

Throb

When rock superstar Throb hires Marlana Summit to lead his team of bodyguards, she proves more than capable of deflecting attempts on his life from a violent stalker. And, focusing on her job, Marlana determines to ignore the sensuality Throb emits. But when the concerts are over and the groupies have gone, Throb sheds his hyper-sexed facade and becomes a man that Marlana finds impossible to resist.

* * *

Rock star, Throb, grateful to his body guard Marlana Summit for saving his life, tries to express his thanks with a lavish gift—a check with so many zeros, she refuses.

“Then at least allow me to express my gratitude by taking you out on the town,” Throb insists, taking her hand in his.

Marlana’s skin tingles at his touch. “It’s really not a good idea,” she breathes.

“Then I have another idea...” he murmurs, just before his lips descend on hers.

Throb

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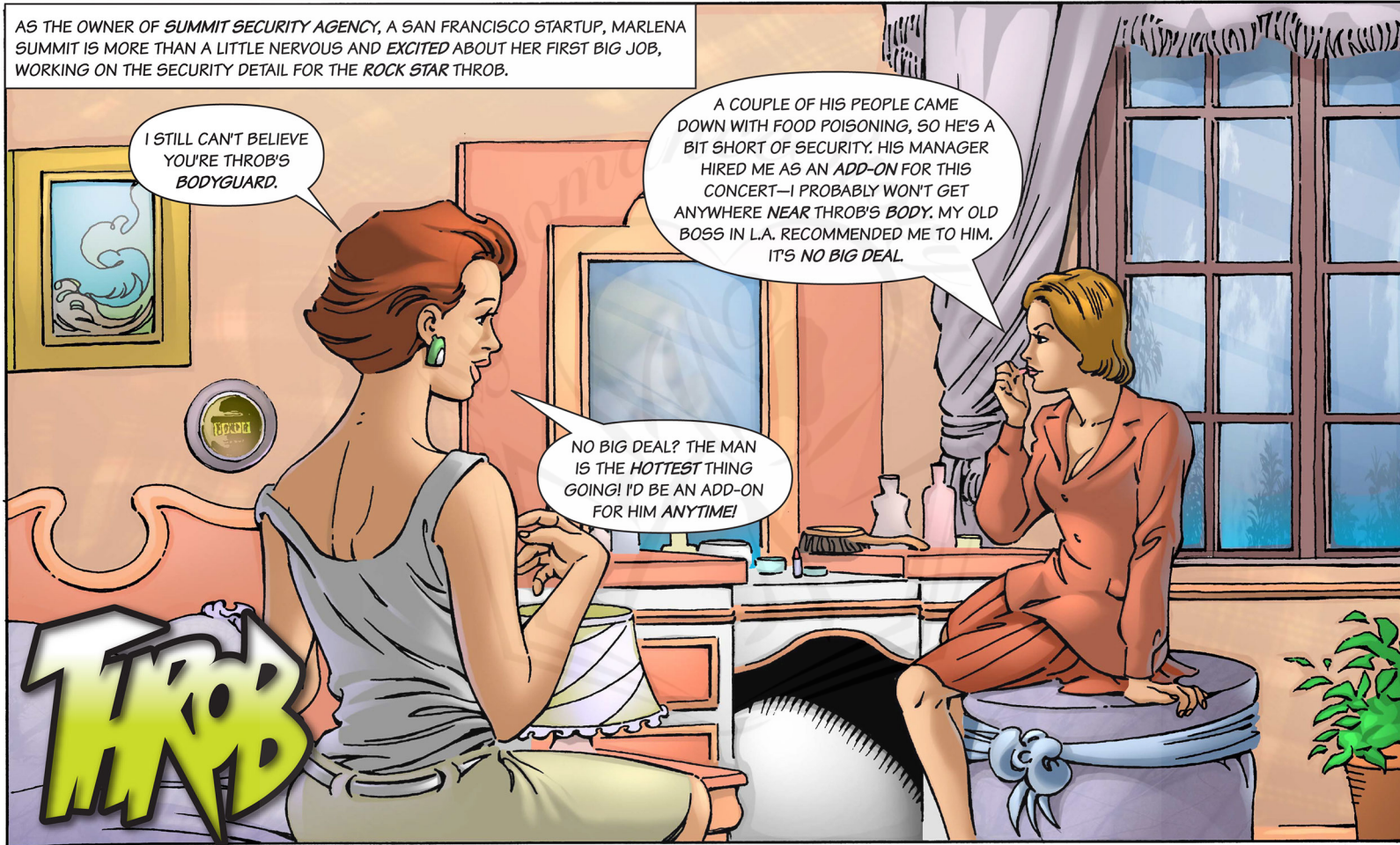
AS THE OWNER OF *SUMMIT SECURITY AGENCY*, A SAN FRANCISCO STARTUP, MARLENA SUMMIT IS MORE THAN A LITTLE NERVOUS AND *EXCITED* ABOUT HER FIRST BIG JOB, WORKING ON THE SECURITY DETAIL FOR THE *ROCK STAR* THROB.

I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'RE THROB'S BODYGUARD.

A COUPLE OF HIS PEOPLE CAME DOWN WITH FOOD POISONING, SO HE'S A BIT SHORT OF SECURITY. HIS MANAGER HIRED ME AS AN *ADD-ON* FOR THIS CONCERT—I PROBABLY WON'T GET ANYWHERE NEAR THROB'S *BODY*. MY OLD BOSS IN L.A. RECOMMENDED ME TO HIM. IT'S *NO BIG DEAL*.

NO BIG DEAL? THE MAN IS THE *HOTTEST* THING GOING! I'D BE AN *ADD-ON* FOR HIM ANYTIME!

THROB



MARLENA HAS EVERY ONE OF THROB'S CDS, AND ALTHOUGH SHE WON'T ADMIT IT TO HER FRIEND, SHE'S A FAN OF MORE THAN JUST HIS MUSIC



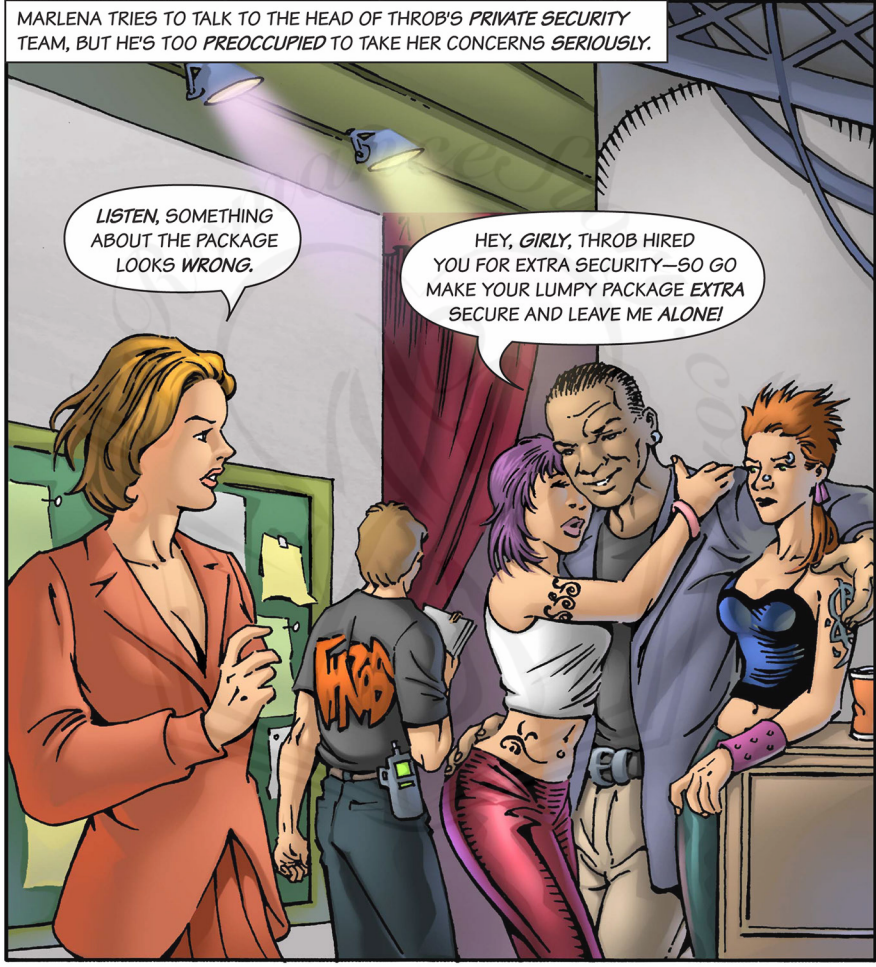
MARLENA FINDS THROB'S ANIMAL MAGNETISM IRRESISTIBLE... BUT THROB IS KNOWN AS A REAL "PLAYER" AND MARLENA IS GLAD THERE'S LITTLE CHANCE OF EVER BEING INTIMATE WITH HIM. SHE'S NOT A ONE-NIGHT-STAND TYPE OF GIRL.





IN THE MIDST OF THE EXCITEMENT OF THE CONCERT, MARLENA IS THE ONLY ONE WHO NOTICES THE GIFT-WRAPPED PACKAGE IN FRONT OF THROB'S DRESSING ROOM.

HMM. SOMETHING ODD ABOUT THAT PACKAGE GIFT—IT'S ALL LUMPY AND NO RETURN ADDRESS. I'D BETTER NOT TAKE ANY CHANCES...



MARLENA TRIES TO TALK TO THE HEAD OF THROB'S PRIVATE SECURITY TEAM, BUT HE'S TOO PREOCCUPIED TO TAKE HER CONCERNS SERIOUSLY.

LISTEN, SOMETHING ABOUT THE PACKAGE LOOKS WRONG.

HEY, GIRLY, THROB HIRED YOU FOR EXTRA SECURITY—SO GO MAKE YOUR LUMPY PACKAGE EXTRA SECURE AND LEAVE ME ALONE!



UNABLE TO SHAKE HER GUT FEELING, MARLENA CALLS 911. HER ONLY THOUGHT BEYOND CALLING THE POLICE IS TO GET EVERYONE FAR, FAR AWAY.

YES, I THINK IT'S A BOMB! ...NO, I WON'T TOUCH IT.

THE BOMB SQUAD CONFIRMS THAT THE PACKAGE CONTAINED A HOMEMADE BOMB, WHICH THEY DEFUSED.

GOOD THING THEY CALLED US. ANOTHER FIVE MINUTES AND...

AND "THROB" WOULD HAVE BEEN RENAMED "BLOB."

HA. WITH THE WAY THE MUSIC BIZ WORKS, THIS GUY'S SALES PROBABLY WOULD'VE SKYROCKETED IF THE BOMB HAD GONE OFF!

WHATEVER... CAN YOU GO FIND THAT NEW SECURITY GUARD, THE ONE WHO CALLED THE COPS, AND SEND HER IN HERE?

THROB IS SHAKEN BY THE ATTEMPT ON HIS LIFE, BUT DAVE, HIS MANAGER, SEEMS ALMOST HAPPY ABOUT IT.

I BET THIS THREAT WILL INCREASE YOUR FAN BASE. YOU KNOW, MAKE YOU SEEM DANGEROUS. WOMEN LOVE THAT.



THROB, IMPRESSED WITH MARLENA'S WORK, TRIES TO EXPRESS HIS THANKS WITH A LAVISH GIFT.



MARLENA SUMMIT, RIGHT? MY LADY MARLENA, I CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH FOR SPOTTING THAT BOMB. YOU SAVED MY LIFE, AND GOD KNOWS HOW MANY OTHER LIVES. THIS SMALL THANKS IS FOR YOU.



A CHECK WITH THAT MANY ZEROS IS SMALL? NOT IN MY WORLD!

NO, I CAN'T ACCEPT. I WAS ONLY DOING MY JOB.

THEN AT LEAST ALLOW ME TO EXPRESS MY GRATITUDE BY TAKING YOU OUT ON THE TOWN.



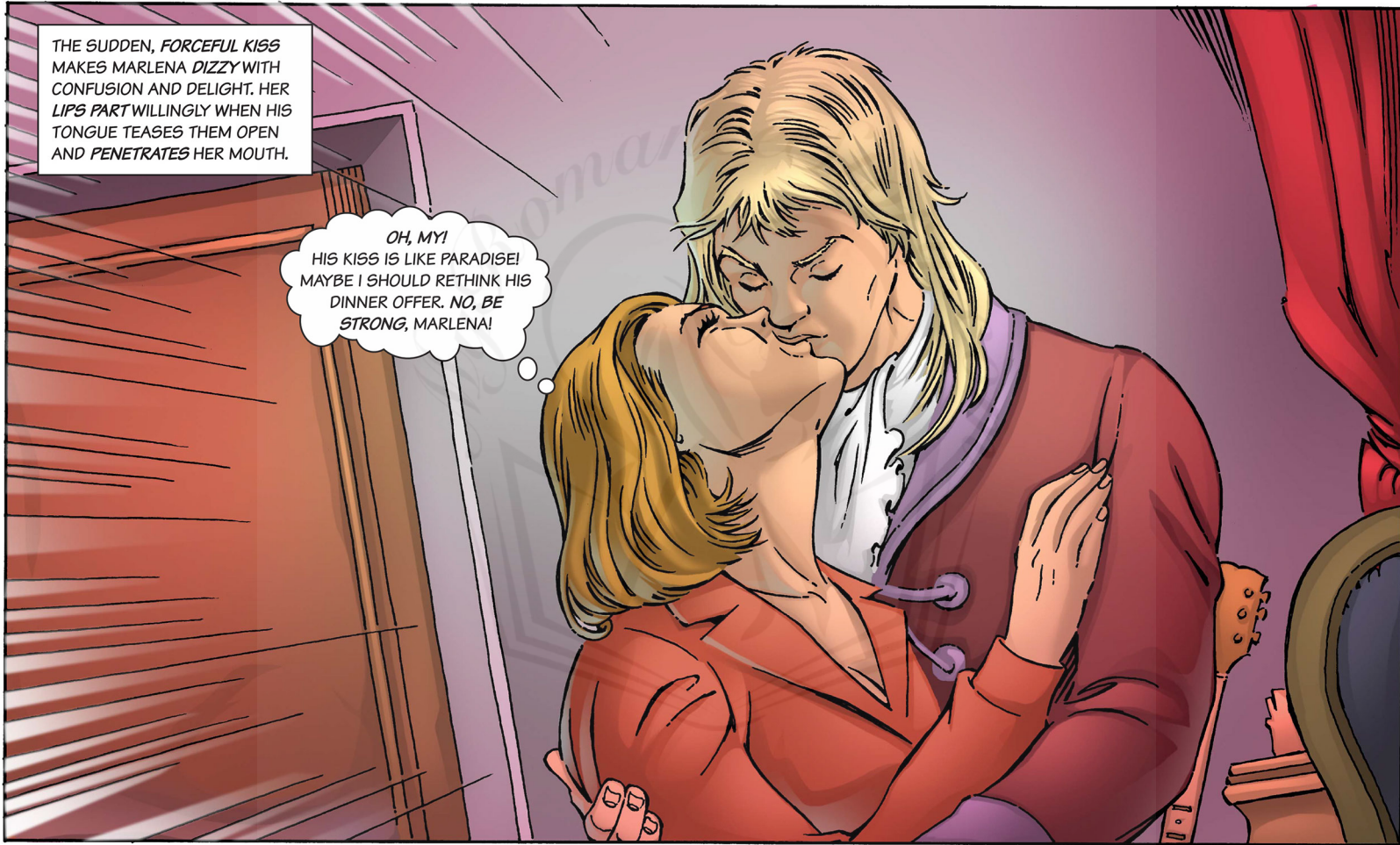
NO, I'M SORRY, IT'S REALLY NOT A GOOD IDEA.

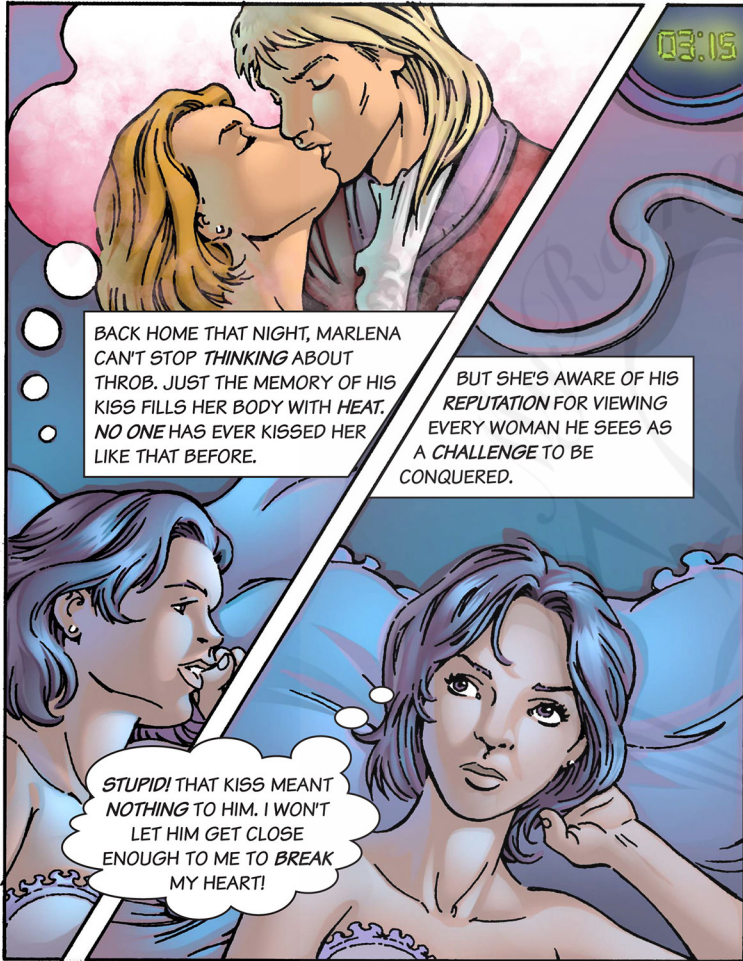
THEN I HAVE ANOTHER IDEA...

THROB'S TOUCH SENDS A TINGLING SENSATION ALL OVER HER SKIN. GOD, SHE'S ATTRACTED TO HIM! BUT SHE CAN'T IMAGINE A RELATIONSHIP WITH HIM EVER WORKING OUT. WHY PUT HERSELF IN TEMPTATION'S WAY?

THE SUDDEN, *FORCEFUL* KISS
MAKES MARLENA *DIZZY* WITH
CONFUSION AND DELIGHT. HER
LIPS PART WILLINGLY WHEN HIS
TONGUE TEASES THEM OPEN
AND *PENETRATES* HER MOUTH.

OH, MY!
HIS KISS IS LIKE PARADISE!
MAYBE I SHOULD RETHINK HIS
DINNER OFFER. NO, BE
STRONG, MARLENA!

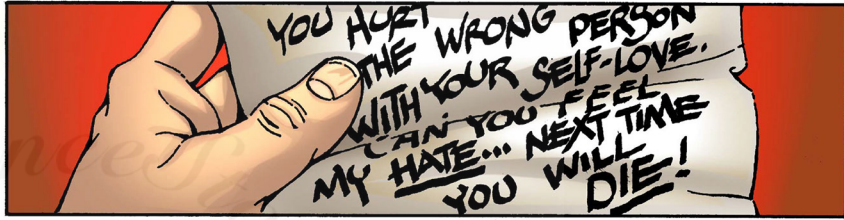




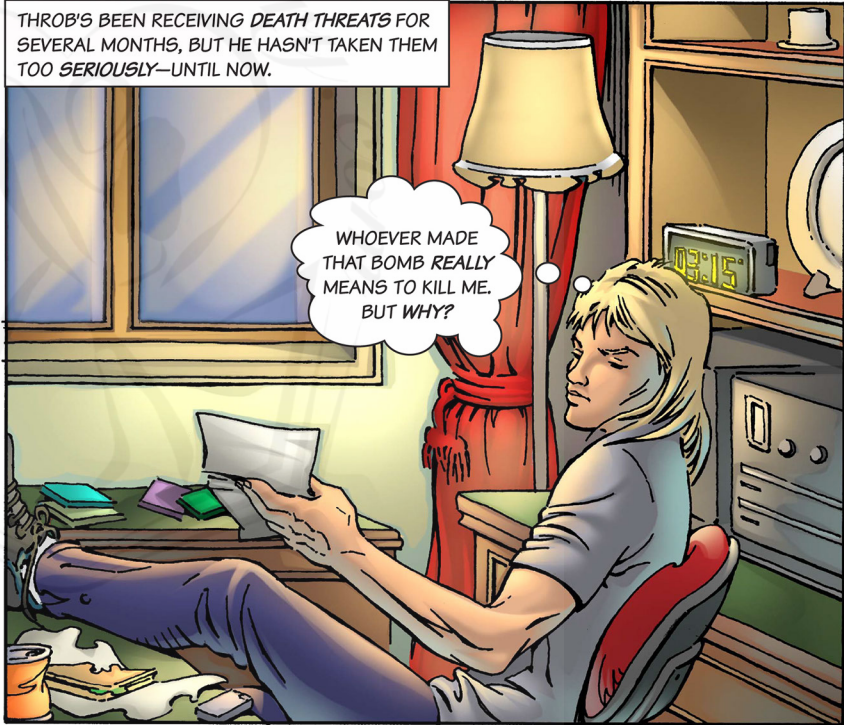
BACK HOME THAT NIGHT, MARLENA CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT THROB. JUST THE MEMORY OF HIS KISS FILLS HER BODY WITH HEAT. NO ONE HAS EVER KISSED HER LIKE THAT BEFORE.

BUT SHE'S AWARE OF HIS REPUTATION FOR VIEWING EVERY WOMAN HE SEES AS A CHALLENGE TO BE CONQUERED.

STUPID! THAT KISS MEANT NOTHING TO HIM. I WON'T LET HIM GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO ME TO BREAK MY HEART!



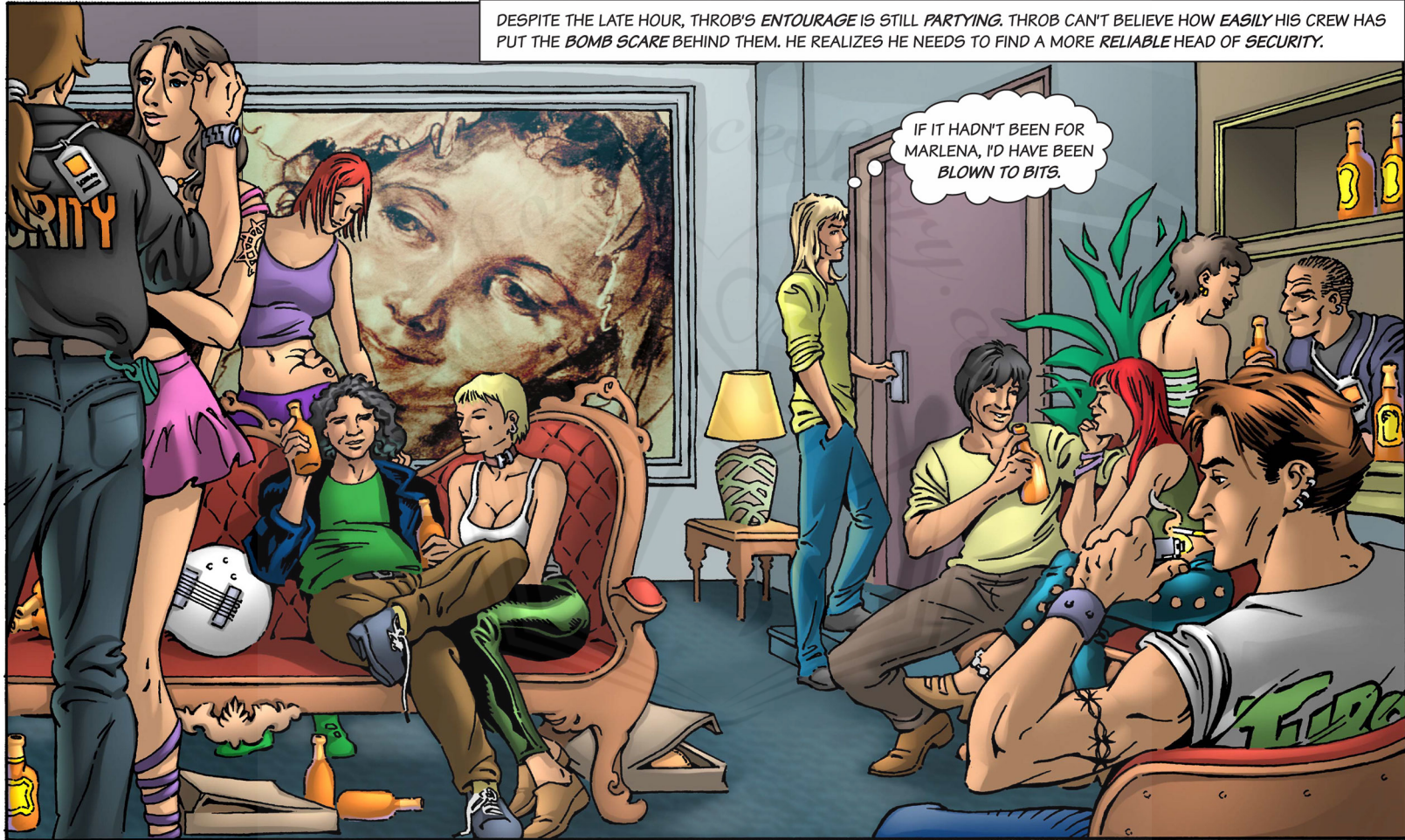
YOU HURT THE WRONG PERSON WITH YOUR SELF-LOVE. CAN YOU FEEL MY HATE... NEXT TIME YOU WILL DIE!



THROB'S BEEN RECEIVING DEATH THREATS FOR SEVERAL MONTHS, BUT HE HASN'T TAKEN THEM TOO SERIOUSLY—UNTIL NOW.

WHOEVER MADE THAT BOMB REALLY MEANS TO KILL ME. BUT WHY?

DESPITE THE LATE HOUR, THROB'S ENTOURAGE IS STILL PARTYING. THROB CAN'T BELIEVE HOW EASILY HIS CREW HAS PUT THE BOMB SCARE BEHIND THEM. HE REALIZES HE NEEDS TO FIND A MORE RELIABLE HEAD OF SECURITY.

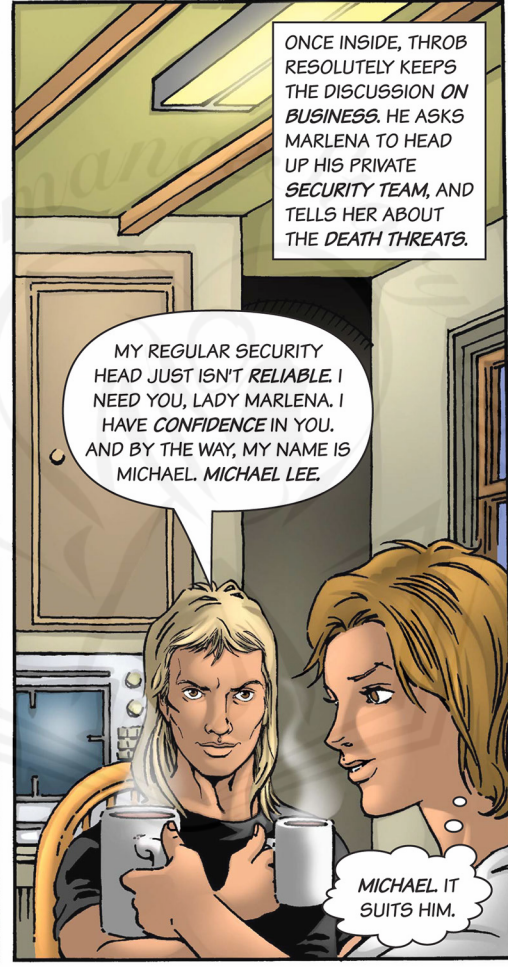




THROB MAKES UP HIS MIND. AND THE NEXT DAY, AFTER FINDING HER ADDRESS IN THE *PHONE BOOK*, HE'S AT HER DOOR TO MAKE HER A *BUSINESS PROPOSITION*. HE REFUSES TO BELIEVE THAT THE LINGERING TASTE OF HER *SOFT LIPS* HAS ANYTHING TO DO WITH HIS DECISION...

WHOA. THOSE BREASTS SHOULD BE DECLARED LETHAL WEAPONS. GOTTA KEEP MY MIND ON WHY I'M HERE.

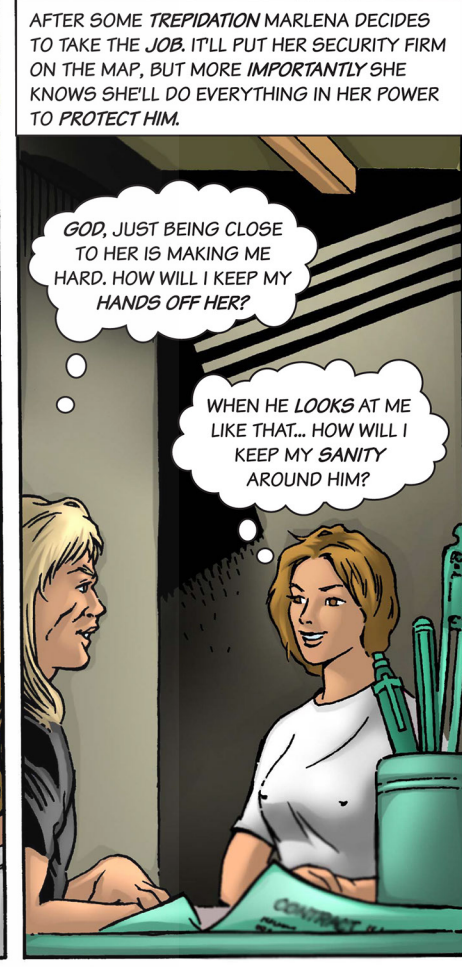
WHAT'S HE DOING HERE? MY GOD, I'M A MESS!



ONCE INSIDE, THROB RESOLUTELY KEEPS THE DISCUSSION ON *BUSINESS*. HE ASKS MARLENA TO HEAD UP HIS PRIVATE *SECURITY TEAM*, AND TELLS HER ABOUT THE *DEATH THREATS*.

MY REGULAR SECURITY HEAD JUST ISN'T RELIABLE. I NEED YOU, LADY MARLENA. I HAVE CONFIDENCE IN YOU. AND BY THE WAY, MY NAME IS MICHAEL. MICHAEL LEE.

MICHAEL. IT SUITS HIM.



AFTER SOME *TREPIDATION* MARLENA DECIDES TO TAKE THE *JOB*. IT'LL PUT HER SECURITY FIRM ON THE MAP, BUT MORE *IMPORTANTLY* SHE KNOWS SHE'LL DO EVERYTHING IN HER POWER TO *PROTECT HIM*.

GOD, JUST BEING CLOSE TO HER IS MAKING ME HARD. HOW WILL I KEEP MY HANDS OFF HER?

WHEN HE LOOKS AT ME LIKE THAT... HOW WILL I KEEP MY SANITY AROUND HIM?

AS MARLENA AND MICHAEL TRAVEL TO THE NEXT STOP ON HIS *CONCERT TOUR* ABOARD HIS *PRIVATE JET*, SHE TRIES TO GET TO KNOW HIM BETTER. MAYBE IF SHE CAN STOP SEEING HIM AS A *DEMIGOD* AND JUST AS A MAN WHO'S HIRED HER TO DO A JOB, SHE CAN HALT THESE *TUMULTUOUS* FEELINGS SHE HAS FOR HIM.



WHATEVER BECAME OF YOUR OLD BAND MEMBERS FROM *THROB ELECTRIC*?

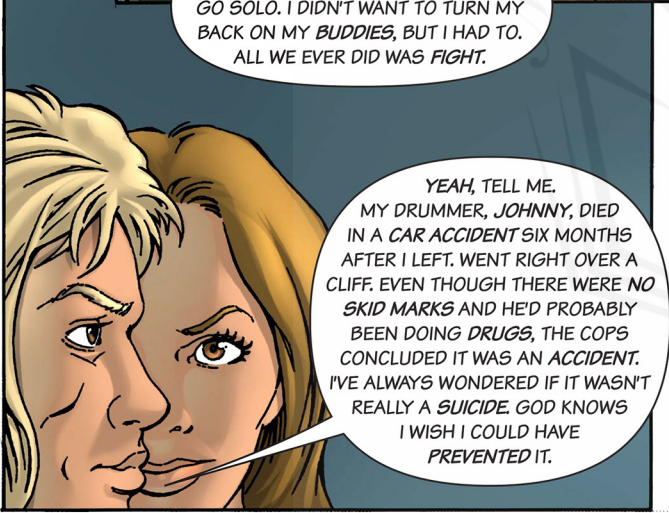


THAT MUST STILL HAVE BEEN A *HARD* DECISION.

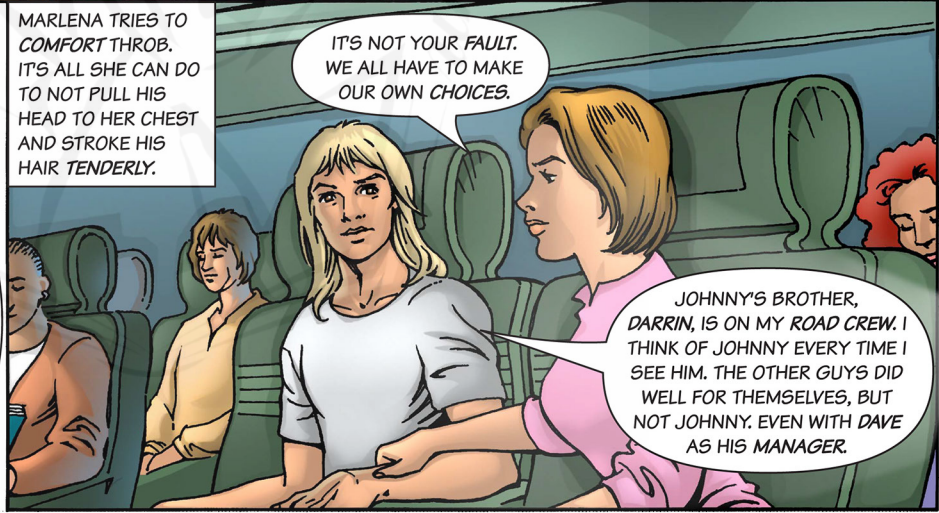
AFTER THAT *SECOND ALBUM* WENT *TRIPLE PLATINUM*, I DECIDED TO GO *SOLO*. I DIDN'T WANT TO TURN MY BACK ON MY *BUDDIES*, BUT I HAD TO. ALL WE EVER DID WAS *FIGHT*.

MARLENA TRIES TO *COMFORT* THROB. IT'S ALL SHE CAN DO TO NOT PULL HIS HEAD TO HER CHEST AND *STROKE* HIS HAIR *TENDERLY*.

IT'S NOT YOUR *FAULT*. WE ALL HAVE TO MAKE OUR OWN *CHOICES*.



YEAH, TELL ME. MY *DRUMMER, JOHNNY*, DIED IN A *CAR ACCIDENT* SIX MONTHS AFTER I LEFT. WENT RIGHT OVER A *CLIFF*. EVEN THOUGH THERE WERE *NO SKID MARKS* AND HE'D PROBABLY BEEN DOING *DRUGS*, THE *COPS* CONCLUDED IT WAS AN *ACCIDENT*. I'VE ALWAYS WONDERED IF IT WASN'T REALLY A *SUICIDE*. GOD KNOWS I WISH I COULD HAVE *PREVENTED* IT.

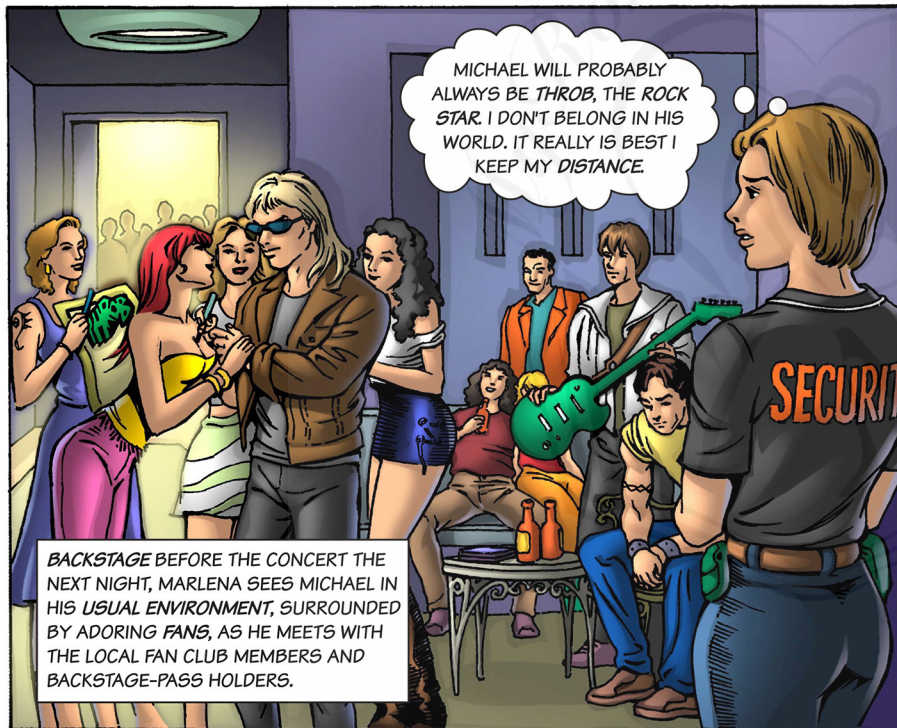


JOHNNY'S BROTHER, *DARRIN*, IS ON MY *ROAD CREW*. I THINK OF *JOHNNY* EVERY TIME I SEE HIM. THE *OTHER GUYS* DID WELL FOR THEMSELVES, BUT NOT *JOHNNY*. EVEN WITH *DAVE* AS HIS *MANAGER*.



WASN'T THAT SORT OF A CONFLICT OF INTEREST?

NOT IN THIS BUSINESS. 'COURSE, DAVE COLLECTED A BUNDLE WHEN JOHNNY DIED BECAUSE OF THEIR BUSINESS INSURANCE. WE ALL HAVE IT.



MICHAEL WILL PROBABLY ALWAYS BE THROB, THE ROCK STAR. I DON'T BELONG IN HIS WORLD. IT REALLY IS BEST I KEEP MY DISTANCE

BACKSTAGE BEFORE THE CONCERT THE NEXT NIGHT, MARLENA SEES MICHAEL IN HIS USUAL ENVIRONMENT, SURROUNDED BY ADORING FANS, AS HE MEETS WITH THE LOCAL FAN CLUB MEMBERS AND BACKSTAGE-PASS HOLDERS.



THE MOMENT THROB GOES TO HIS DRESSING ROOM, MARLENA IMPOSES A NEW "ESSENTIAL STAFF ONLY" RULE FOR BACKSTAGE AREAS.

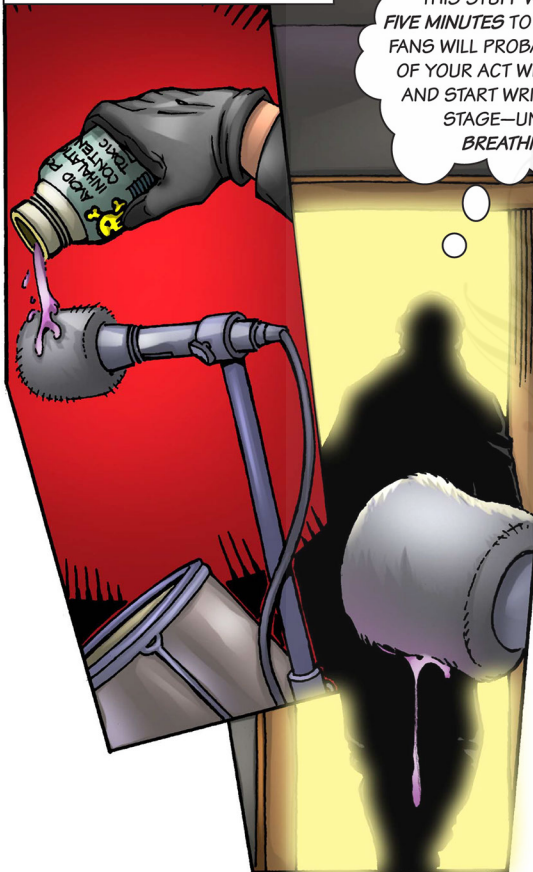
PARTY'S OVER, FOLKS. LET THE MAN GET READY FOR HIS SHOW.

HEY—WE NEED THE LIFESTYLE TO SELL THROB. WE DON'T NEED NO GIRL SCOUTS.

YEAH, WELL, THIS GIRL SCOUT WAS HIRED TO KEEP YOUR CLIENT SAFE. SO BACK OFF, DAVE.



DESPITE MARLENA'S BEST EFFORTS, MICHAEL'S STALKER IS BACKSTAGE, SETTING "PLAN B" INTO MOTION.



THIS STUFF WILL NEED ABOUT FIVE MINUTES TO ACT, BUT THEN YOUR FANS WILL PROBABLY THINK IT'S PART OF YOUR ACT WHEN YOU COLLAPSE AND START WRITHING AROUND ON STAGE—UNTIL YOU STOP BREATHING, THAT IS.

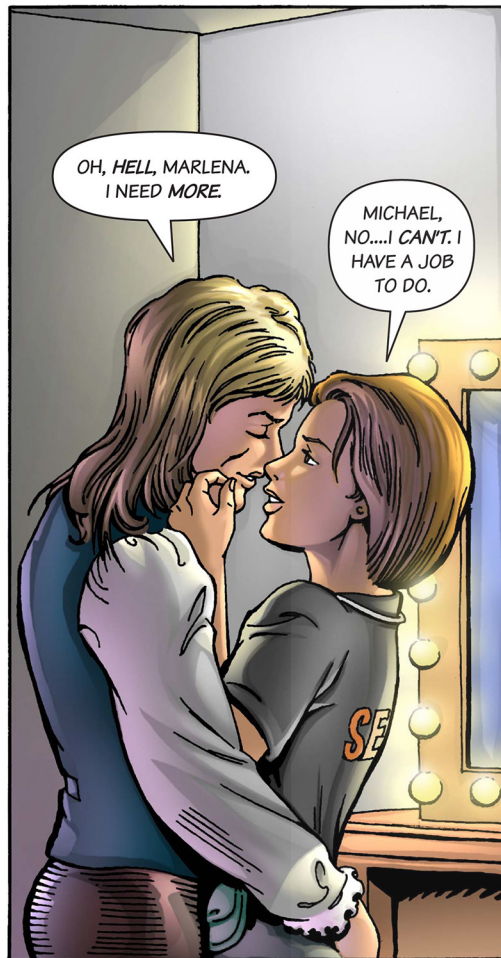


THE WARM-UP ACT HAS FIVE MINUTES LEFT. I'LL DO A FULL SWEEP OF THE STAGE, THEN ESCORT YOU OUT. DON'T LEAVE THIS ROOM UNTIL THEN. GOT IT?

GOT IT, SWEETHEART. MAN, I LOVE STRONG WOMEN.

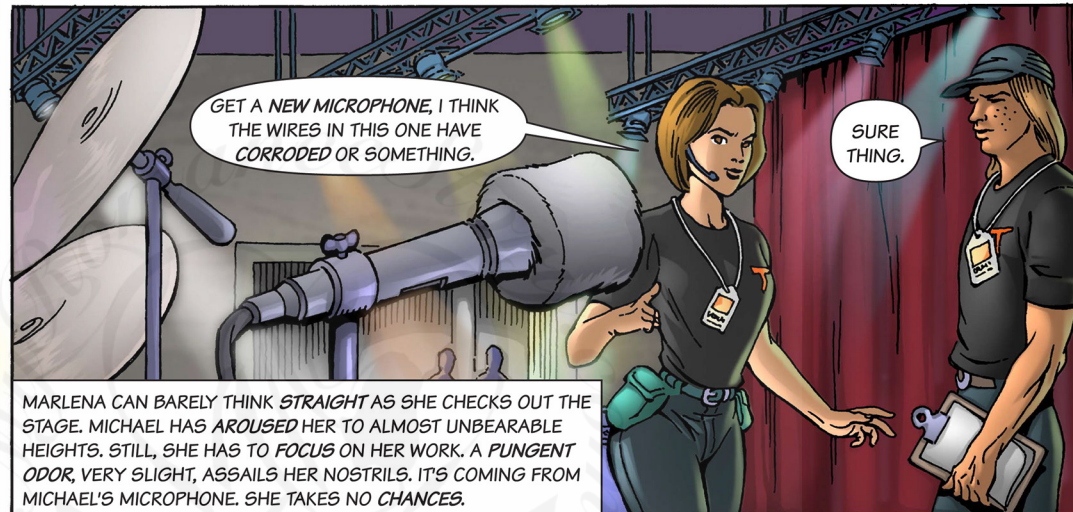


HE'S BEEN LONGING TO DO THIS ALL DAY. HIS LIPS SLIDE OVER HERS WARMLY, TANTALIZINGLY. HER RESPONSE IS SO IMMEDIATE HE FEELS HIS GROIN TIGHTEN.



OH, HELL, MARLENA. I NEED MORE.

MICHAEL, NO...I CAN'T. I HAVE A JOB TO DO.



GET A NEW MICROPHONE, I THINK THE WIRES IN THIS ONE HAVE CORRODED OR SOMETHING.

SURE THING.

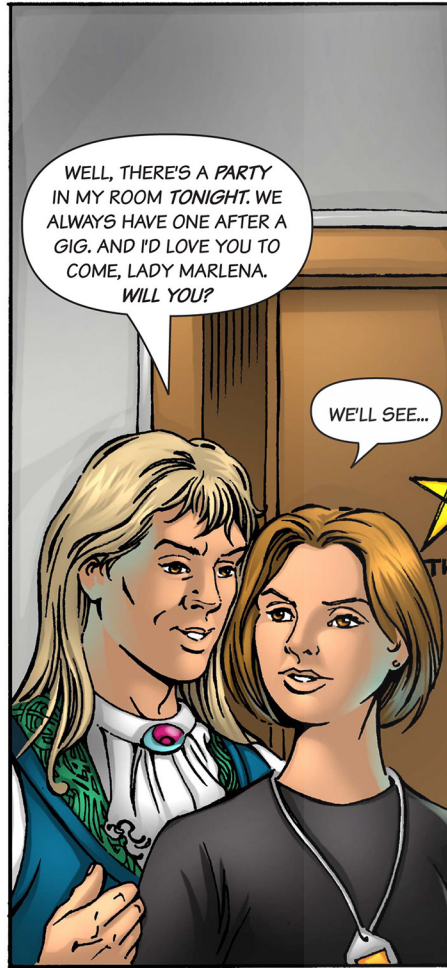
MARLENA CAN BARELY THINK STRAIGHT AS SHE CHECKS OUT THE STAGE. MICHAEL HAS AROUSED HER TO ALMOST UNBEARABLE HEIGHTS. STILL, SHE HAS TO FOCUS ON HER WORK. A PUNGENT ODOR, VERY SLIGHT, ASSAILS HER NOSTRILS. IT'S COMING FROM MICHAEL'S MICROPHONE. SHE TAKES NO CHANCES.

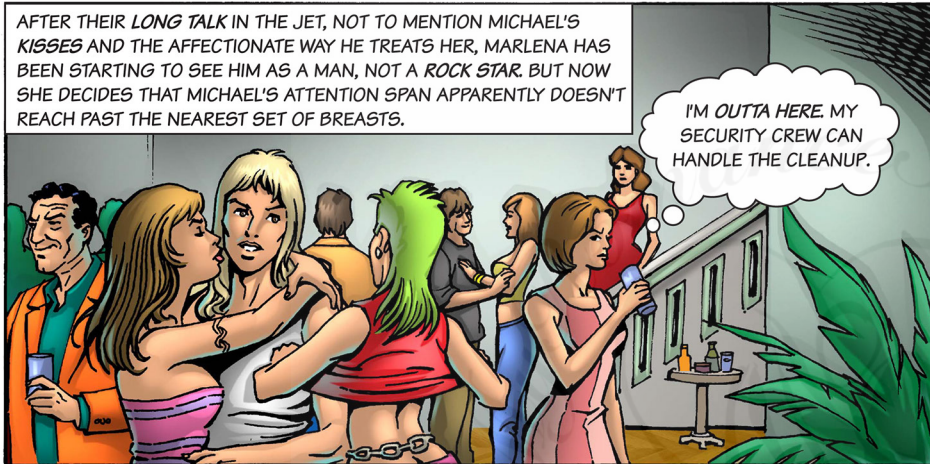


WITH A NEW MIKE, THE CONCERT GOES OFF WITHOUT A HITCH. AFTERWARD, MARLENA CAN ONLY THINK OF HOW SHE WILL KEEP MICHAEL AT A PROFESSIONAL DISTANCE.

THANK YOU FOR THE GREAT JOB YOU DID TONIGHT. DID YOU HEAR ME OUT THERE? THAT WAS OUR BEST PERFORMANCE EVER!

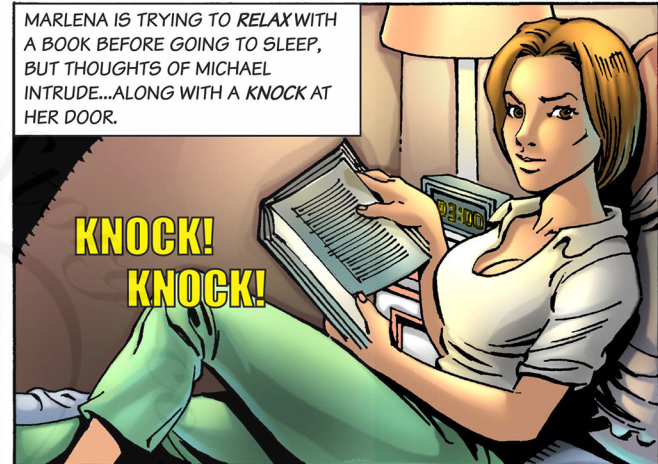
WELL, MY JOB'S NOT DONE UNTIL YOU'RE SAFE IN YOUR HOTEL ROOM.





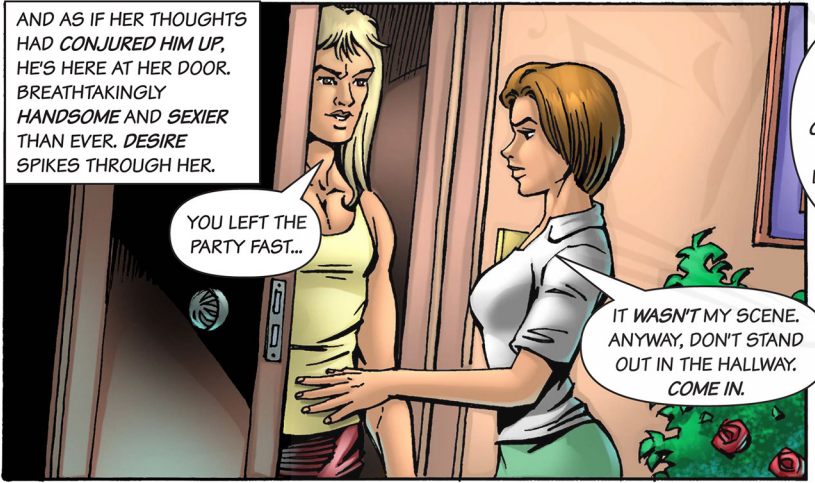
AFTER THEIR *LONG TALK* IN THE JET, NOT TO MENTION MICHAEL'S *KISSES* AND THE AFFECTIONATE WAY HE TREATS HER, MARLENA HAS BEEN STARTING TO SEE HIM AS A MAN, NOT A *ROCK STAR*. BUT NOW SHE DECIDES THAT MICHAEL'S ATTENTION SPAN APPARENTLY DOESN'T REACH PAST THE NEAREST SET OF BREASTS.

I'M OUTTA HERE MY SECURITY CREW CAN HANDLE THE CLEANUP.



MARLENA IS TRYING TO RELAX WITH A BOOK BEFORE GOING TO SLEEP, BUT THOUGHTS OF MICHAEL INTRUDE...ALONG WITH A *KNOCK* AT HER DOOR.

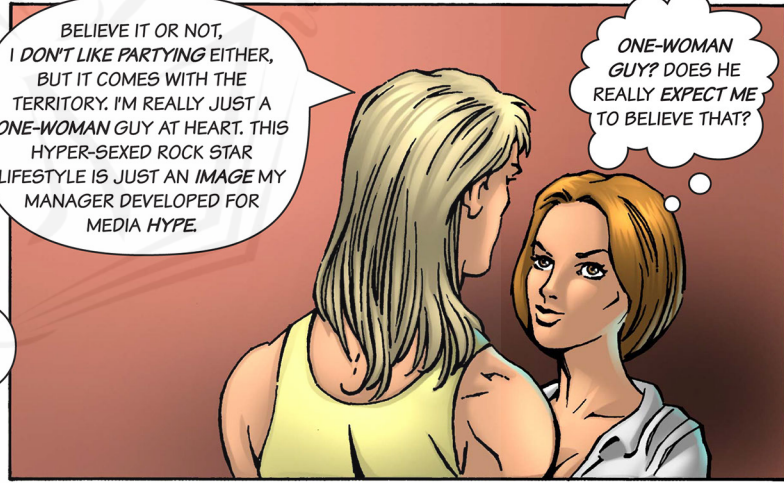
**KNOCK!
KNOCK!**



AND AS IF HER THOUGHTS HAD CONJURED HIM UP, HE'S HERE AT HER DOOR. BREATHTAKINGLY HANDSOME AND SEXIER THAN EVER. DESIRE SPIKES THROUGH HER.

YOU LEFT THE PARTY FAST...

IT WASN'T MY SCENE. ANYWAY, DON'T STAND OUT IN THE HALLWAY. COME IN.



BELIEVE IT OR NOT, I DON'T LIKE PARTYING EITHER, BUT IT COMES WITH THE TERRITORY. I'M REALLY JUST A ONE-WOMAN GUY AT HEART. THIS HYPER-SEXED ROCK STAR LIFESTYLE IS JUST AN IMAGE MY MANAGER DEVELOPED FOR MEDIA HYPE.

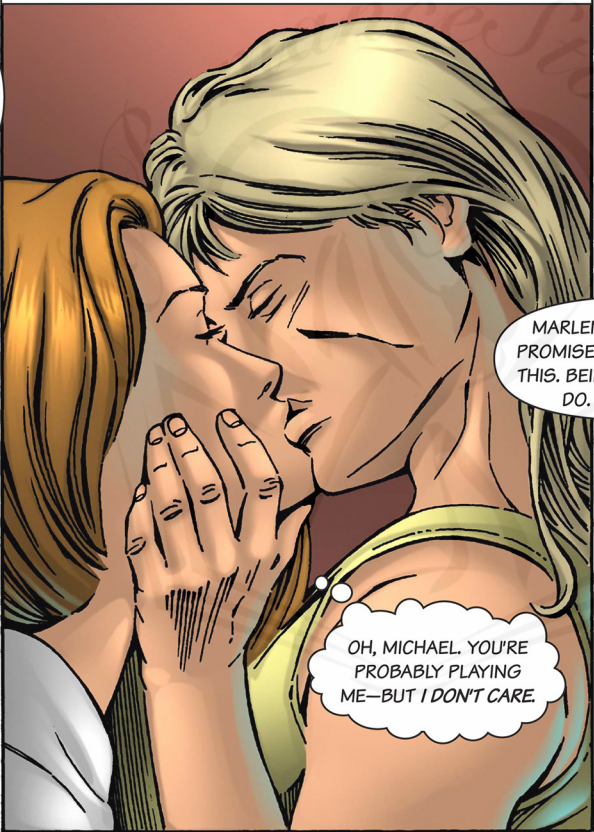
ONE-WOMAN GUY? DOES HE REALLY EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE THAT?

MARLENA'S WARM FEMININE SCENT ENGULFS HIM. HE'S CONVINCED HE'LL *DISINTEGRATE* IF HE CAN'T HAVE HER. RIGHT NOW.



WHAT ALL THOSE *GROUPIES* DON'T KNOW IS THAT I LIKE A WOMAN WITH SELF-CONFIDENCE AND BRAINS. I LIKE A WOMAN WHO IS *SEXY* WHEN SHE'S NOT TRYING TO BE. I LIKE...*WANT*... A WOMAN...LIKE YOU.

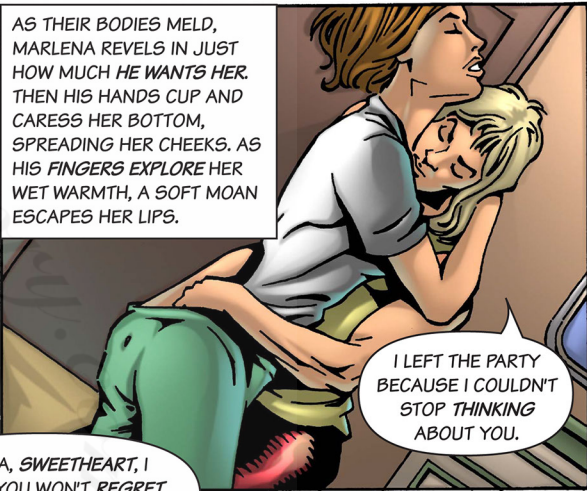
MOUTHS WELDED, TONGUES DANCING, *MOLTEN HEAT FLOWING* LOWER, LOWER... TO WHERE HIS HARD, AROUSED BODY GRINDS AGAINST HER EQUALLY AROUSED FEMININE SOFTNESS. MICHAEL *GROANS*, AND MARLENA FEELS *HOT MOISTURE* AT THE APEX OF HER THIGHS.



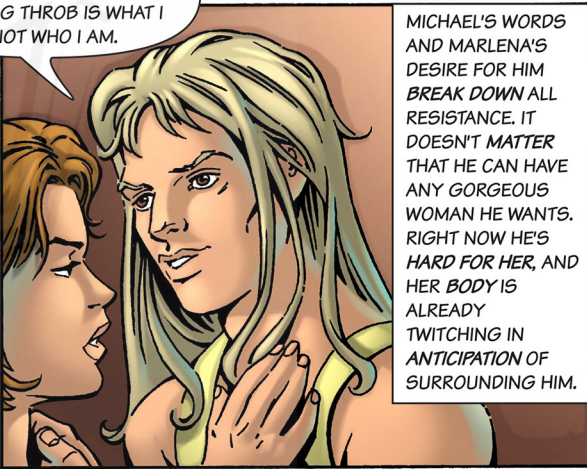
MARLENA, *SWEETHEART*, I PROMISE YOU WON'T *REGRET* THIS. BEING THROB IS WHAT I DO. NOT WHO I AM.

OH, MICHAEL YOU'RE PROBABLY PLAYING ME—BUT I *DON'T CARE*.

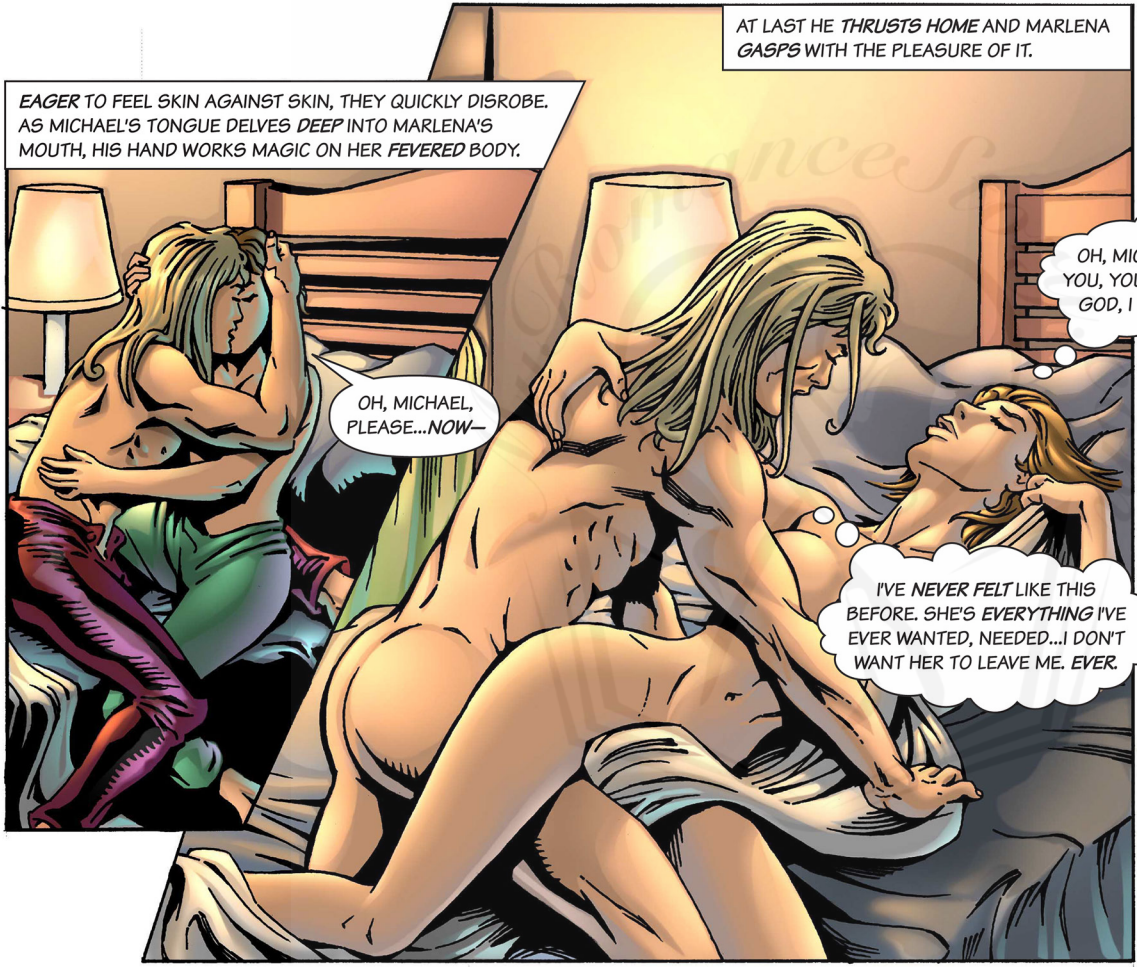
AS THEIR BODIES MELD, MARLENA REVELS IN JUST HOW MUCH HE *WANTS HER*. THEN HIS HANDS CUP AND CARESS HER BOTTOM, SPREADING HER CHEEKS. AS HIS *FINGERS EXPLORE* HER WET WARMTH, A SOFT *MOAN* ESCAPES HER LIPS.



I LEFT THE PARTY BECAUSE I COULDN'T STOP *THINKING* ABOUT YOU.



MICHAEL'S WORDS AND MARLENA'S DESIRE FOR HIM *BREAK DOWN* ALL RESISTANCE. IT DOESN'T *MATTER* THAT HE CAN HAVE ANY *GORGEOUS* WOMAN HE WANTS. RIGHT NOW HE'S *HARD FOR HER*, AND HER *BODY* IS ALREADY *TWITCHING* IN ANTICIPATION OF SURROUNDING HIM.



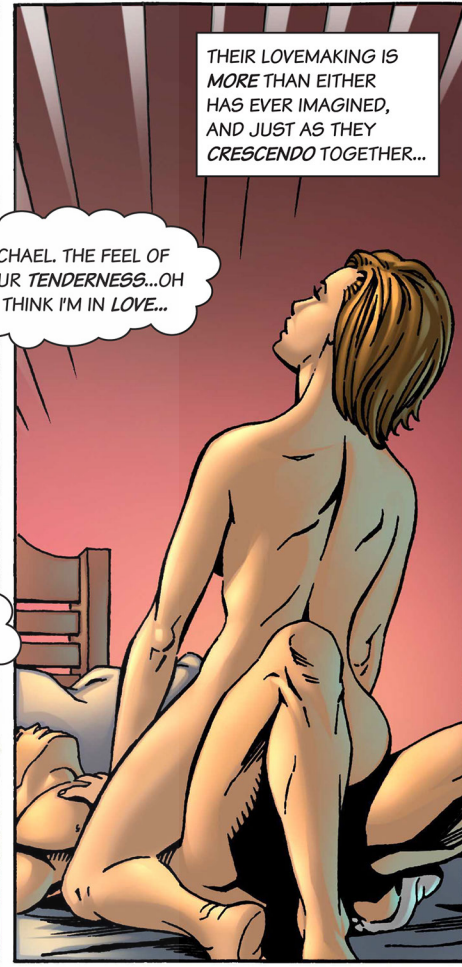
EAGER TO FEEL SKIN AGAINST SKIN, THEY QUICKLY DISROBE. AS MICHAEL'S TONGUE DELVES DEEP INTO MARLENA'S MOUTH, HIS HAND WORKS MAGIC ON HER FEVERED BODY.

AT LAST HE THRUSTS HOME AND MARLENA GASPS WITH THE PLEASURE OF IT.

OH, MICHAEL, PLEASE...NOW--

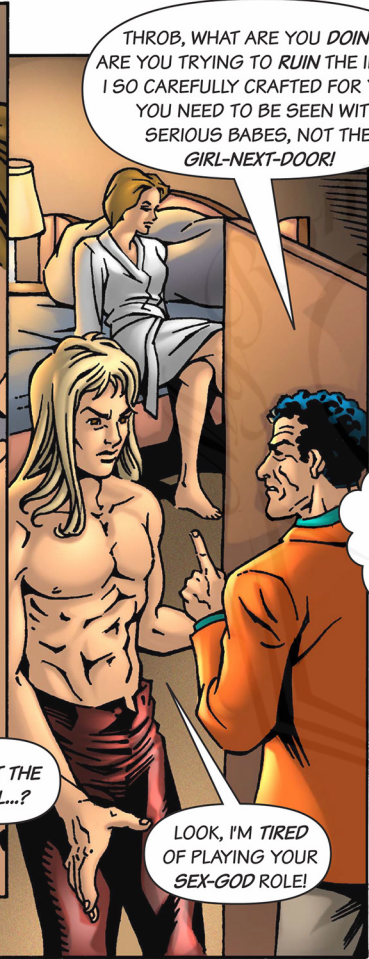
I'VE NEVER FELT LIKE THIS BEFORE. SHE'S EVERYTHING I'VE EVER WANTED, NEEDED...I DON'T WANT HER TO LEAVE ME. EVER.

OH, MICHAEL. THE FEEL OF YOU, YOUR TENDERNESS...OH GOD, I THINK I'M IN LOVE...



THEIR LOVEMAKING IS MORE THAN EITHER HAS EVER IMAGINED, AND JUST AS THEY CRESCENDO TOGETHER...

...THEY ARE RUDELY INTERRUPTED. SOMEONE IS POUNDING ON THE DOOR.



THROB, WHAT ARE YOU DOING? ARE YOU TRYING TO RUIN THE IMAGE I SO CAREFULLY CRAFTED FOR YOU? YOU NEED TO BE SEEN WITH SERIOUS BABES, NOT THE GIRL-NEXT-DOOR!

WHAT THE HELL...?

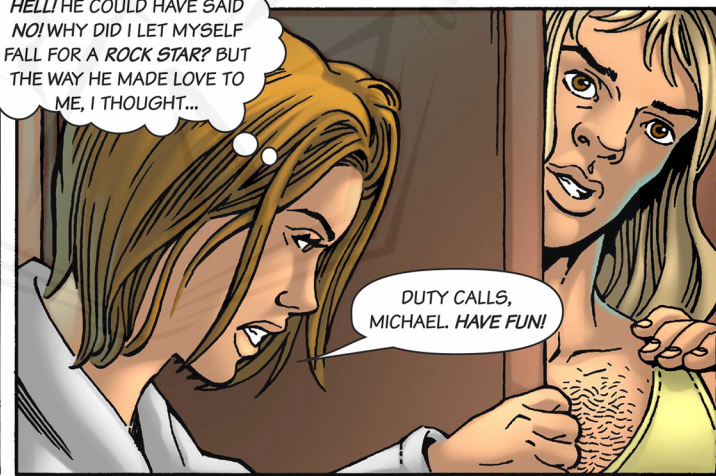
LOOK, I'M TIRED OF PLAYING YOUR SEX-GOD ROLE!



COME ON! THERE ARE PAPARAZZI STRATEGICALLY POSITIONED AND I NEED YOU TO GET BACK TO YOUR ROOM AND "ACCIDENTALLY" GET CAUGHT STEPPING OUT INTO THE HALLWAY WITH THOSE NAKED BABES I HIRED...

FINE! BUT THIS IS THE LAST TIME!

HELL! HE COULD HAVE SAID NO! WHY DID I LET MYSELF FALL FOR A ROCK STAR? BUT THE WAY HE MADE LOVE TO ME, I THOUGHT...



DUTY CALLS, MICHAEL. HAVE FUN!



MARLENA, I—

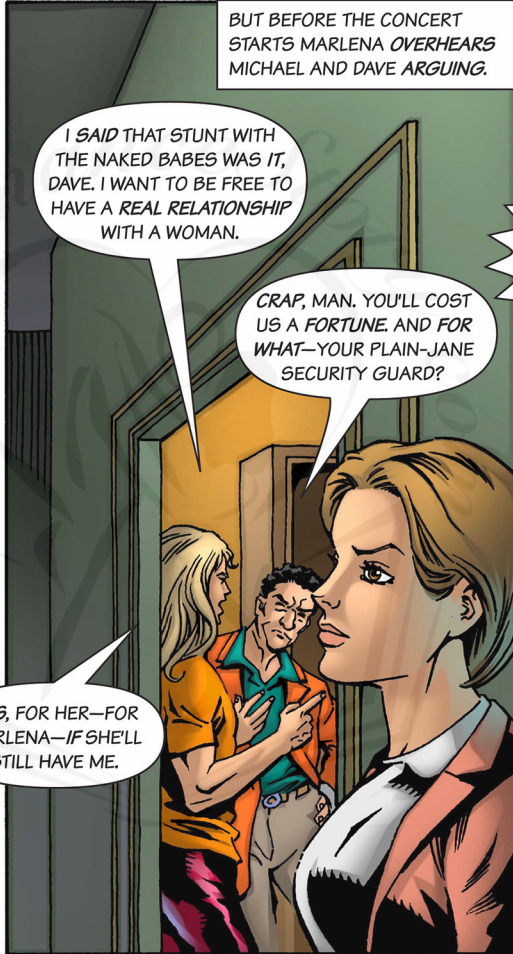
TWO DAYS LATER. MARLENA IS *BUSY* SECURING THE LATEST CONCERT SITE, AND EVEN BUSIER GIVING MICHAEL THE *COLD SHOULDER*.



COME ON, MARLENA, CAN'T WE AT LEAST TALK ABOUT THE OTHER NIGHT?

NO. WE CAN TALK ABOUT SECURITY AND THAT'S IT.

BUT BEFORE THE CONCERT STARTS MARLENA *OVERHEARS* MICHAEL AND DAVE *ARGUING*.



I SAID THAT STUNT WITH THE NAKED BABES WAS IT, DAVE. I WANT TO BE FREE TO HAVE A REAL RELATIONSHIP WITH A WOMAN.

CRAP, MAN. YOU'LL COST US A FORTUNE. AND FOR WHAT—YOUR PLAIN-JANE SECURITY GUARD?

YES, FOR HER—FOR MARLENA—IF SHE'LL STILL HAVE ME.

JUST WHEN MARLENA IS ABOUT TO RUN IN AND THROW HER ARMS AROUND MICHAEL, SHE GETS A CALL SHE CAN'T IGNORE.



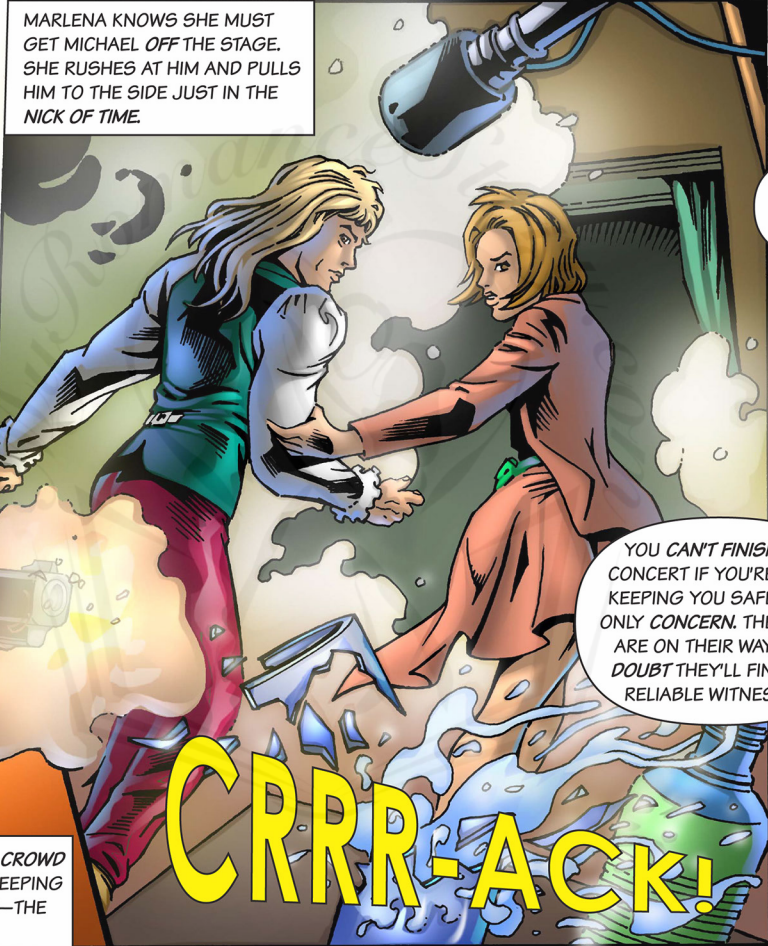
I NEED BACKUP. THERE'S A *BIKER GANG* OUTSIDE MAKING TROUBLE, AND THE STADIUM GUARDS ARE BARELY KEEPING THEM FROM *GETTING IN*.

ON MY WAY.





MARLENA KNOWS SHE MUST GET MICHAEL OFF THE STAGE. SHE RUSHES AT HIM AND PULLS HIM TO THE SIDE JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME.

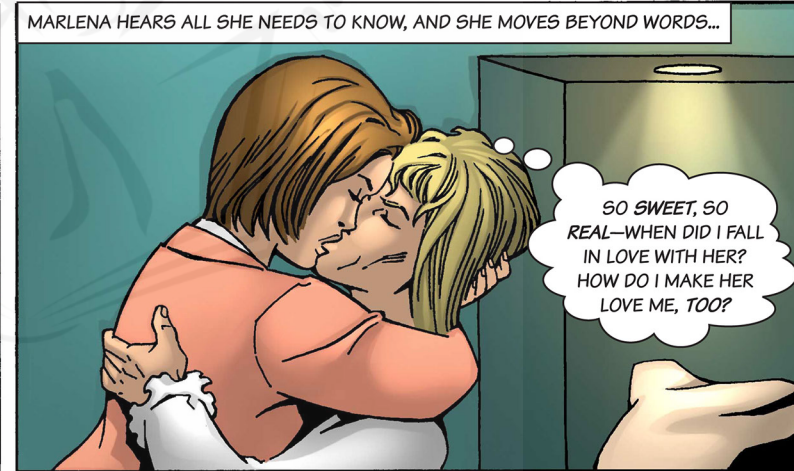
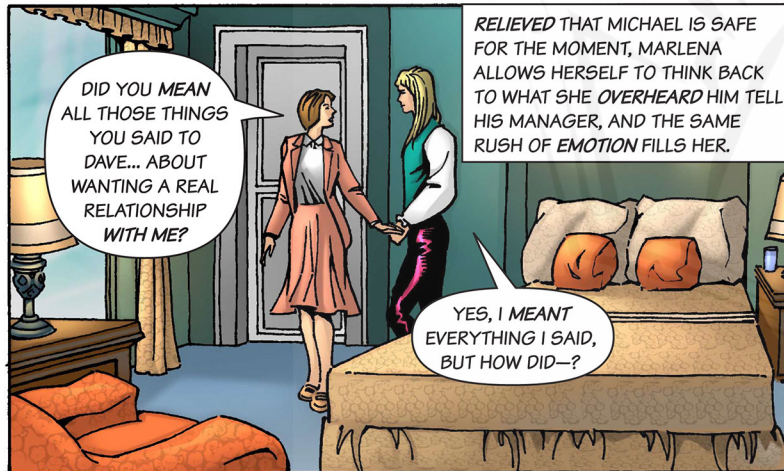


YOU CAN'T FINISH THE CONCERT IF YOU'RE DEAD. KEEPING YOU SAFE IS MY ONLY CONCERN. THE POLICE ARE ON THEIR WAY, BUT I DOUBT THEY'LL FIND ANY RELIABLE WITNESSES.

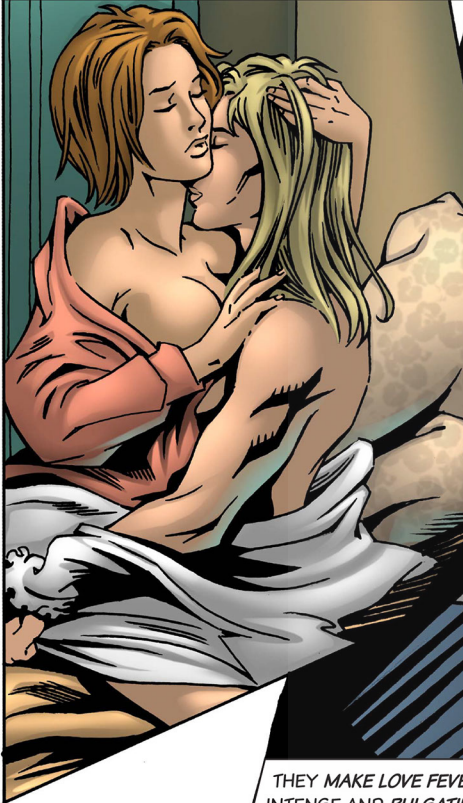
WITH THE SECURITY GUARDS ALL PREOCCUPIED WITH CROWD CONTROL—OUTSIDE, WITH THE BIKER GANG, INSIDE, KEEPING FANS FROM RUSHING THE STAGE AND BODYSURFING—THE STALKER IS ABLE TO SET UP A CLEAR SHOT.



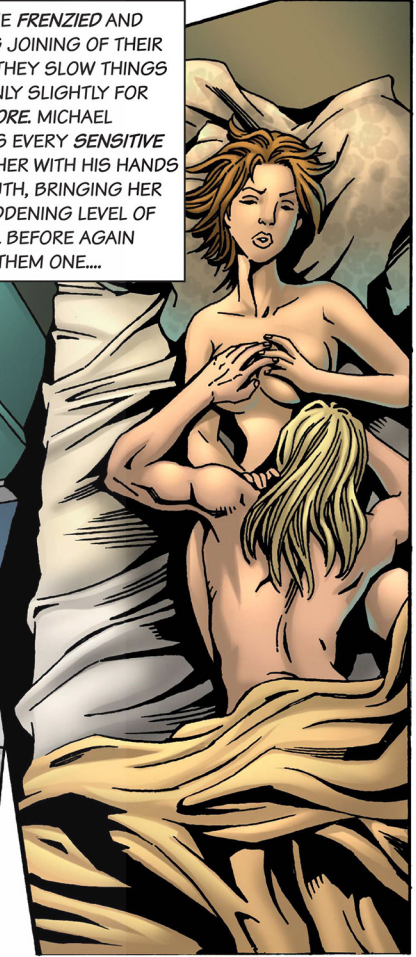
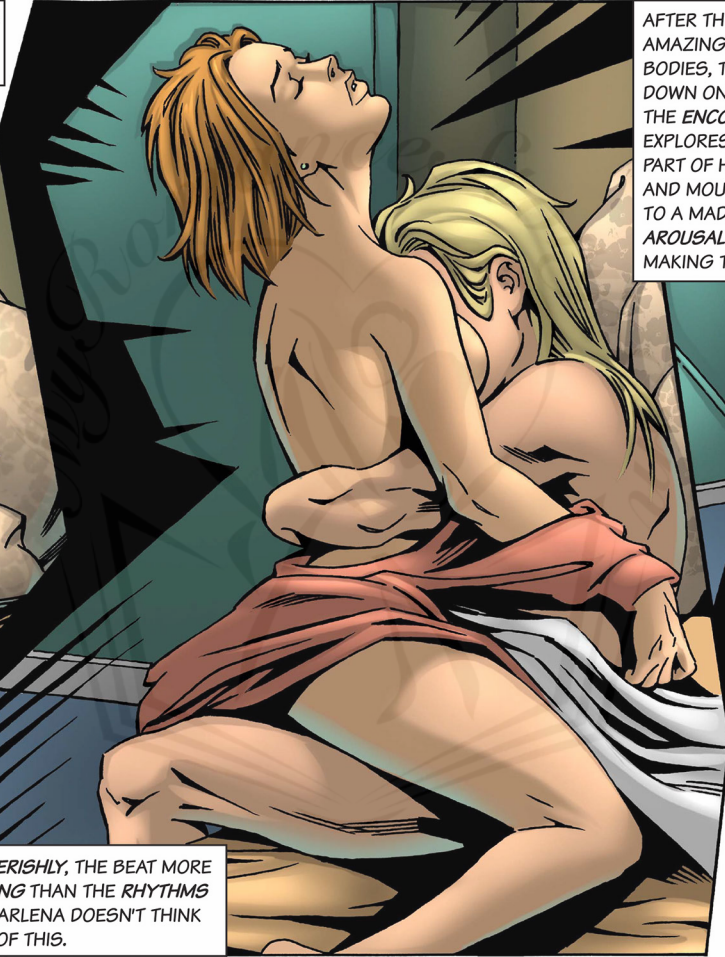
I HAVE TO FINISH THE CONCERT. THE FANS!



THE HEAT BETWEEN THEM IGNITES INTO A *BLAZING INFERNO*, AND THEY CAN'T SHED THE BARRIER OF CLOTHING BETWEEN THEM *FAST ENOUGH*...

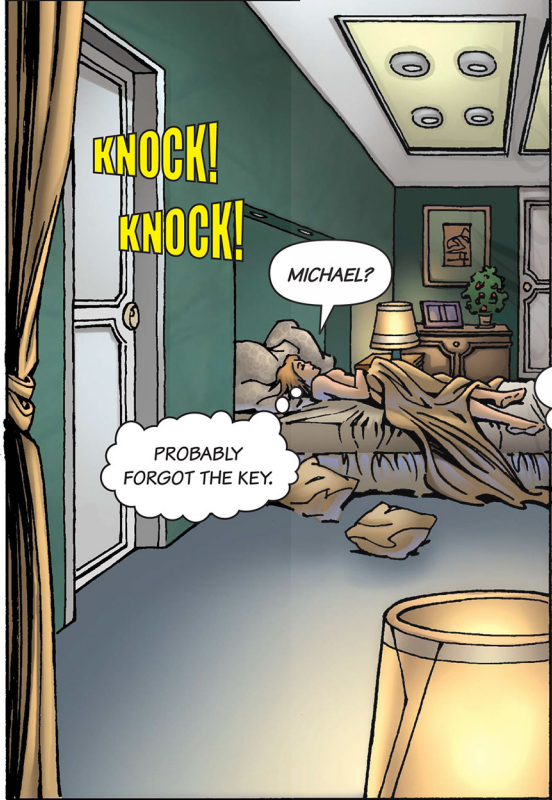


AFTER THE *FRENZIED* AND AMAZING JOINING OF THEIR BODIES, THEY SLOW THINGS DOWN ONLY SLIGHTLY FOR THE *ENCORE*. MICHAEL EXPLORES EVERY *SENSITIVE* PART OF HER WITH HIS HANDS AND MOUTH, BRINGING HER TO A *MADDENING* LEVEL OF *AROUSAL* BEFORE AGAIN MAKING THEM ONE...



THEY MAKE LOVE *FEVERISHLY*, THE BEAT MORE INTENSE AND *PULSATING* THAN THE *RHYTHMS* OF THROB ONSTAGE. MARLENA DOESN'T THINK SHE'LL EVER GET TIRED OF THIS.

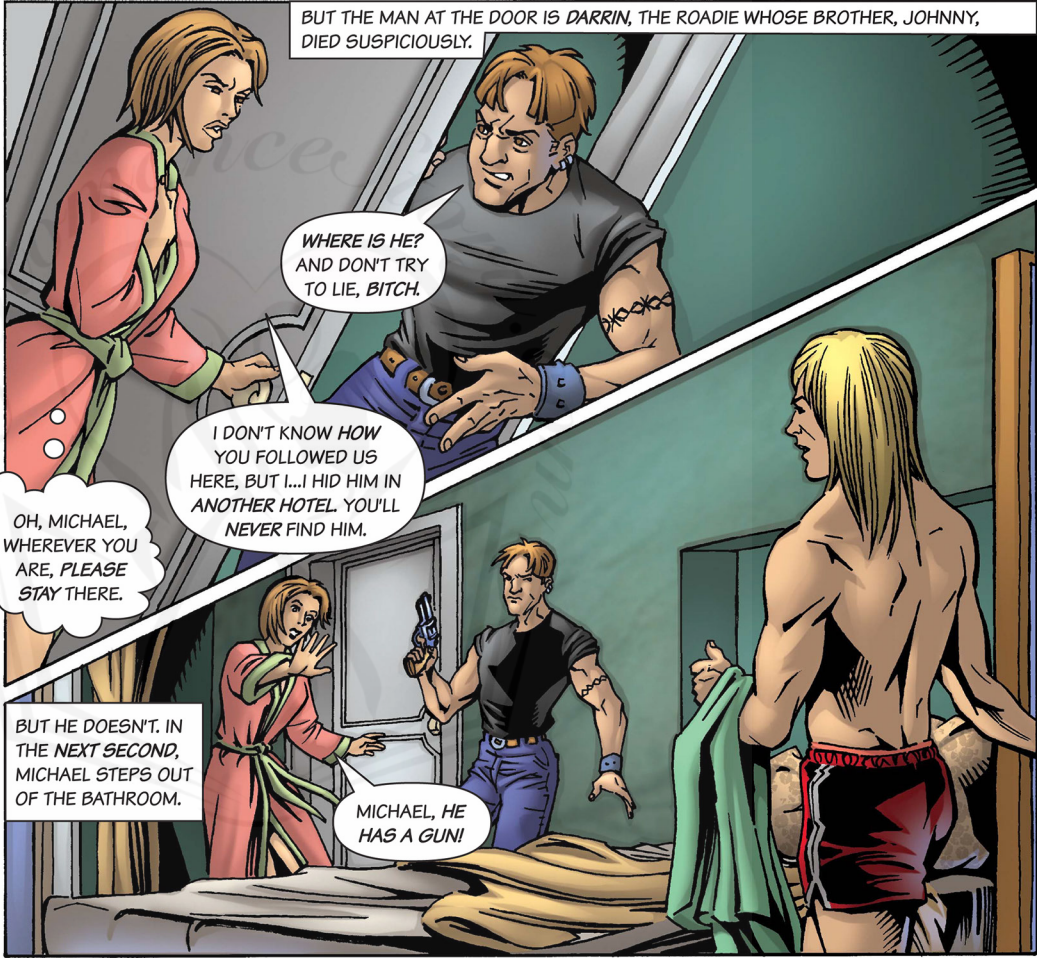
MARLENA HAS DOZED OFF. A SOFT KNOCKING ON THE DOOR WAKES HER. REALIZING THAT MICHAEL ISN'T WITH HER, SHE MAKES THE OBVIOUS ASSUMPTION.



**KNOCK!
KNOCK!**

MICHAEL?

PROBABLY FORGOT THE KEY.



BUT THE MAN AT THE DOOR IS DARRIN, THE ROADIE WHOSE BROTHER, JOHNNY, DIED SUSPICIOUSLY.

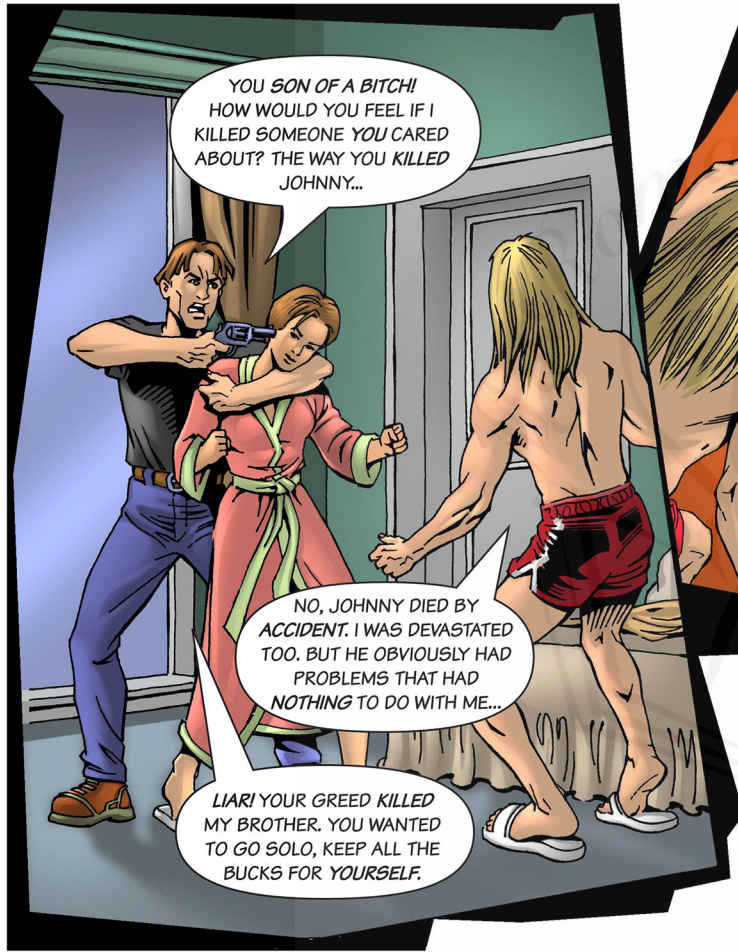
WHERE IS HE?
AND DON'T TRY
TO LIE, BITCH.

I DON'T KNOW HOW
YOU FOLLOWED US
HERE, BUT ...I HID HIM IN
ANOTHER HOTEL. YOU'LL
NEVER FIND HIM.

OH, MICHAEL,
WHEREVER YOU
ARE, PLEASE
STAY THERE.

BUT HE DOESN'T. IN
THE NEXT SECOND,
MICHAEL STEPS OUT
OF THE BATHROOM.

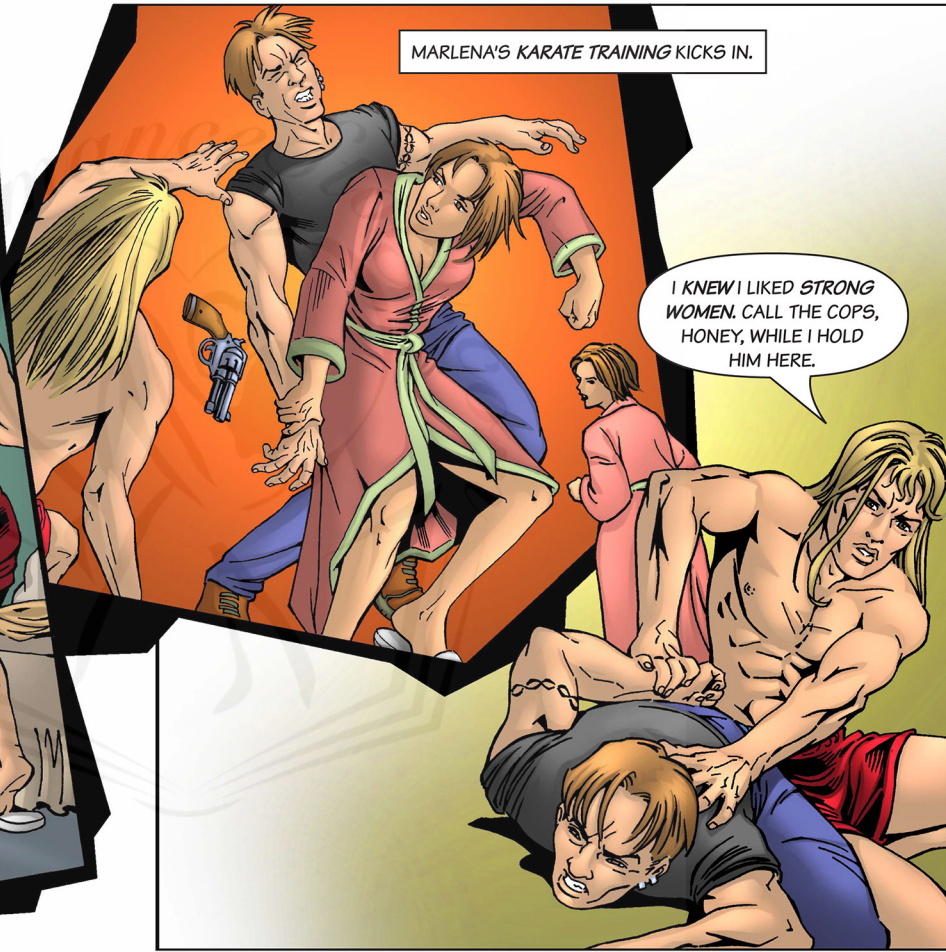
MICHAEL, HE
HAS A GUN!



YOU SON OF A BITCH!
HOW WOULD YOU FEEL IF I
KILLED SOMEONE YOU CARED
ABOUT? THE WAY YOU KILLED
JOHNNY...

NO, JOHNNY DIED BY
ACCIDENT. I WAS DEVASTATED
TOO. BUT HE OBVIOUSLY HAD
PROBLEMS THAT HAD
NOTHING TO DO WITH ME...

LIAR! YOUR GREED KILLED
MY BROTHER. YOU WANTED
TO GO SOLO, KEEP ALL THE
BUCKS FOR YOURSELF.



MARLENA'S KARATE TRAINING KICKS IN.

I KNEW I LIKED STRONG
WOMEN. CALL THE COPS,
HONEY, WHILE I HOLD
HIM HERE.

AS THE POLICE TAKE DARRIN AWAY IN HANDCUFFS, MICHAEL AND MARLENA FALL INTO EACH OTHER'S ARMS.



POOR DARRIN. HIS GRIEF TWISTED HIM, MADE HIM THINK REVENGE WAS THE ONLY ANSWER.

REVENGE IS DEFINITELY NOT THE ANSWER—LOVE IS, AND THAT'S WHY MY NEXT SONG WILL BE ABOUT YOU...AND ABOUT OUR FUTURE LIFE TOGETHER. I WANT YOU FOR A LOT MORE THAN A BODYGUARD...WILL YOU MARRY ME?



OH, MICHAEL, I DO WANT TO BE MORE THAN YOUR BODYGUARD. I LOVE YOU. SO, YES, I'LL MARRY YOU. YES!

THE END

THE SONG "LADY MARLENA" WAS A NUMBER-ONE HIT.

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