

COVER REVEAL MEDIA KIT

Rock by JA Huss

Published: March 7, 2016 – No Pre-Order

Rock-star Romantic Suspense



SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT: Every day this week JA Huss is giving away FIVE ROCK super swag packs on her Facebook page. **Enter HERE**→<http://on.fb.me/1MXMGHG>

Description

Welcome to RK's rock star life.

I was living the dream, I was full throttle, all in, one hundred percent on top of the world. But it's a hell of a long fall back down when you finally crash and burn.

Welcome to the delusions, the final act, the coming-to-Jesus moment when there's nothing left to do but look yourself in the mirror and ask... How did I get like this?

I am RK's living nightmare. I am RK's empty soul. I am RK's unchecked fantasy world that makes no sense to anyone.

I only have one thing left. Just one girl holding my broken pieces together.

And even she might be a lie.

Rock is a standalone rock-star romantic suspense by the New York Times bestselling master of twist, JA Huss.

LINKS:

Amazon US <http://amzn.to/1R2jSQc>
Amazon UK <http://amzn.to/1pa2cWO>
Amazon AU <http://bit.ly/1R2k0iL>
Kobo <http://bit.ly/1nrKEUx>
B&N: Coming Soon!
iTunes: Coming Soon!



GIVEAWAY

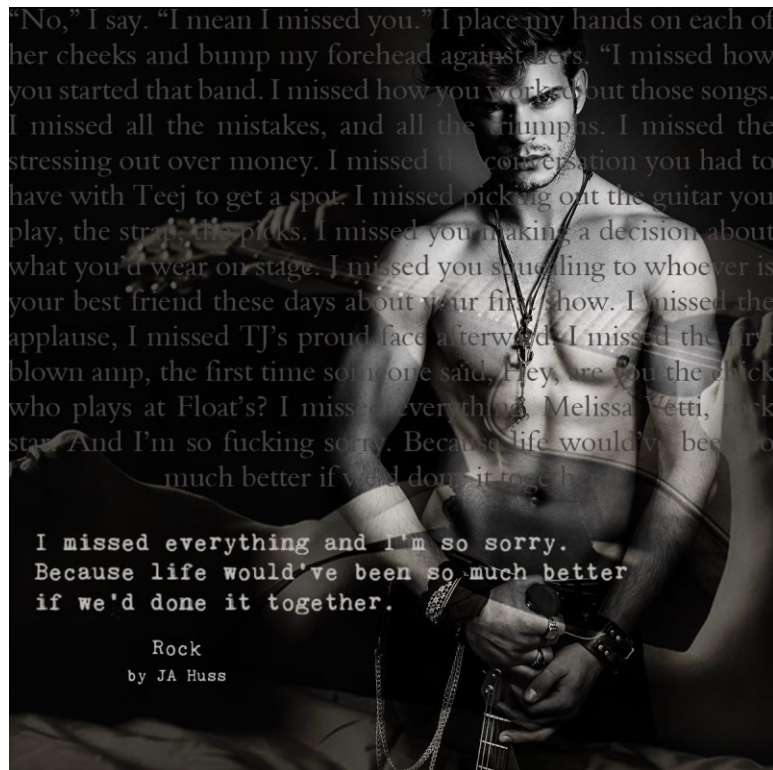
Win \$50 Gift Card, Signed copy of ROCK, Kate Spade Wristlet, Victoria Secret Lip Gloss Kit, and a Brighton Notepad with Pen. Ends 3-7-16

<http://www.rafflecopter.com/rafl/display/6530cc79296/> rel="nofollow" data-raflid="6530cc79296" data-theme="classic" data-template="56cf2649bc544fb30fda66eb" id="rcwidget_fyxm1o6u">a Rafflecopter giveaway
<script src="https://widget-prime.rafflecopter.com/launch.js"></script>

LINK: http://www.rafflecopter.com/rafl/share-code/NjUzMGNjNzk5NmM5YWQ1NmM2ODgxM2I3ZjJlM2FmOjI5Ng==/?widget_template=56cf2649bc544fb30fda66eb

EXCERPT ONE: (Excerpts are optional in cover reveals)

“We’re not done, Melissa Vetti.”
“Not even close,” she says, winking at me as she pulls the door open to a waiting Gretchen.
“Oh, my God, you guys are disgusting. Who has sex in a break room?”



Missy giggles, then grabs my arm as if to cling to me. Her grin is wild and wide, her eyes are dancing as they look up at me, and when she leans into me, resting her head on my shoulder for a brief moment, just as I open the back passenger door to Gretchen’s stupid hybrid car, I sigh.

It’s long and deep. But everything about it is good.

“Get in,” I tell Missy. She does, searching for her seatbelt as I close the door and walk over to the other side.

“You’re not sitting in back, RK,” Gretchen says.

“The fuck I’m not,” I mumble, getting in next to Missy. Her hands are all over me as Gretchen huffs about not being a

chauffeur and some other bullshit that I can’t be bothered to listen to.

I put my arm around Miss and she leans into my chest. One hand tucked behind my back, one lifting my shirt up, a fraction at a time. And even though I just came inside her five minutes ago, I’m ready for more.

Gretchen talks the entire ride but I don’t understand a word she says. Melissa’s mouth is on mine, then biting my shoulder, then she’s scooting back and lowering her face to my stomach, still lifting my shirt up with that one hand.

When Gretchen stops in my driveway, Missy and I give off half-hearted waves as I push her up against the front door and stare down into her blue eyes. “You know what?” I slur the words just a little.

“What?” She laughs back.

I have so many thoughts in my head at the moment. About her, her music, the bar, this town. What it felt like to come home after five years. How alone I felt. What it felt like to go to her show tonight. To be included. Part of something again.

“I missed you,” I say.

“I missed you too.”

“No,” I say. “I mean I *missed* you.” I place my hands on each of her cheeks and bump my forehead against hers. “I missed how you started that band. I missed how you worked out those songs. I missed all the mistakes, and all the triumphs. I missed the stressing out over money. I missed the conversation you had to have with Teej to get a spot. I missed picking out the guitar you play, the strap, the picks. I missed you making a decision about what you’d wear on stage. I missed you squealing to whoever is your best friend these days about your first show. I missed the applause, I missed TJ’s proud face afterward, I missed the first blown amp, the first time someone said, *Hey, are you the chick who plays at Float’s?* I missed everything, Melissa

Vetti, rock star. And I'm so fucking sorry. Because life would've been so much better if we'd done it together."

She pouts her lips and nods her head. I can see a little gleam of light in her eyes as she tries not to cry. "I missed your life too."

"Yeah," I whisper. "It just would've been so much better if we'd done it together." She looks up at me and smiles. "We're together now, RK. And that's all that matters."

AUTHOR LINKS:

Facebook Author Page: <http://on.fb.me/PPpkr3>

Facebook Personal Profile: <http://on.fb.me/1P7Z485>

Facebook Private Group: <http://on.fb.me/1oaw5js>

Twitter: <http://bit.ly/1AzHZbm>

Amazon: <http://amzn.to/1Nar8Uh>

Bookbub Author Follow Page: <http://bit.ly/1SW2AB0>

Pinterest: <http://bit.ly/1OakX5v>

Instagram: <http://bit.ly/1QCqjZ0>