

I turned to a man who I assumed was Jeff and... Alexandra Blake. I knew Alexandra Blake from her music and movies. On her CD cover she was glamorous, but in person she was all business. Her hair that had been wild curls on the CD was pulled up in a tight bun and large silver hoops dangled from her ears. Her attire had gone from sparkling silver to a black suit with a low-cut white blouse underneath. I had always liked her but not thought much about her. She was a celebrity, and I was not one to be starstruck, so I wasn't sure what hit me in that moment. She had a presence that made me forget anybody else was in the room. I couldn't take my eyes from her. It was as if time stopped. The last time I had felt removed from reality like that was when I heard Jen with Michael. That felt awful, this was incredible. As she walked towards me, I locked eyes with her and held out my hand. "I'm Cory," I said as she shook my hand. "I'm sorry we were late. It's my fault and it won't happen again."

"Where is your guitar?" she asked, her dark brown eyes without emotion.

"I... forgot it." Damn, why did I have to be so absent minded? And why did I have to smell and look like I slept in a bar? I could smell the alcohol from my skin and wondered if everybody else could too. She smelled like she had just walked through a mist of the sexiest perfume...and was there a hint of vanilla? I was thankful I'd at least brushed my teeth.

"Do you plan on coming in drunk every day?" she asked. "You smell like booze and heaven knows what else."

"No," I said, trying not to laugh. Damn, sometimes I found the strangest things amusing, but I couldn't help it. I felt joy just standing close to her. "I mean, I'm not drunk I just—"

"Have you gone over any of the material?"

“No,” I said again. She was clearly irritated with me, but all I could think of was The Doors song “Hello I Love You.” She said something else, but I didn’t hear her. All I could hear was the song running through my brain as I imagined her luscious long legs wrapped around me.

“Mr. Scott, do you understand?” she said.

I hadn’t heard a word she said. I looked her in the eyes and gave my best grin.

“Perfectly,” I answered. I was certain I saw something from her before she turned, and I watched her walk away, hips swaying ever so slightly.

Jesse put his hand on my shoulder and said, “Don’t worry, we’ll go over some stuff tonight and tomorrow you’ll knock her dead.”

I ran my fingers through my hair, which insisted on springing back up. “She’s absolutely gorgeous.”