



His Secret Addiction (Men of Valor Springs #6)

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Category: Action&Adventure

Description: Sebastian

All I've ever wanted to do is write and play music, but my idiot bandmates seem determined to tank our careers. After their latest stunt, our record label is furious and threatening to terminate all of our contracts. So when my manager suggests I distance myself by making my image as wholesome as possible, I agree to his crazy plan of faking a committed relationship. The only problem is, I don't date. Ever. So where am I going to find someone who I can stand playing pretend with? Turns out, she's not as hard to find as I thought. A serendipitous social media post shows me that feisty little Lizzie from next door is all grown up and drop-dead gorgeous. From the moment I see her sapphire eyes on my screen, my determination to make her mine is anything but fake. Now I just have to convince her to play pretend with me while I figure out a way to keep her forever.

Lizzie

I've been in love with Sebastian Foster for most of my life. But I'm not an idiot, I know a rockstar like him would never be interested in small-town girl like me. He couldn't wait to get out of Valor Springs to pursue his music career, and he hasn't been home to visit since his band's big break. So imagine my surprise when I see a social media post proclaiming our love and commitment to one another! I'm still reeling when Sebastian himself shows up in town, begging me to be his fake girlfriend. For years, I hid my feelings for him behind a veil of disdain, hoping they'd eventually fade, but they never did. How will I survive playing pretend when I want so badly for this to all be real?

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Sebastian

The morning sun filters through the curtains, casting a warm glow over the cluttered room. My fingers pluck the strings of my guitar idly, each note piercing loudly through the hotel suite. I have every intention of irritating the men sprawled around the room asleep, and my goal is achieved when a chorus of groans rises from every corner of the room.

“Shut that shit down, Foster!” croaks Mark, who is slouched on the couch with a hand shielding his eyes from the sunlight. “And can you draw the curtains? It’s so fucking bright in here!”

I do neither. Instead, my eyes shift to Alex, who lies sprawled on the floor, a tangle of limbs and blankets, his face scrunching in discomfort when I strum another note, pulling hard and letting it linger in the air. The fuckhead should be thanking the heavens that I don’t have a drum set nearby.

“Goddamnit, Foster! Are you trying to kill us?” cries out another voice, and this time, it’s Derrick. My eyes follow the sound to the back of the couch where the man sits up to reveal tousled hair and a stained, wrinkled shirt that are a testament to the wild night these three had.

Stupid.

How can they even get a wink of sleep after the storm they caused last night? Everyone is talking about it online, and I bet the news already made its way to the big bosses as these fucking assholes snore away.

Hangover pain? Oh, that is going to be the least of their worries. I strum the guitar again and start playing our hit song, mostly to calm myself, but the chorus of groans is an added bonus.

“I swear to God, Foster...”

“What?” I hiss for the first time since walking into the room, my eyes firmly on Derrick, who seems to be the only one capable of keeping his head up and eyes open for more than three seconds. “What the fuck will you do, Derrick?”

“What the hell is your problem, dude?”

My problem? My problem is that I want to sock every man in this room, but they are too hungover for it to really be satisfying. My fingers itch for a fight though, and that’s why I settled for punishing them by strumming the guitar without a pick. I know I’m going to feel the burn on my fingers later, but right now, I can’t bring myself to care. It’s either that or lose my temper, and since the latter is not an option, I force myself to sit still.

Alex, Mark, Derrick, and I have been in a band together for almost ten years, and our journey as a band has been anything but easy. Our relationship was a manufactured bond by the record label, complete with scripted interviews and media appearances that overplayed our closeness.

We are anything but close.

This is a business relationship, one that has been hanging by a thread for the last year and these three might have just put the final nail in the coffin of all of our careers with the shit they pulled last night.

The door to the suit flies open, bouncing off the wall with a loud bang, and another

chorus of groans fills the room as our manager, Gary, walks in, face red and jaw clenched tightly. His hard eyes sweep over the room before settling on me, the only person not nursing a hangover.

“Get the hell up, everyone,” he roars, walking over to Alex and kicking his leg before doing the same Mark on the couch. “How the fuck can any of you sleep after the shit storm you just caused?”

My bandmates groan at the disturbance, but they straighten up, clutching their heads at what I imagine is a beast of a hangover. I’ve seen the videos making the rounds online of them at the club last night, and based on the bottles littered about the room, I can only assume they brought the party back here.

“What the hell is going on?” Alex asks, turning his bloodshot eyes to our manager.

Gary doesn’t respond. Instead, he grabs the remote and turns on the TV, but he doesn’t need to search long as the news of these three is everywhere. We all watch as a celebrity gossip channel plays the viral video of my three bandmates at a club drinking, doing drugs, and dancing with scantily dressed girls, which in itself is not the biggest problem. The guys are known as party animals, but last night they went too far.

“So someone filmed a video of us partying. What’s the big deal?”

I watch Gary’s face turn a startling shade of red, and he glares at Alex. “The problem is that you fuckheads got drunk and started playing songs from the new album. An album we haven’t fucking released yet!” He starts pacing in the trashed hotel room. “For years, you bunch have done your best to sabotage this band, but I defended you to the label. I fed them some bullshit about how all the hot artists are doing drugs and sleeping with groupies. But you played a live fucking show in that club, and the entire thing has gone viral online!”

“Look, Gary, so we played one or two of our new songs.”

Gary stops, his hard eyes turning to Mark, who by the looks of it has not yet grasped the gravity of what they did. “It is not just one song. You three fuckheads sang all ten songs from the album. You got on stage at the club and played the entire goddamn album. The songs have been leaked all over social media. All of them!” The room falls silent as our manager’s words slowly filter through and they start to realize that, maybe this time, they have done irreparable damage. “And not only that, but all three of you ragged on Sebastian between songs. You said the band would be better off without him and that he’s a ‘zero talent stick-in-the-mud asshole’!”

I flinch at the reminder of how vitriolic my bandmates were about me during their impromptu performance last night. Gary’s words are the least of what they said to say. Derrick runs a hand over his tousled hair, shaking his head before chuckling nervously. “There has to be something we can do, right? Maybe we can sue everyone who leaked the music. And we didn’t mean anything by what we said about Seb.” He turns to me with a sheepish shrug. “We were just messing around since you bailed on coming out with us.”

“Sue?” Gary scoffs, “If anyone is getting sued, it’s you. You have not only made unauthorized leaks but breached the trust of the label. A year of hard work down the drain. Maybe if it was a song or two, they could have used it as a marketing strategy to cover up your fuckup, but this cannot be salvaged.”

“W-what do you mean?”

My eyes shift back to my guitar, not bothering to follow the conversation anymore. I already know what Gary is going to say. It’s an expected outcome of what these fuckheads did. My only hope is they don’t burn down my career along with theirs.

Music has always been my life, and for fifteen years, I’ve worked my ass off to be the

Sebastian Foster the world knows and loves. I have the money, the fame, and the fans, but...I never thought that a failed band would be an ugly stain on my legacy in the music world.

“The label is terminating your contracts!”

Outcries of “What?” and “That’s not fair” and “They can’t do that” are quick to follow. The hangovers seem to be a non-issue now as they argue with our manager about how unfair it is before switching to anger and threatening to sue everyone involved. I don’t listen to any of it, too busy trying to talk myself out of murdering these three assholes. My gut burns with anger at all three of them for ruining a career we worked so hard to build.

We could have achieved so much together.

These three might be party animals with no sense of direction, but they are so goddamned talented. They know how to set the stage ablaze and get the fans screaming their lungs out, and to think that this is the end...

“What happens to Foster?”

I look up at the mention of my name, pushing back my furious thoughts, but I am sure they show on my face. Angry does not begin to cover what I am feeling. I wrote and co-wrote at least four of the songs on that damn album, and all that effort just went down the drain.

“The label hasn’t decided,” Gary says. “Foster was not with you last night or filmed in any of the videos. He did not breach his contract with the label, and he is the only one with any grounds to sue if his contract is terminated early. There’s a code of conduct clause in all of your contracts, or did you idiots forget?”

Four sets of eyes stare at me with varied degrees of envy and hate.. I can see they want to say something, but they must read the fury in my face because none of them says a word, which I find disappointing. I would love to for one of them to start something so I have an excuse to act on the rage bubbling under my skin.

But they don't dare. Among our fans, I am known as the quiet and mysterious one, but I am no mystery to my bandmates. They all know that I am not one to mess with if they don't want to end up with a broken nose or worse.

Right now, I am pissed.

"Fine, if the label wants to kick us, they can try. We'll sue their asses until they go bankrupt," Alex threatens after a while before storming out of the room. The other two follow behind him, leaving me and our manager behind.

The room falls into an awkward silence before Gary finally speaks. "Look..." he starts, his words trailing off when he realizes the door is open. He walks toward it and shuts it before running his fingers through his white-streaked hair, his brown eyes deeply troubled. "The label can't terminate your contract because you haven't done anything wrong."

"I know."

"But if the label keeps you on, they'll have to decide whether they want to put you with another band or promote you as a solo act. You know the boys will not be happy and the fans might also protest the decision."

"Yeah."

"Dammit, Foster, doesn't this bother you? I know you are a man of few words, but does this not bother you?"

Of course, it fucking bothers me, but raging will do little to help the fury burning inside of me. “There is nothing I can do about it. We just have to wait for the big bosses to make a decision.”

Gary walks over to me and settles on the seat across from mine. His eyes are firmly on me when he speaks next, and I can tell he has already cooked up a plan. “I think there’s a way to convince the label and the fans that you as a solo act would be the best thing for everyone. If we work hard and fast, we might even convince them that the tour planned for the next album should be your solo debut instead.”

“And how do you propose to do that?”

“By elevating your image,” he says. “You need to put it out there that you are nothing like those three drug addicts and back stabbers. Show the fans and the label that you don’t need a band. Get everyone talking about you in a positive way, but also a way that distracts the fans and the label from this latest fiasco. Make everyone want to defend you!”

“That sounds great, but I have no idea what to do to make that happen.”

“Find a girlfriend.”

I wait for the punchline. This is not the time to be making jokes, but even so, I wait for Gary to get to the funny part. Maybe he’s trying to make me feel better about everything, and if that’s the case, he’s gone about it all wrong.

“Tell me you are joking.”

He shakes his head. “I am serious. This band is known for more bad than good. This could be a fresh start for you where you show everyone that you’re different. But I’m not going to lie to you; it’ll be an uphill battle. You don’t have the fan base that the

other guys do. You're too quiet, too reclusive. We need to find you a loveable girl and give the fans a romance to root for."

A romance, really? I do not do relationships they are messy, and my life is chaotic enough as it is. I respect myself too much to be in a fake, contracted relationship. Heck, I thought he was going to suggest I do a few private shows or something, but a girlfriend? No, that is out of the question.

"How is a fake relationship going to help with anything?" I ask him.

"It establishes your image," Gary says. "The label will see that you're settled, stable, and the fans will get to see another side to you. We'll play up the relationship for social media and establish you as America's next pair of sweethearts. If you are to succeed, you need to distance yourself from the band and its image before it's too late. We'll tell the fans that you were with her to explain why you were not partying with your bandmates last night."

"I could always just say I was writing music, since that's what I was actually doing."

"That's boring, and there's no one to corroborate it. No one will believe that after the hatred the guys spewed about you last night. Everyone will think you actually hate each other. But imagine how the fans will react when they learn that the mysterious Sebastian Foster is dating someone," he says, gesturing wildly with his hands. "Your news will overshadow this bad publicity, which will make the label happy. Everyone will want to know who this girl you are dating is. How did you meet? How long have you been together? Who serious is it? Every gossip news site will be talking about it about you."

This is insanity.

I fall back against the chair, lowering my guitar to its stand. It's true that no one has

ever seen me with a woman before. I have been involved discreetly with women, but I always let them know beforehand that I don't do relationships and I intentionally chose women who weren't interested in the spotlight.

This would be huge news, no doubt.

My phone pings in my pocket, and I imagine it's another person texting me about last night. I reach into my leather jacket and dig out my phone, hoping for a distraction when I realize it's an Instagram notification about a post from my private account the one fans do not know about. I use the account to follow people from back home and to keep up with what's happening in Valor Springs.

The notification is for a post from my mother posing at brunch with a bunch of her friends. I sigh and go to exit the app when another post under my mother's catches my eye. I scroll to it, my heartbeat racing as I look at the picture. My eyes focus on a familiar blonde-haired girl looking into the camera and smiling around a forkful of cake.

Elizabeth Fae Anthony.

It has been years since I last saw her, but I would recognize that pretty face anywhere. Her light blonde hair is styled in loose waves that brush her bare shoulders. Her beautiful blue eyes are like sapphires, slowly drawing me into their depths, and I am helpless to look away. My eyes trace to the gentle curve of her smile, so radiant it lights up her delicate features.

I quickly click on her profile, and soon, I am scrolling through her page, taking in the girl I haven't seen in so long. My eyes linger on her most recent photo. She is rocking a casual outfit of a cozy, oversized sweater paired with high waist jeans and holding a mug of coffee, and fuck...the way the sunlight dances on her delicate features tugs at my heart in a way no one ever has before.

Elizabeth, who is fondly known as Lizzie back in Valor Springs, is my parents' neighbor. Her family lived next to mine for as long as I can remember. Our age difference meant I never paid Lizzie much attention growing up. I was friends with her older cousins, James and Jax, and she'd try to tag along whenever they came around. I never minded because she was mostly a quiet kid and easily unnoticed. I'm noticing her now though.

"Yes! That's exactly the kind of girl I'm talking about. Who is she?"

I realize with a start that I'm smiling and quickly lock my phone screen before looking up at Gary. "No one," I say, not wanting to share her with him for some reason. Despite having known each other for a decade, Gary and I aren't close. He works for the label and his loyalty is to them. Telling him about Lizzie feels wrong.

Gary looks at me with narrowed eyes, but lets the subject drop. "If you say so. Anyway, I need to get back to the office and deal with this shitstorm. Stay off social media and keep your head down until you hear from me, yeah?"

"Yeah, yeah. I know the drill. But I'm still not convinced a fake girlfriend is the way to go. It could backfire if it's exposed as a lie."

"Don't worry about a thing, Foster," Gary says, clapping me on the shoulder as he makes his way to the door. "In ten years, I've never steered you wrong, have I? Just leave it to me."

I wave him out, but something about his words and the way he looked at me as he left have me on edge. I pick up my guitar again to distract myself, feeling suddenly inspired by a pair of beautiful blue eyes.

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Liz

“Sebastian Foster has a girlfriend!”

I jump up in fright when a hand smacks the reception desk I am standing behind, the sound carrying through the empty lobby. I sigh and look up to find my boss staring at me, her eyes wide with excitement.

I clutch my hammering heart and glare at her. “Abby!”

Abby Miller is the owner of the hotel where I work. A few months ago, she inherited the place from her late aunt, which is around the same time she became engaged to my cousin, making her family as well as my boss. Although close in age to me, she knows very little about running a business, let alone a hotel, but she’s been trying hard to learn. Still, she gets easily distracted, and in turn, likes to distract me.

Abby and I rarely get any work done when we’re together, especially when she’s got some new celebrity gossip to share. Maybe it’s partly my fault, but it’s hard to resist slacking at work every once in a while. Today, however, is not that day. We have a shit ton to do. I’ve been receiving calls all afternoon from people looking to book the hotel. I can’t help but wonder if this has all be some kind of elaborate prank. In all the years I’ve worked here, we’ve never been this busy. Valor Springs is a tiny town in the middle of nowhere. Why do so many people want to visit here all of a sudden?

“You know who Sebastian Foster is, right? The hot, mysterious guy in the band, Dirty Chapter?”

I splutter. “D-dirty Chapter?”

She blinks at me in confusion. “Isn’t that what the DC stands for?”

“It’s Dynamic Circuit.”

“I like Dirty Chapter better.” She waves me off. “Anyway, do you know their lead guitarist and vocalist, Sebastian Foster?” she asks, thrusting the screen of her phone in front of my face before I can respond. I blink several times before my eyes focus on the familiar shirtless man with dark hair curtaining his face as he plays an electric guitar. Sweat gleams on his beautiful, tattooed skin, and my eyes shift to the perfectly defined V that disappears into his jeans before quickly looking away.

I push the phone away from my face and shake my head at her. “Abby, might I remind you that you are engaged to my cousin and should not be drooling over other men.”

“I love your cousin to the moon and back and cannot wait to walk down the aisle to him, but loving him does not make me blind. I can admire art when I see it, and Sebastian Foster is just that.”

I snicker at her words, turning back to the computer and doing my best to ignore her, but my mind keeps going back to the picture of Sebastian. It’s been years since I last saw him, but judging from his photo, it doesn’t seem like he’s changed one bit. Except for the fact that he wears his hair a little longer now or that his body is much more filled out than it was the last time I saw him.

“So, don’t you think he is hot?” Abby asks, leaning on the desk, and I can feel her eyes burning into the side of my head.

Do I think Sebastian Foster is hot? Of course I do, and that annoys me to no end.

The man exudes that raw sexual energy that makes me feel things I would rather not. He is crazy talented at playing all instruments, as I learned firsthand growing up, and he perfectly embodies a rockstar with that ripped body and those beautiful dark eyes.

All that fades away when one learns what an asshole he is.

See, Sebastian Foster was and his parents still are my neighbors. I grew up in Valor Springs, in a beautiful neighborhood with friendly residents and plenty of kids my age to play with, but the most vibrant memories I have from my childhood all feature one person Sebastian.

He was the beautiful boy next door, whose one goal in life was to make it big in the music world. His window faced mine, and every night, I would fall asleep to the sound of him singing, and every morning I would wake up to him strumming his guitar.

When he got his record deal with his band and moved out, I was devastated. I struggled to fall asleep at night and felt like something important was missing. I was only ten years old, too young to be in love, but I adored Sebastian. He was my first crush, and nothing could ever live up to the image of him I carried in my memories.

But as his months away turned into years, I became annoyed with myself for never moving beyond my childhood infatuation with the man, especially since he couldn't be bothered to visit. It was like he forgot where he came from the moment he left Valor Springs. Instead of coming home for holidays, he'd fly his parents out to meet him. He used to be close friends with my older cousins, James and Jax, but it didn't take long for them to lose touch. It began to annoy me just how much I missed the sound of his music, how much I missed him, when he forgot me so easily.

I shake my head as if to rid myself of the memory of Sebastian before looking at my boss, who is watching me like a hawk. "Shouldn't we be working?" I clear my throat,

turning back to the computer. “You mentioned something about meeting James to discuss your upcoming wedding.” It’s a ploy to get her to drop the subject of my former secret crush, but she doesn’t take the bait.

“You are avoiding the question. Maybe it’s because you are hiding something from me.”

I start typing on the computer, manually logging in the hotel guest information. “And what could I possibly be hiding from you?”

“Rumor has it that Sebastian is originally from Valor Springs, is that true?”

“I’m certain James already confirmed that for you.”

“I didn’t ask James. I wanted to find out from you first.”

I shake my head at her. “Sebastian Foster might have grown up here, Abby, but he has wanted nothing to do with Valor Springs for years,” I say, flipping through the logbook to cross-check the dates and rooms for this week’s reservations. “But that has never stopped the town from claiming their favorite homegrown star. If Sebastian Foster is seeing someone, the entire town would be talking about it.”

“From what I read, the relationship has been kept a secret until recently.”

I smirk. “Haven’t you learned by now that you shouldn’t believe everything you read online?”

I don’t need to look up to see the embarrassment on her cheeks. Just last week she’d been convinced that Harry Styles was marrying a member of the British royal family and was going to become royalty.”

“This is different,” she insists. “Sebastian Foster confirmed it himself.”

The smirk drops from my lips and my eyes shoot to Abby, who is tapping the screen of her phone “W-what?”

“I’m trying to find the article I read this morning. Apparently, Sebastian posted a picture of the girl on his public profile, confirming the rumors.” She smiles and gives a little cheer when she finds what she’s looking for.

Jealousy. Blind, seething jealousy seers through me, leaving my heart racing. My hands grow shaky, and I find it hard to breathe as the news slowly settles in.

Sebastian is...dating. But he never dates!

I’m not one to keep up with celebrity gossip, but when it comes to Sebastian, I always want to know what he’s doing and if he’s released new music. For all his faults, the man is crazy talented, and sure, I’ve heard rumors about him with women before, but he and his manager always denied any relationship rumors. “Are you sure?”

“Yes, but I haven’t looked at the post yet. I was going to after I read the article, but James...distracted me.”

“Gross,” I say half-heartedly to distracted by wondering who this mystery girl is. An actress, maybe, or one of those pretty runaway models with legs for days. Will I recognize her, or is she a non-celebrity? I could see it, Sebastian falling for a sweet girl in the city who shies away from the spotlight. For some reason, that thought hurts worse than the idea of him dating a model.

I don’t even know his type, if he has one. In the years we were neighbors, I never saw him bring a girl home. He was always in his bedroom writing songs and playing his instruments, and I was the little girl next door always trying to tag along and hoping

for any scrap of his attention.

“Oh my God!”

Abby’s surprised voice forces my thoughts to the present, and I find her staring at her phone.

“What is it?”

She laughs, shaking her head as she brings her eyes up to meet mine. “I just checked his post about his girlfriend.”

I swallow hard, resisting the urge to grab Abby’s phone and take a look at the girl that Sebastian liked enough to claim in front of the entire world, but I don’t want to seem desperate. Even though I am.

No, I don’t care. Sure, I liked the man back when I was a child and even as a teenager going through a barrage of hormones I couldn’t make sense of, but I am twenty-one now. That childhood crush is well and truly over.

I don’t like him anymore. He’s a celebrity asshole, just like any other rockstar.

“I need to get back to work,” I tell my boss.

Abby leans on the desk, her lips twisting into what I’d describe as an evil smile. “You don’t want to talk about who he’s dating? Maybe that’s because you already know who it is.”

My heart starts racing once more at her words. Does this mean that Sebastian’s girl is a celebrity? Is she pretty? “I don’t care who he dates.”

“Are you sure?” She’s teasing me, and I can only assume my tattletale of a cousin told her about my crush on Sebastian.

“It’s about time he started dating,” I choke out through the lump in my throat. “He isn’t getting any younger and needs to settle down.”

“He’s only thirty.”

“Old for a rockstar,” I argue petulantly, shifting back to the computer once more. I start typing gibberish just to give my trembling hands something to do. There is a wave of emotions going through me, but jealousy burns strongest. “His girlfriend will have to deal with all the girls that want a piece of him. I would never date a celebrity. I can’t imagine sharing him with the whole world.”

Liar. I would do anything to be Sebastian Foster’s girlfriend.

“Well, now I know you’re lying. You don’t have to pretend, Lizzie. The secrets out to the world. Better brace yourself to deal with all those girls who wish they were you.”

Abby thrusts her phone back under my nose. I don’t want to see the lucky girl that is going to have parts of Sebastian I will never experience, but the curious part of me wants to see her. I blink in confusion when my eyes focus on a photo of myself. One that Abby took only a few days ago. We were cake tasting and took a few pictures at the bakery. This is one of them.

“It’s the wrong picture, Abby,” I say, pushing the phone away, but she brings it right back. “Why are you showing me a photo of myself? I thought you were going to show me a picture of Sebastian’s girlfriend.”

“I am.”

I look again, but it's still the same photo. Now I am convinced that she's playing some cruel joke on me. "Abby, it's a picture of me. You posted it and tagged James to tease him about missing the cake tasting."

"Yeah, now it's on Sebastian Foster's profile!"

"Abby."

"Look!"

I let out an exasperated sigh, looking back to the screen, but this time, my eyes drop to the caption under the photo, and my heart stops.

"W-what is this!" I cry out, snatching the phone from her grasp and staring at the photo of myself, but...I didn't post it. Certainly not on Sebastian Foster's page.

What is happening?

"How long were you going to keep this from me, huh?" Abby huffs, folding her arms over her chest, but I don't glance her way. My eyes are fixed on the words under the picture.

My heart belongs to you. Always.

"I...I don't understand. What is this?" I whisper, looking up to Abby with confusion.

"You tell me."

This has got to be some kind of joke. I scroll the page and refresh it a couple of times, but my photo stays right there at the top. Am I dreaming? That has to be the only explanation. It's only in my dreams that Sebastian Foster would claim me in front of

the entire world. This can't be real. I haven't even seen him in a decade.

"I don't understand. Why would he do this?" I whisper, staring at the words, expecting them to fade away and for me to suddenly wake up from this dream, but they stay.

"Um, I guess you could ask him yourself."

My eyes shoot up at Abby's mystified tone, and I follow her gaze to the entrance of the hotel, equally curious and afraid to see what has grabbed her attention. I gasp when my eyes lock on the boy I've admired my whole life. Man, really, and he looks nothing like he did the last time I saw him in person. His hair has grown a little longer, and his lean body looks more muscular under the dark denim jeans and stark white t-shirt. The black ink covering his arms is definitely new.

"Sebastian..."

The word comes out in a whisper as I try to assure myself that this is actually happening. God, he looks so hot with those dark locks framing his chiseled face, and there is something about the way his eyes are trained on me that has my body heating up.

"I think I am dreaming, Lizzy. Did a rockstar just show up at our hotel?" Abby whispers, awe in her voice, but even she doesn't make any move toward the man. "He looks so much better in person, and... Oh my God! He's coming over, Lizzy. I can't believe you didn't warn me!"

We both watch as the man approaches the front desk, and breathing gets harder the closer he moves.

Questions race through my mind.

Why would Sebastian Foster post me on his social media and claim to the whole world that he loves me when we haven't seen each other in so long? Hell, we barely spoke when we lived next door to each other.

Is this some kind of a joke? Did James somehow convince him to play a prank on me? I'm going to kill him. Jax is officially my favorite cousin. In fact, after this, Jax might be my only cousin.

And for Sebastian to play along? It's downright cruel of him to mock my feelings, childish as they may have been. Did he even consider my feelings? My anger builds rapidly, replacing any nerves I felt at seeing him again. I glare at the man approaching us, ready to tear him apart for being an inconsiderate jerk, but when he stops in front of the reception desk, I nearly forget that I am mad at him.

Christ, he smells and looks so freaking good that I find it hard to find my tongue or gather my thoughts enough to voice them.

"Hi, Lizzy," he says in that deep voice of his that used to lull me to sleep, those dark eyes firmly on me when he speaks. "It's been a while, hasn't it? You look good."

Well, shit.

Page 3

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Sebastian

In all my years of performing, I have never understood stage fright. The way some people's hands tremble, voices quiver, and hearts race when they step on the stage, it has always been the opposite for me. I come alive on stage. The rush of adrenaline when the spotlight hits, the excitement from the crowd, and the way they scream when I perform have always been a tangible force for me and not the paralyzing fear most people experience.

And yet, I find myself experiencing just that as I stare into the most beautiful eyes I have ever seen.

There is a tremble in my hands and a slight quiver in my voice. My heart is pounding so fast and hard against my chest, it's a wonder neither of these girls can hear it.

Is this what stage fright feels like?

If so, then it seems that I have been underestimating some of my bandmate's troubles before they walk on stage. Despite my best efforts to keep a cool outward appearance, my insides are twisted with nerves.

This is not a feeling I have ever had around Elizabeth Fae. To me, she's always been the quiet girl next door who would sometimes trail after her older cousins. The same girl who I would sometimes catch watching me play my guitar from her bedroom window.

Right now, she looks nothing like the girl I knew back then. I never quite thought of

her as anything more than my quiet little neighbor.

For a long moment, our eyes stay locked on each other, and I spy something akin to heat in those pretty eyes, but it's quickly replaced by something else. Something that looks a lot like anger.

"You have some explaining to do, Sebastian Foster," she finally says, her eyes narrowed on mine.

"Lizzy..." I start, but quickly stop when I remember that we have company. Standing next to me is a girl I barely noticed when I walked in. Fuck, it was not my intention to come off as rude, but I haven't stopped thinking about Lizzy, and when I walked in, she was all I could see. Turning toward her, I offer my hand in greeting. "Forgive me for being rude, I'm Sebastian."

"Oh, I know," she says giddily, taking my extended hand. "I have been a fan of your band for years. You were always my favorite band member."

"Really, Abby? Just a minute ago, you told me the DC stood for Dirty Chapter," Lizzie accuses her friend.

"Dirty Chapter?" I ask, turning to Lizzie who rolls her eyes.

Abby shrugs, not looking the least bit embarrassed. "I thought it sounded cool, and it just kind of stuck in my head. Don't worry, I know it's really Dynamic Circuit," her friend says.

"Dirty Chapter does have a nice ring to it," I comment.

"Right?" Abby chirps. "You should definitely use the name Dirty Chapter if you decide to form another band instead of going solo."

Lizzie shakes her head with another sigh before turning those pretty eyes back to me.
“Why are you here, Sebastian?”

Right.

“Can we talk?” I say, quickly adding when the friend perks up at my words, “In private?”

“I’m working!”

“Yes!” Abby interrupts. “I am her boss, and I say she can take a break to talk to her boyfriend.”

Fuck! I knew it was naive to think I get to Lizzie before she saw the post or someone told her about it. But still, I was hoping to be the one to break the news to her. It seems I’ve been beaten to it. Before Lizzie can say anything, her boss walks around the desk and grabs her by the shoulders then guides her out.

“Abby, there are so many people calling to make bookings.”

“I can handle that while you and your boyfriend have a little chat. He came all this way to see you.”

“But you don’t have experience with making the bookings, Abby. You have to double check the room codes to make sure you aren’t double booking.”

“You’ve shown me what to do a dozen times already. I have to try it on my own at some point, don’t I?”

I watch with amusement as the two bicker, making their way around to me, but it all dies abruptly when Abby literally shoves Lizzie into my arms, forcing me to grab her

waist as she crashes into me. Heat rushes south when I feel the press of her tits against my chest and her soft breaths against my neck.

Fuck!

I didn't think this through before showing up here. I knew I was attracted to the girl when I saw her picture, but I had no idea I would get a fucking erection from merely touching her.

I'm in serious trouble.

"Are you okay?" I ask the girl in my arms, discreetly leaning in and inhaling the soft flowery scent of her hair. I resist the urge to close my eyes and breathe in more of her, especially since we have an audience. Oh, and not to mention there is that little matter of Lizzie not really being my girlfriend.

"Yeah, I'm fine," she huffs, pushing back to look at me, and something sizzles between us when our gazes lock. Jesus. Obviously, I have seen Lizzy's eyes in the past, but those were the eyes of a little girl almost a decade younger than me. These beautiful blues are the alluring eyes of a woman, and the impact they have on me is like a punch to the gut.

"You two should probably go have your 'talk' now. You look seconds away from tearing at each other's clothes, and this is a family-friendly establishment."

Lizzy's eyes widen at her boss's words, and she jumps back away from me. I immediately miss the feel of her body against mine.

"Abby!"

"Go on, get going. I'm going to call James and see what he's up to. Watching you

two stare at each other has me missing my a fiancé.”

Lizzie spatters, but before she can explode and reveal the fact that she is not actually my girlfriend, I place my hand on her shoulder and pull her to my side. “I apologize for stealing her from you. I won’t keep her away for long.”

“No, please, take your time,” Abby says, extending a keycard for me to take, and I grab it, confused. “It’s for room three-oh-five. The two of you can talk there.”

“You can’t just give him the room for free and,”

“I’ll pay,” I cut off my chatty little fake girlfriend, digging into my pocket for my wallet. “What do you need?”

“Oh goodie, the first guest I get to serve is Sebastian Foster. This is a great start for me,” Abby says excitedly before asking for my driver’s license and a credit card. For someone who is supposedly new at this, she processes the room for me quickly, handing me back my cards with a smile. “Here you go. I hope you enjoy your stay, Mr. Foster.”

“Thank you,” I flash her a grateful smile before placing my hand once more over Lizzy’s shoulder, and we start for the elevator. She doesn’t shrug off my hand until we are in the elevator, where she whirls around to face me, those beautiful ocean blues turning stormy when they lock on mine.

“What is the meaning of this, Sebastian?”

“Let’s talk in the room,” I say, my eyes shooting to the camera in the corner. She follows my gaze and releases an annoyed huff, but she calms down, moving back to lean against the wall. The rest of the ride passes in silence, and when the door opens to our floor, she walks out ahead of me, which gives me the perfect view of her

backside.

Jesus Christ!

The way those tight jeans hug her ass has my cock aching behind my fly. Her hips sway as she walks, the soft pad of her steps the only sound in the carpeted hallway. Lizzie stops outside a door marked 305 and moves aside for me to unlock it. I watch with amusement as she stomps inside before following in, bracing myself for the storm that is about to come.

“Is this some kind of a prank?”

“No.”

“Why am I the last person to find out that I am dating the most popular member of DC then?”

I can’t help a smirk, shutting the door behind me. “You think I am the most popular member?”

“Shut up.” she growls, heat climbing her cheeks, and she tries to hide it. “You haven’t answered my question.”

Whatever it is I am feeling is quickly replaced by humor as I push away from the door and approach the girl, fully conscious of the large king-size bed in the center of the room. I walk up to Lizzie and lean into whisper. “Do you want me to shut up or answer your questions?”

She visibly shudders, her breath hitching, and I can’t begin to dissect what that does to me. On the drive here, I questioned what kind of reception I would get from a girl I’d only ever known as my neighbor. Would she ask for money to keep the ruse a

secret, or would she yell at me for putting out such a blatant lie on social media without her consent and possibly ruining her life?

Right now, I'm getting neither.

There is mild annoyance, but there is something else surprising. Heat. So strong, it sizzles between us in bright colors.

"Answers," she breathes. "I want answers. Was the post a joke? Did James put you up to it?"

"No, it's not a joke," I say truthfully. Quite frankly, I want to play with her a little more just to get a reaction out of her, but I owe her the truth. What my record label did with that post crossed a dozen lines, and she deserves answers. "You'll want to sit down for this."

Her eyes turn alarmed. "W-what, why?"

"Let me explain myself, and if you tell me to lost afterward, I will. It wasn't me who posted that picture or the caption that went along with it. But I am so sorry that it happened."

She seems taken aback by my words, but she nods, walking over to the bed and sitting down. "Okay, tell me."

"You may or may not have heard of this but DC has disbanded. The label terminated the contracts for everyone in the band except me. Now they want me to pursue a solo career."

"What does that have to do with me?"

I've only ever been known as the frontman for DC. Losing my band could be the end of my career. I don't have the fan following that those guys do.

"Sebastian," she whispers, tapping the spot next to hers and against my better judgment, I walk over to her and sit down. "I'm so sorry to hear that. I know how hard you've worked on your career. Are you okay?"

Her brows are furrowed with concern, her voice soft, and she undoes me. Ever since the news broke of my own bandmates leaking the music and trashing me to anyone who'd listen, I haven't had anyone show such concern over my failing career. Not so openly.

"I'll be okay," I assure her, and realize for the first time that I am, in fact, okay. Seeing Lizzie once more, I am reminded of my days locked in my room practicing my guitar or drums and creating music by myself. Well, me and the girl who liked to spy on me from her window. A smile I haven't felt in what feels like ages brushes my lips at the memory of the girl ducking under her window whenever I caught her spying on me.

"Where do I come in with all of this?" she asks, her voice soft. "Wait, are you using me as a PR tactic to divert attention from the band's fallout?"

"Yes."

She seems taken aback by my response. "Wait, what? Are you serious?"

"Look," I start, raking my brain for a way to explain this to her but decide to go with the truth. "With the band done and the label forced to keep me since I didn't violate my contract, they said I need to create a different image from the one I have, that I have to show more of myself to the fans."

“And that requires having a girlfriend? Why don’t you just hire one? Aren’t most celebrities in contracted relationships anyway?”

I know a couple of high-profile celebrities in those kinds of relationships, and every one of them is miserable. “A contracted relationship is not something I have ever entered into, nor will I ever entertain the idea.”

“But you are fine with a fake one with some girl from your hometown,” she snarks.

It’s meant to be a jab, but it doesn’t quite hit the mark because I am not looking to have a fake relationship with Lizzy. From the moment my eyes connected with that photo, it felt like fate showing me what I needed in my life. And when Gary, on behalf of the label, acted without my permission and posted that picture of Lizzie my public social media profile, I decided now was the perfect time to return to Valor Springs and attempt some damage control and maybe take advantage of the opportunity to get close to Lizzy.

I was pissed when I found out what Gary had done behind my back. I’d underestimated his ability to track down Lizzy’s picture after having seen it for only a second. But he managed to not only find her profile, but also convinced the label’s PR team that this was the best plan, never mind the fact that Lizzie had no knowledge of it. After realizing what he’d done, I was going to demand he take it down and issue a retraction immediately, but I couldn’t find the little weasel. He obviously knew how angry I’d be and is avoiding me. But then I realized that Gary had inadvertently offered me the exact opportunity I needed.

She is exactly what I need in my life right now and not just for publicity. This girl has been there, quietly watching from the background, for all major milestones of my life, though she may not even realize it. Growing up, my household was chaotic. My parents were constantly running from one activity to another, never slowing down. Music was how I relaxed, how I caught my breath. And every time I played, little

Lizzie from next door would show up in her window, an audience of one. She might have been a kid, but her reliable, quiet presence helped calm me. Lizzie was predictable in ways nothing else in my life was. Heck, even I didn't realize it until I was thinking back over my memories of growing up in Valor Springs on the drive here.

And now that she's all grown up, Elizabeth Fae is who I want.

Convincing her of my sudden feelings might not sound believable, and the last thing I want is for her to think I'm trying to manipulate her into being in a fake relationship with me. I have to win her over slowly.

"I know this is a lot to ask of you..."

"When exactly did you ask? Did I miss an email? From where I'm standing it looks like you just decided for both of us that you were going to use me."

I wince at the harsh truth of her words. Yes, it was Gary who dragged her into this, but I could have taken the post down myself or demanded the label's PR team do it. I open my mouth to apologize, but she continues before I get a word out.

"What makes you think people will even buy that?" she argues. "Heck, in all the years I have known you, I think this is the first time we've been in a room alone together."

"We have history, and people will buy into that."

"What about chemistry, huh? You haven't been home in almost ten years. I was eleven the last time I saw you. Really, we hardly know each other. What if I'm terrible at faking chemistry with you?"

Considering the pull I feel toward her and the way she is leaning toward me without even realizing it, I don't think our chemistry will be a problem. I don't tell her that, though. "Does this mean you'll agree keep up the charade?"

"I..." she clears her throat. "What's in it for me? Assuming I agree to this crazy plan that will probably backfire, what do I get in turn for being your fake girlfriend?"

"Anything."

"That's a reckless offer," she says. "I could ask for your precious guitar in exchange. Maybe I'll sell it online to some obsessed fan for a fortune to pay for my college classes."

"Anything you want."

Her brows furrow in confusion. "Wait, you are serious. You would give up your guitar for a fake girlfriend? Are you really that desperate for a relationship?"

Perhaps now is not the time, but soon, she will realize that everything that belongs to me, belongs to her. Fake girlfriend? I'll let her believe that too.

"To be honest, I could probably find some other celebrity looking for an easy way to gain some publicity. But I'd rather it be you, someone who isn't interested in using me for their own fame. So, are you in?"

She flushes, "What? No! Everyone will know you are lying soon as they see us together."

It's almost laughable really. How she can look into my eyes and not see the fire burning there? We're seated on a bed, and everything in me wants to rip off those form-fitting jeans down her legs, clutch her ass in my palms and pound my cock into

her until she is screaming for release.

Oh, there's chemistry alright, and not just from me. I don't miss the way her breath catches in her throat when my hand accidentally grazes her thigh or how she's seated so close to me, inches away from climbing onto my lap. Lizzie dead set on convincing herself that we're still just neighbors, barely even acquaintances. She doesn't want to see that there is something between us. An irresistible pull that I have never felt with anyone before, and I am willing to bet everything I have that it's a new feeling for her as well. What I don't understand is why she is fighting it.

But I will play her game. If convincing is what she needs, I will happily do so.

"We have more chemistry than you think, Lizzy," I say, placing a hand on her thigh, and she jolts, her lips parting with a sharp gasp at the contact. "If you agree to be my girlfriend, then I will teach you how to act in public so no one has any doubts."

It's clear words aren't going to convince her. I need to show Lizzie exactly how combustible we can be together .

So, I do.

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Liz

It happens so fast. One minute, we're talking, and the next, his hand is on my nape and in my hair, and...he's kissing me. I would be lying if I said I didn't see it coming, because I did. From the way he was looking at me, his eyes filled with such unfiltered desire, it was like nothing I had ever seen before.

What changed?

As far as I know, Sebastian Foster forgot I existed the moment he got his record deal and left Valor Springs. It was something I had to come to terms with. A small country girl like me was never going to end up with someone like Sebastian.

In all the years we were neighbors, he never looked at me as anything but the little girl next door. To be fair, we have a nine-year age gap between us and it would have been inappropriate if the man had ever looked at me as anything more than that. And until now, he hasn't been back to Valor Springs in nearly to a decade.

I knew the man didn't have feelings for me but that never stopped me from crushing on him and secretly hating him for never coming home.

Sebastian ruined my life. Well, I ruined my own life, but it brings me comfort to blame him.

It's because of him that no one other man stands a chance. I have always compared every other man to my hot neighbor, and not a single one could live up to the man. None of them ever made me feel the way he does, and with his mouth pressed against

mine, I realize that no one ever will.

My first real kiss.

I should stop him before he ruins me further. Remind myself that I am not actually dating this man. Those feelings I harbored for him are a thing of the past. Just a teenage girl crushing on her hot neighbor. Those feelings don't belong here, because then...

How will I ever want another man after feeling Sebastian's lips on mine his hand gently caressing my hair and slowly coaxing me to let him in?

I shouldn't let him in!

"You are trembling," he rasps against my lips, and I don't realize it until he mentions it. "Open up for me, kitten."

"We shouldn't be kissing, or touching," I try.

"Isn't that what people do in a relationship? Everyone will be expecting public displays of affection, and we don't want them to think you've never been kissed before."

"What? I...I have been kissed before!" I argue, and in response, Sebastian pulls back to look at me, a single sexy brow raised and that sensual mouth lifts in a smirk. Damn him for looking so good!

"You don't have to lie to me, kitten."

"Stop calling me that, and I am not lying. I have been kissed before."

Technically, I am not lying. There was Peter in elementary school who stole my first kiss. I punched his mouth with my little fist, and our parents had to be called in to the principal's office, but I am counting that as a kiss!

"Kitten..."

"I said stop calling me that!"

"What would you rather I called you then? I can't go calling you Lizzie in public."

He can't call me kitten either. The way he drawls it, his eyes firmly on mine when he calls me the forbidden nickname doesn't do me any favors when it comes to reining in my desire for him.

"Call me something else," I whisper.

"Fine, I'll reserve the pet name for our private moments," he teases, and I read the amusement in his eyes. "So, about your first kiss..."

I palm my face and let out a groan. "Can we talk about something else, please?"

"Fine," he says thickly. "One of the things people will be looking to observe is how you react to my touch in public. If you flinch when I touch you, then that will be the topic for days. We need to look like two people who are madly in love with each other."

Well, I don't know about him, but I am halfway there already. It's hard for someone to not fall in love with this man. There is a reason he is the most popular band member, and it has to do with more than just his talent.

One look at us in public, and everyone will know I have feelings for this man. God,

how mortifying would that be? Loving this man in secret was bad enough.

“I’ve seen celebrity couples simply hold hands, and that’s it. I don’t have to do something extreme in public, do I?”

“Well, if the paparazzi ask for a kiss, and you respond to my kiss as you did a minute ago, then people will know something is wrong,” he says, and I flash him a glare, causing him to chuckle deeply. “How about I show you how we should do it, kitten?”

“I... Don’t call me that,” I argue weakly, slowly losing my grasp on reality every time he says it. I need to resist this man, but every part of me wants to push up against my childhood crush and give him everything. God, I want to touch that body just to know if it feels as good as it looks.

I’ve spied his perfect body through my window so many times, and when I got older and touched myself for the first time, it was his hands I pictured on mine. It’s his breath I imagined brushing my skin as he kissed my body.

It was Sebastian I saw every time I closed my eyes and thought about my future, and now, he’s here, asking me to be his fake girlfriend. I should at least lock up my heart and body from this man if I am to survive unscathed, but...

He smells so good, like earth and musk and all male. His muscles are firm under my fingertips, and with his calloused hand in my hair, I find it hard to resist him.

“What are you so afraid of?” he asks, moving closer to me until there’s only a hair’s breadth between us. “We don’t need to do much in public. A few touches should be enough. I just want you to grow a little familiar with my touch, so I don’t startle you when I reach out to you in public. If my touch is something you are uncomfortable with...”

“No, I want you to touch me,” I hurry to say, cutting him off, and I only realize my mistake once the words are out. “I mean...”

Before I can try and cook up a lie, I am plucked off the bed, and he settles me on his lap. Sebastian wraps his massive arms around me before pulling me in close, and I gasp at the feel of his erection pressed against my center.

“Do you want to know why I did not even consider accepting a contracted relationship?” he says hoarsely, his mouth so close to mine, his breath intimately caressing my skin. God, this is not a good start to something that is meant to be fake. My feelings are already too real, and his erection...that’s real too. “The second I saw your photo, I haven’t been able to think about any other girl but you.”

“Sebastian...”

“You can say no, kitten,” he offers, sliding his hands under my sweater, moving them up and down my waist, sending a storm of heat licking up my skin. “I will not be upset if you decide you want nothing to do with me.” A whimper slips out when his hand drops to my hips and he rocks forward, rolling his erection over my sex. I gasp at the delicious friction of his hardness brushing my sensitive core. I wonder how it would feel without the clothes between us. “Of course, the choice is all yours.”

Choice... What choice?

I never stood a chance from the second he walked into the hotel, and he has to know it. My brain is slowly losing its grip on reality, and I feel like I will die if he takes his hands off me.

“Do we really need to do all this for a fake relationship?” I ask weakly, contradicting my own words by rocking my hips forward and pressing my sex over his hardness, surprised by my own wantonness. I curl my fingers into his shirt and tug hard, trying

and failing to rein in my need for this man.

He's not mine, though. Not really.

What Sebastian wants to start is fake at best, but my heart and body don't seem to have gotten the memo.

"Let me kiss you, kitten," he says thickly and my eyes drop to that sexy mouth. I wet my lips as longing swells my heart. "Let's work on that chemistry. We'll be doing a lot of touching in public, shouldn't we at least test the water to make sure we are compatible? It will be easier if your body is familiar with my touch and mine, with yours."

God.

"Sebastian..."

His hands slide up my backside, and he slowly grinds me on his lap, lifting his hips slightly, and I whimper at the heat that builds in my core. The sensitive spot between my legs throbs, and I feel myself grow lightheaded from everything this man is doing to me. "I want to kiss you, properly this time," he says huskily, leaning in so his lips are a few inches from mine. So close, I can feel his warm breath brush my lips, and whatever shred of control I was grasping onto slips through my fingers as need swims through my system. "Let me, kitten."

How can I say no to the man when he says things like that? Words meant to send my pulse drumming and my body heating up with the need for his touch, craving I have never felt for any other man! I shouldn't let this man touch me like this. It's not going to end well for me, and yet, I find myself humping his erection and nodding frantically at his words.

“Okay.”

Sebastian takes that as a green light as he presses his mouth to mine, softly at first, nudging me to open up for him. I clench his shirt in my fist, a little nervous and insecure from my inexperience, but he is patient. His lips brush over mine slowly, giving me time to relax, and it's not until the need in me is bursting and I've opened for him that the kiss takes a sudden turn.

The first graze of tongue is hot, and it causes my sex to grow wet with arousal. I moan at the sensation, wrapping my arms around his shoulders as he deepens the kiss, twisting his mouth hungrily over mine and stroking my tongue in the most erotic of moves.

It's meant to be a test, right?

We're not supposed to be kissing like this, and yet, I am possessed by the need to get all of this man. I return the kiss with as much fervor as he gives it. I don't care that it's a little sloppy and awkward on my part.

I want all of him!

This man that I have loved from a distance. I am delirious for him and everything he can offer. I moan into the kiss, rocking my hips forward and working my aching sex over his erection. Sebastian growls into the kiss, his hands digging into my ass as he motions me forward, encouraging my movements over his lap.

I gasp against his lips when I feel his hands grip my waist before rising higher. I don't have any clothing under my sweater other than my bra, and his calloused fingers on my bare skin send goosebumps all over me. “W-what are you doing?” I whisper shakily when I feel him tug at the clasp of my bra, freeing my aching breasts from their tight confines. I am panting as he slips his massive hands under my loosened bra

and squeezes my tits, making me cry out at the sensation. “Sebastian...”

“Your tits feel so good in my hands, kitten,” he rasps thickly, his erection growing impossibly thicker under me. “Do you want me to stop?”

“No,” I whimper.

“I can do more than touch you.” He leans in and brushes his mouth over my jaw and down to my neck, and I find myself tilting my head back for him. “I can make you feel more, kitten.”

“How?”

He doesn’t respond but instead grabs the hem of my sweater and tugs it up and over my head. With those beautiful dark eyes locked on mine, he drags the straps of my bra off my shoulders, leaving my top half naked.

Perhaps I would feel embarrassed straddling Sebastian, so vulnerable and exposed, if my body wasn’t trembling with need for the man.

Christ, this is Sebastian Foster.

The man I would watch for hours from my bedroom window, mesmerized by him. And now, he is touching me. His guitar-calloused thumbs pinching my aching nipples between his fingers and causing my tummy to fill up with heat.

“You are so fucking beautiful, kitten,” he says, his eyes dropping to my pebbled nipples. My lips part on a whimper when he starts kneading my tits in his palms. “I have met all kinds of girls in this industry, but none of them hold a candle to you. You are who I want.”

Fake.

This is fake, I need to remind myself of that.

I am the man's fake girlfriend, and I should not take his words to heart. I fight to grasp onto my sanity, but then he dips his head and runs his wet tongue over my left nipple before closing his mouth over the swollen bud and sucking it gently. I cry out, my back arching as pleasure shoots to my sex, causing it to flood my panties, no doubt staining my jeans.

"Sebastian, what are you doing to me?" I sob, riding my sex over his stiff manhood. His hot mouth shifts to my other nipple, driving me to the brink of madness with the heat he builds in me.

"Fuck, baby, we need to stop," he rasps, leaning up to slam his mouth on mine, and my head is light with desire for more. I see nothing but him. He's taken over all my thoughts and senses.

Stop?

It's a little too late for that, isn't it?

I kiss him back with so much pent-up need before breaking our connection to run my tongue over his neck, my fingers seeking to pop open the buttons of his shirt when he grabs my hands. "Fuck, baby, if you touch me, there's little that will stop me from fucking you here and now."

"No, don't stop."

I am too far gone to care, but his hands stay firmly on mine when I try to reach for his shirt once more. My body is burning with desire. He did this to me! Surely, he's not

thinking of stopping now, right?

I am aching. Every last bit of me aches for this man and his touch. He has no right to deny me when he was the one who started this fire in the first place.

“I think we’ve tested our chemistry enough for today.”

His words are like a bucket of cold water from the chill they leave in my system. I quickly withdraw my hands from him, mortified that I allowed myself to forget that this isn’t real. The touch may be, but the emotions behind it are not.

Sebastian Foster doesn’t actually want me. He never has.

He came back here to Valor Springs and to me because he needed a fake girlfriend for the publicity. Hell, he was honest with me from the start, but I let my feelings for him surface.

Stupid.

“Sorry,” I whisper, scrambling for my sweater and bra, suddenly mortified that I let him strip me. And the fact that I was on his lap, shamelessly humping his erection... Kill. Me. Now!

“Lizzy...”

I awkwardly crawl from his lap and completely off the bed, shrugging on my sweater without bothering with the bra. “I need to get back down to the desk. Abby needs me.”

“Hey, let’s talk,” Sebastian calls out, reaching forward to grab my wrist, but I evade his touch. “Lizzy, I didn’t mean for things to go that far. I’m sorry.”

Sorry that he doesn't want me? That he will never want me for anything more than a fake girlfriend? "Don't worry, I am not backing out from our deal."

Sebastian calls out again, but I am already at the door. I don't wait around to hear what he has to say as I slip out of the room and shut it behind me, cutting off his voice. I sprint down the hallway and don't breathe until I am in the elevator.

This is all my fault. For a moment, I let myself be seduced by his words and touch. I let myself fall under his spell.

I have met all kinds of girls in this industry, but none of them hold a candle to you. You are who I want.

I hug my arms and fall back against the cool wall as the memory of his words swirls around my thoughts. Maybe he wasn't lying about wanting me, not physically at least. It's not his fault that he doesn't want me in all the ways I want him.

He probably never will.

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Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 3:22 am

Sebastian

As I make it back down to the lobby, I am convinced that I have ruined things between Lizzie and me, but when I walk up to her at the desk, an apology on my lips, I am met with a nervous smile. She is not alone at reception, but even with the company, I expect her to tell me to fuck off or something along those lines. I took things a little too far in the hotel room, and I deserve whatever she has in store for me, except she doesn't seem angry.

I brush my hair from my face when I stop in front of her, but she speaks up before I can offer my apology. "Sebastian, your mother just called me," she whispers, leaning in so my words don't carry to the others in the lobby.

Her words take me aback. "What? How does she have your number?"

Lizzie rolls her eyes at me. "We are neighbors, remember?"

Oh, right. "Why would she call you?"

"She saw your Instagram post and wanted to confirm that the girl on your post was me."

"Fuck! Why didn't she just call me instead?"

Lizzie shakes her head. "I don't know, but she wants to talk about it. She knows you are in town and said she and your dad want to have dinner with both of us."

Fuck, I should have called my family when I arrived, but I was in a hurry to see Lizzie and clear things up between us before the news got to her. A part of me forgot how small Valor Springs is and how fast news travels. Someone probably called my parents the second I arrived in town.

“You don’t have to go with me to see my parents, Lizzy.”

“Your mother was really insistent about both of us joining them for dinner, but I don’t think I can make it anyway. The hotel check-in is open till late into the evening, and I can’t leave Abby to handle everything on her own.”

“Yes, you can,” chimes in the voice of the person who has been pretending not to be listening in on us. “You should go and see your in-laws, Lizzy. Besides, I can James will help me close up.”

“They are not my in-laws” Lizzie cuts herself off, letting out a loud sigh. “I can’t leave you to handle reception alone, Abby. We’ve been getting so many calls today, and you are new to all this. I don’t want you getting overwhelmed when I should be here helping you. You do pay me to manage the hotel, after all.”

“I’ve already called in help.” Abby waves her hand like she’s batting away Lizzy’s concerns.

Lizzie blinks at her boss. “You have?”

“Yeah, one of the people we’ve been interviewing for the job. She’ll be here in half an hour or so. I asked her to come in for trial shift.”

“Are you sure you’ll be okay without me here?”

“Shush, go grab your things and then go see your in-laws for dinner,” Abby says

before leaning into whisper to Abby, though she barely lowers her voice. “And make sure you tell me everything tomorrow.”

Lizzie offers her a smile before turning away. I watch her disappear through a door I imagine leads to the back, leaving me alone with her boss and friend, who immediately drops her smile. Amber eyes narrow on mine, and I let out a sigh, expecting a speech on how I should not hurt her friend or something along those lines.

“Are you using Lizzie to boost your career?”

Definitely not what I was expecting. “What?”

“I told you, I am a fan. I saw the news about how your bandmates got wasted at a party, trash talked you, and leaked all your new songs. The mess was all over social media. That was until you made that post about Lizzy, and now it’s all anyone is talking about.”

Fuck! Of course, people were going to make the connection, and although that was my manager’s plan, it’s not why I want Lizzie playing my girlfriend. “I like her. I won’t deny that my label thinks a relationship will be good for my image, but that’s not why I’m interested in Lizzy.”

“I want to believe that, but I’m not convinced. Lizzie was visibly upset when she came down here. She wouldn’t say what you did to her, but I know it was something,” she accuses, and guilt slams into me with such vengeance. Lizzy’s friend circles the desk and stops next to me, her eyes glaring at me when she speaks. “I may be your fan, but I will have you know that Lizzy’s cousin is a retired Marine. If you hurt her again, I will send him after you.”

“No need. I’ve known James for a long time. I’m well aware of how scary he can be

when he's fired up. I'll fix things with Lizzie right now."

Abby is all too eager to point out where I'll find her. "That door leads to the kitchen, and the backroom is at the end of the hall."

I nod briskly and walk away. Everything is just as she said, and I don't bother looking around as I walk straight to the door at the end of the hall. I don't knock, simply pushing the door open to find Lizzie sliding into her coat. Her head shoots up when I walk into the room, and her eyes widen in shock when they lock on mine, and just like that, I forget what it is that brought me here.

Christ above, she's beautiful. She has always been a pretty girl, but something in me changed when I saw that photo, and now, I can't see her the same way I used to.

"Sebastian..."

I kick the door shut behind me and walk over to her, grabbing her waist and yanking her hard against me. She lets out a sharp breath, palming my chest, but makes no move to escape my hold. My eyes drop to her sensual little mouth, and the need to kiss her climbs up my throat and threatens to choke me.

This is not why I came in here. I know this. I came here for...something, but, Christ, I can't remember to save my life. With this girl pressed flush against me and her tits pushed up against my chest, I can't grasp onto my thoughts long enough to make a logical decision. My cock is thick and heavy in my jeans, begging for release that only this girl can provide.

I want her.

Lizzy's eyes briefly stray toward the door, but I grab her chin and force them back on me. "No one is coming in here," I say raggedly, and she shivers against me, whether

from the words or my touch, I can't tell.

Her tits rise and fall, her breaths growing short when I slide my palm under her sweater and drag my fingers up her back, causing her to let out a shaky breath. "What are you doing, Sebastian?"

"Finishing what I started, kitten," I rasp, finding the clasp of her bra once more and tugging it free. "I shouldn't have let you leave that room without showing you what it means to be my girlfriend."

"You mean a fake girlfriend... Oh!" She whimpers when I slide my hand to her front, cupping her perfect globes and rubbing my thumb over her puckered nipples. "Jesus, Sebastian..."

I slam my mouth down on hers, and she whimpers again, opening up for me this time without any coaxing. Her hands slide up my shoulders and she twines them behind my neck as she kisses me back with enough hunger to match my own.

Fuck, she wants this as much as I do.

With a barely muted growl, I push her against the lockers, sinking my tongue into her and pulling at her addictive flavors. The kiss is wet and dirty, downright obscene, but I am a gone man. One with a beast clawing in him to take this girl, possess every beautiful inch, and claim her as mine. I grab the back of her left knee and bring it up to my hip, rocking my hard dick between her jeans-covered thighs. She moans into the kiss, gripping my shoulder as I thrust my cock against her sex, but it brings me little relief.

"I need to taste you, kitten. Want you to ride my tongue and cream all over my chin," I say into the kiss.

She gasps, her eyes soft and glassy. “H-here?”

“Here,” I say firmly, my hands dropping to unbutton her jeans and tug down the zipper. Her breath hitches when I yank down her pants along with her panties before sliding my hand between her legs. A rough growl slips out when my fingers graze her sex and find her folds slick with arousal. I slide my middle finger between her feminine lips, and she cries out, her back arching off the lockers.

“Oh, God,” she cries when I ride my finger to the center of her sex and graze her swelling clit. Fuck, she’s wet. I knew she would be, but, Christ, she’s dripping with arousal, her channel pulsing needily around my finger, and I question if she’s ever had anything inside her little pussy before. Taking her inexperience with kissing, I am doubtful she’s let anyone this close to her.

Does that mean I am the first man to touch her? The one she’s letting take all her firsts?

“You’re so gorgeous, kitten,” I tell her, trailing my mouth down her neck, and her head falls back to allow me more access. I lick the smooth column of her throat, inhaling her sweet scent as I tease her sex with my thumb, rubbing circles around her clit. She whines and writhes against me as I start to kiss a path down her body, pushing up her sweater with my free hand before dropping my lips between the swell of her sexy tits. Her pert little nipples beg for attention, and I am weak to resist as my mouth closes hungrily over a rosy bud. I lose myself in the taste of her. Her skin against my tongue is addictive, and so are the little broken noises she makes when I roll my tongue around the taught peaks.

My breath is ragged when I break away, my cock heavy and threatening to tear at the zipper of my jeans if I don’t take it out.

I need her!

Never before have I been consumed with desire so overwhelming for a girl. I've never lost my mind with the need for not just release, but for her pleasure as well. I am not a selfish lover in any sense of the word, but the need to please my partner has never been this strong. All-consuming to the point I can't see or think beyond her.

I want to give her everything. I want to take everything!

Mine!

She gasps when I drop to my knees, tugging down her jeans the rest of the way. She bites at her lips, peering down at me as I help her step out them. I break my gaze from hers and drop it to her sex, sucking in a sharp breath when my eyes lock on her bare, wet folds, and fuck, she's perfect. "You have no idea how goddamned amazing you are, kitten." My voice is thick with need, and I imagine my gaze is as well when I look up. "I should have never let you walk out of that room without showing you just how much I want you. I didn't want to stop. I shouldn't have stopped. Let me make up for my mistake, kitten."

A tremble racks her body when I trail my hands up her thighs, pushing them wider. "Sebastian...I need to tell you something," she whispers nervously, her words morphing into a gasp when I grab her left knee and bring it to my shoulder, further exposing her sex. Need pushes me to taste her, my mouth already watering for her flavors, but I hold back.

"What is it?"

"I... God, why is this so hard to say?" she whispers, running a shaky hand through her hair. "I've never done anything like this before."

"I know."

“Wait, what do you mean? Oh!” her back slams hard against the lockers with a barely muted cry when I slide my finger between her legs and rub my thumb over her feminine lips, slowly parting them to reveal her aroused sex.

“I like that no other man has touched you,” I say thickly, rubbing circles over her clit and causing her to jolt hard against me. I lean in and kiss her inner thigh, breathing in the sweet, peachy scent of her sex. “No other man gets this privilege but me!”

Her lips part with a sob when I lick over the valley of her sex, gathering her sweet arousal on my tongue. A deep growl climbs up my throat as her flavors flood my mouth, causing my dick to leak endlessly in the tight confines of my jeans.

More . A voice roars for me to take more. I dig my fingers into her hips as I drag my tongue over her clit, bathing it in fast strokes.

“Sebastian!” she sobs, falling backward against the lockers once more. Her hips move restlessly as she eagerly rides my tongue. The little broken sounds she makes at the back of her throat work to spur me on. That, and the taste of her.

Christ, I could grow addicted to her intoxicating taste. And the way she responds to my touch. Even the way she loses her shyness and boldly digs her fingers into my hair, pushing me harder against her sex, seeking that sweet release only I can give her, that only I will ever give her.

Mine!

My eyes search hers as I close my lips around her clit and apply light suction. I watch hungrily, drinking in her expression, as her lips part with a soundless scream and her eyes roll back. I drop my gaze to her flushed, juicy tits that shake as she rides my face. Her pussy begins to quiver against my tongue when I increase pressure on her clit, a tremble racking her body seconds before she explodes.

Her fingers tug at my hair and her sex clenches hard around my tongue as she climaxes, painting my chin and jaw with her arousal. She chants out my name as I pleasure her through the orgasm and doesn't stop until the storm subsides.

"God," she heaves, her body still shaking with beautiful spasms even as I climb to my feet. Her face is flushed and her eyes drowsy when they lock with mine. She looks so fucking gorgeous, and I can't help but imagine how she'll look with my cock buried inside of her, but I am not about to pop her cherry in here.

My hands drop to my dick, tugging down my zipper to pull out my cock when her much smaller hands close over mine. "Let me," she says nervously. I notice the flush on her cheeks deepen as she slides her slender fingers into my jeans, gasping in surprise when her hand closes over my cock. "It's so big."

"I can't wait any longer," I grit out, dropping my forehead to hers. My breathing comes in pants when she tightens her grip and uses both of her hands to stroke me.

"Is...is this okay?"

"Perfect," I choke out, my balls drawn tight with the need for release. My muscles tighten, the tingle at the base of my spine letting me know how close I am to exploding. I hiss when her fingers brush the head of my cock, using the moisture leaking down my shaft to ease her strokes. "Fuck, kitten. I'm so close. God!" I growl, thrusting into her grip, and it only takes a few moments before I come with a rough grunt. Her surprised cry rings in my ear as I spill an endless string of thick white cum on her palm in fat spurts, but she doesn't stop stroking me. I paint her stomach with my seed, marking her as mine until I'm spent.

My mouth seeks hers once the climax has eased off, dragging my lips hotly over hers until we're both out of air. "Am I forgiven?" I rasp against her lips. "Can we go now and meet my family?"

“Please don’t talk about them while I still have your...um, your thing in my hand.”

I chuckle at her words. “My thing?”

“Stop. You know what I mean.” She licks her lips, avoiding my gaze when I push back to look at her, and Christ, she’s a vision. I have already claimed this girl in front of the entire world, and many people, including her, will believe it’s just a publicity stunt.

I guess I’ll have to convince her and the rest of the world that Elizabeth Fae is mine, that my feelings for her are real.

“Let’s get out of here,” I say, fixing her sweater before looking around for where I tossed her jeans. We clean up with the wet wipes she keeps in her bag before she slides back into her panties and jeans, and I straighten my own clothes. The room smells of sex, but there is little we can do about that.

“I can’t believe we just did that in here,” she whispers, and I lean back to watch her finish getting dressed, slowly coming to terms with my feelings for her. “Do you think anyone heard us?”

“Not yet, but they will if we don’t leave now. I am barely holding back from touching you again, kitten.”

She blushes, avoiding my gaze when she speaks next. “You better not call me that in front of your parents.”

“I can’t make any promises.”

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Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 3:22 am

Liz

The truth.

That is what I expect Sebastian to tell his parents when they sit us in their living room and bombard us with questions about our relationship, how and when we started dating, why we kept it a secret. This is his family, and they would never do anything to sabotage his career, so I wait for him to tell them about our sham of a relationship.

“We’ve been dating for a year.”

My jaw drops on the floor. I haven’t seen this man in well over a year, but the lies don’t end there.

“You both know how busy I have been and that couldn’t make it home, so our relationship has been a long-distance one.”

I turn to his parents, expecting them to call him out on his lies, but they are nodding.

Do they actually believe the bull he is feeding them? How can they believe his lies when I don’t even have Sebastian’s phone number! He and I were never close, and every interaction we’d had in the past consisted almost entirely of me silently watching him play his music and him ignoring me.

“What about you, Elizabeth?”

My eyes shoot up at the mention of my name, and I blink rapidly when I find all eyes

on me. I let out a nervous chuckle and straighten in my seat. “Sorry, did you say something, Mrs. Foster?”

“Yes, I asked why you kept the relationship a secret from us. Do your parents know?”

Oh right, now I have to lie to my parents too about this relationship. “I...um...we... Sebastian asked me to keep it a secret. I didn’t want to, but he made me promise not to tell anyone. Not even you guys.”

The second the words are out, I scramble to grab my glass of juice and gulp down half of it before slowly lowering the glass back to the table. It’s probably unfair to throw the man under the bus, but he got me into this mess by lying in the first place, and it’s only fair that he bears the brunt of blame. Mrs. Foster glares at her son before turning back to me.

“Elizabeth, do you love my son?”

Silence. Deafening silence fills the room after her question, and I open my mouth to tell yet another lie, but this time, it’s the truth that slips out.

“I do. I love Sebastian.”

The fool that I am has been in love with this man for as long as I can remember. When I wasn’t trailing after him and my older cousins, I would be seated under my window, listening to him strum his guitar, daydreaming that I was in his room, seated on the bed next to him. Sebastian would be mortified if he knew how many times I imagined his lips on mine.

And now I know how they feel pressed against mine. I have felt them on my skin, on my most intimate parts.

Do I love Sebastian?

It's not even a question I need to ponder. My heart races when he's near and I miss him when he leaves. The distance and time apart did little to nothing to kill my infatuation for this man. And now that we've spent time together as adults, it's so much more intense.

"Good," Mrs. Foster says, bringing me back to the present. "You are a sweet girl, Elizabeth. I couldn't have asked for a more perfect girl for my son."

But I am not his, not really. "Thank you, Mrs. Foster."

I offer the older woman a smile, pushing back the sad feeling that threatens to surface. In the future, Sebastian will fall for a girl he actually likes, and he'll bring her home. He will hold her hand like he's holding mine, and all the things he did to me, he'll do them to her too.

"You are welcome, love. Now how about you join me in the kitchen, and you can tell me all about your relationship with my son as I finish up on making dinner."

Finally, the interrogation is over! I think as I shoot up to my feet, except in my hurry to get up, I knock over her glass of juice and spill it all over my sweater. I move back, the chair scraping behind me when I do so, but there is no evading it. The mess has already been made.

"I'm so sorry," I cry as I look around for something to clean the mess with, but Sebastian beats me to it. He grabs napkins from a coffee table close by and uses them to wipe the table. Mrs. Foster rushes out of the room and comes back with a clean cloth, using it to finish cleaning up the mess. I stand uselessly as everyone works to clean up the mess I just made. "I'm sorry."

“It’s fine, sweetheart,” Mrs. Foster says, patting my shoulder reassuringly. “I’ll finish up on dinner. Why don’t you let Sebastian take you home so you can get changed into fresh clothes? Dinner will be ready in about an hour.”

My eyes widen in alarm at her words. Sebastian? In my home? “N-no, it’s fine. It’s just next door. He doesn’t need to accompany me. Besides, you probably need to catch up with him since he’s been gone for so long.”

“Nonsense. He will go with you,” Mrs. Foster says, urging her son to stand, and I expect him to fight her on it as well but he simply climbs to his feet and nods to her.

Wait! No! Do I not have a choice in this? My parents are away on a trip so the house will be empty. I can’t walk into an empty house with the man I am in love with. Every time we are alone, something happens and it’s messing with my brain.

I can’t afford to get any closer to this man than I already am.

Even so, I am left with few options. I let him place an arm over my shoulder and guide me out of the house. The walk to my house takes all of three minutes. My hands are trembling as I take out the keys to unlock the door and let us in.

“Stay here,” I tell Sebastian once we’re inside. “I’ll go up and get change then meet you down here.” He smirks at my instructions and I stupidly think he’s going to follow them, except he follows behind when I start for the staircase. “Sebastian!”

“Hey, I just want to see your room. I bet you have a poster of some boy band on your wall.” My eyes widen in alarm at the memory of a teenage me putting up a poster of his band when they did their first tour. Christ, I was fifteen at the time, and I have never bothered to take it down. Oh my God, what if he sees it? I flush in mortification at the thought. He absolutely cannot come into my room. At my obvious distress, he asks, “Wait, do you really have a boyband poster in there?”

“No!” I say too fast, and his eyes narrow in suspicion.

“You do.” There is that sexy smirk again. “Who is it? Is it a band that I know?”

“I don’t have a poster on my wall. That is childish and stupid. Now stay down here so I can go and change.”

“Fine, fine!” he says, raising his hands in surrender. He turns his back to me, and I relax. Trusting that he’ll keep his promise, I take the remaining steps up and walk to my room. I push open the door when I suddenly feel a presence behind me. I turn around to scold the man for breaking his promise, but he slips past me and into my room.

And there it is.

The massive DC poster next to my bed. The faces of the other members are unmarked, but there is a huge red heart drawn around the dark-haired man at the center of the poster. The same man currently standing in my room.

“I was fifteen,” I hurry to say, shuffling nervously on my feet. “I...I was just trying to be supportive to my neighbor!” I don’t even believe my own lie.

“I see that,” he says, his voice quiet, and I wait for him to tease me for drawing a heart around his picture, but he doesn’t, which is more unnerving than it would be if he actually made fun of me.

Sebastian walks to the window facing his and tugs open the blinds, getting the perfect view of his bedroom. From my room, we can see his bed and his drum set. The rest of his instruments went with him when he moved out. As kids, he spent the majority of his time on his bed playing music, and I... Well, spent most of mine watching him. Unless he was sleeping, he was constantly playing something. The sudden silence

was deafening when he went away.

In his silence now, I can only imagine what he's thinking about. From the poster to the window facing his room, I bet he might have an inkling that I have feelings for him. Feelings that run deeper than what happened today.

Sebastian turns around to face me, and I suddenly feel naked under his dark gaze. I smooth my shaky palms over my jeans, anticipating his next words. There is no telling what's happening behind that stoic face. What the man is thinking has always been as much a mystery to me as it has to the rest of his fans. He's that good at keeping his emotions hidden.

"Tell me something, kitten," he drawls, causing my heart to jump in my chest. "What was running through your mind every time you spied on me through your window?"

"Nothing," I say in a rush of air. "I...never looked."

"I prefer the truth."

"I promise, I never... What are you doing?" I gasp when he pushes away from the window and takes a step toward me. "Okay, I'll tell you. Just stop right there!" He stops, and I breathe out a sigh when he does so. "I just...sometimes, I liked watching you play."

"Is that all?"

"No." Christ, I meant to say yes but with those dark eyes watching me, I find myself caving to the truth. "Sometimes I just wanted to see you. Lying on the bed on your phone texting, or playing your guitar, or..."

"Or what?"

I blush at the memory of the time I caught him jerking under his sheets. That was probably eleven years ago, and I knew the man needed his privacy, but I found myself peeking through the curtains and watching the motion of his hand under the covers. My gaze was, especially on his face. His eyes were closed and lips parted, puffing out sharp breaths as he brought himself to an orgasm. I ducked under my window when his eyes snapped open and it was sheer luck that he didn't catch me but it's not my fault that his curtains were drawn.

"The point is, I saw a lot of things." I decide to leave it at that. He probably doesn't need to know how many times I saw him strut around his room in just boxers. I don't mention the time I had to wipe the drool off my mouth from watching him work out on his bedroom floor. Maybe it was wrong of me to spy on the man so shamelessly, but Sebastian is...perfect. From his midnight black hair and dark eyes to a body that looks like it's curved from stone, it's a sin to not look. He was created for the stage. To be admired, and that's all I did.

So maybe I did more than admire him, but he doesn't need to know that.

"Why don't you return the favor?"

"Huh?" The man starts walking toward me once more, and I take a step back. The back of my knees hit the bed frames and I nearly fall back. "Sebastian!"

"I like the way you call out my name, kitten," he rasps, walking toward me but I have nowhere to run. "Now, I think it's only fair that I ask you to return the favor. All those years of watching me prance around my room naked."

"I never saw you naked!" except for that one time, but it was brief, and I ducked away because I was too shy. Christ, now that I think back on it, I might have been a bit obsessed with the man.

Sebastian stops in front of me. “How do I know you are telling the truth?”

“I...” My words trail off, his strong masculine scent leaving me immobile. I search my head for what it is I was going to say but come back empty. “Sebastian...I...”

“How about I strip for you instead, let you see the real thing up close.”

I suck in a sharp breath, my heart hammering at his words. God, I’ve always dreamed about seeing and touching him up close; it almost drove me to madness. And now he is offering to let me do that without having to watch him like a little stalker.

Is he teasing me? Christ, I will kill him if this is his idea of a joke, but his heated eyes tell me otherwise.

“The dinner...”

Sebastian wraps his hand around my nape and leans in. I know what he’s going to do and my eyes flutter to a close as our mouths meet in a slow, toe-curling kiss. I fist his shirt, opening up for him when he seeks to deepen the kiss. It quickly transforms into something dirty as our tongues slide hotly over each other, dampening my sex. “You don’t need to hide anymore, kitten,” he rasps into the kiss. “Today I’ll let you do more than just watch.”

Our eyes lock in a room charged with lust and I realize that I want this. Fake girlfriend or not, I want this part of him. And I want him to take a part of me I have kept for myself.

I want to give everything.

I want to be his. To belong to this man, even if it’s just for the night.

I can have him tonight, and then later, I will share him with the rest of the world. Years to come when he falls in love with someone else and doesn't need to lie about them, I will still have this moment.

A precious moment that belongs to only the two of us.

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Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 3:22 am

Sebastian

I remember when the new family moved in next door, I went over to introduce myself because my parents made me. My first impression of the family was that the mother looked too young to have a baby. I gave them the funnel cake my mom sent me over to deliver, told them my name, and left.

Through the years, I would get the occasional loud music complaints from the family next door, but mostly ignored them. I'd caught Lizzie watching me play through her bedroom window enough times to know that at least someone over there appreciated my music. I started playing softer melodies at night, though, so I didn't keep the little girl awake.

But now, the poster on her wall... It's giving me ideas. That and the fact that I had no idea so much of my room could be seen from her window. Whether or not Lizzie has feelings for me is no longer a question, it's written all over her room.

I'm going to return the affection that has been unrequited for years. Oh, it's very much requited now.

Our kiss turns feral, and it's like something in her has been set free now that she doesn't have to hide. We become animals in the way she tears at my shirt, seeking skin to touch, and I do the same, yanking her sweater off her shoulders. We break apart to pull the sweater up, and the second it's tossed somewhere in the room, my mouths find hers once more. She whimpers into the kiss, her tongue boldly dragging over mine in a mating dance so hot it has my cock aching in my pants.

I want her!

Under me, spread on the bed with my cock buried inside of her, her back arched as she takes my shaft into her tightness. That is how I want her!

I need to have her now!

My eager hands find the button of her jeans, and for the second time today, I pop it open before dragging down her zipper. My heart hammers in my chest as I yank them down her hips right along with her panties. Lizzie steps out of them without so much as taking her mouth off me, her need matching mine in its intensity.

“On the bed now, kitten,” I demand into the kiss, forcing myself to pull away. Christ, I could spend eternity kissing her, tasting her sweetness on her tongue, and breathing her in. All of her. Merging our souls into one. “Need you. Want you.”

Mine!

“Want you too,” she whispers, pulling away from my embrace, and I watch her climb onto bed, my hard cock leaking endlessly into my jeans. Dressed, Lizzie is gorgeous, but naked, she is a fucking wet dream. Every inch of her is curved to perfection, and everything in me aches to touch her. To kiss that body until I learn all her pleasure points.

My eyes stay on her as I strip off my shirt, and I don't care to look where it falls when I shrug it off. Her gaze drops to my lower half when I unbutton my jeans, those beautiful blue eyes widening to saucers when I shove them down along with my boxer briefs. My cock bobs out, the head is red and angry, precum leaking down its length. My need for her is clear as day, and perhaps that scares her a little as she swallows nervously when I climb on the bed.

“I want you to be sure about this, kitten,” I grind out, placing one knee on the bed, and then another before tracking her like a predator would prey, and from the way she moves back with her gaze nervously shifting from my manhood to my hungry eyes, she looks every bit as one. “If you let me touch you again, I am going all the way.”

“All the way?”

“I mean, I’ll fuck you.” Her cheeks flush at my crude words, and she gasps when her back hits the headboard. Fuck, just looking at her has my balls aching with need; I have to reach down and jerk my cock a few times to find some sort of relief from the ache this girl is causing me. “Stop me while you still can, kitten. If you don’t want my cock inside of you, this is the time to stop.”

“No,” she whispers, shaking her head despite the nerves I read in her eyes. “I’ve wanted this for so long.”

“This?”

“You,” she clarifies, her breathing getting choppy when I climb over her, settling a knee between her parted thighs. “I...I’ve always wanted you.”

“And now you have me.”

I pull her down so she is flat on her back, then my mouth slams back down on hers, and she makes a whiny sound at the back of her throat as she opens up for me, bringing her hands up to grip my shoulders. I lick into her sexy little mouth, dragging my tongue hotly over hers, and she responds in kind, dragging her fingers down my shoulders even as she rubs her pussy over my knee. The move is erotic, and it takes everything in me not to pin the girl down on the bed and fill her with my cock, to give her something to rub off on, but I remind myself that this is her first time.

Our first time together. If she's waited for this moment for a long time, then it's only right I make it memorable for her.

Make it worth the wait.

I start to kiss my way down her body, licking at her pebbled nipples until she's sobbing. "I imagined myself doing this as I was looking through your photos." I lick a path down her body, loving the way she jolts against me as I drag my tongue across her skin. "You looked so fucking beautiful smiling into the camera, and I wanted to drink in that smile. I wanted those eyes watching me. I wanted to see them glaze over when I filled you with my cock." I bring my thumb to her pussy, sliding the digit between her sodden folds and rubbing at the swelling bundle of nerves. She cries out, her hips lifting, but I use my hand to force them down. "I had no idea that your eyes have always been on me, kitten. I should not have kept you waiting." I watch hungrily as her mouth parts with a sob and her eyes glaze over as I slowly tease her clit, her sex growing slicker with arousal and soaking my thumb. "Let me take care of you now, Lizzy." With my eyes locked on her, I lean in and give her sex a deep lick, using my lips to tease her clit. Her hips lift off her bed with a sob and her fingers clench her sheet, and it's a beautiful sight. More perfect than I could have ever dreamed up. "You taste like heaven, kitten."

"Oh, God, it's too much," she sobs.

"No, it's not enough," I growl against her pussy, dragging my tongue over the valley of her sex. Her pleased cry rings in my ears as I lap at her arousal, gathering her sweet juices onto my tongue. I close my eyes and savor her sweetness, losing myself in both her scent and taste. Everything about this girl is intoxicating.

I can't get enough!

My cock drips endlessly into the sheets as I bury my face between her thighs,

flickering her clit with the tip of my tongue until her thighs begin to tremble and her sobs grow fevered. I close my lips around the pulsing bud with hard suction, and she cries out, her hips lifting off the bed as she comes apart.

“God. Oh God !”

Her tits shake as beautiful spasms rock her body with her blonde hair splayed artfully on the bed, and as much as I want to enjoy the view, I find I can’t wait any longer. I need to be inside of her.

I climb up her body and settle between her parted thighs. She bends her knees to allow me access to her sex, which only leaves her more exposed. With my eyes locked on hers, I wrap my fist around my cock and guide it to her pussy, panting like a bull when I press it to her entrance. “Fuck, kitten!” I growl, my muscles burning with restrained power, fighting with everything to take it slow with her, but Christ, she makes it hard for me to do so.

“Do it,” she whispers, bringing her hands to my face and cupping my jaw. She pulls my head down to hers, and my eyes shut when I feel the soft press of her lips on my skin, every caress leaving me heated. “I’ve waited too long for you.” Her voice is soft, a clear contrast to the fire I read in her eyes when I bring my gaze to hers. “Do it, Sebastian. Take me!”

Her mouth parts in a gasp when I sink the head of my cock in her entrance, eyes locked on hers as I work my shaft into her tightness. Lord above, she’s so fucking tight.

I am panting and breathing deeply as I inch deeper into her, feeling the thin veil of her virginity resist my intrusion. A thin trail of sweat rolls down my temple, and my muscles strain painfully as I fight to rein in the beast crying for me to tear forward and impale her with my cock.

“Fuck, baby, I don’t want to hurt you,” I grit out through a clenched jaw.

“It’s okay,” she whispers, her lips seeking mine in a kiss. “Want it. Want you.”

With a rough growl, I plow my cock into her, tearing through the tight barrier and burying all the thick inches of my cock into her pussy. I press my lips down on her, swallowing her surprised gasp when I slam into her. I knew she would be tight, she’s never been with anyone before, but I was not prepared for how hard it would be to not climax on the spot. Her pussy is a fucking glove around my cock, pulsating around my shaft and quickly nipping at my control.

“Fuuuck!” I growl, fighting to rein in my desire before pushing back to look at her face. Her eyes are focused on me, and the tears I see in them send me into a state of panic.

“Lizzy, are you okay? Did I hurt you?”

“No,” she sniffs. “It hurts a little but...”

“Kitten, what is it?”

“I love it,” she whispers, tightening her grip on my shoulders. “I like feeling you in me. I... Does it always feel this way.”

Achingly intimate? Like my soul is being pulled apart and remade new? No.

She doesn’t need to say it out loud for me to know what she means, and no, it doesn’t always feel this way. It’s never felt this way with anyone else before. It probably never will. Not that I have any intention of trying it with anyone after her.

“You are mine,” I say, sliding my hand to the back of her knee and lifting it higher on

my hip, watching through lust-fogged eyes as her back arches and lips part with a gasp when the move sends me impossibly deeper into her. I plant a forearm over her shoulders and start rocking into her in small pumps, slowly getting her adjusted to my size. “Every inch of this gorgeous body belongs to me!”

“Yes,” she whimpers, her pussy flexing around my cock; the scratches she leaves on my shoulders are all I need to know how much she likes this.

“I found my way back to you, kitten. We were meant to be together,” I say, thrusting my cock slowly into her, using the base of my cock to rub her clit with every move. My gaze stays on her dazed one as I slide in and out of her wetness, her tits shaking with every slap of my hips against hers. “This pussy was always going to belong to me!”

“Yours. Always you!”

“Goddamn right. I’ll fuck you so hard that everyone will know it too,” I growl, pulling her knee over my shoulder as I start ramming into her with barely controlled thrusts, slowly losing myself in the feeling. I want to take it slow for her, but God, I can’t hold back anymore.

“No one else gets to have you either,” she cries out, sinking her nails into my skin and no doubt marking me, but I don’t care. She can mark me all she wants because I will only ever belong to her.

“Only yours!”

I bury my face in her neck as I grind my cock into her tightness. She mewls and moans, rocking her hips up to meet my thrusts and grind her sensitive bud against me, and soon, the room is filled with the wet slap of flesh and our pleased cries. A familiar tingle spreads up my spine and I feel the pressure in my balls, threatening to

explode any second. I pick up speed, hammering into her in rough strokes, and I wait to hear her breathing change before dropping my hand between us. “I’m so close, kitten. Come with me.” I stroke her clit roughly with my thumb as I thrust deep and rough into her tight heat.

“Oh God!” she cries out seconds before she explodes under me. She sobs, her sex clenching hard around me, squeezing me so hard it causes my dick to erupt. I pound my cock into her, black spots dancing behind my eyes as I fill her with my cum, pumping it deep inside of her with a hoarse cry. The sudden thought that this could get her pregnant sends a feral roar slipping out of my lips as I draw out the climax.

“Mine!” I growl roughly, my cock twitching inside of her as she milks me of every drop until my muscles turn lax and I fall on top of her. “Fuck, kitten. Are you okay?”

“Yeah,” she says raggedly, nuzzling my neck, and it takes me by surprise when I feel her sink her teeth into the spot right under my jaw, hard enough to leave a bruise without breaking skin. She brushes her lips over the spot before trailing them down my neck.

“What was that?”

“Marking you,” she whispers. “I want you to remember that you are mine too.”

“Always,” I whisper, turning my head to brush my lips over hers before hugging her tightly in my arms. For the first time since everything happened, I find myself grateful for the scandal that forced me back to Valor Springs. Back to the arms of a girl I had no idea was waiting for me.

She belongs to me now.

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Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 3:22 am

Liz

“Do you really have to leave?”

Sebastian turns around as he buttons his shirt, and my breath is stolen at just how perfect the man looks. And when he tosses me that sexy smirk of his that used to annoy me when I was younger, I find myself falling deeper in love with him.

A part of me isn't entirely convinced that this isn't a fever dream. The past three days spent with Sebastian as his girlfriend have been the best days of my life. I am not entirely sure we're even playing pretend anymore. Every time he has introduced me as his girlfriend and the love of his life, I fell for the lie a little more.

It can't be a lie.

The kisses feel way too real for it to be anything but the truth. The way he holds me even when we are alone makes me believe that the man has fallen as deeply in love with me as I have with him.

“I'm sorry, kitten. The label wants to talk in person. I will only be gone for a few days, and you can stop skipping classes in the meantime.”

“H-how did you know about that?”

He raises a single brow as he walks to me, settling down beside me on his bed. “Did you really think I wouldn't find out you've been skipping your online classes?”

“Maybe.” To be fair, we haven’t done much talking. The time we’ve been alone has been spent mostly making love. It’s not just the classes that I have been skipping, but I’ve been getting to work late too. Although I don’t want to admit it to myself, I am afraid that this is the only chance I will ever get to be with Sebastian. I want hoard every moment with him before I have to share him with the rest of the world.

I want to touch him. Kiss him. Talk to him. I want to know his most intimate secrets and share mine too.

I would have loved to spend a little more time with him, but last night he got a call from his manager to head back to the city. Although I haven’t let it show, a part of me is terrified that I will not get to see him again once he leaves. The last time he left Valor Springs, he spent an entire decade away. Even though we were not together and the man was oblivious to my feelings, I still missed him. Every time I walked to my bedroom window to see his empty one, sadness would strike my heart.

“Hey, what’s wrong?” I snap to the present when his hand closes over mine. I try to convince myself that there is no use worrying about our future when he promises to come back to me. I have waited for years to be with him. I can wait a few days.

I flash him a smile, shaking my head as I move closer to him. “It’s nothing.”

“Don’t lie to me.”

My eyes drop to the shirt that is halfway undone, revealing the tattoos on his chest, and I am reminded of how I spent last night running my tongue over them. Kissing and licking every inch of his body. I finger the buttons of his shirt before slipping my hand through the gap and tracing a finger over the beautiful ink on his firm muscles. “I remember the first tattoo you got.”

I see it in his eyes. The urge to call me out for changing the subject, but he decides to

let it go. “How do you which one was my first?”

“Because I heard your mom yelled at you for it. She was so loud, I couldn’t help but hear.” I chuckle at the memory. “I thought it was funny that you chose to get a skull tattoo of all things, and then show it to your Catholic mother.”

“She almost sent me packing.”

“Yeah, but then she came around,” I say, tracing my finger around his nipple. He hisses when I graze it as I circle the tattoo on his pec. “This was the second one you got.” I slide my hand down his firm chest to his side where a snake tattoo disappears around his back. “This was next.”

“You have a perfect memory, don’t you,” he chokes out, and I notice the bulge in his pants grow with every caress.

I slide my hand along the ink pattern that stops at his V-line, fingering the spot and watching with satisfaction as his eyes fire up with lust. “This one is my favorite,” I whisper, my eyes on the straining fly of his pants.

“Is it now?” I break into a fit of giggles when he wraps his arm around my waist and rolls me to my back on the bed. His bed. The same bed I spent years watching him sit on as he played his guitar, and now, I’m on it with him. With the man I have loved for as long as I can remember. “You are a damn tease, you know that, right?”

I bite my lip and blink innocently at him. “I was only showing you my favorite tattoo.”

“We both know that’s not true.” He slides his hand under my dress and grabs the waistband of my panties before yanking them down. “Look, what you’ve done now. Waking a beast when I barely have time to spare.”

“We can stop if you want,” I offer, pushing up my hips against his. Sebastian tears the panties off me completely before nudging my hips open with his knee to expose my sex further. I let him, parting my thighs for him, my sex pulsing needily for his cock. In the last couple of days we’ve been together, I have begun to fear that I may be a sex addict. I want him inside of me, always!

I feel like I will die without his hands on my body, and a part of me is terrified of how I will cope in the few days he’s away. Addict or not, it’s clear to me that only he can bring out this feeling in me.

Is it possible to be addicted to one person and their cock? I didn’t think it was until Sebastian.

Only he gets to touch me like this. My pleasure belongs to only him!

“You are so fucking wet, kitten,” he rasps when he slides his fingers through my slick folds, feeling the wetness there. I let out a shuddering breath when he slides his thick digit into my sodden sex, slowly thrusting in and out of me.

“Need to feel you,” I whimper, my hands dropping between us to unzip his slacks. “Want you inside of me.”

“Fuck, baby!” His voice turns hoarse when I slide my hand into his briefs and take out his cock, jerking his massive shaft in my hand. “You are so fucking horny. Your pussy is practically begging for my cock.”

“ Please .”

I am trembling when he finally draws out his fingers and grabs his cock to guide it to my pulsing sex. Even after all the sex we’ve had, I still wince at the size of his cock when he slams it into me. Christ, he’s so big, filling and stretching me with his

thickness. It doesn't take long for me to adjust to his massive girth before he starts pounding into me, eyes locked on mine and his hot breath fanning my lips. It's so hot and intimate, it sends my heart clenching painfully for the man who is about to leave me.

I hope this is a short goodbye and that soon, he'll be back in my arms.

"I love you." The words slip out before I can enforce my brain-to-mouth filter, and his eyes widen in surprise. I want to take the words back or play it off like it was a mistake, but I don't want to lie to myself or him anymore.

"Fuck, kitten. You know just how to undo me," he growls, rocking into me hard. "The grip you have around my heart is unlike anything I have ever felt before." His hand drops between us, and he finds my swollen bud, strumming it as he hammers into me, filling me with his pulsing sex with every drive. "There is no going back after this, Lizzy. Mine!"

Everything becomes a haze of lust and feeling as his flesh smacks into me in fast rough pounds. I bury my hands into his skin, scratching a path down his chest as he pumps into me like a madman, assaulting all my senses with his scent, his touch, and the way he looks me. Almost like I am the most important person in his life.

"Harder," I whimper, my eyes rolling to the back of my head when he does that just. It's brutal the way he takes me and...it's perfect.

I claw his skin, and a sob climbs up my throat when I feel the pressure in my core threaten to burst. Quick pants saw in and out of my throat and my body starts trembling seconds before it all explodes in a million little fireworks that shoot through every part of my body.

My back arches off the bed as the orgasm takes over my system, my sex clenching

hard around his thick shaft. “Fuck yes, baby, come all over my cock,” he says roughly, stroking my sensitive bud until I am a whimpering mess. “It’s so fucking hot how your juices are dripping all over me, kitten.”

I am still trembling when Sebastian pulls out, flipping me around onto my knees, then hammering into me, grinding hard into my sex and using me like I’ve always imagined he would. He combs his fingers through my hair and grabs a fistful, tugging hard as he slams his cock into me, and it takes only three more pumps before he comes with a roar. His muscles tense behind me before he floods me with his warm seed, pumping into my sensitive pussy until I have milked him of every drop.

I heave out a breath when his muscles go lax over mine. “That was...”

“I know,” he rasps, leaning down to kiss my shoulder. “Perfect. Everything about you is perfect, kitten.”

He rolls over and pulls me into his arms. We both have places to be and people waiting for us, but it seems neither of us is willing to break the embrace. Doing so will mean finally letting him leave, so we lie down on his bed, staring at the ceiling for what feels like hours. Neither of us stir until we hear the sound of a phone ringing somewhere in the room.

“I need to go, kitten,” he says, hugging me tighter to his side.

“You’ll only be gone for a few days, right?” I ask, trying and failing to hide the insecurity in my voice.

“Two days tops,” he says, pressing his lips against my temple. “I promise to be in touch the entire time and come back to you as soon as I have settled things with the label. I left in such a hurry, and that’s why I need to go back and sort things out.”

“Okay,” I say, choosing to trust his words. “I need to get to work too. Abby won’t be happy if I am late again.”

Pulling away from the embrace proves to be the hardest thing for us, but we manage to do so. Sebastian even offers to drop me off at the hotel, and that too is difficult. “I’ll call you, kitten,” he flashes me a smile, and I nod, waving off his car as he drives away. I stand right outside the hotel until his car has disappeared, and even then, I find it hard to walk inside. There is an emptiness that settles in me now that Sebastian has left, and try as I may, I find it hard to ignore the panic that he may not come back.

“Don’t be stupid, he promised you, didn’t he?” I murmur before letting out a laugh. I’m being pathetic, pinning over the man even now that I finally have him. The rest of the world already knows that I belong to him. He called me his .

“Lizzy, what are you doing out there?” calls out a voice, and I turn around to find Abby waving me in. She has a grim look on her face, and I wince, figuring she’s mad at me for being late to work again. I flash her a small smile and make my way up the short stairs to where she is standing.

“Abby, I know you are mad, but...”

My words trail off when she steps up next to me and twines her arm with mine, and I realize that the look on her face is not anger, but something akin to pity. “Lizzy, I...I don’t know how to tell you this.”

“What?” I ask, suddenly terrified that something happened to the hotel while I was busy slacking and having sex with Sebastian. “Please tell me no one was hurt while I was...”

“It’s about Sebastian.”

My heart nearly stops at her words. The man and I just parted a few minutes ago, and I am half terrified to ask what is going on, but I need to know. “What about him?” Abby runs a hand down my shoulder in a soothing manner, but all it does is make me even more nervous. “Abby, you are scaring me. What’s is it?”

There is that pitying look again. “Come with me. I need to show you something.”

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Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 3:22 am

Sebastian

I shove back irritation when I tap my phone screen to check for any missed calls or messages from Lizzy, but my phone remains frustratingly quiet. The suited men in the room with me drone on and on about one thing or another, but I can hardly pay attention to them when the one person I need to hear from hasn't responded to any of my messages.

Why the fuck is she ignoring me? The silent treatment is driving me insane!

"Foster, are you listening?"

I look up from my phone to find five sets of eyes staring back at me. "What?" I ask my manager who is seated next to me. There are so many people in the room, some of whom I assume play a big role in making the decisions on how to proceed with my career. I can tell Gary wants me to behave around them, but I can't take my mind off Lizzie long enough to focus on this boring meeting.

"The label has decided to promote you as a solo act," Gary says with an awkward smile. "Well, they will, but under a few conditions. One of which is that you end things with the girl you've been spotted with back in Valor Springs, the one whose picture I posted. I mean, that shouldn't be hard right? We appreciate you keeping up the ruse, but the relationship hasn't played as well in the media as we'd hoped."

I must've heard him wrong. Did he just ask me to break up with Lizzy? Surely not. "What does she have to do with anything?"

“Look, Mr. Foster,” says a man with clear-rimmed glasses. “We appreciate your effort to clean up your image and take attention away from your bandmates’ scandal, but the girl, Lizzy, just isn’t getting you the publicity boost we’d hoped for. She’s cute and all, but a small country girl from the middle of nowhere that no one has ever heard of will not give you the sort of attention you need.”

I clench my jaw and force myself to remain seated and not jump over the massive conference table and plummet my fist into the man’s face for his words.

A small country girl from the middle of nowhere?

Gary must sense my irritation because he hurries to cut in. “Foster, what he is trying to say is that you need to associate with someone the public already knows and adores. Someone who is not afraid of the cameras and knows how to gain in the public's favor. A non-celebrity just can’t compete.”

I shake my head at his words. “I am not breaking up with Lizzie to appease the fans and gossip rags. I already have a girlfriend.”

“You're kidding, right? A few ago you were single and furious with me for making that post, and now you are saying you are actually seeing this girl?” Gary says, his voice full of disbelief.

“That is exactly what I am saying.”

“Look, Mr. Foster,” the suit speaks up again. “What you do with your personal life as long as you are discreet is truly none of our business, but you will have to listen to us on this. We just terminated three contracts, and as the remaining member of the band, it’s your responsibility to help us recoup your image, not repeat your bandmates’ mistakes.”

I lean back on the chair, trying to look as relaxed as possible when the truth is that I am seething on the inside. “And what mistake is that?”

“Associating with the wrong people,” the suit continues, completely oblivious to the fact that he is one wrong word away from getting a broken nose. “Your bandmates were known as man whores. Their appeal was slowly fading, and the general public didn’t seem to like them anymore anyway. We’re going to make sure that doesn’t happen to you by getting you the right company for public appearances.”

“I have a girlfriend!”

“We don’t know her. No one does. For all we know she could be trouble waiting to happen. We’ve seen this very thing a dozen times; once she’s gotten her ten minutes in the spotlight, she’ll be eager for more, and then we’ll be looking at a cheating scandal or?”

I fly across the table, ready to knock the teeth out of his mouth or put him in a coma, but Gary is faster, grabbing my shoulder before I can reach the other man. He must have anticipated the move. “Goddamnit, Foster, are you looking to get arrested for assault?”

No, I will be booked for murder when I am through with him. For the first time since walking into the room, the suit drops the smug look from his face, and I read fear in his eyes. Good. He should be very afraid of me.

“Calm the fuck down, Foster. Let’s talk like adults!” my manager says, stepping between me and the cowering man. He was bold enough to try and bad mouth a girl he’s never met, but can’t man up to defend his words?

“I am done here,” I growl, forcing down my anger, and with a last warning glare at everyone in the room, I storm out. I don’t give a fuck if they terminate my contract

like they did the others, I will not stand any disrespect to the woman I love. My finger is already dialing Lizzy's number when I walk to the elevators, but the damn girl doesn't pick up. "Fuuuck!"

"Are you out of your goddamned mind, Foster?" I turn around to find Gary standing a few paces away from me with a pissed look on his face. "Look, the exec was out of line, but you didn't have to react that way. Everything is fucked now. They already released the press statement and now..."

"What press statement?"

For the first time, Gary seems uncomfortable, and he looks away which makes me wary of what he is going to say. "Look, I didn't think it was an issue since the fake girlfriend was my idea and you were so pissed about that post."

"She is not fake!"

"Well, you can't blame me for thinking the relationship is fake. I was there when you refused to go along with the plan, then all of a sudden you were headed to Valor Springs!"

I run my fingers through my hair. "What about the press statement, Gary?"

"Look, the label released a press statement announcing that the entire thing with Lizzie was taken out of context and people were simply jumping to conclusions..."

"What other context would there be to posting a photo of a girl with the words 'my heart belongs to you, always'?"

"Fans will believe anything you tell them."

There is more. Christ, I can see there is more that Gary is not telling me, so I open my social media account, searching for the press statement released by the label and once again shared to my public profile without my consent, and my jaw nearly drops to the ground.

No, the label did not simply state that the post was a misunderstanding and Lizzie isn't actually my girlfriend, they claimed she is nothing more than my best friend's little cousin, never mind that James and I have barely talked in a decade. According to the label, the original post was meant as a tribute from my best friend to his fiancée, and I was sharing it to congratulate them on their engagement. They claimed I'd reposted a picture meant for Abby from James, but forgot to remove the original caption.

The fact that their statement isn't even close to the truth, let alone very believable doesn't seem to matter. Looking at the comments, it's clear everyone believes it. The reason why becomes glaringly obvious when I see their next post announcing my relationship with a woman they claim is my actual girlfriend. The post is accompanied by a picture, and it takes me a solid minute to even recall when it was taken.

In the photo, I'm on a red carpet, posing with my arm around a beautiful blonde. I recognize her immediately a successful solo musician who had recently risen to stardom and gained a dedicated following. Her band had opened for mine a couple of times on our last tour and when I'd seen her at this event, a journalist had asked us to pose together. Christ, I barely even remembered it or her. I can't even recall her name right now.

My hand clenches around the phone as I stare at it, and it slowly makes sense why I haven't gotten any response to my texts and calls to Lizzy. I want to go back in there and confront whoever thought it was a great idea to make this post and teach them a fucking lesson, but I need to fix this with Lizzie first.

The elevator doors open, but a hand grabs my shoulder before I can step in. “Foster.”

“Gary, if you don’t want to end up with a bloodied nose, then get your fucking hand off me,” I grit out, vibrating with barely contained anger. I am giving him the respect he deserves for working as my manager all those years, but I will not hesitate to clock him if he stops me again, and he must sense this as well because he drops his hand.

I arrive in Valor Springs at midnight, driving straight to the hotel, but it’s closed. Fuck! I know that Lizzie stays late some nights, and I don’t want to leave without knowing for sure that she’s not here. I step out of the car and dial Lizzy’s number, but it doesn’t go through, which means one thing.

She has blocked me!

With a frustrated growl, I fist my hair and kick the wheel in anger, hating myself even more for leaving Valor Springs. I should have stayed here with her, taken a break from music, and focused instead on building a relationship with her.

Of course she would pull away and doubt our relationship right along with the rest of the world when I haven’t quite made things clear for her just yet.

“Sebastian?” I turn around at the sound of my name, eyes connecting with the amber ones of Lizzy’s boss, then the man with his hand around her shoulders, James. It looks like they’re coming in from some kind of midnight walk, but with the way her hair is mussed up and from the satisfied look on the man’s face, I doubt walking was all they did. “What are you doing here?”

“Lizzy, where is she?” I ask, unwilling to waste time with pleasantries.

The girl makes a sour face and shakes her head. “I told you I would send my fiancée after you if you broke Lizzy’s heart.” She nods toward the man standing next to her.

I pinch the bridge of my nose and nod. “I know,” I say impatiently before pushing down the anger and extending my hand to the man. “Thank you for your service, James. I was sorry I couldn’t attend your welcome home party, but it’s good to see you, man.”

“Likewise,” he responds, and I read the surprise on the girl’s face. He must sense it too because he adds, “It’d be a happier reunion though if you hadn’t just broken my favorite cousin’s heart.”

As much as I would love to stay and have this little confrontation, a girl is waiting for me to fix things with her, and I refuse to go another day without hearing her voice. “Do you know where Lizzie is?”

“At her house. Her parents are due back from that trip in the morning, so she’s probably getting the house ready for them.”

“Thanks.” I nod at the pair and climb back into my car, tearing away from the curb and onto the road. The drive to her home takes fifteen minutes, and my heart is hammering as I park my car right outside her house. All the lights are off because, well, it’s midnight, and I consider walking to the door to knock, but I don’t want to force her out of bed.

An idea strikes me, and before I can talk myself out of it, I am already running in the dark to the side of the house where I know her room is. What I am about to do is technically a crime, but she’s left me little choice.

The night is cool against my skin as I scale the wall. If her house is built anything like mine, and I suspect it is, then it shouldn’t be hard to scale it. In high school, I snuck

in and out of my room many times without once getting caught. I am a little too old to be scaling walls, but here we are.

With my eyes locked on the prize, I hoist myself up and grip the awning above the living room window. I swing my leg up and carefully balance myself on my knee before bringing up my other foot. I force in a deep breath before reaching up for her bedroom window and pushing it, praying that it's not locked, and it's not.

"Thank fuck!" I hiss, gripping the window frame and hoisting myself up. I make sure to make as little noise as possible as I slide into her room, but it seems I am not successful as Lizzie suddenly sits up in the bed, eyes groggy with sleep as she blinks in my direction.

"Who's there?" she demands, panicked. Her voice is thick with sleep when she speaks, and goddamned, it's so fucking sexy.

"It's me, kitten," I hurry to say before she decides to scream at the intruder.

"Sebastian?" Lizzie whispers, pushing off her covers and climbing out of bed, the only light in the room coming from the slightly open window. "Do you know what time it is? Are you out of your mind?"

"Feels like it," I admit, all blood rushing south and my cock immediately filling up when she stops next to me. Christ, she's dressed in a sheer nightgown, and in the light of the moon, it really does little to hide her perfect body, exposing the perfect swell of her tits and all her beautiful curves. "God, I missed you," I growl, wrapping an arm around her waist and pulling her flush against me. I drop my head to her neck, inhaling her sweet rosy scent, my cock aching behind my fly the longer I stay wrapped around her. "I drove like crazy trying to get to you, kitten."

"Sebastian... You shouldn't be here," she whimpers, pushing weakly at my

shoulders, but I refuse to let her create a distance between us.

“This is exactly where I need to be,” I say roughly, grinding my erection against her pussy and sliding my hand up her back before palming her ass and squeezing. She makes a low pleased noise at the back of her throat, which quickly transforms into a gasp of surprise when I deliver a sharp slap to her ass.

“Sebastian!” she cries out, but I notice her hips tilt, presenting her perfect little backside for more. “W-what...”

“You blocked me,” I grind out, connecting my palm to her right cheek. She moans, a tremor rolling through her body when I spank her again. Emotions crowd my throat when I speak, and I didn’t realize how fucking terrified I was at the thought of never being with Lizzie again until she was in my arms and her soft breath was brushing the side of my neck. “You built a wall between us, kitten. You locked me out!”

“Your label.”

“Represents me no longer,” I say, pushing back to look into those beautiful eyes that are proving to be my kryptonite. “What they sent out was incredibly stupid and does not represent me, Lizzy. I will not abide anyone who dares disrespect the woman I love. My heart belongs to you, always.”

Her eyes fill with tears, glistening against the moonlight. “Y-you love me?”

“Isn’t that obvious? I drove like crazy to get to you and climbed through your window to see you,” I laugh, leaning down to brush my lips over hers, tasting her tears in the kiss. “I love you, Elizabeth Fae. Only you. Always you.”

Our lips collide in a feverish kiss, her arms going around my shoulders, and I lift her into my arms. Lizzie wraps her legs around my waist, and I carry her back to the bed,

kissing her like a sex-starved man. Like I didn't spend the morning making love to her body.

"I love you, Sebastian," she whimpers into the kiss, trailing her mouth down my jaw and neck before pushing back to crash her mouth back on mine.

It's all foggy. A little hazy how I get her on the bed and us out of our clothes. Her arms are wrapped around my shoulders and eyes locked on mine when I slide my cock into her creamy sex, and fuck, she's so warm and smooth, so fucking tight in the way her pussy clenches around my cock. "From today, you are not allowed to trust anything you read about me, about us!" She whimpers when I slam into her, my thrusts feverish, like a man drowning and she's the only thing anchoring me to solid ground. "Mine. You belong to me, Lizzy."

"When I saw the post, I was hurt," she whispers, wrapping her legs around my waist as I hammer my cock into her tightness. "And sad."

"And angry?" I ask, closing my hand around her tits and stroking her pebbled nipple with my thumb. I watch through my lust-rimmed gaze as her back arches off the bed with a sob.

"Yes!"

"You had every right to feel all those emotions." I slide my hand up her throat, fingers tightening around her. Her pussy pulsates hotly around me, letting me know just how much she likes my grip on her throat. "You are allowed to be angry and sad, but don't lock me out!" I growl, shuttling my cock in and out of her drenched pussy.

"I won't!" she sobs, rolling her hips to meet my thrusts.

"I will break them if you do. All the walls you erect, I will tear them down all

because you belong to me, Lizzy!”

“Yes!”

I pin her down on the mattress, pumping like a beast as possessiveness slams into me. She sobs, tightening her legs and arms around me, burying her face in my shoulder as I slam hard into her. It’s impossible to grasp onto a thought that doesn’t revolve around this girl, this precious girl that I will soon make my wife, put a ring on her and make this thing between us permanent.

Mine!

“Close,” she whimpers into my neck, her fingers digging into my shoulders right as her thighs begin to tremble. I angle myself so the base of my cock is rubbing against her clit, and that seems to set the fireworks off. Lizzie makes a desperate sound seconds before she sinks her teeth into my shoulder. Her pussy clamps hard around my cock, pulsing wildly and shoving me right off the edge with her.

“Fuuuck!” I growl into her hair, the sound scratching itself out of my throat when my muscles catch before releasing with intense pressure as I cum into her heat. Her pussy clenches around me as I pound my cock into her, milking me of every drop until I have flooded her with my seed, yet again marking and claiming the girl for myself. “Fuck, kitten, that was perfect.”

She is silent for a while, her breathing harsh against my ear. “I can’t believe you climbed through my bedroom window,” she whispers with a chuckle.

“I needed to see you,” I rasp, kissing the side of her head, and biting back a yawn. I wasn’t before, but now that I have my precious girl in my arms, my body is beginning to feel the weight of the day, begging for rest. As if sensing it too, Lizzie runs a hand down my back, the soothing motion slowly lulling me to sleep.

“My parents will kill you when they get home and find you here, but until then, you should rest.”

“They’ll probably ask me to take responsibility to preserve your honor.”

She chuckles. “What will you do then?”

“The only thing an honorable man such as myself would do.” I press my lips to her temple, breathing in her soft feminine scent and slowly feeling myself relax. In her arms, I can finally let go. There is no other girl in this world who makes me feel the way she does, and I will hold onto this feeling onto her for eternity if we get to live that long.

“And what is that?”

“Marry you.”

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10 years Later

Liz

The crowd breaks into a roar when he steps onto the stage. These days, his dark hair is short on the sides and front, but longer at the back. The mullet is styled to match his father's, giving him a cool retro feel. Eli looks like his father's twin, standing in front of thousands of people with a guitar strapped to his shoulder.

It's the last song of the night, and Sebastian just invited in his special guest.

My eyes well up with tears when my husband introduces our son to the roaring crowd, and then the two start singing together. I've heard the song a million times. Ever since Eli found out that he would be going on stage with his father, the two have been practicing nonstop. At times, I would wake up at odd hours of the night to the two strumming their guitars and writing songs in our home studio. Good thing the room is soundproof, or Cara and I would be sleep-deprived from all the noise.

Speaking of Cara, I look down to see the six-year-old asleep on her seat. It's quite amazing that she can sleep here. Even with the noise-canceling headphones, the place is buzzing with enough energy to start a fire. I consider waking her up so she can watch her brother perform but decide against it. It's been a long evening for her, and besides, she watched them perform together in the rehearsals earlier.

My heart swells with love as I watch her sleeping face, adjusting the shawl over her shoulders before turning back to the duo on stage.

I wasn't surprised when our son took a liking to music. How could he not, considering the time he spent with his father in the studio as a toddler? When Sebastian quit his old label, he decided to start his own and continued his career as a solo artist and never looked back. Perhaps he was never meant to be in a band, and the moment the spotlight was on him alone, his career took off to unimaginable heights. His popularity doubled and so did his success.

And now, he has thousands of people yelling his name, but he's all mine.

The song ends and the stadium roars once more as the two bow, waving at the audience, and I can't help the pride that swells in my heart. That man, with tattoos all over his arms and chest and an artfully styled mullet, belongs to me.

Only me!

I watch as the father-son duo leave the stage, then I lean down and lift the sleeping girl into my arms, carrying her out of the VIP section. The security hired to watch over us guides us away so we don't get mobbed by the people trying to take photos, and we make it backstage without the girl in my arms stirring once.

"Lizzy!"

I turn around at the sound of my husband's voice seconds before I am crushed into his embrace. He wraps his arms around us, and I feel my heart swell with love at the perfection of the moment.

"You were so great, honey. The crowd was having fun the whole night. I had fun."

"So much fun that Cara dozed off," he teases.

I laugh, pulling back from the embrace to stare into those eyes I have always loved. "The screaming and dancing wore her out," I say, following him to his dressing

room. I slowly lay Cara down on the couch, adjusting her shawl to let her sleep before turning to my husband and son, except he's alone. "Hey, where's Eli?"

"He left with Mark and some of the backup dancers to grab snacks for everyone," he says, referring to his manager of the last decade. "And before you say anything, I told Mark to keep the chocolate bars to one," he says, wrapping his arms around me and nuzzling my neck. "The boys will be back soon, so we ought to make the most of our time alone."

"Sebastian..." I giggle when he grabs my hand and pulls me to the door that opens into a closet, closing it behind us. It's a tight space, but we can't risk waking the sleeping girl in the next room. It's useless to argue with Sebastian and expect him to wait until he gets home. He always gets this way after every performance.

"Fuck, baby, I missed you," he rasps into my ear, sliding his hands up my dress. I bite back a whimper when he peels my underwear down my legs to the floor of the closet. A tremble racks my body when he brings his fingertips between my legs and runs them over my damp sex. "You are so wet. I haven't even touched you, kitten."

He doesn't need to. Watching Sebastian perform has always been foreplay for me, and I imagine thousands of other women in the crowd. His sultry voice just has that effect, and it leaves my panties soaked. Probably mine and a thousand others. The difference is that only I get relief from this man.

Only I get to feel his touch!

"Need you," I whisper, tracing my hand down his firm chest and loving every second my hand grazes his muscles. I trace the tattoo above his chest with my initials on it. Sebastian has a tattoo of our son and daughter on his shoulder, but the one on his heart was a wedding gift to me. Visible for the whole world to see.

I read the fire in my husband's eyes, but before he can lean in to kiss me, I go down

on my knees. He hisses out a sharp breath when I start to unbuckle his belt, tugging down his zipper before rubbing the palm of my head over his bulging erection, pushing hard against his boxer briefs.

“Take me out,” he says thickly, combing his fingers through my hair and grabbing a fistful.

I slide my hand into his briefs and take out his cock, wrapping my fist around his massive girth. With my eyes locked on his heated ones, I lean in and drag my tongue over the tip of his cock, tasting the salt on his tip. “Fuuuck, baby!” he growls, tightening his fist in my hair.

“You looked so hot on stage, babe. I wanted to join you up there and get on my knees for you. Have everyone watch me swallow your cock.”

“Fuck, kitten, you can’t say things like that and expect me to behave.”

I flutter my lashes at him. “I don’t want you to behave. I want you to take me...use me.”

Something dark and dangerous crosses his eyes from those words. He grabs his cock with his free hand and guides it to my lips, pushing it so deep my eyes crowd with tears. He pulls back before sliding it back in my mouth a couple more times, fucking my throat how I imagined he would when he was on stage.

“Is this how you like it? Choking on your husband’s cock?” he growls, inching his erection deeper into me until he cuts off my air for a few seconds before pulling out with a curse. “Fuck me! You look so hot, kitten, with your lips stretched around my cock!”

I’m still gasping for air when he grabs my arm and pulls me to my feet. Sebastian spins me around and shoves my legs open before I hear him go down on his knees

behind me. I barely have time to process it when I feel the wet press of his tongue against my flesh. I cry out when he starts lapping at my sex like a starved man, riding his eager tongue over my drenched sex before closing his mouth hotly around my clit with wet suction. I'm panting and sobbing when he slides his finger into my entrance, making deep guttural sounds as he teases the swelling bud, and when I climax, my legs threaten to give out.

It's an overload of sensation, and I am barely conscious when my husband climbs to his feet behind me. My sex is still pulsing from the climax when he guides his massive erection to my entrance and slams deep into me with a single thrust. My back arches, and I can barely control the sounds I'm making when he starts pounding into me.

Ten years of marriage to him, and he still leaves me feeling weak in the legs. I was right about being addicted to him because he is all I can ever think about. With how much love we make, it's a wonder we don't have a bunch of kids running around.

"I love you, Lizzy," Sebastian growls into my ear, his moves turning fevered as he hammers into me, taking me fast and hard until my toes are off the ground. He drops his hand between us, and his fingers find my sensitive nub, stroking it until I am practically gasping for air from the intensity of it all.

When we climax, it happens together. Our pleased noises fill the small space as he floods me with his cum, marking me as his. Always his. His breathing is labored when he finally drops his head to my shoulder. "We should probably get out of this closet before our son comes back."

As if on cue, a loud knock sounds on the main door, followed by Eli's excited voice chatting with someone. I chuckle at the sound. "I figure we have a minute before they come busting into the room."

Sebastian nods, pushing back to straighten his clothes, and I do the same. We step out

of the closet just our son bursts into the dressing room carrying bags of food. “Look what Mark got us. So many snacks!”

I watch as my husband joins our son on the couch, both careful not to wake the sleeping girl next to them. Those three are the most important people in my life, and not for the first time, I am grateful for the short time I spent as Sebastian’s fake girlfriend. That was the beginning of our love story, and I wouldn’t have it any other way.

~The End