”

“You said that last time.” He lifts a finger and then dramatically swipes it across his screen. The asshole.

“I won’t make you play a solo when we introduce you for the next three shows.”

That gets his attention. Kai is a fucking phenomenal guitarist. He also hates being the center of attention. If he could, he’d play from backstage, and no one would ever see him.

“What’s the favor?”

“I just need you to take this to the nearest paper and drop it off,” I say, holding out an envelope.

He glances at it and then back to me. “What’s it in?”

“That’s between me and the paper.” And the rest of the world as soon as the paper confirms the document inside is real. It is. It’s a copy of the marriage license Ireland and I signed. I just printed it at the hotel’s business office.

Ireland has no idea what I’m planning. No one does. I didn’t tell anyone because I didn’t want anyone trying to talk me out of it. After I fucked my wife to sleep last night, I laid awake, holding her, thanking God...thinking. I fucking hate that she’s afraid that things are going to change between us when the world finds out.

I don’t want her living with that worry. I don’t want her afraid that I’m going to change my mind about her or us. There isn’t a chance in hell of that happening. But I can tell her that all day. It won’t wipe the fear from her mind. She’s too damn smart. She knows rockstars don’t marry their fans often...and she knows why.

In this world, things don’t work out more often than they do. Celebrities and normal people don’t mix because celebrities don’t know how to be normal, and normal people don’t know how to be celebrities. It’s a lot of fucking pressure on a relationship in a world already under pressure. But this hasn’t been my world for a long time. Once this tour is over, I’m done.

I have no desire to continue on or get the band back together permanently. We’ve done what we set out to do. We have our lives and our own futures now. We’ll always be brothers. Maybe we’ll get together and make new music when the mood strikes. Maybe we won’t. But we’re done touring. We’re done with the chaos. At least, I am.

All I want is the sassy little redhead who drives me wild. If the world doesn’t like it, fuck ‘em. Our opinions are the only

ones that matter. And we're the only ones that get a say in what we do.

She's my choice. She'll be my choice every time, without hesitation. I need her to know that, too. And the best way to ensure she knows that is to remove the sword dangling over her head. If the world knows now, she doesn't have to keep worrying about it. But I don't want her to find out until it's already said and done.

She'll lose her damn mind if she does.

"Will you take it for me or not?" I ask Kai.

"Fine," he sighs, setting his Kindle aside to take the envelope from me. "But if this gets me into any bullshit, I'm telling Beckett about Tokyo for his fucking book." He narrows his blue eyes on me. "And I'm telling Jameson's girl that you're responsible for whatever is in this envelope."

"I'll tell her myself as soon as the news breaks."

Kai eyes me sideways, and then he shakes his head. "You know what? Whatever it is, I don't even want to know. I'm keeping my big ass out of it."

"Smart man." I smack him on the back and then jog toward the bus where I left Ireland earlier. She was trying to convince Mason to teach her to speak British...whatever the fuck that means. I'm not entirely sure she even knows, but I have a feeling she'll be using every slang word Mason could think up by the end of the day.

I find her outside the bus, talking to Havoc. Laughing with Havoc, actually. What the fuck? Why is everyone always fucking smiling at my wife?

I stomp toward them, scowling daggers at my bodyguard.

He sees me coming, notices the look on my face, and immediately goes stoic. But not before shooting me an amused smirk, as if he thinks it's hilarious that she has me all twisted up in knots. I'm sure he probably does. He's listened to me bitch for months now about girls trying to sneak backstage, into our rooms, or onto the tour bus. He's given me shit about

it more than once. And then here comes this tiny little goddess, and suddenly, I'm singing a different tune.

No, I'm singing a fucking musical.

"You have to tell me all the juicy stories about him, Havoc," Ireland is saying when I walk up behind her. "I have to be able to use it against him. Otherwise, what's the fun of being friends with his bodyguard?"

"You're not making friends with my bodyguard, Ireland," I growl, shutting that bullshit down right now. Hell no. I trust Havoc with my life. But trusting him with my wife? Fuck that.

She spins around when she hears me, lighting up like the sun. "Crue! You're back."

Jesus. She beams like she hasn't seen me all day instead of thirty minutes. Somehow, that makes me feel more like a rockstar than taking the stage every night. What is it about this wild woman that makes me so crazy?

Everything. It's everything.

"Just in time, from the sounds of it," I mutter, tugging her into my arms. "You aren't making friends with Havoc, Ireland." I pause. "Or the crew. Or the band. Or anyone else with a dick, for that matter."

"It's cute you think you have a say in this," she says, patting me on the chest. "But you don't. I'll be friends with whoever I want."

"Uh, the hell you will."

"Do you like sleeping in the same bed as me, Crue? Because you won't be if you keep brassing me off, acting like a numpty by telling me I can't be friends with Havoc and the band." Her smile never falters. That sweet voice never falters. She lays down the law according to Ireland, newly learned Britishisms and all, without missing a beat. I thought Shelby was mildly terrifying, but I think my wife may have her beat.

My dick is rock-hard.

"Inside," I growl, scooping her up into my arms.

She squeaks, clinging to my shoulders as I storm up the steps into the bus with her, Havoc's deep chuckle chasing us up the steps. The door slams behind us. Mason looks up, sees her in my arms, and shakes his head.

"That's my cue to go see a man about a dog," he says, rising to his feet.

"Oh. You don't have to leave," Ireland says.

"Yes, he does."

"Crue!"

I shrug, unrepentant. He doesn't want to hear what's about to happen here.

"He's right," Mason says, grabbing his phone off the table before striding toward the door. "I definitely have to sod off. Have fun. Godspeed. Toodles, fuckers. Whichever."

Ireland giggles, pressing her face to my chest as he slips past us, escaping the bus. I lock the door behind him before carrying her to the nearest chair and planting my ass in it.

"Did you have fun with Mason?"

"Yes. He was very nice and taught me all sorts of British words I plan to use against you."

"Good. Now, tell me to fuck off again," I growl. "But strip that pretty dress off before you do it so I can enjoy the show this time, Éire."

"Crue," she groans. But she's already reaching for the hem of her dress, just as incapable of telling me no as I am of denying her. It's the reason neither of us slept last night. Every time she took a breath, I was ready to go again. And she made damn sure I did...over and over again.

I run my hands up and down her silky thighs as she rips her dress off over her head. With her on my lap, her perfect tits are right in my face. She isn't wearing a bra. Apparently, the dress has one built-in or some shit. Good news for me. I lean forward, pulling one hard nipple into my mouth.

She moans, her head falling back. Already, she's rocking on my lap, instinctively seeking the pleasure she knows I'll give her. I snap the bands on her pants, ripping them away from her body.

"Crue," she gasps. "Stop tearing all my clothes. I need them."

"I'll buy you more." I shove her panties in the pocket of my sweats before slipping my hand between her legs. "Ride my fingers, Ireland."

"Yes," she moans, already rocking against them.

I watch, unable to take my eyes off her as she grips the back of the chair, rolling her hips, moaning my name. She's a goddess above me, taking her pleasure without inhibition. My marks litter her skin, standing in testament to what we did last night.

I twist my wrist, using my thumb to jerk my sweats down while she's riding my fingers. It's not easy, but somehow, I manage to do it. My cock springs free, bouncing against her belly.

"Inside me," she pleads as soon as she feels it. "I want you inside me."

"Then take me, sweet girl. I'm yours." It's the truth. I'm hers, heart, mind, body, and soul, tied to her so tightly that nothing and no one will ever be able to undo the knots or untangle us. She has every piece of me. Every single fucking piece.

She lifts up, positioning me at her entrance. Instead of sinking down, she hovers there, her eyes locked on my face.

"Crue," she whispers.

"Ireland," I whisper back.

"I love you."

I open my mouth to respond, but she slams herself down on me, stealing the words and my breath. All I can do is roar her name as her hot cunt wraps around me like a vise, threatening to send me shooting over the edge.

She throws her head back, crying out in bliss.

I grab her around the waist, burying my face between her tits as we work together, moving her up and down my cock. It's loud and messy and fucking perfect. Christ, she feels even better today than she did last night. Like heaven and home and forever all at once.

Within minutes, she's on the edge, her inner muscles fluttering around my cock.

"Hold it," I growl, bouncing her on my cock as I race to get there too. "Don't fucking come yet."

"Crue, please." She scratches down my arms, her eyes rolling. "I c-can't hold it!"

"Hold it, Ireland. Do not fucking come." I bounce her faster, turning my head to the side to pull her nipple into my mouth. I drag it through my teeth and then bite.

She sobs my name, her nails embedded in my arms.

"Now!" I growl as my the pressure in my balls builds to a fever pitch. "Come now."

She shouts my name, letting go. Her cunt spasms around my cock, pulsing all up and down my shaft. I groan, dropping her down on me and holding her there as the force of her orgasm triggers my own. Cum shoots up my shaft, spilling into her again and again.

I force myself to keep my eyes open, watching her the whole time. She's beautiful in this moment, stripped of every defense and drowning in pleasure. Her lips are slightly parted, her cheeks pink. Strands of her hair stick to her forehead. Her eyes are dazed and glassy. She's a vision. One I don't ever have to share.

"I love you," I whisper, awed at how deep that emotion runs. There's an endless well of it just bubbling over.

"I love you too, Crue."

I wrap her in my arms, pulling her down to kiss me as we both come down. When she's no longer trembling through aftershocks, I pull back, tucking strands of hair behind her ear.

“When the tour ends, I want to marry you again with more than a judge and his wife and daughter standing as our witnesses. I want our friends and family there this time,” I murmur.

“Really?” Her wide-eyed look of wonder steals another little piece of my heart. “You’d marry me again?”

“In a heartbeat, baby.”

A bright, happy smile curves her lips. “Let’s do—”

“Crue!” Havoc pounds on the door. “You’ve got to go, man! There’s a whole group of fans heading this way.”

Fuck.

Ireland jumps off my lap, nearly falling over. I grab her, growling and cursing when my cum drips down her thick thighs. It’s supposed to be inside her. That is where I’m supposed to be right now, too.

I scoop it up with my finger, pushing it back inside her little hole.

“Crue,” she hisses. “We don’t have time for that!”

“We’re making time,” I growl, my gaze flashing to hers.

She gulps, falling silent.

I push my finger in deep, trying to keep as much of it inside her as possible. And then I grab her panties out of my pocket and wipe between her legs to clean her up as best as I can before pulling her dress back on over her head.

“Thank you,” she whispers sweetly.

I brush my lips across her forehead before tucking my cock back into my pants. I have no fucking clue how I’m going to get us out of here without being seen, but I’m not going to stick around and let us be surrounded on the bus, either. That shit is dangerous and terrifying.

I pull the curtains aside an inch to peek out. An entire army of fans have are trying to make their way to the buses. A few security guards are trying to hold them back, but they’re not going to last long.

“Can you run?” I ask Ireland.

“Not very fast or very far.”

“You see that golf cart?” I point at the golf cart the security guards parked halfway between the buses and the fans.

“I see it,” she says.

“We’re stealing it.”

“We are not.”

“We are.”

“They’re going to see us way before we make it to the golf cart, Crue.”

“I know. That’s why I need you to run like the fucking wind, sweet girl.”

She eyes me like I’ve lost my mind, and then she laughs. “Okay, but if we get mobbed, just remember that this was your plan.”

“We’re not going to get mobbed,” I promise, leading her to the bus door. “When I count to three, I’m going to open it. I want you to take off. I’ll be right behind you.”

“Promise?”

“On my life,” I swear.

“Okay.”

I count down and throw the door open. She takes off like a rocket, scrambling down the steps and then flying across the asphalt toward the golf cart. I give her a head start and then jump down, skipping the steps.

“Keep them off of us,” I shout to Havoc, running after her. My feet pound against the ground as I quickly close the distance between us. The fans spot me and start screaming.

The security guards don’t stand a chance in hell of holding them back once they see me. They surge forward as one big group, waving their arms and their signs and shouting.

I pick up speed, catching up to Ireland in four steps. We’re still too far from the golf cart, and they’re closing the distance.

I scoop her up into my arms. She screams with laughter, clinging to my shoulders as I keep running.

“This isn’t supposed to be fun, Éire,” I pant, smiling despite myself. Somehow, running from fans with her is a helluva lot more fun than running from fans with the band.

We make it to the golf cart ahead of the throng. I jump in, setting her on the seat beside me. The keys are still in it, exactly as expected. They never take the keys when trouble is brewing. They pull up, jump out, and handle business.

I crank the engine and hit the gas.

Ireland screams with laughter again as we take off, hauling ass out of there.

“Hey!” Security shouts, chasing us now.

I don’t stop to explain. We just drive.



We spend the rest of the day holed up in the arena with the band, hiding from fans. They’re camped out at the arena and the hotel, making it impossible for us to go anywhere. It’s exactly like old times, except the girls are with us now, and it sucks far less.

I don’t tell anyone that it’s only going to get crazier. They may kill me when they find out what I did. But the truth is, all I did was speed up the inevitable. Sooner or later, the world was going to find out. I just hurried up the timeline.

“What are you working on?” Ireland asks after sound check, dropping down next to me at the piano. “That’s not the same song you were writing yesterday.”

“Nope. This is a new one.”

“Can I hear it?”

“I’ve only got one verse finished, but I’ll play it for you.” I place my fingers back on the keys. I start playing, running through the notes I put together while she was sleeping last night. “Caught in a whirlwind, emotions collide,” I croon to her. “Crashing together, craving more and more. A symphony of passion and desire dances through your eyes as I trace the lines of your body and you set me ablaze. You ignite and I go up in flames. Bound to you. Bound to you.”

“Oh,” she whispers. “That’s really beautiful, Crue.”

“Good because it’s about you.”

She glances up at me, startled.

“I started putting it together last night while you were sleeping.”

“Really?” A happy smile lights her up. “You’re writing a song for me?”

“For you and about you.” I brush my lips across her crown.

“That’s so cool.” She leans her head against my shoulder, humming like a happy little kitten. And then she pops upright. “Hey. Can you teach me to play the piano?”

“Why? Are you going to write me a song?”

“No, but I’ll sing yours really badly if you teach me.”

I chuckle, shaking my head. “In that case, no. You already massacred DTF. Find a different band to pick on, Ireland.”

She gasps in mock outrage, laughing up at me. “Just wait, Crue Blake. I’m going to sing your freaking songs every minute of the day until they haunt you.”

I cast my eyes up toward the ceiling. “God save me. Please.”

She elbows me in the ribs and then squeals when I grab for her.

“Hey, lover boy.” Asher pops his head into the room. “It’s time for sound check.”

“Oh! Then that means it’s time for me to go back to the hotel.” Ireland bounces to her feet. “I need to get pretty for the show tonight.”

“You’re already beautiful, Éire.”

“Yes, but I need to shower and change because of something *someone* did earlier,” she says, shooting me a very pointed look.

Asher glances between the two of us, his brows furrowed. “Is this a sex thing? It feels like a sex thing.”

“It’s not a sex thing,” I growl. “Stop talking about sex around my wife.”

“It’s totally a sex thing,” Ireland whispers.

Asher grins at her.

“Stop fucking smiling at her.”

“Oh, my god!” She pokes me in the ribs. “Stop telling everyone to stop smiling at me! It’s rude.”

“Then they should stop smiling at you,” I grumble, annoyed as fuck because Asher’s still smiling at her.

She scowls at me, and then shakes her head, her scowl fading to a smile as she pushes her way into my arms, flinging hers around me. “You’re impossible, you know that, rockstar?”

“Yeah. You made me this way, Ireland.” I tip my head down, kissing her hard on the mouth. “Go get beautiful for the concert before I decide not to let you leave at all.” She starts to slip out of my arms, but I halt her. “Be careful, sweet girl. It’s crazy out there.”

“I will,” she promises.

Chapter Nine



IRELAND

“**H**OLY MOLY,” I MUTTER, gaping at all the people milling around outside the hotel. It’s a madhouse. Why are there so many of them? Where did they all come from? “Has it been like this the whole tour?”

“On and off,” Shelby says with a sigh as the doorman helps us scurry inside. “As soon as they figure out where the guys are staying, they descend en masse. Sometimes, the guys are able to convince them to leave. Sometimes, they aren’t.”

“Wow.” I knew things were wild, but I guess I never knew how wild they could be. This is...wow. I can’t imagine spending years of my life living like this. And they were just kids when they started, only teenagers. Most of them weren’t even finished with high school yet. It had to be so overwhelming.

It’s overwhelming now, and they’re a lot older. It makes me sad for the kids they were back then...the ones who had no

privacy and no one looking out for what was best for them. They were dollar signs to the label and everyone around them. That's what people saw when they looked at them. They didn't see Crue or Mason or Asher or Jameson or Jax. They saw money and five ways to make more of it.

I'm glad they got out. Really freaking glad.

"How are things going with you and Crue?" Shelby asks once we're on the elevator.

"Good." I fidget with my hands. "Really freaking good."

"Yeah?"

I nod, avoiding her gaze. "He told me that he's in love with me."

"Of course he is, Ireland. And you obviously feel the same way."

"I do," I whisper. "I'm so in love with him it's a little terrifying." I lick my lips. "He wants to get married again after the tour."

"That's great, Ireland!" She bounces forward, flinging her arms around me in a tight hug.

"You'll be my maid of honor, right?" I ask, clinging to her. "I won't do it without you. I feel horrible that you weren't there the first time."

"Um, duh! Of course I'll be right up there beside you," she says, laughing. "There's no way you're getting married a second time without me."

I smile, relieved.

She pulls back, taking a step away. "So you're really giving it a shot, huh?"

"Yes." I swallow hard. "I'm still freaking out about everyone finding out. Part of me still thinks he's going to change his mind when the whole world finds out. I think that part may always worry, you know? I stopped believing in fairytales a long time ago. This feels like a fairytale."

“Well, maybe it’s time for you to start believing again.” Shelby grins at me. “Because this is happening, Ireland. You married your crush, and he’s crazy about you.”

She’s right. It is time for me to start believing again.

“Maybe it’s time for you to start believing, too, Shelby,” I say as the elevator slides to a stop on the top floor.

“Yeah,” she whispers. “Maybe.”



“Come here,” Crue growls, dragging me into the bathroom and slamming the door behind us as soon as we make it backstage. He boosts me up into his arms, pinning me against the wall.

My laugh ends in a moan as his lips come down on mine, a frantic edge to his kiss. He was on fire on stage again tonight, his eyes on me the entire time. I wore the shortest dress in my closet, paired with the highest heels I own, trying to drive him crazy.

I think it worked.

“I need you on my tongue,” he growls, dropping to his knees. “Right fucking now.”

He balances me on his shoulders, yanking my panties to the side. I hold on for dear life as he buries his face in my pussy without another word, growling as he eats me. I try to be quiet. Really, I do. But he’s eating me like I’m his last meal, and I can’t help but moan and whimper and plead.

Especially when I feel his tongue back there.

I shout his name, coming all over his face.

He rises to his feet, tearing through his zipper. Within seconds, he's buried inside me, his fist pounding the wall beside my head as he fucks me hard and fast. I bury my face in his throat, trying to stifle my cries as a second orgasm quickly blooms, throwing me over the edge.

He grunts when my body locks down on him, following me over.

We shake and moan together, riding it out.

"Goddamn," he breathes. "I needed that."

"I couldn't tell," I say drily.

"Smart ass." He nips my shoulder, making me giggle.

I wriggle for him to put me down, but he pins me against the wall. "Where do you think you're going, Éire?"

"We should get out of here before they come looking for us."

"Uh, no. We should stay right here until they give up and stop looking for us," he says, one brow arched. "If they can't find us, I don't have to sign autographs again tonight."

"Who says you'll have to sign?"

"History, Ireland. A very long, very sordid history." He tips my chin back, kissing me. "I'm fucking terrible at Rock, Paper, Scissors."

I laugh against his lips, more than willing to stay right here until the freaking cows come home if that's what he wants. I'd do anything for this incredible man. Anything.



“Jesus Christ,” he growls an hour later as we pull up outside of the hotel. “This is chaos.”

“Uh-huh,” I whisper, shocked at the sheer number of people milling around outside. There are so many of them that the police have put up a barricade. I count no less than four news vans parked on the street. It wasn’t like this when Shelby and I left.

This is fifty times worse than it was then.

I pull my phone out of my pocket, dialing my sister.

“Hello?” she says, sounding out of breath.

“Hey. Um, have you been to the hotel yet?”

“Not yet. Why?”

“It’s a madhouse.”

“I know. We were there earlier, remember?”

“Yeah, this is not like it was earlier.” I snap a quick picture and send it. “Check your texts.”

“Hang on.” She fumbles around with her phone and then I hear her sharp intake of breath. “Holy crap. What happened?”

“I don’t know.” I open a browser and type in the band’s name to see what I can pull up. Surely, someone knows why they’re all here now.

As soon as the results load, my stomach sinks like a stone.

Hitched to the Boy Band: Crue Blake Married in Chicago!

“Oh no,” I whisper, my hands shaking.

“What?” Shelby asks.

“What’s wrong?” Crue asks at the same time.

“The news,” I choke out, tears filling my eyes as panic surges through me. My worst nightmare is playing out right now. It’s too soon. I haven’t had enough time. This isn’t long enough to sustain me for the rest of my life. I was supposed to have more time with him before it all falls apart. “T-they know.”

“Shit.” Crue unlatches my belt, lifting me into his arms.

The phone falls from my numb hands, landing in my lap. He grabs it, putting it to his ear. “Shelby? She’ll call you later. She and I need to talk and then we’re going to talk to the press,” he says.

“You can’t talk to the press!” Shelby shouts. “Are you crazy?”

“I’m not hiding her,” he growls. “She’s my wife. And I’m the one who sent in the tip about our marriage.”

Shelby goes silent.

Shock jolts my system. He’s the one who told the world? Why? Why would he do that?

“She’ll call you later,” he says and then hangs up on my sister before dropping my phone to the seat beside him. “Look at me, Éire.”

“I...” I shake my head, afraid I’m going to cry if I look at him. “I don’t understand,” I whisper. “Why would you do this, Crue?”

“Look at me, Ireland.”

I reluctantly lift my gaze to him, sad and confused and afraid and a million different things that just make me want to freaking cry. I knew sooner or later they’d find out about us and our bubble would burst. I’ve been bracing myself for it since he told me we were married. But I never expected that he’d be the one who tipped them off. I never thought it’d be this soon.

“Last night, you told me you were afraid that all of this would end when they found out about us,” he says, holding my gaze. “I’m not going to let you live with that fear, Ireland.”

“So you just decided to go ahead and break my heart now?” I cry. “You could have done it before you slept with me, Crue. Or before you told me that you loved me.” I glare at him. “Or before I asked my sister to be my maid of honor at our second wedding.”

“You asked Shelby to be your maid of honor?”

“It doesn’t matter now.”

“It matters more than ever, Éire,” he disagrees. “I’m not going anywhere, and neither are you. I didn’t tell them because I’m leaving you. I didn’t tell them because I want this to end. I told them because I want you to know that this is permanent. We’re forever, sweet girl. It doesn’t matter who knows because it won’t change a goddamn thing about us.”

“You don’t know that,” I whisper.

“I do know that. I know you, and I know how I feel about you. That’s not going to change today, tomorrow, or fifty years from now.” He cups my cheek, running his hand beneath the bottom of my glasses. “You stole my fucking heart, and you’re not giving it back, Ireland. I won’t accept it. It’s yours, baby. It’ll always be yours.”

“Crue.” A tear slips down my cheek. “Are you serious? There’s a no-return policy on your heart?”

“Yeah, Éire.” He grins at me. “There’s a no-return policy. So I’m going to need you to stop crying because it’s breaking me. And we have a statement to make to all those people out there before I can get you alone.”

I stare at him for a long moment, trying to process and pull myself together. He means it, I know he does. I think the biggest part of me has known from the beginning that this was permanent for him too. But when you have something that means so much to you, you’re afraid to lose it. That’s human nature.

We cling tight to the things we love, terrified that they’ll slip through our fingers. And I don’t want this man slipping through mine. I don’t want to wake up without him. I don’t want to go to sleep without him. I don’t want to spend my days without him. I don’t want to be without him, period.

I understand the song he was writing on the bus the other day. Maybe a little too well. Because if I ever lost him, I don’t think I’d be able to breathe either. But that’s not the future in store for either of us.

Ours is bright. How can it not be with a freaking superstar lighting the way?

“Let’s do it,” I whisper.

“Yeah?”

“Yeah.” I nod, throwing caution to the wind and letting it carry the rest of my fear away with it as I slip my hand into his. He rewards me with my favorite lazy smirk, pulling open the door to the limo.

I let him pull me out...and lead me into our forever.



“You’re all mine now, sweet girl,” he breathes thirty minutes later, crawling over me in our bed. We’re both naked, our clothes in a heap on the floor. They landed there as soon as we crossed the threshold.

The whole world knows about us now...or they will as soon as they log online. He made his statement to the stations outside the hotel with me in his arms. Yes, the news is true. Yes, we’re married. Yes, he’s happier than he’s ever been. They shouted a million questions at us. He didn’t answer any of them. He said what he had to say, kissed me as dozens of cameras recorded the moment, and then swung me up into his arms, carrying me inside.

The hotel staff and the police made a human shield behind us, blocking the entrance to the hotel after we went in. I don’t think anyone else will be getting in anytime soon.

“Just now?” I ask Crue, looping my arms around his neck. “That’s odd. I thought I was all yours all along.”

He dips his head, nibbling on my lips. “Oh, you’ve definitely been mine all along. Even your diary knows it. But now you’re stuck in this room with me, and we don’t have another show until the day after tomorrow.” His lips slide down my throat. “You aren’t leaving this bed, Éire. Not until I decide to let you.”

“I support this plan,” I groan.

“Good to know.” He pulls my nipple into his mouth, sucking hard. “But it wasn’t really a negotiation.”

“Bossy.”

“Mmhmm.” He moves to the other breast. “And you fucking love it.”

He’s right. I do love it. There isn’t a single thing about this man that doesn’t set me on fire or make me ache. And I get to spend the rest of my life loving him.

I know. My life is awesome.

Want my advice?

If a heartthrob offers you his heart, be the kind of girl who takes it.

Epilogue



CRUE

FIVE YEARS LATER

“Daddy!” Olivia tugs on my collar, her little eyes wide as I carry her in the front door. “You’re on the wadio again!”

“I hear that,” I murmur, fighting a grin as I hear one of *Soul Obsession’s* old songs spilling through the house. I’m not surprised. Ireland’s still a diehard fangirl. I think she will be until the day she dies. It doesn’t bother me in the least. I think it’s cute as hell that she finds so much joy in the music that was such a huge part of my life for so long.

It’s been a long time since that was true, but it’ll always be part of my story. It’s the part that led me to her. And, despite everything, it’s the part I find myself intensely grateful for often. I live a privileged life because of the band. My family wants for nothing. I choreograph when I want, write music when I want, and spend the rest of my time chasing my gorgeous little wife around it.

Not everyone is as fortunate. I know how lucky I am. I don't take it for granted. Not a day goes by that I don't say a prayer of gratitude for the band, my wife, and the incredible life we have. Things were wild while we were on tour, especially after the news broke and me and Ireland. Our faces were all over the internet and the news for a while. But eventually, it died down.

Oddly, it didn't feel nearly as invasive or infuriating the second time around. Perhaps because there weren't any stories to tell or lies to spread. There was no coming between Ireland and me. Nothing ever will.

I know the rest of the guys feel the same way about their wives. Their lives are just as full as mine. We may not be hitting the road together anymore, but we're still family. We keep in touch. Sometimes, we even get back together for old times' sake. I wouldn't change a goddamn thing.

"Put me down, Daddy," Olivia demands, wriggling in my arms. "I wanna dance with Mama."

I crouch, placing our four-year-old on her feet. She immediately takes off toward the kitchen, following Ireland's off-key voice. I follow behind her, already grinning at the thought of watching the two of them dance together. It's a weekly occurrence, but it never grows old.

"Hi, sweet baby!" Ireland cries, scooping Olivia up for kisses as soon as she spots our daughter.

"I wanna dance, mama!"

"Oh, you wanna dance, do you?" An impish grin overtakes my wife's face as she dips our daughter backward, spinning her around the kitchen.

Olivia squeals with happiness, her red hair flying out behind her. Ireland picks up the words of the song, crooning to our daughter as she spins and dips and twirls around the kitchen as if they don't have a care in the world.

I scoop our eleven-month-old, Miles, out of his high chair to kiss him. He places one grubby hand against my cheek,

grinning. I'm guessing his two-year-old brother, Otis, is napping.

"Hi, buddy," I murmur. "Are you watching your mama dance?"

"Momomomomom," he jabbars at me, and then spies the snacks on his tray and reaches for them, hungry like always.

I chuckle, buckling him back into his seat, and then turn to watch Ireland and Olivia, a big grin stretched across my face. They're the worst dancers I've ever seen in my life. Neither of them could dance on the beat if their lives depended on it. But they're some of the best, too. If dance is about freedom and beauty, they've nailed that part.

"Come dance, daddy!" Olivia demands, holding out one little hand.

"Yeah," Ireland says, those green eyes shining as she spins around to face me. "Come dance with us, Crue."

I don't tell them no. Of course, I don't. I'm wrapped around their little fingers. Happily.

I spin them around the kitchen, keeping a close eye on Ireland, who I suspect is pregnant again. She hasn't figured it out yet. But I know her body better than I know myself. I spend every night worshipping at her feet. She's a week late... and she's never late unless she's carrying one of my babies.

I won't ruin the surprise for her, though. I'll keep it to myself and let her figure it out so she can tell me. She loves finding ways to spring the news on me. Almost as much as she loves begging me to give her a baby when she's ready for another one. I'm not sure which of us burns hotter when she's pleading with me to breed her. Her? Me? We both live for that shit.

The song ends, and I pull Ireland into my arms to kiss her.

"No!" Olivia squeals, squirming until Ireland puts her down.

As soon as her feet touch the floor, she's off again, running to find her next big adventure. She's just like her mom, full of life and always on the move.

“Hi, rockstar,” Ireland whispers, grinning at me as I seam her body to mine.

“Hi,” I whisper back and then devour her lips.

“Maybe I should send you to school pickup more often if I get kisses like that when you get home,” she says when I let her up for air.

“Fuck school pickup, Éire.” I narrow my eyes on her. “You didn’t tell me the line was eighteen years long.”

“Oops.” She smirks at me.

“You also didn’t tell me that there are two lines.”

“There are two lines?”

“Yeah. Apparently, parents with special needs kids get the shorter line. I saw it and thought I hit the jackpot. And then some cranky lady with a whistle tried to blow my eardrums to inform me that I was in the wrong line. I had to drive all the way back around the school to get in the right line,” I grumble. “Fuck school pickup. It’s way too fucking complicated.”

“It’s not complicated, Crue,” she says, laughing. “You pull up, wait in line, and they bring her out to you.”

“Yeah, unless you get in the wrong damn line. And then you get yelled at by a cranky lady in a reflective vest.”

“She yelled at you?”

“Yes, she yelled at me. She said maybe I need to go back to school and learn how to read since I can’t read the damn letters on her vest that said special needs line. So I told her maybe she needed a brighter fucking vest so we could actually see the damn letters. The whole line heard us.”

Ireland presses her lips together, trying hard not to laugh.

“You might as well go ahead and laugh. Half the damn parents in line were laughing.”

“I’m not laughing,” she says, choking on laughter.

“Oh, really?”

“Really.”

“Is that why your face is so red?”

“It’s hot in here.”

“You’re such a liar.”

She gives up trying to contain it and doubles over, wheezing with laughter. “Oh, my god, Crue. You got into an argument with the special needs traffic line lady. You can’t ever go back there again.”

“Yeah? Well, I told her that you’re the one who sent me to that line,” I lie.

“You didn’t,” she gasps, her laughter drying up as her eyes practically bug out of her head.

“Oh, I did.”

“Crue!” She launches herself at me like a little demon, practically climbing my body. “Oh, my god. I’m going to strangle you! Now, neither of us can go back there. We’re going to have to move schools!”

I catch her to me, swinging her around until she’s in my arms bridal style, unable to follow through on her threats to murder me. And then I grin down at her. “I love how easily you fall for my bullshit.”

“Oh, thank God.” She relaxes in my arms. “I thought you were serious. Olivia loves her school. I love her school. Stop giving me angina, Crue.”

“I’ve got something to give you, sweet girl. And it’s not angina.”

“Crue,” she groans, rolling her eyes toward the baby. “Not in front of the baby.”

“Oh, I’m not going to give it to you in front of the baby, Éire. We’re going to wait until the kids are asleep.” I dip my head, brushing my lips across hers. “And then I’m going to give it to you all night.”

She moans, biting my bottom lip. “Fine. But you get to do drop-off in the morning, then. I have an interview for the blog.”

“Yeah? With who?”

“A drummer named Memphis Hughes.”

Oh, fuck my life. It’s been five years, and there are still far too damn many men around my wife.

“Yeah, absolutely not,” I say. “I’ll be going to that bullshit with you.”

She sighs, rolling her eyes. “I know. I told him we’d be there at ten.”

“Good girl.” I grin at her.

“You’re lucky I love you.”

“I know.” I brush my lips across her forehead. “Real damn lucky, Éire.”

“Yeah,” she whispers. And then she touches my cheek, smiling. “I’m pretty lucky, too, you know.”

“Nah, baby. I’m married to the prettiest little goddess this side of forever. You’re stuck with my ass. I’m the lucky one here.”

“Crue.” Her expression goes soft. “I love you.”

My eyes drift closed, those three little words hitting me right in the heart just like they always do. Even after five years, they still haven’t lost their power over me. I don’t think they ever will. Somehow, some way, I convinced her to stay.

I’m not lucky. I’m fucking blessed.

Author's Note

THANKS SO MUCH FOR reading Crue and Ireland's story!

You can check out Crue's brother's story, The Billionaire's Big Bold Wonder [here](#).

You can find the next Galentine's Groupie, Banging the Drummer by Kat Baxter, [here](#).

In the mood for more steamy romantic comedy? Check out [Truly Mine](#), the first book in the hilarious Carmichael Security series!

Galentine's Groupies



When former boy band heartthrobs, Soul Obsession, announce their long-awaited reunion tour, a group of friends seize the chance for an epic girls' getaway following the tour from city to city.

Backstage passes help them rediscover their sisterhood... until sparks fly between the gal pals and the guys in the band. Suddenly, this reunion tour becomes a harmony of the heart, where new romance blossoms. Soul Obsession's farewell tour is about to become the love note of the year.

Eight of your favorite instalove authors are taking you on a rom-com adventure to remember this Galentine's Day. Grab your girlfriends, get your tickets, and prepare to swoon!

[Burning for the Bodyguard](#) by Violet Rae

[Access All Areas](#) by Cassie Mint

[Bad Boy's Convenient Wife](#) by Mayra Statham:

[Hitched to the Heartthrob](#) by Nichole Rose:

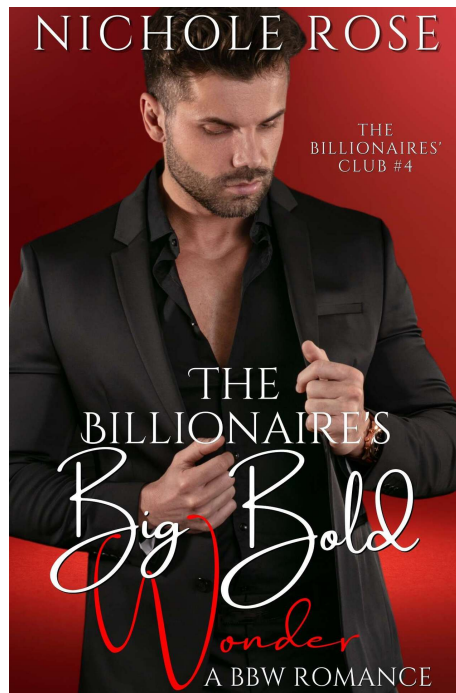
[Banging the Drummer](#) by Kat Baxter

[Boy Band Baby Bump](#) by Fern Fraser

[Rocked by the Roadie](#) by Eve London

[Rescuing the Superstar](#) by Loni Ree

*The Billionaire's Big Bold
Wonder*



Can one magical night and two big secrets add up to forever for this billionaire and his curvy girl?

Cortez Blake

I fell hard for Piper's sassy attitude and gorgeous curves. We had one magical night together, and then she disappeared. She never even told me her last name. I turned the city upside down looking for her, but I never thought I'd find her again. Until I spotted her entering an upscale hotel in Chattanooga. Now, I'll stop at nothing to make her mine forever. There's only one problem. Come tomorrow, I won't be the moderately successful man she met two months ago. I'll be one of the biggest billionaires in the state.

Piper Daniels

I never meant to become a walking, talking cliché, but I did it anyway. I gave my V-Card to a handsome man I met in a bar...and promptly fell in love. Except when I woke up the next morning, he was gone. I promised myself I'd forget all about him. Until two pink lines changed everything. Now, he's standing in the middle of the hotel where I work,

and I'm still reeling.

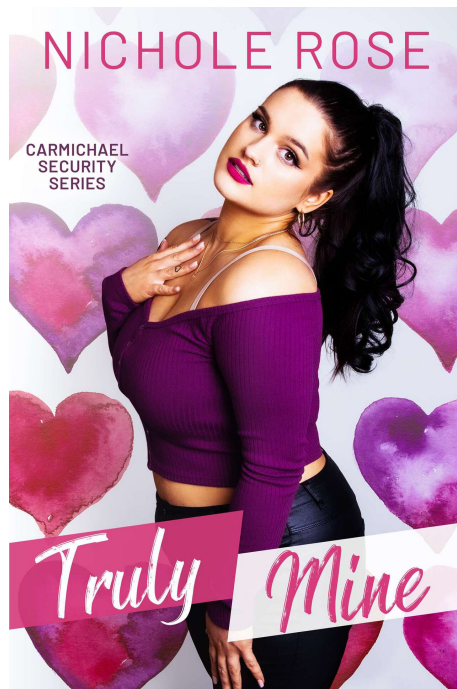
He touches me, and I want to get lost in him.

But he disappeared on me once already.

Can I really trust that he won't leave me and our little secret
all over again?

[NOW AVAILABLE.](#)

Truly Mine



When the man of her dreams decides to fight fire with fire, this curvy girl might just go down in flames...

Zayne Carmichael

The moment I set eyes on Emma Cooper, I knew she was meant to be mine.

Unfortunately, my shy little lamb loves the word no.

She's been rejecting me since day one.

So I'm breaking out the big guns and fighting fire with fire.

She's got too much on her shoulders.

Mine were made to support her hectic world.

By the end of the week, this curvy goddess will be mine.

Even if I have to lie my way into her life and charm her whole damn family first.

Emma Cooper

Hot, bossy, and relentless. That's Zayne Carmichael.

And the crazy man has his sights set on me.

He has no clue just how different our lives really are.

He owns his own private security company.

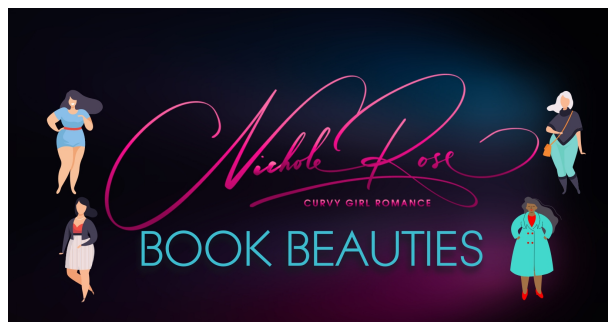
I spend half of every day chasing after my grandma and her sister.

Believe me, it's more complicated than it sounds. They're both eighty going on eighteen.

I *know* Zayne's lying when he says I'm in danger, but he insists on following me anyway.

Fine. He wants to play that game? I'll let him.
If he hasn't fled by the end of the day, it'll be a miracle.
There's just one problem.
The longer I spend with him, the less I want him to flee.
Truly Mine is [available now](#).

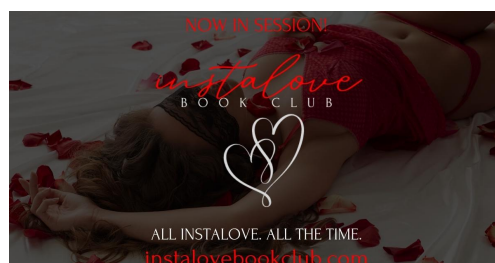
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The Billionaire's Big Bold Weakness

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The Billionaire's Big Bold Woman

The Billionaire's Big Bold Wonder

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Love Bites

Come Undone

Dripping Pearls

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Dirty Boy

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Tempted by December

Devil's Deceit

A Bride for the Beast (writing with Fern Fraser)

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Pretty Little Mess

Dear Mr. Dad Bod

Easy on Me

Easy Ride

Easy Surrender

One Night with You

Falling Hard

Model Behavior

Learning Curve

Angel Kisses

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Daddy for Davina

writing with Loni Ree as Loni Nichole

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Razor's Flame
Ryker's Reward
Zane's Rebel
Oral Arguments
Grizz's Passion
Garrett's Obsession
The Daddy Claus
Submitting to Slade

About Nichole Rose



Three-time award-winning author Nichole Rose writes filthy romance for curvy readers. Her books feature headstrong, sassy women and the alpha males who consume them. From

grumpy detectives to country boys with attitude to instalove and over-the-top declarations, nothing is off-limits.

Nichole is sure to have a steamy, sweet story just right for everyone. She fully believes the world is ugly enough without trying to fit falling in love into a one-size-fits-all box.

When not writing, Nichole enjoys fine wine, cute shoes, and everything supernatural. She is happily married to the love of her life and is a proud mama to the world's most ridiculous fur-babies. She and her husband live in Arkansas.

You can learn more about Nichole and her books at authornicholeroose.com.

