A Dirty Series Prequel Novella

by Meghan March

Chapter 1

"Get her on my tour. I don't care what you have to do. I want her opening for me," Mick said to his manager. "Get it done. No excuses."

"Mick—"

"Jimmy." His tone left no room for argument.

He was the entertainer of the year, for four years running. Every show he did sold out. She'd be insane to turn him down.

"Consider it done, Mick."

Mick hung up the phone and smiled. Tana Zephyr was going to be his. Now, all he had to do was convince her. Because the interview he'd just watched … it had convinced him.

She was a little country starlet, and, man, she was shiny. He was going to scoop her up—and quick. He flipped the TV off and grinned. That one answer had sealed her fate—and landed her a spot on the world's biggest tour, gearing up to launch in three days with a show in New York City.

MSG, baby.

And that was where it would start.

Because, damn, she was fine, sweet, and there was no one in this business who could help her more, understand what she was going through, or shepherd her along a winding

road packed full of pitfalls—and give her orgasms, babies, happiness, and a lasting career.

Mick already knew it was the best decision he'd ever made, and the duet lyrics pouring through him right now were exactly what he needed to seal the deal.

He grabbed a notepad and his pencil as he began to jot them down.

Moments later, he was pulling out his guitar and smiling as he strummed the harmony.

Thank you, baby girl. You're gonna be a superstar. Just come on home to Big Daddy Mick. I'll take fine care of you, darlin'. Like you've never been taken care of before.

And that, Mick decided, is that.

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"What did you say?" Tana dropped onto the hotel bed.

"They want you, Tana. MSG opener. This is your shot. Take it."

"I mean … obviously, I'm in. But how? How did this even happen?"

It was like all her dreams were coming true at once. First, a hit single. A record deal. A late-show appearance last night.

Now … opening for Mick Vines at MSG and joining a sold-out tour?

Holy. Wow.

Tana felt like she was living someone else's life. She never understood what the word surreal meant until now. She blinked and stared at the black screen of the hotel room TV.

"I was told Mick personally asked for you. I told you that interview was perfect and you nailed the song. You shined, girl. Shined brighter than you know."

Tana's heart skipped a beat. "Mick asked for me personally? Seriously?"

He was a legend. She had slow danced with Ronnie to one of his songs at her senior prom.

"My mama is going to flip."

"Then you'd better call her and tell her that her baby girl is about to become country music's newest bona fide star. This tour will be like a rocket ship for your career. All those

Mick Vines fans? They're about to become your fans. Congrats, Tana. All your dreams are coming true."

"Thank you. Thank you so much. You promised me you'd do right by me, and you are. Thank you, Bill."

"My pleasure. Call your mama. Talk soon, Tana."

As soon as her manager hung up, Tana was left with only one tangled knot in her belly. Ronnie. He was kicking off his dirt track season, and he wanted her there.

No one had written a handbook on how two people could manage living their dreams at the same time, especially when one of them got asked to go on tour with Mick Vines.

Ronnie would understand. He had to. This was her shot. And she was going to take it.

Mama said if he wanted me to stick around, he oughta put a ring on my finger.

But he hadn't.

"I'm not ready to settle down yet," he had said.

Well, Tana thought as she punched in Mama's number, we all make choices. And this is mine.

As soon as the phone connected, she screamed, "I'm going on tour with Mick Vines!"

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