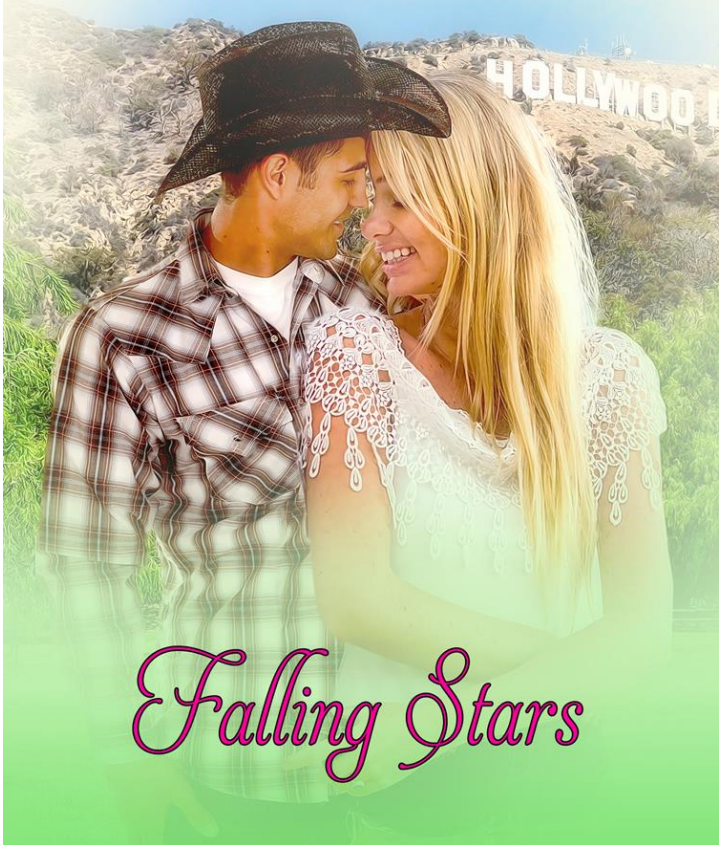




Pure Amore

SWEET ROMANCE · PURE ENJOYMENT™

TANYA
STOWE



Falling Stars

Excerpt:

SUNNY SLIPPED ON A HEADSET as another crewmember handed her a clipboard. "Ready to answer questions?" she asked, turning that green-eyed gaze full blast on Jackson.

He nodded. "Ready as I'll ever be." He wished he'd been a bit more positive when he saw the look of concern flash over Sunny's features. He might not like the fact that he needed to be here in L.A. or on the show, but he was a professional. Apparently, he still had to prove that to Sunny.

She turned to Bodine. "Give Jackson a few minutes. Then I'll announce you, Brody. They'll go crazy with two of you in there."

Bodine nodded.

Jackson barely had time to take a breath before Sunny signaled him to move through the door. Instantly, cameras flashed and a buzz covered the room. Jackson smiled, waved, then headed straight for the podium. He'd barely made it there when the spokesperson announced Bodine's name.

More flashes and another buzz. The first fifteen minutes of the conference, Jackson answered the questions. What did he have to offer the talent of Rising Stars? Could his millions of fans count on seeing him perform something from his new album? What did he think of his fellow judges?

"I'm excited to be a part of the team and look forward to working with all of them."

Bodine stood slightly back and silent, which Jackson greatly appreciated. But now the press turned to him.

"Brody, how do you feel about Jackson's addition to the panel?" He stepped forward to the podium and bent toward the mic with his trademark smile in place. Bodine had conquered many hearts with that winning grin. "I'm looking forward to a great season. As a relative newcomer to the industry, I'm certain Jackson has a lot in common with our

contestants. He'll be welcome support for our newbies."

Jackson frowned. Newbie support? That's the best Bodine thought he had to offer? So that's how it's going to be. Nice in private but when the cameras are on, Bodine's gloves are off. Jackson tamped down on his irritation and softened his frown with a twist to his lips that he hoped resembled a smile.

"I do have to say, though," Bodine continued, "I'm looking forward to Jackson enlightening me about country music. From what I know, it only has three topics, breakups, trucks, and honky-tonks."

Jackson waited two beats for the twittering laughter to die away. It was one thing for Bodine to poke at him, but no way would he tolerate an insult to his music. "At least you can understand country lyrics, Brody. I have yet to decipher the words of a rock song. Perhaps you can give us a lesson as well."

Laughter rocked the room, and cameras flashed like strobes.