

Exclusive Sneak Peek!

Along for the Ride

The Rosewoods Rock Star Series

Book 1

By

Katrina Abbott

Over The Cliff Publishing, 2016

This is a work of fiction. Similarities to real people, places or events are entirely coincidental.

ALONG FOR THE RIDE

First edition. October 2016

Copyright © 2016 Katrina Abbott

Written by Katrina Abbott

10987654321

January - The Rosewood/Westwood Talent Show

We were waiting for the next act to come out, but the auditorium was far from quiet. In fact, it was the opposite of quiet because even though there had been two acts and a speech from the dean since, no one could stop talking about what had happened to Seychelles Spencer during Jared Abramovich's performance.

The poor girl had suffered a wardrobe malfunction that would go down in infamy. Every single person had seen as her outfit had fallen to her waist, exposing her to the entire audience. Well, except for my roommate, Sandy—Sandrine—Thibeault, who'd stepped out to use the bathroom, thinking she wouldn't miss anything. Not that I could blame her, I mean, who could have predicted that what had promised to be a lame amateur magic act would turn into the talk of the talent show?

"I can't believe the dean is letting the show go on," Sandy said from beside me. "Between that and the other guy's *I'm Sexy and I Know It* stripping stunt."

I smiled, shaking my head at the memory of that guy's ridiculous dance as I watched a single Westwood boy come from the wings toward the center of the stage. He had a guitar slung over his shoulders and was carrying a stool.

Great, another musician wannabe, I thought. *Like we need more of those*. Instead of saying it out loud, knowing I had a tendency to be hyper-critical of musicians, I turned to my roommate and said, "What else is she going to do? If she shuts the show down, it's just going to give people more time to talk about it. At least this way, there's more opportunity for distraction."

Sandy shrugged. "And you're sure she didn't do it on purpose?"

"Seychelles?" I asked and then shook my head, lowering my voice as the guy on stage was introduced. "No, if you'd seen her face, you wouldn't be asking that. She might be a big flirt, but I really don't think she intended to flash the *entire audience*. Believe me, she was *mortified*. That was no act."

"This guy's cute," she said, turning her attention to the stage, which of course got me to do the same.

Sandy liked musicians, so was already biased because of that guitar, but even still, I had to admit she was right. This guy *was* cute and the way he was really nervous as he bent over his guitar, clearly stalling, was even kind of endearing.

"Who is he?" I asked, not having paid attention to his intro.

"Willmont Davidson," she said. "He used to date Emmie Somerville. She's with some guy from town now, but I heard they're still friends."

I looked back up to the stage and wondered if this was his first performance.

And then I wondered just how awful he was going to be and steeled my nerves and eardrums to be seriously underwhelmed.

Yes, I was jaded. But I grew up the daughter of a famous music producer; Tony Capri—maybe you've heard of him? Anyway, I've been to a million concerts and recording sessions and was even my dad's date to the Grammys (twice) so I knew about good music. A kid playing his guitar on the stage at a high school talent show wasn't it.

He finally began to play. As I sat there, absently sweeping the crowd with my eyes, my attention was suddenly drawn to the stage.

Because I could tell right away that this guy wasn't just practiced, this guy was *talented*.

He played his opening a second time, maybe to steel his nerves or to give the crowd a moment to pay attention, but it still sounded good, so I gave him a pass. Then he looked up at the crowd, leaned into the mic, took a breath, and began to sing.

An instant hush fell over the crowd. Because every single person in that auditorium realized what I just had: this guy was good. *Really* good. Like, star-in-the-making good.

Tears sprang to my eyes at his voice, which was the perfect combination of throaty and masculine, but sweet at the same time. It was almost like his song was reaching toward me, grabbing me, entrancing

me.

“Whoa,” fell from my mouth.

“He’s good, isn’t he?” Sandy said, glancing over with wide eyes. She was already clearly smitten and I had to resist the urge to shake my head at how easily she fell for musicians—silly fangirl.

Though, the way my heart pounded and I nodded, unable to find words, told me I was a little smitten, too. Not for the same reason, though. I mean, after a lifetime spent in studios, I was immune to the allure of musicians—their egos, their arrogance, their sense of entitlement, expecting to be treated like gods.

But that same lifetime spent in studios meant I had grown up loving music; it was in my blood, after all. And I could see raw talent up on that stage; learning to identify and cultivate it was my dad’s trade and I’d inherited his keen ear.

There was a time I’d thought I’d follow in my father’s footsteps. Produce music, maybe even perform. But that was before I’d learned what musicians were really like and the damage they could do. Before I’d made a pact with myself to stay as far away from the music business as was humanly possible.

Still, there was no denying the talent up on the Rosewood stage. Coupled with his clean-cut good looks and the fact that the entire audience was watching him, rapt by his stunning performance, I knew this guy was definitely boy band material.

As luck would have it, my father was in the process of putting together a new boy band and hadn’t yet found all his members.

I let out a sigh because as much as I hated musicians and the business, and the very last thing I needed was to get involved, I was going to have to tell my dad about this guy.

Pre-order Along for the Ride Now!

[Amazon](#)

[iBooks](#)

[Barnes and Noble \(Nook\)](#)

[Google Play](#)