

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

LONI REE



How did rescuing  
the superstar turn  
into a panty raid?!

RESCUING THE

*Superstar*

RESCUING THE  
*Superstar*

LONI REE

## Rescuing the Superstar



**What could be better than getting to meet your celebrity crush?**

How about rescuing him from a horde of hungry groupies.

What started as a pretty good day shot straight to spectacular in the blink of an eye.

And it just keeps getting better and better.

Because not only did I save Asher Forbes from a fate worse than death by sticking my tongue down his throat, it appears I also stole his heart.

Not too shabby for a curvy girl looking to spend a little time with some of her oldest friends while attending the hottest concert in town.

**If you like curvy girl, rockstar, over-the-top, insta-love romance with a little bit of humor, and very little drama this Loni Ree short story is**

**perfect for you.**

# Rescuing the Superstar

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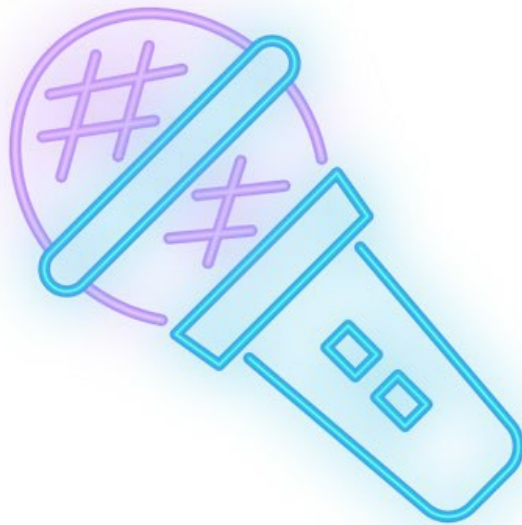
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# Prologue

## Asher



I MUST'VE LOST MY GODDAMN MIND. WHY DID I AGREE TO THIS FUCKING reunion tour?

Oh, yeah. Because the record company bigwigs dangled the “get out of jail free” card in front of my nose. All I have to do is get through this fucking tour, and I make big bucks and never have to deal with their greedy asses again. Too bad, I already have more work on my plate than I'll ever be able to keep up with.



I stare at the window, watching my bandmates' reflections behind me while the plot twist I'm adding to my latest romantic suspense novel takes root in my mind.

I'm mentally filing away my idea while watching Crue, the band's heartthrob, as he leans nonchalantly against the wall.

My eyes move over to Jax, sitting on the sofa, strumming his guitar like he doesn't have a care in the world.

Jameson, the band's crooner, screws around on his phone while Mason, our dancer and drummer, taps his fingers on the table, never missing a beat of the rhythm.

Crue clears his throat to get our attention, and I take a deep breath before turning to my friends.

"Alright, ladies, gather round. 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." His "asshole in charge" attitude returns in force.

"Who put you in charge, Crue? Last I checked, this wasn't a dictatorship," Jax grumbles, causing Crue to roll his eyes.

"Fine, we'll take a vote. All in favor of me leading this meeting, say "aye."

"Aye," I pipe in first, ready to get this shit over with so I can get back to the hotel and get a few words in before I fall into bed exhausted. None of my bandmates—scratch that—no one except my literary agent and editor know I'm a romantic suspense author. With my first book slated for release two months after this tour ends, I'm keeping my cards close to my chest on this one. Honestly, I'm not sure I'll ever let my bandmates in on my little secret. Especially if my second career path tanks big time.

"Aye. Let's just get this over with," Jameson grumbles.

“Aye.” Mason sighs.

“Excellent.” Crue already knew it was a foregone conclusion, but the fucker has to be a dick. “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 lives to be our resident asshole.

“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.” Crue gets to business.

“Agreed. Can I sit out for that one this time? 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,” Mason asks.

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

“That's the dream.” Mason doesn't let Jax's asshole attitude get to him one bit.

“A proctologist appointment sounds more appealing to me than synchronized dancing.” I can't help but add my two cents.

“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? Doesn't that count for something?” Crue puts on his Molly Sunshine hat.

“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 reminds us of what we're setting ourselves up for.

“It sounds like hell.” I’m regretting my decision to go on this fucking tour for the millionth time today. “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.” Crue’s optimism isn’t catching.

“Says you! 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.” Jax struggled a lot more than the rest of us, and ten years hasn’t erased the trauma one bit for him, it seems.

“Only because you kept feeding it to them! 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?” Crue finally gets fed up with Jax’s *poor me* shit.

“I was nineteen, man! What was I supposed to be doing, knitting sweaters and baking cookies?” Jax throws his hands up in the air.

“Cookies sound good right now.” My stomach growls as I cut in, hoping to ease some of the tension.

“You do knit a mean scarf, Jax.” Mason follows my lead.

“Shut up,” Jax growls, unimpressed with us.

“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 pipes in.

One thought races through my mind and I blurt it out, “I’m ready to be done with all this shit.”

“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,” Crue insists.

“Just say you miss the limelight, man,” Jax mutters.

“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,” I admit. While I have great memories, there are other no-so-great things I can't forget. Oh. Another great plot twist for my second book pops into my mind, and I barely listen to the rest of the conversation as my mind whirls with ideas.

“Crue is right.” Jameson looks back and forth between us. “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 smirks.

“Naturally. Comes with the crooner territory.” Jameson winks.

“Can you guys focus?” Crue draws everyone's attention back to himself. “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.”

The fucker actually makes sense. Shit. “Just so you know, it kills me to admit you're right,” I begrudgingly concede.

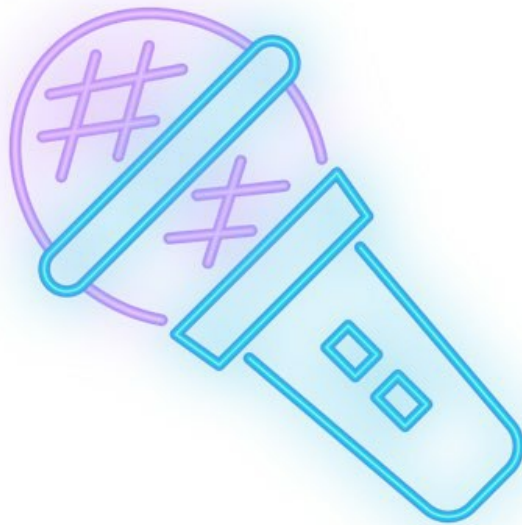
“We did kick ass together,” Jax agrees.

“So, are we good? We gonna bring the fire one last time for our fans?” Crue practically beams.

“Let’s light this shit up!” Jameson claps his hands together.

# Chapter 1

# Asher



*WHAT THE FUCK DID I GET MYSELF INTO?* I ASK FOR THE MILLIONTH TIME SINCE the beginning of this goddamn tour. The next several months stretch out before me like an unending nightmare. When I agreed to one last Soul Obsession tour, I told myself it would be a quick way to give our band's story an end, plus I'd make a few more bucks to put in the bank.

But I've regretted my decision every single day since. For one, our story will never end no matter how many reunion tours we go on. Two, I already have more money than I can ever spend in this fucking lifetime. And finally, I'm

already over this goddamn tour and everything that goes along with touring.

I knew it was a bad idea to commit to this shit, but some crazy little voice in the back of my mind told me going on the road would change my life forever. I've been feeling restless for years. Like something important is missing from my life and I can't figure out what it is.

I started writing as a way to "find myself," but so far all I've found is a possible new career. I know there's something out there, something I'm missing that I need to make my life complete, but whatever it is, it's doing a damn good job of being elusive.

Nearly halfway through this tour and I'm still waiting for my premonition to come true, but no huge life changes seem to be on my horizon. I'm getting grumpier and harder to live with by the day.

Throughout the American leg of the tour, I've gotten a firsthand view of two of my bandmates and our head of security falling hard and fast for their soulmates. Shelby, our tour manager, has a whole gang of friends who've been following us for years. Every time a new girl meets up with the tour, *BAM!*, one of my bandmates or one of our employees falls head over heels for the new addition. It's been crazy and, I'm not going to lie, a little spooky.

At first, I held out hope that maybe my soulmate was waiting at the next stop, but so far, I've been disappointed. It seems the missing piece I've been searching for is never coming, and I'm jealous as hell that I haven't been hit over the head with the love-at-first-sight bug that seems to be plaguing our tour.

As I walk through the hotel lobby, I glance around and breathe a sigh of relief that no one is paying any attention to me. I pull my hat down over my eyes and step out into the cloudy New York afternoon.

We arrived here late last night and settled into the hotel. I woke up early so



I'd have time to get lost in one of the biggest cities in the world before I put on my Asher Forbes, lead singer hat. Tonight, we have a long practice and all the shit that comes with promoting the gig, but today is mine to enjoy.

I figure New York is bulging at the seams with celebrities, so hopefully, no one will pay attention to me.

My phone buzzes in my pocket as I jog down the steps to the subway. I see my bodyguard's ugly mug flash across the screen and debate letting it go to voicemail. Feeling compliant for once in my life, I answer with, "Hello, you have reached Asher's voicemail. He isn't around, but if you leave a message, he'll ignore it in the order it was received."

"Cut the shit, asshole. Where the fuck are you?" I wince as Evan's growl pierces my eardrum. He's getting tired of me ditching his ass, but I don't care. I hate having a shadow forced upon me.

For ten fucking years, I've lived my life quietly out of the limelight. I miss being able to do just about anything without anyone giving a shit. Hell, if I want to eat ice cream at noon in my goddamn birthday suit, I should be able to do so without anyone around to see me.

After our band broke up, I bought a nice little cabin on a lake in a small town in Texas and disappeared from sight. The rest of the residents in the tiny town are either rich assholes from nearby Houston, looking to escape their hectic lives, or they're nice, down-to-earth people living a quiet life in the country. No one gives two shits that a former boy band member is living a few miles away. And I love it that way.

Now, I'm back in the limelight, feeling like a bug under a microscope. I should feel guilty that I'm taking my frustration out on my bodyguard, but Evan can take it. His first words to me the night we met were, "I'd really hate to take a bullet for you so stay the fuck out of trouble."

“The term you’re looking for is boss, not asshole.” We both know it’s a lie. He works for Ryder Operations Security. I’m just the unlucky fucker he’s being paid to babysit.

“Xander is my boss; you’re a pain in my goddamn ass,” he growls. “Now, I’m going to ask one more time. Where the fuck are you?”

“I’m out enjoying my day. Alone. Take the day off. Maybe use the time to see about getting a personality transplant.” I’m being an asshole, but I don’t care. I’m so fucking over this goddamn tour and everything that goes with it.

“Tell me where you are right now or I swear I’m going to put a tracker on your ass.”

“Sorry, but no. I’ll have to take a pass on your generous offer.” I hang up before the fucker is able to argue with me anymore and kill my positive vibe. I turn off my phone and slip it into my pocket. That should keep him from blowing up my phone and ruining my day out.

I spend the new few hours exploring the city and forgetting my problems before heading back to the hotel. I’m a little surprised when I walk through the lobby without catching sight of my asshole bodyguard.

I push the elevator button and step in when the doors open. After smiling at the elderly couple that steps on after me, I push the button for my floor and lean against the wall.

I pull out my phone and turn it on to see how many messages I have. I’m so caught up in reading Evan’s threats that I barely pay attention when the elevator stops. The elderly couple steps off before someone else enters the tiny mirror-lined elevator.

My nose perks up when I get a whiff of the sweetest fucking scent I’ve ever smelled. I look up from my phone screen and get the fucking shock of my

goddamn life.

Standing less than three feet away from me is Aphrodite come to life. Fucking hell. There goes my cock. I pray the faded denim of my jeans holds the fucker back as it steadily turns hard as a rock. She's goddamn tiny with abundant curves that call to me.

A vision passes through my mind of digging my hands into her luscious hips while slamming my cock deep into her sweet pussy from behind. Fucking hell. I don't even know my goddess' name, but I'm ready to fuck her until neither of us can stand.

I turn off the dirty fantasies before I come in my jeans like a schoolboy and finish checking the gorgeous goddess out.

Her silky dark blonde hair is pulled up in a ponytail, exposing her long, graceful neck, and I suddenly have the urge to run my tongue along her silky skin to see if it's as soft as it appears.

I know I'm staring at her like an idiot, but my tongue glued itself to the roof of my mouth the second I laid eyes on her heart-shaped face sprinkled with adorable freckles.

Alarm bells sound in the back of my mind, but I ignore them and take her in. Her brown doe-eyes meet mine and widen as she bites down her plump bottom lip. My heart nearly fucking explodes in my chest at the sight. In that instant, I know my wait is over. My fucking perfect little soulmate is standing right in front of me.

*Do something before she thinks you're a dumbass.* "Hi." I smile and follow my inner voice's command. "I'm Asher."

Before my goddess can respond, the elevator doors open, and my worst nightmare comes to life. "ASHER!"

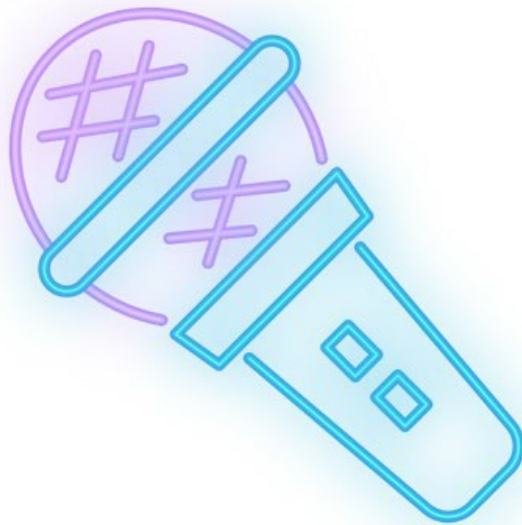
We both look up at the screeching horde of women standing right outside the elevator. Fuck my life. Don't I have a bodyguard to keep this shit from happening?

Oh, yeah. I ducked out and lost the fucker.

Isn't it just my luck that I find my soulmate at the exact same moment Karma bites me in the ass and leaves me to fend off a hungry crowd of wannabee groupies without the help of my bodyguard?

## Chapter 2

# Brielle



OH, MY. ASHER FORBES IS EVEN HOTTER UP CLOSE. AND WAY THE HECK taller than I'd expected. His navy-blue t-shirt and faded jeans fit him like a second skin. Growing up, I had pictures of him plastered all over my room, but the young man in those images didn't hold a candle to the very grown-up man standing in front of me now.

He's much taller and way the heck more muscular than I remember from my teenage fantasies.

I look up into his dark brown eyes and notice a slight gold ring around the irises before I continue my scrutiny of real-life Asher Forbes. The faint lines running from the edge of his almond-shaped eyes give him an older, more worldly look. As my eyes eat him up, I feel a tingling in my virgin lady bits.

This Asher Forbes might be years older than the younger version of him on posters lining my teenage self's room, but he's way the heck more dangerous to my heart than the younger version.

He leans close to me, and I feel a drop of sweat slide down my back as I fight the urge to melt into a puddle of goo at his feet.

Grumbling from behind me drags my attention from Asher to the very large crowd of women standing outside the elevator, all of them shouting his name. I glance over my shoulder and realize they're all looking at him like he's going to be their next meal.

"This can't be happening. Fuck," he mutters, glancing over my head at the large number of female fans standing in the hall.

I suddenly have the urge to rescue Asher. Before I'm able to think better of my plan, I wrap my arms around his waist and throw my body against his. I find myself reaching way the heck up to drag Asher's face down to mine. I see the shocked expression on his face as I press my lips tight against his.

He groans in the back of his throat as the murmurs from the crowd outside the elevator take an angry tone.

Asher ignores the livid women right outside the elevator and pulls me tighter against his hard body before slamming his hand against the wall.

Through the buzzing in my ears, I hear the elevator doors slide shut behind me and realize he must've hit the button to close the doors. My mind shuts down completely as I melt against his yummy body.

Once the elevator starts moving, I tell myself I've managed to rescue him so I should put an end to our kiss. I really intend to step back from him. I even give a half-hearted push against his hard chest, but he has other plans. He presses another button, and we jerk to a stop.

The sudden jolt pulls me from my Asher fog, and I'm finally able to pull my lips away from his. As I lean back to stare up into his dark brown eyes, I manage to mumble past my dry lips, "Why did you do that?"

"So I could do this without anyone watching." He pulls me back against his muscular chest and continues our kiss. No, this isn't just a kiss. He devours my lips while his tongue slides along mine. My heart nearly beats out of my chest as I let him seduce my mouth.

I lose my mind and track of time as Asher Freaking Forbes kisses me to within an inch of my life. My bones turn to goo when he rubs his very prominent masculine hardness against my belly. Oh, man. This is getting out of hand.

I'm drawing on all my reserves, attempting to pull back from his toe-curling kiss, when a loud buzzing echoes through the elevator. Asher ignores it the first two times the noise comes through but not the third.

He ends the kiss and lays his forehead against mine. "Fucking hell," he grumbles and reaches into his pocket for his cell phone. "This had better be life or death."

I hear someone speaking on the other end but can't make out what they're saying. "Fucking hell," Asher growls again. "Asshole, you don't have to remind me. I know I already said that." It's hard to understand what's going on with only one side of the conversation. "Okay," he barks and hangs up the phone before glancing down into my eyes. "I guess pushing the stop button was a mistake." He smirks ruefully. "Security called my bodyguard to let him



know we're stuck in the elevator."

"Wow. That really happened fast." I mean, we can't have been stuck for more than a few minutes. Right? Or did Asher Forbes' kiss just fry all my brain circuits?

"Too fucking fast," he agrees and presses a button, which sends us moving steadily up.

I step away from him and hastily try to make myself look a little less kiss-rumpled or something to that effect.

When the doors open, I'm completely mortified to find Shelby, Xander, Crue, and a massive scowling dude I assume is a bodyguard. "Why is the welcoming committee here?" Asher wraps his massive hand around mine and leads me out of the elevator.

"Brielle, are you okay?" Shelby attempts to step between me and Asher, but he isn't having it.

As I smile and nod my head to reassure my friend, he pulls me closer to his side before leaning over to whisper, "Brielle is a beautiful name for a stunning goddess." And just like that, my heart and my virgin girly parts melt into a puddle of goo. I forget all about everyone else in the hallway as an Asher fog wraps around me.

The angry head of security interrupts my moment to growl at Asher. "You're a dick." Xander doesn't mince his words. "If ditching your bodyguard and spending the day out unprotected wasn't enough, you had to cause a near riot when you started making out in front of the group of rabid fans before closing the elevator in their faces."

I snap out of my fog, realizing I can't let Asher take all the blame for the kiss. "The kiss was all my fault. I thought I could rescue him from the crowd if I

acted like we were in the elevator together. I kissed him.”

Four sets of shocked eyes turn toward me before Asher steps between me and them. “I shut the goddamn door in their faces to protect my woman,” he growls and tugs me close before turning to glare at Xander. “I thought your bodyguards were supposed to make sure the fans couldn’t accost us in the elevator.”

“My fucking bodyguards can’t do their job if assholes like you throw up roadblocks at every goddamn turn.” As Xander’s eyes flash, I’m about to jump back into the conversation to defend Asher when Shelby steps in.

“Xander is right.” She stares at Asher with narrowed eyes. “You need to stop acting like a spoiled brat and let your bodyguard do his job. I know this tour is the last thing you want to do right now, but you agreed to do it. It’s time to man up and stop being a pain in the rear.”

Asher’s eyes narrow for a few seconds before he slowly blows out his breath. “You’re right. I’m being an asshole. I’ll stop being difficult.”

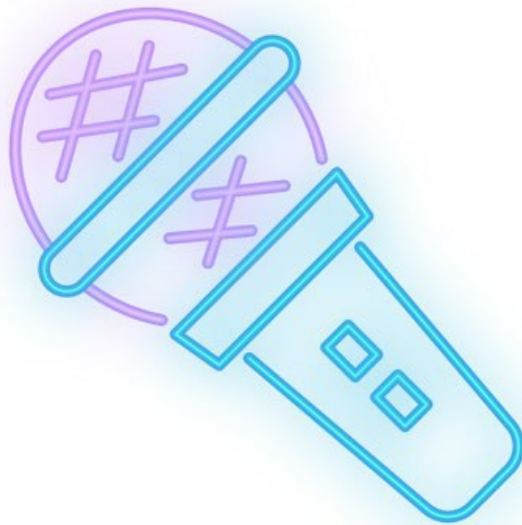
“I’m not joking.” Shelby isn’t ready to take him at his word. “Today was a wake-up call that you have to take security seriously.”

“I promise to keep Evan in the loop of everything I do.”

“That’s better.” Shelby sighs before turning her attention to Xander. “We need to figure out how the group of women not only found out what hotel we’re in but managed to get onto one of our floors.”

# Chapter 3

# Asher



WHILE SHELBY AND XANDER ARGUE BACK AND FORTH ABOUT HOW THEY'RE going to handle the unexpected visitor situation, I turn to Evan and inform him, "I'm going to spend the rest of the afternoon in my room. I'll let you know if I need anything." There. That should make everyone happy. Especially me since I plan to use the time to get to know my girl. Then I'm going to tie her to me for life before she has a chance to escape.

Before anyone finds a way to throw a wrench into my plans, I take Brielle's soft hand in mine and lead her down the hall to my hotel room. "Uh." She

gives my hand a little tug when we get to the door. “I’m not sure this is a good idea.”

“It’s the best idea, Aphrodite.” I’m not about to let her out of my sight. Not when I just found the missing piece I’ve been searching for.

As she nibbles on her juicy bottom lip, I frantically think about what I can say to convince her to spend the afternoon with me. “I want to get to know you, and our experience earlier showed we can’t do it in public.” I’ll use every means at my disposal to make sure Brielle doesn’t get away.

“Don’t you have something to do for the tour?” she asks as I lead her into my room and shut the door. “Like practice or something?”

“Not until a little later this evening,” I inform Brielle before leading her over to the sofa in the corner of the room. “Right now, I want to thank you for stepping in earlier to help me. I thought we could get to know each other since we’re going to be spending a lot of time together in the future.”

“Huh?” She blinks several times. I tell myself to take things slow before I scare her off, but it’s impossible to be patient when I’ve been waiting for her forever. My little goddess stole my heart and soul the second I laid eyes on her, and I plan to make sure she feels the same way about me.

I sit next to her and wrap my arm around her shoulders before leaning over to kiss her soft lips. As my lips move over hers, Brielle’s curves melt against my body.

Feeling every sweet inch of her pressed against me causes all the blood in my body to flow straight to my cock, and my brain completely shuts down. When she groans into my mouth, I pull back slightly and place my forehead against hers. “Fucking hell, you’re potent, Aphrodite.”

Her soft gasp causes my body to light up from the inside, and I fight the urge

to forget about getting to know her. She drops her head back against the sofa and stares up into my eyes. “Wow. This is all happening so fast.” She’s right. It’s happening at the speed of light, and I don’t plan to let things slow down one bit.

“I’ve been looking for you for years.” I lay my cards on the table since there’s no use trying to hide what I’m feeling. “And I’m not letting you out of my sight now that I’ve found you.”

She swallows and stares into my eyes. “For some reason, I can’t say no to you.”

“Good.” I smile down at her. “Because I plan to make sure you’re saying yes a whole lot in the near future.

I place a kiss on the tip of her sweet nose. “Why don’t we have lunch and get to know each other?”

“I like that idea.” While I order room service, Brielle stares out the window.

“It should be here soon.” I walk up behind her and wrap my arms around her lush body. “Now, we have time for you to tell me about yourself, Aphrodite.”

She melts back against my body and sighs. “There really isn’t much to tell.”

I want to know everything about my future wife. “Start at the basics and we’ll go from there.”

A knock at the door interrupts us, and I rush over to let the waiter in with our meal. To my relief, he sets up the table and slips out quickly.

“Holy cow. Did you order everything on the menu?” Brielle walks over and stares at the table covered in dishes.

“I didn’t know what you liked so I ordered a little of everything.” I help her sit on one side of the table and walk around to sit across from her.

As we eat, she slowly begins to open up about herself. She tells me about growing up as an only child with two much older parents. I can tell from the way she speaks that she isn't very close with her parents, and it's a sore subject for her.

"Are you from New York?" I'm not a huge fan of big cities, but I'd move to this one if that's what it takes to make my girl happy.

"No," she shakes her head, "I moved here to finish college and just never left. I'm still trying to figure out what I want to do when I grow up." When she rolls her eyes adorably, I'm tempted to throw her gorgeous ass up on this table and eat her for lunch instead. "I majored in English Literature and planned to graduate and become a hugely successful author, but so far, that hasn't happened. I work at a cute little bookstore that caters to indie authors. Maybe one day I'll find the motivation to write my first book." I might be able to help her with that.

"I have a secret." Her eyes light up as she sits forward to hear what I'm about to say. "I'm actually in the process of publishing my first book."

"What? Why haven't I heard about this?"

"No one knows about it." She's the first person I've told. "I fucking hate being in the limelight, so I decided to write under a pen name." Plus, I'm not sure how easy it will be to sell romantic suspense written by a man.

"Really?" She claps her hands together. "That's so exciting. Can I read your book?"

"Absolutely." As the words leave my mouth, anxiety about someone reading my work hits me for the first time. "I'll get you a copy."

"I can't wait." She smiles at me before turning back to her bacon cheeseburger.

I search my mind for anything to ask. “Are you a friend of Shelby’s?”

“I’m actually really good friends with her sister, Ireland.” She laughs. “And I’m sure you’ve met some of our other friends.”

“If you’re talking about the girls stealing my bandmembers’ hearts, I have.” Have I ever. I didn’t realize how jealous I was of my friends until I actually found my girl. She’s the part of my soul I’ve been missing forever. I’ve been so lost in my discontent, I haven’t taken the time to get to know any of them, but I’m sure that will change since I plan to tie Brielle to me, and soon.

Brielle circles her straw around in her glass for a few moments before staring into my eyes and asking, “Are you concerned about how fast their relationships have developed?”

“Not at all.” I reach across the table and take her soft hand in mine. “I’ve made a fortune singing love songs my entire life. I’d be a hypocrite if I didn’t believe in love at first sight.”

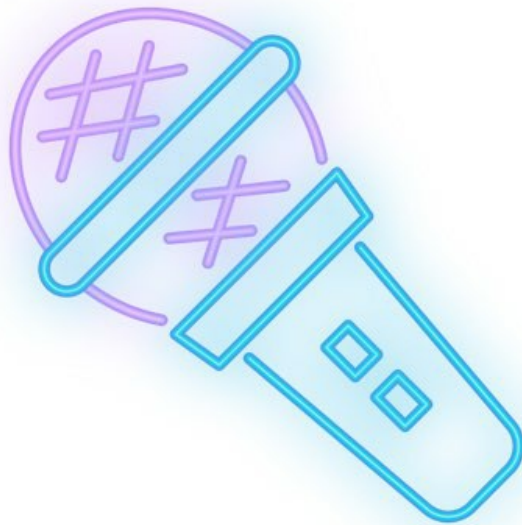
“That is true.” She smiles shyly. “I was a little shocked when I found out about Chastity and Xander, but you have to see them together for like two minutes and you can tell they are hopelessly in love.”

I’ve been so caught up in my own shit, I haven’t noticed, but I’m going to make a point of paying more attention to my friends and their new soulmates.



# Chapter 4

# Brielle



AFTER OUR LUNCH DATE, ASHER INSISTS ON WALKING ME BACK TO MY HOTEL room, even though it's one floor below his. My apartment is all the way across town, and I didn't want to spend hours on the subway getting home after visiting with my friends, so Shelby was nice enough to get me one of the bands' extra rooms for a price that fits my budget. Free.

After I unlock the door, he pulls me into his arms and kisses me until I forget what day it is or my name or what planet I'm on. Basically, he turns my mind to mush. "I hate leaving you here." He lays his forehead against mine and

sighs against my lips. “But I can’t miss this practice.”

“I’ll see you after practice,” I remind him. We’ve already made plans to spend the evening together. When he invited me to attend the rehearsal, I declined, knowing I’d need a few hours alone to prepare myself for tonight.

“I can’t fucking wait. Lock your door behind me.” He gives me one more quick kiss before turning to walk away.

After making sure the door is locked, I drop across the bed and lie back to stare at the ceiling. This day has taken the craziest turn, and I’m scared I’ll wake up and find it’s all a dream.

My phone vibrates, letting me know I have a message, so I pull it out and look down to see it’s from Ireland.

IRELAND

Are you okay? Shelby said there was a little situation.

ME

I’m so freaking great! You won’t believe this, but I had lunch with ASHER FORBES!

IRELAND

Woah. Not you, too?

ME

???

IRELAND

You guys are dropping like flies. First Chastity, Resa, and Dani, and now you! I’m feeling left out.

ME

Wait until Chicago. I’m betting Mr. Right will be there waiting for you.

IRELAND

Don't hold your breath. I have to go, but I'll see you soon.  
Please let my sister know you survived the "issue" unscathed.

I SEND HER A THUMBS-UP AND DROP MY PHONE BACK ON THE BED NEXT TO me. Shelby must be telling everyone about my effort to "rescue" Asher because I end up getting texts from all the other girls wanting to make sure I'm alright.

Once I reassure my friends, I spend the rest of the evening getting ready for my date with Asher. After showering, I change clothes four times, regretting that I packed light to save myself from dragging a heavy suitcase on the subway. I don't want to travel for over an hour to go back to my apartment to find another outfit. So here I am making do with what I brought.

I finally decide to wear my little black dress and red high heels. At least the heels will bring my five-foot-nothing a little closer to Asher's giant height.

When Asher texts me to let me know he's on his way back to the hotel, my heart pounds away in my chest as I wonder if this is really happening. Am I truly about to spend the evening having dinner with Asher Forbes? I'm tempted to pinch myself to make sure I'm not dreaming, but I'd hate to wake up if I am.

While I'm waiting, I have a long talk with myself. A chance like this with Asher Forbes might not ever come around again. It's time for me to stop playing it safe and make a play for the superstar who's been filling my dreams since I was in grade school.



I'M PACING MY HOTEL ROOM WHEN I HEAR A LOUD KNOCK. I WALK OVER TO

the door and take a deep breath before pulling the door open. “You look gorgeous,” Asher growls before stepping in to kick the door shut. “I fucking missed you, Aphrodite.”

Before I’m able to respond, he covers my lips with his. As his tongue explores the inside of my mouth, I melt against his hard body and hold on for the wild ride. His hands move slowly down my sides, leaving goosebumps in their wake. When he gives my rear-end a squeeze, my lady parts tingle with anticipation and I jump in with both feet.

“We need to stop so I can take you out for dinner,” he whispers against my lips, and I instinctively shake my head no. I don’t want him to stop.

“Don’t stop.” My hunger for him overrides my inner virgin who’s worried I’m moving too fast.

“Fucking hell, I can’t resist you.”

“Then don’t resist me.” I lean up and bite his bottom lip, causing him to growl my name, while I run my hand down the front of his muscular body. When I reach the large bulge tenting the front of his tight blue jeans, I wrap my hand around it and give a squeeze, hoping to convince him I’m serious.

“Fuck,” he gasps against my neck before gently biting down on my earlobe. The little sting of pain sends electricity shooting straight down the center of my body right to my aching lady parts.

I groan his name as he runs his hands down my back to grab the hem of my tight black dress. He nibbles on the side of my neck as he slowly lifts the silky material past my rear-end and up to my waist. Cool air brushes across my heated flesh, causing goosebumps to break out along my skin.

He pulls back and stares into my eyes. “Are you sure, Aphrodite?”

“Abso-posi-lutely.” I smile, forcing the butterflies in my tummy to calm their

little selves down.

“Thank God,” he breathes against my neck before slowly running his tongue along my collarbone.

His touch is turning my mind to mush, and there’s something he needs to know before we go too far. “But I have to tell you something.” His entire frame stiffens, so I rush on before my little announcement kills the mood. “I haven’t ever done this.”

He growls something under his breath that I’m pretty sure sounds like “Thank God,” before smiling down at me. “That’s a good thing, Aphrodite. ‘Cause I’d hate to spend the first thirty years of our relationship behind bars for killing any asshole who dared to touch you.” Oh my. My mind shuts off at the words as my heart and hungry lady parts take over when he closes his lips over mine.

Asher walks me back until my knees hit the bed before giving me a little push. As I gently bounce on the soft bed, he reaches for the buttons on his black shirt. I lean up on my elbows and watch the private show.

Holding my breath, I watch as he ever-so-slowly undoes each of the tiny buttons before pulling it off.

Wow. My eyes trail over his wide shoulders, taking in the dark trail of hair running down the center of his muscular chest to his waist where he’s slowly pulling off his belt. Once he drops it on the floor, he unhooks his jeans and slowly slides the zipper down.

“Are you still with me?” he asks, and I nod, knowing I’ll never get any words past my dry throat.

He kicks away his shoes and pushes his jeans down his legs. I bite my bottom lip and stare at the tight black boxer briefs attempting to hold back his rather

massive erection.

My eyes almost bulge out of my head when he slides the underwear off and his huge shaft springs free. He wraps his hand around the length and slowly strokes himself while I squirm on the bed waiting for my turn. I should be a little concerned about how we're going to make this work, but I'm too hungry for a taste of Asher to worry.

"Touch me." He steps close to me and takes one of my hands, and I drop back to lie on the edge of the bed. As I wrap my hand around his erection, I feel wetness seeping from my center. I slowly explore the silky, hard-as-steel member while he tears my dress the rest of the way over my head and tosses it away.

"Fuck, you're so goddamn beautiful." He leans over to run his tongue along the top of my bra cup while I continue exploring his erection. I run my finger through the wetness seeping from the tip and spread it around the head of his cock. He moves back out of my reach and smiles down at me. "If you keep doing that, I'm going to come in your hand. That's unacceptable to me. I want to keep your sweet little pussy full of my come until you're carrying my baby."

Wow. Things just went from zero-to-sixty, and I couldn't be happier.

When he sucks my nipple into his mouth through the silky material of my bra, I groan his name. I don't resist when he unhooks my bra and drags it off before closing his warm lips back around my nipple and sucking. He rolls the other nipple between his thumb and forefinger, causing me to arch my back in hopes of getting closer to him.

My eyes cross as he alternates between sucking on my sensitive flesh and biting down gently until I'm a quivering mass of nerves.

I wrap my leg around his back, trying to get closer to him before he slowly

kisses his way down my body. His cock drags along my sensitive skin, leaving a trail of wetness behind.

He arranges me on the edge of the bed and tugs my silky, pink bikini underwear down my legs before tossing them aside. All my thoughts scatter when he spreads my legs and kneels between them.

He runs his finger along my inner thigh tortuously slow, and I'm ready to beg him to freaking do something when he leans over and slides his tongue straight up my wet center. He groans before vowing, "I'll never get enough of your taste." His warm breath feathers across my swollen clit.

"Please." I'm not sure what I'm begging for.

"Tell me what you want." His dark cocoa eyes hold mine hostage as he teases my sensitive opening with his tongue. I watch every little movement he makes as he slowly drives me out of my mind.

"Make me come." It's the only thought echoing through my mind.

"I can do that." He sucks my clit into his mouth and tongues the sensitive bud while running his finger up my wet center. "You're so goddamn sweet," he murmurs against my skin before sliding his finger deep into my wet pussy.

I squirm at the tight fit, causing him to growl, "Relax."

"Easier said than done." I force my inner muscles to release their death grip on his finger. He distracts me from the discomfort by sucking on my sensitive clit while slowly sliding his finger in and out of my pussy.

I barely notice when he presses a second finger in with the first. He patiently works them in and out, causing an orgasm to sneak up on me out of nowhere.

I'm still riding the waves of pleasure when he scissors his two fingers open, sending another slightly less intense climax flowing through me.



“You’re so fucking perfect. I plan to keep my fucking cock buried deep inside your little pussy until my baby is growing in your belly.”

“I love the sound of that plan.”

“Good,” he whispers against my skin as he kisses his way up my limp body.

He kisses the side of my neck while his hardness rubs against my stomach, reminding me he hasn’t come yet.

“I need you.” I’m a greedy woman. Two orgasms and I’m still begging for more.

He doesn’t make me beg again. I hold my breath when he places his cock against my opening and slowly presses deep with one thrust. I dig my nails into his shoulders and hold my breath as a sting of pain shoots up my spine.

“Breathe, Aphrodite,” he breathes against my lips.

“You take my breath away,” I manage to croak out as he stares down into my eyes and slowly rotates his hips while thrusting a little deeper.

It takes a little bit for my inner muscles to relax and allow him to thrust deeper. Asher patiently circles his hips and presses his finger against my clit, sending little sparks of pleasure shooting through my body.

Pretty soon, I find myself lifting my hips up to meet his thrusts.

Intense pleasure drowns out the pain, and I scream his name as another fierce orgasm roars through me.

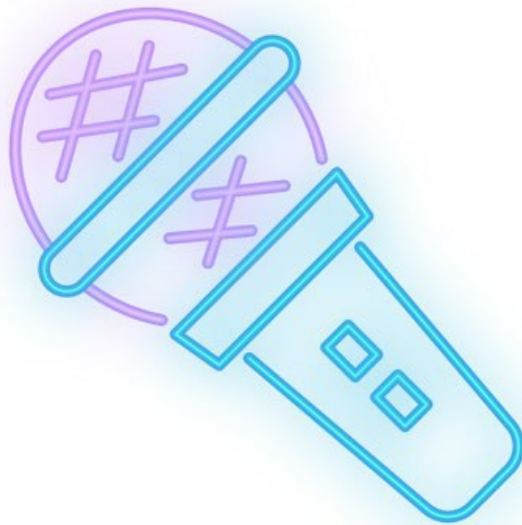
Mr. Overachieving Superstar isn’t happy until I’ve had several mind-blowing orgasms.

By the time his thrusts turn erratic, I’m a limp mass of over-sensitized nerves. I open my eyes and watch as his own orgasm rips through his muscular body.

His cock spasms deep inside my core as warm wetness fills me up and seeps out onto the bed beneath me.

# Chapter 5

# Asher



I'M HAVING THE BEST GODDAMN DREAM. BRIELLE'S SOFT LIPS STEAL MY ability to breathe as she wraps her soft lips around the tip of my cock and sucks. When she gently cradles my balls and sucks my cock to the back of her throat, my eyes pop open and I realize I've been sleeping through part of the best goddamn blowjob on earth. My little former virgin goddess has one fucking talented mouth.

"Fucking hell. I can't believe I missed a second of this." My legs tremble as I fight the urge to come down her throat. I slide my hand through her thick

blonde hair and tug her mouth closer.

When she sucks my cock to the back of her throat and swallows, I tighten my hold on the back of her head as every nerve ending in my body lights the fuck up. I'm dying to feel my little goddess' pussy stretched tight around my fucking cock, but I don't want to miss another second of the pleasure she's giving me. I dig my heels into the bed and hold on while Brielle's sweet mouth brings me to the edge of orgasm. Then I use my grip on her hair to pull her head back.

"Why did you stop me?" she grumbles.

I drag her sweet body up against mine and remind her, "I'm trying to knock your little ass up."

"Oh," she whimpers as I tweak one of her nipples.

I flip her over onto her back and line my cock up with her wet opening. The words that have been hovering on my tongue since the first moment we met slip out before I'm able to stop them. "I love you."

Her eyes widen and she digs her sharp nails into my shoulders as I thrust deep into her tight pussy. I have to take several deep breaths to stop myself from coming too soon.

I'm a little disappointed that she didn't respond to my declaration, but I remind myself we actually just met yesterday. I'll do whatever it takes to convince my little goddess that I mean every word I've been saying about our future.

Her large tits bounce as I press my cock deeper with each thrust, fighting the urge to come until I've given her several mind-blowing orgasms.

She wraps her silky legs around my waist, and I lean down to kiss her soft lips as I slow my thrusts and circle my hips. When I reach between our

bodies and press on her clit, tremors start deep in her pussy as her tight walls clamp down on my cock.

I slowly thrust while her first orgasm rolls through her luscious body. When I lean over to suck one of her nipples into my mouth, she digs her hand into the back of my head and holds on tight.

I slide my arm under her leg and lift it up over my shoulder, which allows me to slide even deeper into her wet pussy. In this position, she's totally at my mercy as I press deep with each movement of my hips.

Another climax sneaks up on my little goddess, and I have to bite the inside of my cheek to keep myself from coming while her inner muscles tremble around my cock.

My body is begging me to let go and come, but I force myself to hold off until I've given her two more orgasms. I'm determined to make sure my little goddess is so fucking addicted to me that she can't imagine life without me.



I WANTED NOTHING MORE THAN TO SPEND THE REST OF THE DAY AND NIGHT IN bed with Brielle, making love to her until she admits she feels the same way, but work unfortunately called.

Several hours later, I'm sitting backstage waiting for our cue while wishing I was back at the hotel buried deep in my goddess' sweet pussy. Fucking hell. It seems like each show takes a little more out of me. I'm barely hanging on until this fucking tour is over. At least now, I have something to look forward to when we finally give Soul Obsession an ending.

As memories of our first night together flow through my mind on a continuous loop, I realize I need to stop thinking about Brielle's sweet body or I'm going to take the stage tonight with full wood.

I breathe deeply several times and do the relaxation exercises that got me through tough times the last time we toured, hoping to get my fucking erection under control.

Once we take the stage, I look out into the audience and zero in on my girl. Knowing she's out there watching helps me make it through the rest of the concert. While we're singing the last song, I glance out into the audience and make eye contact with Brielle. When she holds my gaze and mouths "I love you, too," I stumble over my words and fuck up my dance step, but I don't fucking care. My little goddess loves me. Life is fucking great.

I want to celebrate privately with my little goddess after the concert, so we end up skipping the after party and have our own "make a baby" party in my hotel room.

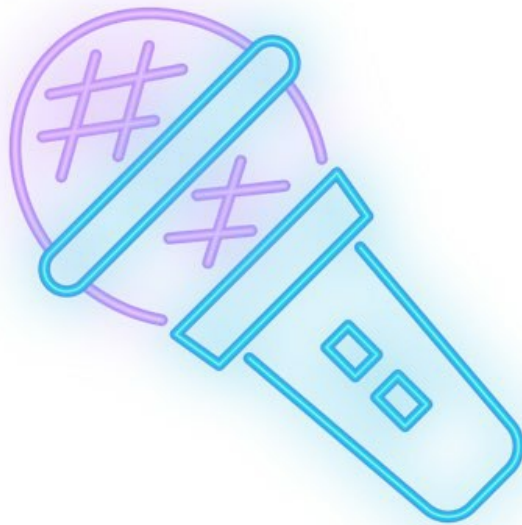
I manage to convince my girl to travel with me. She's a little reluctant to give up her job at the bookstore so I ask my literary agent to pull a few strings and get them a temporary replacement to take Brielle's shifts for the next few weeks.

That should give me plenty of time to both convince Brielle to stay with me and to knock her little ass up. Which really shouldn't be a problem considering my cock has been hard as a rock and ready to go since the first moment I laid eyes on my little goddess.

# Chapter 6



# Brielle



I'M HAVING THE BEST TIME TOURING WITH ASHER, HIS BANDMATES, AND MY friends. It's amazing how easily we've all adjusted to this nomadic lifestyle. It's almost like we've all been together forever.

We finally arrive in Chicago, and I'm so freaking happy for the chance to see Ireland.

Things are a little crazy, and I end up not getting to spend time with her until after the very eventful rehearsal where Crue Blake makes it clear he's gaga

over Ireland. When he agrees to give her an interview, my friend nearly has a nervous breakdown and needs a pep talk to keep her from self-combusting.

Asher isn't jumping for joy when I ask him to give me some time to spend with Ireland, but he agrees. Especially after I promise to make it worth his while later that night.

As I watch my friend pace holes in the well-worn carpet in her hotel room, I try my best not to laugh at her. It's easy to see her mind is whirling away as she paces and quietly talks to herself.

"I should change," she glances up at me and mumbles.

"Don't you dare," I put my foot down. "You look beautiful." She looks spectacular in her emerald-green skater dress.

"I look like a college kid." She isn't ready to believe me yet.

"Uh, two months ago, you were in college," I remind her. "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."

I'm waiting for her argument when her phone rings.

Feeling like I'm eavesdropping on a private conversation, I pull out my phone and text Asher to let him know I won't be long.

ME

I'm almost done.

MY SUPERSTAR

It's about fucking time. I've been waiting forever.

ME

It's been less than an hour.

MY SUPERSTAR

See? Forever. Get your gorgeous ass back to my room so I can show you how much I missed you.

OH, MAN. THAT'S AN OFFER I CAN'T REFUSE.

Ireland hangs up her call before glancing over at me and smiling. "He's bossy."

"Asher says he's always been that way. He says Crue means well, he just doesn't like not being in charge." My laughter stops as I remember everything Asher told me about the way they were treated by their record company in the past. "They didn't have any control for a long time."

"I know," Ireland agrees. Of course, she already knows. I'm betting my well-prepared friend has already thoroughly researched Soul Obsession.

My phone dings in my pocket, and it's my impatient superstar. I stand up and stretch without checking the message. "You better go before he comes looking for you. I'm going to find Asher," I tell Ireland.

I glance over at her and notice she looks a little green around the gills as she mutters, "Wish me luck."

"I don't think you need it." I blow her a kiss and head toward the door. "But break a leg anyway."

"Don't say that," my friend calls as she makes her way to the elevator. "I might actually break one."

A few moments later, I walk into our hotel room and call out, "Honey, I'm home."

"It's about fucking time." Asher walks out of the bathroom bare-ass naked, and my eyes widen as I watch his huge erection bounce up against his

stomach. “My cock is hungry for your sweet pussy.”

“Here I am.” I hastily pull my t-shirt over my head. “Come and get me,” I tease and throw my shirt at him.

“You don’t have to ask me twice.” He lunges for me, and when his strong arms wrap around my waist, I melt against his muscular body.

“I missed you.” I pull his face down to mine and smile against his lips. “Let’s work on that baby.”

When Asher throws himself into the task, I have a hard time keeping up.

“If you like those clothes, you should finish removing them before I tear them off your gorgeous ass,” he warns, and I step back and hurry to comply before he ruins my favorite outfit.

He points at the bed. “Now lie back across the bed.” He’s in an awful bossy mood tonight, and the tingling in my lady parts tells me that bossy caveman really does it for me.

“You didn’t say please.” I can’t resist teasing him as I walk over to the bed.

“Please, lie down on the bed so I can eat your sweet pussy until you pass out.”

“You definitely don’t have to tell me twice.” I drop down onto the soft comforter.

“On your knees.” He rolls me over and then drags my hips back, helping me into position on my knees. When he runs his tongue straight up my wet center, my elbows give out and I rest my head on the bed while he devours me.

His fingers dig into my hips, gripping to hold me still while his lips and tongue drive me insane. I barely notice when he lines his erection up with my

opening and slowly slides forward. Once he bottoms out, he slowly drags his hard cock almost out before slamming back into me.

As the speed of his thrusts increases, I dig my fingers into the thick comforter to hold on for the wild ride.

When he reaches around me and presses hard on my clit, I see fireworks behind my closed eyelids as an orgasm blasts through me. Asher doesn't even slow his thrusts as one climax rolls into another.

He suddenly pulls away and rolls me onto my back then slams back deep with one powerful thrust. I lose track of time while his lovemaking blows my mind.

I lose track of how many orgasms I've had as Asher spends the rest of the night making love to me. By the time he finally allows me to fall asleep, it's almost time for the sun to rise. Shoot. Getting up for my early morning breakfast with the girls is going to suck so much. I don't care though; the night with Asher was totally worth it.



"WE NEED TO TALK." IRELAND STROLLS INTO THE MOSTLY DESERTED restaurant and sits across the table from me.

"It's too early to talk," I groan and reach for my orange juice, hoping the sugar infusion will help my tired body and sore lady parts. "Can't we just eat in silence?" *So I can recover from my overachieving superstar's enthusiastic lovemaking? Wait, did I say that out loud?* I glance around the table, and none of my friends seem shocked, so I breathe a sigh of relief. The next time someone recommends meeting for breakfast, I'm going to insist we make it

lunch.

"Late night?" Chastity snorts.

A blush moves across my face as I admit, "Very late and very interesting." That's a freaking understatement.

Chastity holds her hand out for a high-five, and I use the last of my energy reserve to smack my palm to hers while the other girls at the table laugh at us.

"I bet mine was more interesting," Ireland mumbles, "Considering I freaking got married."

Surely, I heard her wrong. As I glance around the table and see shock mirrored on everyone's faces, I realize my exhausted mind isn't making things up.

"Say that again," Shelby demands.

"I'm pretty sure you heard her right," Dani cuts in.

"Uh-huh." Resa's brown eyes widen.

When Ireland pulls her hand out of her pocket and flashes a huge rock, I hiss, "Holy freaking shiitake," and grab her hand for a closer look.

"How the heck did you get married?" Chastity asks.

"It's a long story."

"We've got time." Shelby seems calm for someone whose younger sister just announced she just got married.

"I drank too much tequila and suggested it, so Crue woke up a judge and a jeweler and made it happen," Ireland blurts out.

"Of course, he did," Dani snorts. "He's kind of a bulldozer when he wants

something, isn't he?"

"He's not that bad." Ireland frowns.

"Uh, really?" I laugh and hold up her hand to display the evidence for everyone. "He woke up a freaking judge, Ireland."

"And a jeweler," Resa adds before the waiter walks up and interrupts us.

"Was Crue drunk?" Chastity asks once the waiter walks away.

"No," Ireland admits. A few months ago, all of this would've seemed crazy, but nothing shocks me anymore.

"Oh my," Chastity whispers.

"I know! What am I going to do?"

"Enjoy it?" Shelby explains. "I may have talked to him yesterday after you guys hung out. He had hearts in his eyes over you."

"Clearly," I add my two cents. "He woke up a judge."

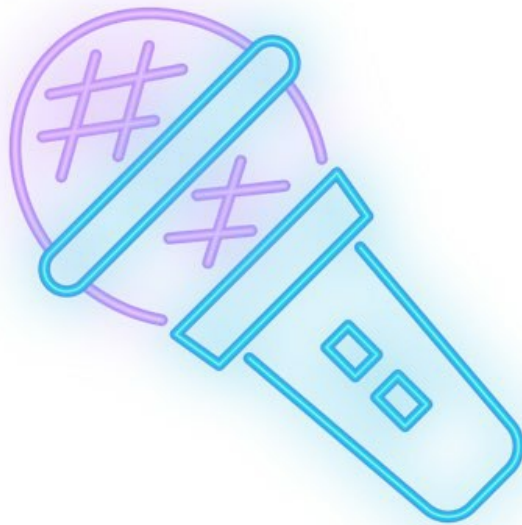
"And a jeweler," Resa, Dani, and Chastity say at the same time and then crack up.

It takes some doing, but we manage to convince our friend that she shouldn't pass up this opportunity with the man of her dreams. When said man shows up and makes his feelings very clear, we know without a doubt that our friend doesn't stand a chance of escaping her very determined new husband.

# Chapter 7



# Asher



WHILE I'VE BEEN PUSSYFOOTING AROUND WAITING FOR THE RIGHT MOMENT to put a ring on my goddess' finger, fucking Crue not only put a huge ass rock on Ireland's finger, but he also married her ass the first night they meet.

Well, I'm not going to let him show me up, so I get busy arranging to put an even bigger diamond on my goddess' finger.

Shelby does me a solid and arranges for me to have one night off while the rest of the band moves on to the next city. Then I slip out while I'm supposed

to be in the band meeting and head over to the same jeweler Crue used to invest in a big ass diamond.

By the time we head to the airport later that night, I've got a honeymoon suite booked at The Venetian in Vegas, a private chapel reserved, and the diamond ring that set me back a few bucks.

"Why aren't we going with the rest of the band?" my goddess asks as we get into our own limousine.

"I have a surprise for you." I pull Brielle against my side and take several deep breaths, hoping to calm the excitement flowing through my veins.

"Oh, I love surprises." She snuggles against my side. "And I love you so freaking much."

"I love you, too, Aphrodite." I lean over and kiss her soft lips. "More than life itself."

My girl doesn't really get suspicious until the small private jet takes off. "I can't take it anymore. I need to know what's going on." She's nearly vibrating with excitement, and I have a hard time keeping my secret.

"Be patient, Aphrodite." I lift her hand to my lips for a kiss. "It will be worth your while."

"I don't think the flight attendant will be bothering us. Maybe you can do something to distract me?" I fucking love the way she thinks.

"You don't have to ask me twice." I spend the rest of the flight keeping my goddess so occupied that she doesn't have time to wonder about her surprise.

When we land in Las Vegas, there's no keeping the cat in the bag any longer. "Why are we in Las Vegas?" Brielle turns to me after the chauffeur closes us into the back of the limousine, and I swear I see hope mixed with suspicion

shining in her dark eyes. “The next concert is in Detroit.”

“Don’t worry, little goddess. We’ll catch up with the band in Detroit.” I pull her close for my kiss and slide the diamond ring on her finger while she’s distracted. “After I tie your gorgeous ass to me for life.”

Her eyes widen as she stares down at the emerald-cut diamond I just slipped on her finger. “I’m not sure what I did to deserve you.” My goddess beams up at me. “But you’re all freaking mine and I love you more than life itself.”

I wholeheartedly fucking agree with her. “I am all yours and love you with every ounce of my being. Now, let’s go get married and get back to the tour.”

“Lead the way.”



WITHIN TWO HOURS, I’VE TIED MY LITTLE GODDESS TO ME FOR LIFE AND we’re on our way back to the hotel to spend our first night as husband and wife.

“Sorry we had to rush through everything,” I tell her as we ride the elevator up to the honeymoon suite.

“I’m not sorry.” She places her left hand on my chest, and I can see the eternity band I placed next to her engagement ring sparkling up at me. “It was perfect.”

“You’re perfect,” I breathe against the side of her silky neck, hoping this goddamn elevator will hurry the fuck up before I’m tempted to consummate this marriage in The Venetian’s elevator.

When the elevator stops on our floor, I lift my wife against my chest.

“Eep,” she squeals against my neck. “What are you doing?”

“Carrying you across the threshold,” I tell her as I rush down the deserted hallway.

“You didn’t have to carry me all the way from the elevator.” She laughs and her warm breath brushes against my collarbone, sending hunger flowing through me. My cock turns to stone, and I have to jog to the room before I fuck her in the hallway.

Once I manage to get us into the suite and have the door locked behind us, I set my wife on her feet and growl, “This first time is going to be fast.” It’s been hours since I had a taste of her sweet body, and I’m dying. “I’ve been without you for too long.”

“It’s been only a few hours.” She snorts.

“Like I said, way the fuck too long.” I rip the front of my shirt open and hear the buttons flying in all directions. Oh well, it’s one shirt. “Get that dress off if you want to keep it.” Did that animalistic growl come from me?

“Yes, sir.” Her sass causes my cock to turn even harder, if that’s possible, and press painfully against the inside of my dress pants as I watch her slowly unzip the white shift dress.

My fingers shake as I fumble with my belt while kicking away my shoes. By the time I tear away my pants and underwear, I’m getting dangerously close to coming before I even touch my wife.

My cock steadily leaks cum as I prowl my way over to Brielle. I lift her luscious curvy body against my chest and lean over to nibble the spot under her ear that drives her wild.

“I love you,” she whispers against my neck as I lay her on the soft comforter.

“I love you, too.” I lean over and close my lips around one of her berry-hard nipples. After giving it plenty of attention, I kiss my way over to the other side.

My wife reaches between us and wraps her soft hand around my cock, which sends electricity flowing straight down my spine. As she slowly strokes my sensitive erection, I kneel next to her on the bed and nudge her legs apart.

She sighs my name when I press two fingers deep into her wet pussy. As her inner walls clamp down on my fingers, my cock hardens impossibly further.

I’ve been sporting a constant hard-on since the moment we met, and I don’t see the fucker going down anytime soon.

As I press my finger against her hard clit, my wife begs, “Please, I can’t wait anymore,” then attempts to drag my cock closer to her wet opening.

“Hold on, Aphrodite.” I nibble on her soft earlobe. “I’m going to fuck your sweet pussy until you’re begging for mercy.” As I press deep into her tight core, her inner muscles clamp down hard on my cock. It takes all my control not to come too soon.

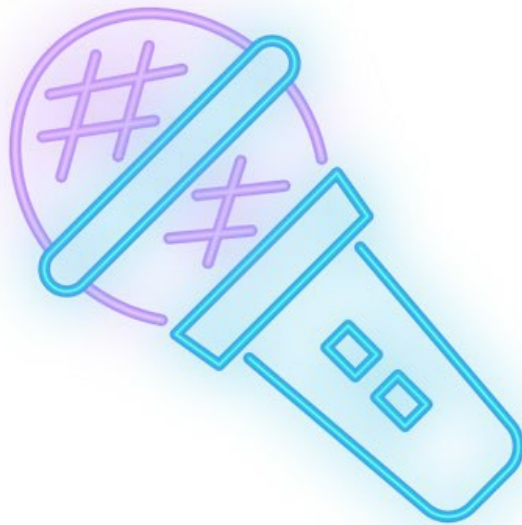
She digs her sharp nails into my upper back and holds on while I pound deep into her sweet pussy. My little goddess lifts her hips up to meet each of my frantic thrusts. Way the fuck too soon, I feel the tingling at the base of my spine and know I’m not going to hold off my orgasm much longer.

I reach between our bodies and press hard on her clit while circling my hips, making sure to press my cock against the spot deep in her pussy that drives my little goddess crazy. When she comes screaming my name, I release my hold on my control and pour all my love deep into her sweet pussy, hoping this time my swimmers will do their goddamn job and knock up my gorgeous

wife.

# Epilogue

## Brielle



### Three years later

I'M PULLING THE COVERS UP OVER MY SLEEPING TWO-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER when the freaking phone rings in the other room. "Of course, it would ring right now," I mutter under my breath and finish tucking in Ashlynn before quietly heading out to the living room to see if the missed call was the one I've been waiting on.

I grab my phone off the counter and take a deep breath before I glance down



at the screen and see the call was from Mavis, our literary agent. Shoot.

I debate going up to the office to find my husband before returning the call but decide I can't wait. I need to know right this second if the movie company has picked up the rights to our first co-written book.

"It's about time," Mavis answers on the first ring.

"Sorry, I was tucking Ashlynne in for her afternoon nap."

"How is my goddaughter doing?"

"She's wonderful like always. Now, freaking stop stalling and tell me what happened."

"What happened is your book is going to be a movie." Her words cause my knees to buckle, and I have to hold on to the counter to remain on my feet. When Asher decided to ditch his first pen name to write with me under a new pen name, Mavis was leery of the move but went along with it anyway. It took a while for her to find a publisher who was willing to publish our new series with all our conditions. First and foremost, we want to remain anonymous. Asher has lived his life in the limelight, and he doesn't want our family to deal with everything he's had to go through since his early days with Soul Obsession.

Next, we work on our own schedule. Our family comes first, and we won't promise to produce a book every six months like most publishers want.

Mavis worked hard on finding us the right deal, and her efforts paid off. Not only was our first book a huge success, but we've managed to keep our pen name a secret from everyone, including Asher's former bandmates. We decided that keeping our secret from the entire world, including our friends, was the price we'd have to pay to ensure our privacy and to keep our family out of the limelight. Who's to say we won't tell our friends our little secret

someday, but that day isn't any time soon.

After the Soul Obsession reunion tour, all the guys went their separate ways with their soulmates. We're all still very close, but the band is definitely a thing of the past.

"Oh my God, oh my God," I mutter over and over again. "I have to go find Asher."

"Tell him I said hi. You guys give me a call tonight after you get Ashlynn down and we'll discuss everything."

"Okay. Bye. Oh, and thank you," I sneak in before I hang up. I can't believe this is happening. Actually, I can.

Three years ago, I met the love of my life and all my dreams have come true since that day.

I turn on the alarm and rush up the stairs to the private office we built on the second floor of our extra garage.

Three years ago, we found out we were pregnant a few shows before the end of the Soul Obsession tour and decided to build a new home next to the small cabin Asher owned in Midnight Falls, Texas.

We thought long and hard about everything we wanted in our new home before finally deciding on the final design. Asher wanted seven bedrooms for all the kids he plans on having, and I wanted an office that is separate from the main residence.

In the end, we compromised and built the office above the garage next to a guest suite we can use when we have visitors, and Asher got five bedrooms. We're still negotiating on the kids since Ashlynn is already a handful.

Plus, we've spent the last two years working on our combined pen name, B.

A. Reilly. Our first book, *Rocked Heart*, became an instant bestseller, and we've somehow managed to release the next two books in the series all while moving into our new home and keeping up with our very busy toddler.

To make things work, we came up with a workweek schedule that we stick to pretty religiously. We each work two days in the office while the other person spends the day with Ashlynn. Asher writes the love scenes and romantic stuff while I come up with all the drama and action.

"Knock, knock." I stick my head in the office door. "Am I interrupting?" Hopefully, I'm catching him in the middle of writing a juicy scene. That always "motivates" him to do research, and I freaking love his method of research.

"Get your gorgeous ass in here, Aphrodite." Asher looks up from the computer screen and points at his lap. "I'm about to write the foreplay scene, and I need to do a little hands-on research." Bingo.

I walk over and drop down onto my husband's lap. "Oooh. My favorite part of the writing process." As he wraps his arms around me, his hardness presses into my rear-end, causing my mind to go blank.

"Mine, too. Please tell me Ashlynn is down for a nap." I nod as he slides his warm hand up under my sweatshirt and gives my braless boob a squeeze before rolling my sensitive nipple between his thumb and forefinger. He reaches over and turns on the video monitor on his computer that shows Ashlynn sleeping soundly in her bed. "Life doesn't get any better than this."

His words remind me of why I'm up here interrupting his workday. "Mavis called." I sigh as he tweaks my nipple. "We got the deal."

"Then we need to celebrate." His talented fingers cause my blood to heat as he slides one hand into my yoga pants and finds my wet center. I melt against his muscular chest as he slides one finger deep into my wet core.

“I love you.” I sigh and melt into his touch.

“I love you, too, Aphrodite.” He nibbles on the back of my neck, sending electricity shooting down my spine. “You’re the piece of the puzzle that makes everything fit together.”

“Ditto.” I’m more “get the point across quickly” while he’s the wordy one, but our two styles work perfectly together.

“Ashlynne won’t be down long,” I remind my husband as he takes his time driving me wild.

“Are you telling me to hurry up?”

“Yes. Get your rear in gear.”

“You don’t have to ask me twice, Aphrodite.” He lifts me against his chest and walks over to set me on the leather sofa before walking over to lock the door. I don’t waste a second ripping away my yoga pants and t-shirt, thankful I didn’t waste the time putting on a bra or underwear this morning.

Asher slowly undresses as he makes his way to me, causing my heart rate to spike. He drops to his knees between my legs and pulls me to the edge of the sofa. “Hold on, little goddess, while I blow your mind.”

I lie back against the soft sofa and dig my nails into his thick hair as he runs his tongue up my wet center. It doesn’t take long before his talented lips and tongue send a climax soaring through me.

While the tremors continue running through my body, Asher sits back on his heels and drags me into his lap before lining his hard cock up with my wet entrance and slowly thrusting deep. I dig my knees into the soft carpet on either side of his hips and hold on for the wild ride.

When he finally comes and lays us both on the soft rug, I run my hands up

his back and fight to catch my breath as a thought occurs to me.

“Was that enough research for your foreplay scene?”

“Nope.” Asher smiles and nibbles on the side of my neck. “I’ll never get enough research with you.”

And just like that, life is perfect.

THE END OF **RESCUING THE**  
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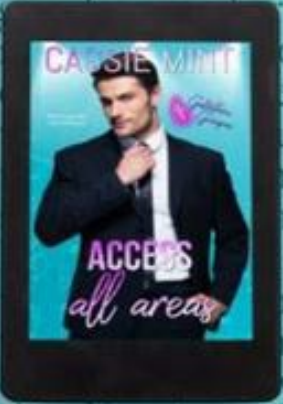
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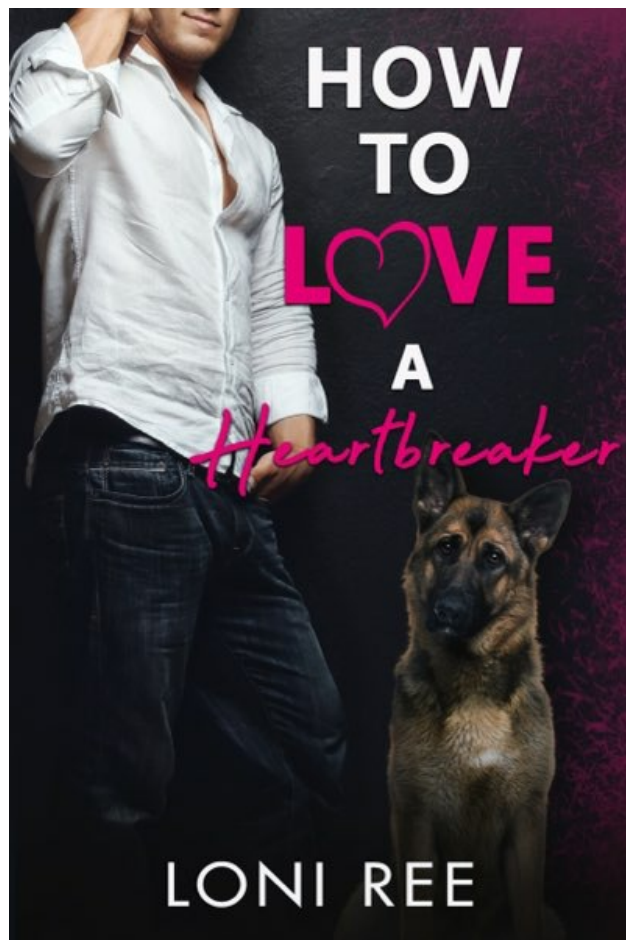
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# About the Author



**USA Today Bestselling Author**

USA Today Bestselling Author Loni Ree is a busy mom of six who spends her free time writing steamy stories about over the top heroes who find the right curvy woman to tame them. Her stories are a little over the top because she believes reading should be an escape from real life.

She lives in the Midwest with her wonderful husband, the last child at home, and a zoo of animals, including Beau, her beloved French Bulldog.

Loni also has an alternate pen name L. Ree. If you like clean, sweet romance, check out her L. Ree books.

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