

Melissa Edwards took a deep breath, squeezed her daughter's hand, and opened the door to the green room where the heavy metal band Metalsome were preparing for their last show of their tour. As a nod to their hometown of Madison, the boys were performing at Camp Randall stadium. Since this venue was typically filled with University of Wisconsin Badgers fans, their performance was a clear indication of the city's devotion.

"Do you think he'll like me?" a very nervous Sabrina asked. Poor thing. Her feelings were so understandable. It wasn't every day that a little girl met her father who just happened to be the lead singer of the most famous band in the world.

Melissa smiled at her eight-year-old adopted daughter. "Of course, he will." She hoped she sounded confident. Because in all honesty she didn't know what to expect from Topher Duval. She'd done a deep internet search on him and read some pretty scary things about his time as a heroin addict. But lately the only time he made news was when he spoke on behalf of Living Sober, an organization that helped people with addiction. She was impressed with the work he'd accomplished to become sober and his support of others working toward sobriety. And she really liked how vocal he was about his struggles with addiction. In one article he said, "I hope that by telling my story, one person reads it and chooses sobriety. It's not easy, but it's worth it."

Yet meeting him in reality? Allowing her daughter to meet him? That was another thing altogether. She took another breath and they walked in holding clammy hands. The noise of loud talking and roaring laughter was almost painful. So many people were in the room, and it was raucous. Then like an old movie, all the sounds of laughter and chatter suddenly stopped. The silence was deafening. Everyone stared at them, and Melissa could feel Sabrina start to tremble.

Then a striking man with low slung jeans, a tight t-shirt, and tattoos covering both arms strolled out of the bathroom, a stunning red headed woman in his wake.

"Sweetie, it's beautiful. You did a great job." He kissed the top of her head and she beamed at him gave him a quick hug and walked over to a gaggle of women in the corner. They all cheered for her.

His hair was dyed a very bright pink and it stood on end, which was a great nod to the old punk look from the seventies and eighties. Melissa knew this was Topher Duvall and at this moment, she wanted to grab her daughter and run like hell out of this room. Did he just fuck that girl in the bathroom and pat her on the head like a child? What an asshole. And why are the

women celebrating? *Hooray you nailed a rock star in a green room bathroom?* Really? Christ. She clutched Sabrina's hand and began to back up toward the door.

Although, if she were being honest with herself, in another lifetime she would have happily walked into a bathroom stall with a rockstar. But that was before she had a daughter. It was time to go.

She had just reached the door when Topher pivoted to face them, his green eyes widened.

"Sabrina?" he asked, his voice soft and hoarse. Probably from all the yelling during sex in the bathroom, but it could be from emotions. Not likely, but maybe. Damn her heart for hoping it was the later.

"Yes?" Sabrina squeaked as if at that moment her little girl didn't know her own name.

The rock star walked over to Sabrina, went down on his knees and said, "I've been waiting so long to meet you."

Her little body relaxed, and she shouted. "Me too!"

"May I hug you?" he asked in that hoarse voice that was so distinctive.

Sabrina nodded.

Melissa watched Topher gently hug her daughter and tried like hell to stay unaffected. But her newly acquired mommy emotions were on high alert. And if she cried, she would never forgive herself. But it wasn't just her mother side that was affected by the scene. Photos of this particular rock star didn't do him justice. He was obnoxiously attractive. She shook her head as she tried to deny his allure. Men with tattoos were not her thing. Rock musicians? Not her thing. But...

Topher was six feet tall, and she had caught a glimpse of that V hip thingy that all women swooned over. His eyes were the color of emeralds, and his full lips were indecently sexual. For Christ's sake, the man should be a model.

A few tears slipped down his face as he held her daughter and Melissa felt like such a perv. What was wrong with her? Her child was having a moment with her father, and she was eyeballing him like a starving woman.