# A rockstar's heart part 2: Love vs. Music

**By : IceBreaker**

Bethany and Lance's relationship change when her career gets in the way of her relationship

Published on
Booksie

booksie.com/IceBreaker

Copyright © IceBreaker, 2013
**Publish your writing on Booksie.com.**

# Table of Contents

A rockstar's heart part 2: Love vs. Music Chapter 1

# A rockstar's heart part 2: Love vs. Music : Chapter 1

**I think i deleted the other by mistake so i reposted it.**

ï¿½

**Chapter 1**

I slowly walk up to the microphone and shut my eyes. It still helps when I'm nervous. Millions of people in the audience stares at me as I begin to open my mouth.

"I want to feel your fingers dig deep in my skin

I want to feel you rip my flesh away

I want to sacrifice myself to you.

I only want you to cause my pain.

I want to sink inside your soul

I want to melt inside your mind.

I want to our love to unfold.

And I never want us to unbind.

I want my blood to be on your hands.

I only want you.

I want to die by your hands.

Only by you.

You've made me your blood countess

You've made me a bloody mess

I could never escape

Forever in that bloody dress.

You never let me go.

i was forever stuck in pain.

You released me from myself

and now i live in vain

You still burn in my dead heart

I'd never let you out.

Light me up with fire

And never put me out

I want to melt inside your skin

And you never let me out

Inside your body I want to blend

I'm part of your body now.

You've made me your blood countess

You've made me a bloody mess

I could never escape

Forever in that bloody dress.

You never let me go.

i was forever stuck in pain.

You released me from myself

and now i live in vain

And even now that i'm dead I will always live on

I'll be inside you forever and always.

Even on the fucked up days.

Even after you killed me.

I'll always be by your side!!!!!

Lance stum the guitar hard as he starts the solo.

He's making it a thing not to look at me as he does it. Although I'd kill to see those brown eyes.

As the solo ends, I grip the mic again.

Baby, i'm covered in nothing but this dress.

its nothing but a bloody mess

You put me through this all

and now i'm just your blood countess

Your blood countess

just your blood countess.

just your blood countess.....

The music ends and the room falls into a loud applause.

I sent a tired lazy smile to my fans and blows a kiss to them.

I look over at Lance who does the same and girls go crazy.

We meet eyes for a second and he immediately breaks eye contact.

Andy sent a wink over to the people in the audience and Logan just smiled.

We all went back stage and into our separate dressing rooms.

But me and Lance shared one. Walking in, I took my leather jacket off and threw it onto the chair.

Lance walked in and shut the door taking off his leather jacket also.

I sat down in front of the mirror and started wiping off my makeup.

"We need to talk." Lance said.

I shook my head. "No we don't."

"Yes, actually we do." Taking a cigarette out, he lights it up.

"About what? What is Lance Livingston going to lecture me about tonight?"

"I don't lecture you, Bethany."

"Yes you do. After every show, you always scold me for something I do or say."

"You have got to be fucking kidding me. You're a grown ass woman. I let you do or say whatever the hell you want to. What I want to talk about is your career and us."

"What about it?"

"I don't like Bethany Borges."

Excuse me? Why did you marry me then?

He leans against the mirror I'm sitting in front of. "I mean, you know I love you. But there's two of you. There's Bethany Livingston. The girl who actually enjoys spending time with me and her son. Who can put all

that singing shit aside for a second to show attention to your family.

And then there's Bethany Borges. The stuck up bitch who treats her family and friends like shit. The girl I can't stand. See, I don't want to fuck that girl.

That's not the girl I fell in love with."

It hurts me to hear these words but I don't let my guard down.

"I spend time with you and Kenny."

"You're there but you're not really there. You know what I mean?" He asked. I sighed.

"I am a goddamned rock star. I don't have time to be with Kenny all the time."

Lance scoffed and laughed bitterly. "Rock star? You're not a rock star. You know whose a rock star? Kurt Cobain. Yeah, he was a drug addict, but a fucking genius in music.

And you're just a fucking amateur."

I stared at him. Did he really just say that?

"Get out, Lance."

"Gladly." Blowing out the smoke almost in my face, he walked out of the room, opened then slammed the door shut making me jump.

None of this was new behavior. It's been this way for weeks. There was no kissing or hugging or even making love any more. There was sex but making love? That was out of the question.

Me and Lance's relationship has taken a wide 360.

Our love has turned into lovable hate.

And I hated it but it was the only way I can maintain my career and family.

I know I've changed and it wasn't intentional. I was no longer that shy innocent Goth girl who was head over heels in love with the lead singer of a rock band, I was the lead singer of a rock band who was head over heels in love with her career.

And that's bad but....I can't help it. It's not my fault that what I love to do is getting the way of my family.

After I took my makeup off and put my hair in a ponytail, I walked outside and a group full of people came up waving pieces of paper and pens in my face. A sight that I'll never get tired of seeing.

After signing twenty autographs, I got in Lance's Volvo with him and we drove off.

We were silent. The smoke from his cigarette clouded towards me and I rolled the window down.

"You're giving me the silent treatment now?"

"Yes." I answered. He sighed. "Okay, if I pissed you off, I'm sorry."

"Don't be sorry, Lance. Just drive."

"Is everything I do...wrong?"

"No. I don't want to talk."

He sighs and speeds up the car. And starts driving over the speed limit. I look over to him.

"Slow down." I say while clenching my teeth.

He merely glances at me and then looks ahead into the darkness.

"Lance. Lance, slow down. Now."

He finally does and exhales.

"You're a fucking crazy person."

"Right back at ya, baby." He blows out smoke and it blows out of my window.

I stare at him. "You're a dick."

He stays quiet and glances at me and speeds up once again.

Once we get home, Mia comes to me smiling. " Kenny is in bed." She smiles.

"Thank you." I say as she gathers her coat.

"Thank you, Mia." Lance nods to her once as she leaves out. We look at each other for a second. I go to make my way upstairs, Lance grabs my arm and pulls me to a wall. I look up into his brown eyes and I see lust. No. He won't do that to me again. Where he's mad at me yet he wants to fuck me.

"No." I whisper. Lance grabs my head with his hands and leans his forehead against mine and shut his eyes.

"Let me go." I whisper.

He places his lips against mine and he sighs softly while pushing himself up against me.

Feeling his erection, yet the anger in his kiss I knew this would be hate sex and I had no problem with it.

Pulling his shirt off, I pull him closer to me He hitches my skirt up high so that it's bunched up around my waist and he pins me against the wall using his hips.

I could feel him wanting to be sprung free.

As we both moaned from the harshness of the kissing, He quickly ripped my panties while I took him out of his jeans and he lifted me up, the wall supporting my back, and I sunk down on his cock, gasping from the feeling of him stretching me.

I wrapped my legs around him and he kissed me hard before burying his head in the crook of my neck. "Harder." I grunted.

Pushing himself deeper inside me, I cried out from the pain and the pleasure.

I closed my eyes and clutched his hair in my fingers as I was getting closer and closer to my release.

Placing his lips back against mine and forcing me hard against the wall, he released inside of me which set me off and I released around him. His lips hushed my moaning.

Breathing deeply, he slid out of me before placing my feet back down onto the floor. I wrapped my arms around his neck and kept him close to me. I miss his warmth against my body.

I want all the fighting and shit to stop.

Lance pulled me close to him and kissed me.

I loved and hated this moment.

We love each other to death but we have problems that needs to be fixed.

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2013-05-22 10:41:33