



Star Struck: A Novel

By Pamela Anderson

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Editorial Review

About the Author

Pamela Anderson is one of the most recognizable women in the world and the mother of two. She lives in a small town on the California coast. "Ghostwriter" Eric Shaw Quinn lives and works in Los Angeles. She's from Ladysmith, British Columbia, he's from Natchitoches, Louisiana - just two small-town kids trying to make it in the big city. They are very proud of Star, their first work together; but a little disappointed that they could spend this much time together and not be linked romantically in the tabloids.

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Chapter One: You Shook Me All Night Long

Why do my nipples hurt? was Star's first thought as she woke from a strangely deep sleep, her hands gliding along her naked body to the tender nipples that had awakened her. She winced as she made contact, realizing only belatedly that she was naked. Star tried to open her eyes but couldn't; the room was too bright. She raised her hand to shield her view, only to be blinded by a huge diamond ring that hadn't been on her finger when she went to sleep.

When *had* she gone to sleep? And where?

Stretching, Star reached up to push back her hair as she tried to get her bearings and she struck herself on the forehead with the chrome handle of the Colt .45 she was holding in her right hand. She screamed and fell off the dresser on which she'd been perched. The gun went off, taking out a glass table top that shattered into four-carat chunks of safety glass.

Star stared at the revolver in her hand. She'd never even touched a gun before, but here she was, naked except for a pair of Gucci boots, a strange diamond ring, and a gun welded to her hand.

What the hell was going on?

Why did everything feel so strange? So blurry?

She was hungry but didn't have an appetite. Her skin felt alive, vibrating gently against her every nerve ending. The sun was so bright she could hardly see and the carpet was so soft it tickled her bare ass where she sat, puzzled, on the floor.

Looking around, Star was relieved to see that she was still in her hotel room in Cabo. Well, what was left of her hotel room. Pictures had been torn off the wall and defaced; cushions from the chairs and sofa had been built into a fort in the middle of the room; tables were stacked to the ceiling; and dozens of empty Cristal bottles, scattered everywhere, prompted her to wonder if the damages would be covered under the "incidentals" clause in her modeling contract.

As she further surveyed the damage, Star noticed the unmade bed that was a confusion of sheets, pillows, and strangely chosen items from around the room -- a candlestick, an ice bucket, and a selection of well-placed objets d'art. Condoms, some used, some blown up like balloons, also littered the space. "Well, I'm glad we played safe," she said with a little laugh, swatting one of the oddly shaped balloons out of her way.

That's when she saw the tiny video camera and a few dozen tapes strewn across the coffee table, along with the remnants of several lines of cocaine. How odd, Star reflected. I don't do drugs. I wonder who's been here? Her musings turned to panic as she saw a pair of bare feet sticking out from beneath the tangle of Frette sheets, next to a blender that must have been taken from the room's wet bar. Actually, the blender was working double duty because its cord had been used to bind the mysterious pair of ankles to the bedposts.

A modern-day Goldilocks, Star crept closer. Who are these feet attached to? And what are they doing in my bed? Tentatively, she reached out and touched a big toe with the barrel of the gun. A small, strangled cry escaped her throat as the toe responded, wiggling as if to get away from the cold steel barrel. Star put her hand over her mouth, felt the strange diamond against her cheek, and pulled it away.

She felt so naked.

Well, aside from the boots and the ring, she was naked. But it wasn't just that she didn't have any clothes on. She felt vulnerable -- raw and exposed. Try as she might, she could not remember what had happened last night, could not remember how she'd wound up asleep on the dresser, and could not guess who this might be in her bed. She stood frozen for a minute, listening to the muffled cries coming from under the sheets.

Star made her way around the bed looking for clues to identify the stranger. She found nothing. It was a man; that much was clear from the rather sizable tent pole raised under the sheets. But who? Surely, she would remember an erection like that, she thought with a playful giggle, reaching out and giving the massive morning wood a tap. The moans changed, a different tone now, at least an octave lower.

Finally, she could stand it no longer. She reached for the hem of the crumpled sheet, ready to expose the identity of the well-endowed stranger...but then her phone rang, startling her as it played its version of "You Shook Me All Night Long."

Star pulled back, oddly frightened by the old AC/DC song that had shattered the silence.

Should she answer it?

The phone rang again. It echoed in the room and in her head.

Would it seem suspicious not to answer it?

It rang.

And rang.

What time was it anyway?

Taking a deep breath, Star answered it.

"Hello?" she said softly, moving away from the body in the bed.

"Star? Honey, is that you?"

"Who is this?"

"It's Rufus," the caller said with a startled laugh.

She considered the information for a moment. Everything seemed so strange. She felt dizzy and medicated.

"Your boyfriend?" he said, when she didn't answer, an edge in his voice.

"Hi, baby, I'm sorry," she said, scratching her nose with the gun. "I just woke up and I'm not feeling right."

"Not feeling right?" he said, curious at her strange choice of words. "What do you mean, 'not feeling right'? And why are you whispering?"

"Are you working for the CIA?" she asked sharply, closing the bathroom door behind her.

"What?"

"Well, I just thought, what with the third degree you were interrogating me," she snapped.

"I'm sorry," he said gently. "You just seem so strange."

"Well, I *feel* strange," she continued. "Isn't that what I've been trying to tell you?"

"Is everything all right?" he asked, genuinely confused.

"I'll have to get back to you when I know, but thanks for your concern." Star clicked off the phone, regarding it irritably for a moment before dropping it into the toilet.

Her captive was waiting patiently for her when she returned to the bed.

"What did I do last night?" she asked herself.

And then, with a child's impatience on Christmas morning, she tore off the sheet and found herself staring into the face of the rock-and-roll musician Jimi Deed, bound, gagged, and tied to her bed. Star hadn't seen Jimi since she threw him out of her trailer back on the California set of her TV show, *Lifeguards, Inc.* The only way she'd been able to convince him to leave had been to agree to go out with him when she got back from Cabo, though he'd called persistently and threatened to follow her. She was *still* in Cabo, and yet here he was.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded, unconsciously waving the gun at him.

Jimi winced, crying out in fear as the barrel of the shiny pistol passed near his nose.

"Oh, sorry about that," she said, embarrassed and apologetic, although continuing to wave the gun around. "It's not mine," she explained. "I'm not sure how it got here. For that matter, I'm not sure how *you* got here. I'm not really a gun person; I don't even know how it works, really. I mean, I guess you just pull on..."

And with that, the room was suddenly and violently filled with feathers raining down like the first snow of the season. Jimi screamed through his gag and writhed wildly on the bed, his head next to the blackened remains of the pillow she'd shot out from under him. She looked like an angel with a .45.

"Oh...I'm so very sorry," she said, putting the gun on the bedside table. "You don't look too dangerous. Well not most of you, anyway," she said, lifting the sheet for a peek under the big tent he was pitching. She gave a low appreciative whistle. "Looks like you've got a bigger pistol than me."

Jimi struggled vainly against his bonds, startling Star. She dropped the sheet, frightened, but soon realized that he was no threat to her in his present condition.

"So how did you wind up here?" she said, sitting down beside him.

Jimi made some rather defiant noises through his gag.

"Oh, right, the gag," she said, knocking herself in the forehead with the heel of her hand. "My bad. Now, no screaming. I doubt anyone would hear you or, judging from this room, care. But I've got a really bad hangover from all this champagne, so, shhh."

Star unbuckled the very professional ballgag that was in his mouth, allowing him to spit out the orange ball.

"What the fuck?" he demanded.

"What do you mean?" Star said, rising. "And what the hell are you doing in my hotel room?"

"I'm tied to the bed and you've got a gun," he said. "Two plus two."

"When did you get here?" she asked, still puzzled. "What happened last night?"

"I've been here for three days," he said. "Last night just made it clear I should have left after two. Or killed you. Now will you let me go? I was supposed to be somewhere last night."

"You've been here with me for three days?" Star asked, not really paying much attention to what he'd said after that. "How is that possible?"

"Are you going to let me go?"

"I don't know. Do you promise not to tell anyone about all this?"

"I promise I'll visit you in Mexican jail," Jimi snarled, straining at his bonds.

"Now you have to promise me that you won't get me in trouble," Star said, rising, alarmed by his belligerent attitude even in his present circumstances.

"Are you fucking kidding me?" he said with a snort of laughter. "You kidnapped me and tied me up at gunpoint."

"Oh that's ridiculous," Star said, laughing. "I've never had to tie a man up, unless he wanted me to."

"Well, it seemed hot at first," Jimi admitted, doing what he could to shrug. "But then you wouldn't let me go, and that's kidnapping."

"You seem pretty glad to see me this morning," she said, reaching out and playfully tweaking the persistent erection, tenting the sheets in front of him. "Maybe we could work something out."

"Work something out?"

"Well, used to be you wanted to date me pretty bad, as I remember."

"That was before I married you and you tied me up and kidnapped me!" he roared. "Now all I ...

Users Review

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Brenda Wright:

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