

Rock Chick Redux
By Kristen Ashley
Celebrating 20,000 Likes on Facebook
September 25, 2013



If you aren't 18, you shouldn't be reading this.
So please don't.

If you haven't read the *Rock Chick* novels by Kristen Ashley,
you also probably shouldn't be reading this.

This should be read after the finale to that series, *Rock Chick Revolution*.

Dedication

This is for my Rock Chicks on Facebook.
The ones who have been with me from the beginning,
and the ones who have just come to me.
(And I'll add on my 2016 edits of this story,
All I hope that are yet to come).

I wanted you all to have something special
to show you how much your support means to me.

So here it is.

Rock on!



All Kinds of Lucky

My eyes opened and I saw pristine white sheets and my arms stretched out in front of me.

Sleepily, I lifted my left hand and took in the large, raised cushion-cut diamond surrounded
with more diamonds, even more embedded in the rises at its sides.

And the wide-gold band under it.

The diamond was a statement. So was the band.

I was taken.

Forever.

I grinned to myself and lifted my eyes to take in the room.

Wicker armchairs in the corner with turquoise pads and bright toss pillows. White-washed walls with a picture of shells and starfish. And the door that I knew led to the bathroom.

But no noise except the sea outside.

And no husband.

I rolled and looked to the big glass doors on the opposite side of the room that opened to the veranda. The filmy white sheers were wafting in on the breeze. Beyond that, white beach and turquoise water slowly lapping at the shore.

I lifted up, threw my legs off the side of the bed, bent over and reached down to the floor to nab my cream satin nightie. It was short, hanging just over my ass. It had an edge of lace at the hem that ticked up the slits at the sides. It also had fancy pearl beading around the bodice.

Not sleep attire.

Honeymoon attire. Meant to be worn and taken off.

I had twenty such nighties in my suitcases.

No joke.

Twenty.

I was on my honeymoon and determined to do it right.

So far, my husband appreciated my efforts and even though the nighties cost a mint, the ones I'd used spent most of their time on the floor.

I did not have a problem with this.

I slid the nightie on and put my feet to the floor.

Standing up, I wandered to and out the doors.

I looked right and my stomach flipped.

This was because I saw my husband. Slouched in a deck chair wearing faded jeans rolled up his calves, his legs lifted up, ankles crossed, feet on the railing. Also a white linen t-shirt he hadn't bothered to do up so it was hanging loose at his sides, showing the wide expanse of his defined chest and sculpted abs.

And twinkling in the sun, *his* wide-gold wedding band on his long strong finger.

He'd picked my engagement ring and the bands. It was his statement I was taken. It was his statement he was too.

I freaking *loved* that.

I took a moment to study his lusciousness.

He was staring at the sea, his dark-stubbled, square jaw relaxed but his profile was set to reflection.

Needless to say, the vision was enough to get my feet moving in that direction.

He caught my movement, turned his head and looked to me.

My stomach dropped.

All that, those long legs, that messy dark hair, those espresso-colored eyes, that soft olive skin that covered hard muscle...

That look of love...

All that was *mine*.

To communicate how much this meant to me, I smiled and greeted, "Hey."

He must have read my face because he smiled back, his expression soft, but he shook his head and said nothing.

When I got to him, I climbed on board. That being I threw my leg over and straddled his crotch. After I did that, when his hands hit my hips, my hands hit his jaws and my mouth hit his.

I used tongue.

So did he.

I'd had no complaints about my kissing so I figured I did okay in that endeavor.

My husband's talent in that area was so good, he should teach classes. However, that was never gonna happen.

No one got that mouth. No one.

But me.

What made it all the better that morning was that he tasted of rum.

When I lifted my head and looked down in those eyes, any normal newlywed woman would say something like, "I love you," or, "You're my world," or, "I want it to be like this the rest of our lives."

I thought all that.

He knew I thought it.

So I didn't have to say it.

Instead, I asked, "Rum for breakfast?"

He grinned and that was what I wanted.

That grin.

That was mine too.

"You disapprove?" he asked back.

In answer, I lifted a bit away from him, reached to the table at our side and grabbed the glass there. I put it to my lips and slugged the rest of his rum back.

When I was done, the rum warming me (further) from gullet to gut, I breathed, "Ahhh."

I felt him shaking with laughter under me and I looked back down at him.

"There's my Rock Chick," he murmured through his chuckles.

Yeah, here I was.

Exactly where I wanted to be.

I put the glass back to the table.

My husband slid his hands under my nightie and over my ass.

"Baby," he whispered, his voice now slightly rough. "You aren't wearing panties."

The tips of his fingers were roaming. Light. Sweet. It felt *awesome*.

So I leaned into him again.

"I've decided, unless I'm in bikini bottoms, I'm going commando the whole honeymoon."

This wasn't true. We'd started our honeymoon in Vegas. This was the second leg, and I wore underwear in Sin City. I figured, since we stayed at the Bellagio, that was taking the euro-trash vibe a tad too far.

I was a Rock Chick and anything goes, but we Rock Chicks understood decorum.

Sometimes.

His eyes flared at my words.

I liked that.

And that was mine too.

My eyes, I was pretty sure, smiled. For a variety of reasons.

“I approve of this decision,” he muttered, his gaze dropping to my mouth.

Like that was a surprise.

His fingertips kept roaming and I squirmed in his lap, my own fingertips roaming his chest.

I decided they should roam with intent and I move them to his abs.

“Uh...just sayin’,” I started. “I think when you’re on your honeymoon, unless you’re eating, you’re supposed to be making love. Not sitting in the sun, drinking rum and staring at each other’s mouths.”

His head tipped to the side, his eyes came to mine and they warmed.

But his mouth quirked.

“Making love?”

“Yep.”

“Making love,” he whispered, his deep voice wrapping around those two words, putting them into action and getting a helluva response even though he was barely moving a muscle.

I squirmed again and repeated, “Yep.”

“So *that’s* what we’re supposed to be doing?” he asked.

I grinned. “Yeah.”

When he caught my grin, his eyes got hot.

“I better get on that,” he said softly before he surged out of the chair, taking me with him.

Now we were talking.

I wrapped my arms around his shoulders, legs around his hips and my husband started walking.

But I looked back to the table and cried, “Wait!”

He stopped.

I again looked to him.

“Retrace, three steps,” I ordered.

He grinned and backed up three steps.

I nabbed the bottle of rum and looked back down at him. “We can’t forget breakfast.”

His grin turned into a smile and he started walking again.

That smile.

That face.

My man.
Our destination.
Our location.
And the reason we were there.
One word:
Righteous.



I was seeing stars.
Literally and figuratively.
This was because it was midnight and I was on my back on a blanket in the sand and my husband was on top of me, moving between my legs, creating magic.
He had his face in my neck and his hands at my hips, lifting them to take him.
I had my hands all over him and everything on me, in me and around me was sheer beauty.
So I started making noises.
He lifted his head and blocked out the inky night with its twinkling lights but, my opinion, my new view was a whole lot better.
One of his hands slid in, his thumb hit me right on the spot, put pressure on and started rolling.
God.
God.
Awesome.
I tipped my knees way back, taking him deeper, swung my calves in at his back and breathed,
“Ren.”
“Right here, baby.”
He was.
Right there.
And he’d been right there for a long time, even back in the day when I was pushing him away.

On that thought, his movements, the feel of him, the smell of him, the fact this was mine, *he* was mine, *forever*, all of it overwhelmed me.

I wrapped my arms around him, my head pressed into the blanket, I felt his lips touch mine and I gasped as a slow, sweet orgasm rolled through me.

He kissed me through my climax.

Then he started driving into me.

I took him, wrapping him up in me, kissing him back until he tore his mouth from mine, again shoved his face in my neck and thrust inside one last time, staying planted and groaning against my skin.

And I took him, his groan, his shudder, loving every nanosecond, shivering under him, staring at the stars.

I knew it left him when I felt his nose gliding along the skin of my neck, felt it run along the chain there then felt his tongue touch the guitar pendant that always hung there.

His pendant. My pendant.

Our pendant.

I felt him suck it into his mouth and the chain tightened.

God, I loved it when he did that.

I wrapped him tighter in my limbs.

Ren let the pendant go and kept engaging his lips on my skin. After they skimmed my earlobe, he whispered there, “Thank you for taking my name, Ally.”

I closed my eyes at the sound of his voice.

Deep.

Sweet.

Grateful.

Loving.

I knew he’d been worried about this.

He was *a man*. And the kind of *man* he was, he wanted his family to be a unit, that unit unified under his name.

I was a *Rock Chick* and I did what I wanted.

Ren and I sometimes clashed. We always got over it.

I knew he'd accept whatever decision I made. That was his way. It took him a while to get to that, but once he did, that was all he ever gave me.

He gave me him and he gave me the freedom to be me.

I returned the favor.

But I'd whispered in his ear during our first dance at our wedding five days ago that I would be known as Ally Nightingale professionally, Ally Zano everywhere else.

That was his wedding present.

He'd liked it. I knew this when his arms got tight, he made a strange noise in the back of his throat that sounded like a stifled grunt and he'd stopped swaying to the music in order just to stand there...hugging me.

Outside of what occurred in a church four hours previously, with my Rock Chicks standing at my side wearing kickass black dresses and carrying bouquets of red roses, that was the most beautiful moment in my life.

If you didn't count the orgasm I just had, my husband fucking me on our honeymoon under the stars.

I didn't reply to his gratitude. I just held on tighter.

"And thank you for taking my faith," he kept at it.

I held on even tighter.

I'd converted.

For him.

It was kind of a pain in the ass.

But then again, Ren Zano was worth it.

I bucked my hips and Ren got the message, sliding out (which sucked) and rolling to his back on the blanket, taking me with him (which didn't suck).

Once I was on top, I lifted my head and my hand. Staring at him in the moonlight, tracing his jaw, cheekbone, his full lower lip with the tips of my fingers, I thought he'd never been more beautiful.

Never.

And mine.

All.

Fucking.

Mine.

I finally caught his eyes. “Thank you for giving me your name.”

His arms around me gave me a squeeze as his warm eyes melted.

“Honey,” he whispered.

“Thank you for not giving up on me.”

His face got soft and his arms got tight, but this time, they didn’t loosen.

And there it was.

He was even more beautiful.

“Baby,” he said and it sounded almost like a groan.

I dipped my face closer and cupped his cheek with my hand.

“And thank you for loving me.”

He stilled and stared at me for approximately five point five seconds.

Then I was on my back with Ren on me.

“You like that house?” he growled and I blinked at the change of subject, not to mention his tone.

“What?” I asked.

“The house we’re stayin’ in, babe. Up there.” He jerked his head toward the three bedroom beach house he’d rented for our honeymoon.

Three bedrooms was overkill since we only needed one. But they *did* offer variety, something we took advantage of that day (and, well...the day before). Not to mention, the place was breezy, had big rooms, lots of windows, a wraparound veranda, a fabulous kitchen, a sunken Jacuzzi bath in the master, a shower built for two, it was off the beaten path and had a private beach.

“You like it?” he pressed.

“Uh...yeah,” I answered.

“That’s good, since it’s your wedding present.”

It was my turn to stare.

It was Ren’s turn to frame my face and drop his close.

He did it *way* better. Especially with that intensity in his eyes I could see even in the moonlight that shot through me, down my throat, to my heart, my gut and straight into my soul.

“You’ve got your way, the way you are and the way you are with the ones you care about,” he said quietly and I stilled.

I’d heard those words before.

Oh God.

I’d heard them before.

Ren kept talking.

“And that way is everything, Ally. And you give that to me. You give me that everything. You’re gonna give that everything to our kids.” He held my eyes but shook his head. “Do not thank me for loving you. Don’t ever do that shit. Because, baby, I’m the one on this beach who’s all kinds lucky. And for the rest of my life, I get to have that feeling because *you* give it to me. You got nothing to thank me for. But me, I got a lifetime of finding ways to show you how much it means that you make me that...*fucking*...lucky.”

Oh crap, I was going to cry.

Shit!

I was going to cry.

“Don’t make me cry on my honeymoon, Zano,” I snapped and slapped his arm for good measure.

He stared at me a beat before he burst out laughing.

That was better, especially since it was multi-sensory experience seeing as I could hear it, see it *and* feel it.

Suddenly, I was up on my feet, Ren with me and his arms were around me.

I tipped my head back and caught his eyes.

“Ever go skinny dipping in the sea in moonlight?” he asked.

Skinny dipping. Check.

Moonlight. Check.

Sea. No.

I didn’t inform him of the first two.

I just said, “No.”

His eyes lost focus as he muttered, “Get to give that to my wife too.”

His wife.

His wife.

God.

Was that righteous, or what?

While I was thinking that, I got a shoulder in my belly and I was up.

Macho alpha shit.

“Zano!” I shouted in protest, but I was full of it.

I loved my macho alpha.

Straight to my soul.

Ren strode to the surf, carrying me with him.

Then he tossed me in it.

He dove in after me.

And my husband and I skinny dipped in the sea in moonlight on our honeymoon outside our new beach house.

He was lucky?

I’d let him think that.

But it was me who was all kinds of lucky.

Yeah.

Oh yeah.

Righteous.

The End

