

# Buxton Peak Book Two: Center Stage: Clean Rock Star Romance

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Buxton Peak

Book Two:

Center Stage

Julie L. Spencer

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DEDICATION

Buxton Peak Book Two: Center Stage

is dedicated to all who have braved their fears and allowed the world to see them for who they really are.

“Can I introduce you to the world?” –Ian Taylor

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chapter one: interviews and french fries

She found me. Megan resisted the urge to bolt back out the door. Not even lunch at McDonalds was safe. Stacy Smith doesn't even know what I look like. I could walk right past her and she won't recognize me. But, I will not be afraid in my own home town.

It was only a matter of time. It was surprising the blogger hadn't found her sooner. Thanks to a perceptive clerk at a gas station in northern Michigan, Stacy now knew Megan's last name, well... her maiden name. Megan glared. If she waited, Stacy might find her at a less-practical time and place, like during one of her college classes. This way, Megan had the element of surprise on her side.

Megan crept closer, watching as Stacy sipped her Coke, shoved a few fries in her mouth, and continued typing on her laptop. She's smart, I'll give her that. She must be obsessed with my husband and his band to be searching for me this long. It's ridiculous.

Stacy finally looked up from her typing as Megan stood in front of the chair on the opposite side of her table. The confusion on her face was vindicating. Megan felt the corner of her lip twitch and almost smiled at Stacy's snippy comment. "Can I help you?"

"I believe you know my husband." Megan spoke quietly and confidently.

"Look, I'm not from around here. I don't know who you are or who your husband is. I'm just trying

to get a little work done, so if you'll excuse me." Megan didn't leave but instead slowly sank into the chair opposite Stacy.

"You honestly don't know who I am?" Megan asked.

Stacy shrugged her shoulders and took an exasperated sigh, shaking her head.

"Why are you here?"

"Uh, to eat." Stacy stated the obvious and held up her Coke.

"Why are you in Mt. Pleasant, Michigan?" Megan clarified.

Stacy's eyes widened, but she shook her head. She looked Megan up and down and Megan felt frumpy in her sweater and faded blue jeans. Her long brown hair she'd hastily swept into a sloppy ponytail suddenly felt too casual, even for McDonalds. She gathered courage and whispered confirmation.

"I'm Megan."

"No... way!"

Megan sat up a little straighter and tried to keep the hurt from showing. Stacy, like most other people who saw her with Ian Taylor, probably didn't think she was good enough, pretty enough, or popular enough for him. It almost brought tears to her eyes, but she reminded herself that Ian loved her and it didn't matter what the rest of the world thought.

"I thought you guys broke up."

"That's not what Ian said at his press conference. He said I was no longer his girlfriend. There's a difference."

"Because you got married." Realization showed on Stacy's countenance. "I should have known."

"Yeah, I'm really surprised you didn't figure it out. You figured everything else out. You were spot-on. Everything you wrote about was correct. It was a little creepy. You'd make a good private investigator."

"Why thank you." Stacy sat up a little straighter, clearly enjoying the recognition.

"How did you figure it out?" Megan couldn't help satisfy her curiosity.

"I'm just really good at doing research." Stacy dismissed Megan's praise with a wave of her hand. "But, your trail had gone completely cold. I actually hadn't figured it out at all until I got that call from the girl in the Upper Peninsula and she gave me your name. From there it wasn't difficult to narrow it down to the central Michigan area because there are about a million Moeggenbergs in the general vicinity. I wasn't sure how I was going to get through all of them to hunt you down. Now I don't have to. Thanks."

"In all seriousness, though. How did you feel when I walked up and started talking to you while you were eating and working?" Megan didn't wait for an answer to her rhetorical question. "You were annoyed and frustrated and just wanted to sit and eat your meal in peace. Am I right? I just want to finish college living a normal life, and I really don't want you to put my picture out there."

Please, please just leave me alone." Understanding came across Stacy's face after Megan's analogy, but she shook her head.

"I'm a reporter. I've made it my life's work to 'get the story' and I don't usually stop until I do." She paused and looked out the window at the cars speeding past along Mission Road. She pursed her lips and rubbed her chin, then looked back at Megan. "How about a quick, exclusive interview and I'll walk away?"

"With no photo, and no last name?" Megan hesitated when Stacy reached across the table to shake hands in agreement. Reluctantly, Megan reached up and gripped her hand.

"Let me buy you a Coke," Stacy said.

"Make it a Diet Coke and you've got a deal." Megan smiled back at her. With any luck she might even come out of this mess with a new friend.

\* \* \* \* \*

"So... let's take it from the top."

Stacy's fingers hovered over the keys on her laptop and Megan's stomach dropped. Why did I agree to this?

"You met Ian at church, right? What city?"

"We were both in Houghton Lake at the time. I was visiting my aunt and he was passing through with his entourage, just like you guessed." The clicking of the keys was a little unnerving. Stacy typed almost as fast as Megan talked.

"Were the rest of the band members with him? I mean... did they all come to church?"

"No, he just had his bodyguard with him. I think the other guys were still on the tour bus, but I never saw them that day." Megan took a sip of her Diet Coke.

"And you honestly didn't know who he was?"

"Why do you say it that way? Like you don't believe me."

"I just find it hard to understand how a college-age girl can be so isolated from the real world that she doesn't recognize a mega-star like Ian Taylor. I mean, Buxton Peak has a ton of number one songs, music awards, world tours, the works." Stacy's hands became animated as she listed the reasons why Megan should have recognized Ian. Stacy shook her head and raised her eyebrows. "How could you have not known?"

"I don't listen to hard rock music," Megan said. "I mean... I do now. I've listened to all my husband's songs of course, but I always turn back to my classical music. Hard rock is too... hard."

Stacy threw her head back and laughed. Her long curls fell out of the sloppy bun she'd had it tied

in and she quickly swept it back up in a scrunchie and got serious again. "By definition, hard rock is definitely hard." She focused on her computer screen while typing feverishly.

"You're mocking me, aren't you?" Megan crossed her arms and sat back in her chair.

"I'm just a huge Buxton Peak fan, that's all. I know everything about the band."

"I highly doubt that," Megan grumbled.

"Alright, I'm exaggerating. So what? Let's get on with the interview."

"What else do you want to know?" Megan was still closed-off, arms crossed, sitting back in her chair, eyebrows creased and a frown dominating her face.

"Was it love at first sight?" Stacy wagged her eyebrows playfully.

"For him it was..." Megan couldn't hide the little grin she felt pulling at the corners of her mouth. Stacy placed both hands on the table and looked like she was going to jump off her seat.

"Not for you? You weren't attracted to him?" Stacy's jaw dropped as she let her question hang in the air.

"Well, of course I was attracted to him. I mean, Ian's hot!" Megan bit her lip and looked away, trying to hide the blush that was rushing to her cheeks. The two weeks spent on their honeymoon and the nights they'd shared, reminded her exactly how true that statement was. She pulled herself back to reality and the task at hand. She cleared her throat and looked back at Stacy, who now had a knowing smirk on her face. "But, as far as love at first sight, Ian had this immediate notion he was going to marry me and it kind of freaked me out. I didn't want a boyfriend until after I graduated college, and especially not an irresponsible kid who was skipping college and traveling the world, goofing off."

"Didn't that kind of clue you in that he was more than what he was telling you?"

"Yeah, looking back now, there were so many things that should have tipped me off." Megan nodded. "I guess I was really naïve."

"And you didn't find out he was a rock star until the day he proposed to you on live television, and then sang the song he wrote for you?"

"I didn't even see the live broadcast of his interview where he proposed to me. I don't watch Good Morning America." Megan shook her head and chuckled. "My suitemate saw it and started hollering from the other room, freaking out, really. By the time I ran in there it was the commercial." Megan stopped, stared off into space remembering that day, and cherished the feelings she'd had watching Ian sing to her on live television.

"And then what?" Stacy had her chin in her hand, leaning forward on the table, the keyboard forgotten for now.

"When the commercial was over, I watched the boy I love sing to me... on live television... a song he'd written for me." Megan and Stacy sighed at the same time.

"That is the most romantic story ever," Stacy said.

"He's the most romantic man I've ever met."

"I'm so jealous." Stacy sighed again and shook her head. "When I met him on Access Hollywood, I was so star-struck it was embarrassing. I can't even imagine what it would be to marry him."

"You know what's cool about it though," Megan said. "I'm not star-struck by him. He's just Ian to me. He's mostly just a goofy kid who occasionally puts on this mask and pretends he's an adult. And... for some strange reason... he's in love with me."

"And you're in love with him."

"Oh my gosh, yes!" Megan and Stacy both laughed, toasted with their cups of McDonalds pop, sat back and smiled at one another.

"One more thing I don't understand." Stacy sat back forward and held her fingers over the keyboard again. "Why is he in Europe and you're in Michigan? You're going to be rich for the rest of your lives, why do you even need to finish college?"

"Did you finish college?"

"Of course, but I need my degree to make a living."

"No, you don't. You're a good enough writer that no one would ever question if you had finished your degree or if you'd quit before your last semester." Megan pursed her lips and raised her eyebrows. "So, why did you finish?"

Stacy sat back and creased her forehead. "I did it for me."

"Exactly."

"I like your style, Megan Moeggenborg."

"It's Megan Taylor now..." Megan smirked at the blogger who had been searching for her these past few months, and felt vindicated. She nodded slightly. "I'm Megan Taylor."

CHAPTER two: paris

"Megan..." Rhonda's voice slurred over a delayed phone line. "I need your help."

"Rhonda?" Megan sat straight up in bed and fumbled for the lamp, sleep pulling at her body even as her head cleared enough to realize something was very wrong with her former suitemate and best friend. "Where are you?"

"Paris, I think. I've been sick for days so I don't know, but they're all speaking French."

"Where are Kai and Ian?" Megan asked.

"Getting ready to go onstage probably, I don't know. Rehearsals maybe?" Rhonda spoke quietly, seeming distracted. "They've been gone just a little while, I think." Megan looked at her clock. If it was almost seven a.m. here in Michigan, then it was almost noon in France.

Megan still couldn't understand how Rhonda could drop out of school just prior to her last semester at Central Michigan University to become a groupie with a rock band. Rhonda had been travelling with Buxton Peak for two months since their lead guitar player, Kai Burton had invited her to come on their European tour. Rhonda had always been a little irresponsible, but that was over the top.

"Where are you right now?" Megan asked.

"A hotel..." She sounded sleepy. Megan sensed that she needed to keep Rhonda talking.

"Rhonda, wake up."

"I'm awake, sort of. I don't feel right. I think it was laced with something. My heart's racing and it's scaring me..."

"What was laced with something?" Megan was fully awake now and jumped up to gather any belongings she'd need to travel overseas. She grabbed clothes to replace her pajamas, shoes, coat, passport and her purse. As she collected things from around her dorm room, she tried to keep Rhonda talking. "What did you take?"

"Gary gave me some pot, but it must have been laced with something because I'm not supposed to feel like this."

Megan wanted to scream. After that, she wanted to punch Gary Owens in the nose and hope he was sober enough to feel the pain. So what if Gary was the band's only drummer. He could perform with a broken nose for all she cared. That or spend a couple of nights in jail for giving illegal drugs to his band mate's girlfriend.

She shook her roommate, surprised Jenny hadn't woken from all the talking and lights and moving around. While she did, Megan kept Rhonda talking.

"Why did Gary give you pot? Where was Kai at the time?"

"Kai didn't know. Gary's been giving it to me for a couple of weeks because I've felt so sick."

What?

"Why are you sick, Rhonda? What's going on?"

"I don't know." Rhonda sighed. "The travelling, maybe? The food? I don't know. We've been on the tour bus a lot, and there's a lot of moving. I've just felt sick."

"And you thought marijuana was going to help?"

"Gary said it would," Rhonda insisted. "And sometimes it sort of does, but this time my heart started racing, and I feel really weird. You've got to help me."

How can I help from Michigan? Megan thought, trying to figure out what to do next.

"Rhonda," Megan pleaded. "Can you walk to the door of your hotel room?" By now Jenny was sitting straight up in bed, wide-eyed and white-faced.

"I guess," Rhonda slurred. "Why?"

"I want you to go to the front desk at the hotel, and I want you to hand them your cell phone so I can talk to them."

"But they speak French. They won't understand you."

Megan gripped the phone, her pulse racing. I'll make them understand. "Just go downstairs and find the front desk."

Megan heard the ding of the elevator, then Rhonda moaning. She mumbled that the elevator was moving too fast, then there was another ding. Megan sensed it was taking all of Rhonda's concentration just to get to the lobby. Once there, she gave Megan a description of the pattern on the carpet and the pretty vase that was sitting by a large mirror. Finally, Rhonda got to the front desk and Megan heard Rhonda tell the lady to take her phone, but the lady spoke back in French as if she didn't understand. Finally, a woman's voice came on and Megan let her breath out in gratitude.

"Bonjour?"

"Parlez vous Anglais?" Megan pleaded.

"Non, Madame." The lady sounded apologetic. Megan was going to have to pull out her freshman-level ability in French in order to get her point across.

"Mon amie, l'hopital, sil vous plait." Megan pleaded in her most rudimentary ability for the hotel clerk to get her friend to the hospital. The lady must have understood her, because she began speaking very quickly in French. Then the phone was set down and she heard the lady pick up a landline to call for help. Megan waited for what seemed like an eternity before sirens sounded in the distance along with several more voices, all speaking French. She hadn't heard Rhonda speak in quite awhile. Megan was afraid Rhonda had passed out.

Noises in the background eventually died down. Megan realized the phone was sitting on the counter, still connected but forgotten. She hoped someone would find it and pick it up. In the mean time, Megan finished gathering the things she needed, used the toilet, brushed her teeth, and convinced Jenny to drive her to the airport.

Using Jenny's phone, Megan called a travel agent. By the time they'd reached the airport in

Saginaw, she had all the details arranged, including a car to pick her up from the airport in Paris. It helped having an unlimited supply of funds, thanks to her very wealthy husband and the credit card he'd given her 'for emergencies.' This was an emergency. She paid extra to fly from Saginaw, with a quick layover at the Detroit Metro International Airport. Then it was a straight shot to Paris. She'd be there by 8:30 the next morning.

She was still connected to Rhonda's phone and prayed someone would pick it up. It had now been over two hours and she wasn't sure how long it'd stay connected. Eventually she'd need to hang up and call Ian, but he was probably on stage. She just held on the line. Finally, the connection was gone and she wasn't sure if the battery had died or someone had found the phone and hung it up.

Megan took the opportunity to call Ian and left him a voicemail. She called Kai and left him a voicemail. She didn't have Gary or Andy's phone numbers but wished she did. What to do? Ed! She had Ed's phone number. She dialed it, but again got voicemail. She ground her teeth together and gripped the edge of her chair, wishing there was something more she could do.

Megan had a long wait before getting on the plane, because the flight that got her there the quickest didn't leave until five o'clock that evening. She should have thought of that before racing to the airport. By the time she had boarded the plane, Megan had left voicemails for Ian's mom, her own mom, and Ian's dad. She wanted to throw her phone across the terminal, but it wouldn't help.

She tried to sleep on the plane but it was useless so she just prayed a lot. She left the airport in Paris with another conundrum. She had no idea what hospital Rhonda would have been taken to. She didn't even know what hotel she'd been staying at. Thankfully her driver spoke decent English, and she tried to explain who the guys were and where they likely played the night before. He guessed approximately which hotels they might have stayed at and which hospitals were close to that part of the city. He started making phone calls and spoke a lot of French she didn't understand, but he finally figured out where Rhonda was. Megan breathed a sigh of relief but she still hadn't heard back from Ian or anyone else. Was something wrong with her phone? She tried to check her reception and panic gripped her. It was dead and she had forgotten her charger. She asked her driver to call Ian's phone from his, and Jeremy answered.

"Jeremy?" Megan should have known Ian wouldn't answer a number he didn't recognize. She was glad he had an attentive manager. "Where's Ian?"

"Megan? Are you... in France?" Jeremy asked. The caller ID must have shown a local number.

"Please let me talk to my husband!" Megan's hands were shaking. Ian's voice came on the line.

"Megan, babe, where are you? What are you doing in France? Your voicemail had us so worried. We can't find Rhonda."

"She's in the hospital," Megan said. Her breathless words tumbled through her panic. "Rhonda called me. I was so worried about her. You were at your concert. I couldn't reach any of you, so I got on a plane. The taxi driver helped me find the right hospital. We're almost there."

"You're in Paris?" Ian sounded excited instead of worried for his best friend's girlfriend. "I can't wait to see you!"

"Ian Taylor! This isn't about you or me. I don't want to see your face unless it's at the hospital! It's just a few blocks away from your hotel. Now, get Kai and meet me there." She hung up the phone

in exasperation and almost threw it back at her driver. He dropped her off at the hospital and she tipped him handsomely for all his help before racing in the door.

After pleading with three people, she found someone who spoke English and they helped her find Rhonda's room. Megan had never been so thankful to see another person alive before. Rhonda actually looked better than she had envisioned, sitting up in bed with an IV in her arm, eating ice chips. Megan broke down in sobs as she slumped into the chair beside her friend's bed. She hadn't slept in at least 26 hours and wasn't sure when she'd have another chance. The release of tears was almost as therapeutic.

"I'm so sorry, Megan." Rhonda was comforting her. Megan should have been able to hold it together so that she could comfort her friend. She tried to sit up and dry her eyes.

"Are you really okay?"

"I am now." Rhonda held up her arm with the IV and shrugged. So much had changed. Rhonda was barely the same person she was back at college. She'd lost weight. Her eyes were sad and tired. Megan could see remorse in her eyes.

"Things aren't the same without you," Megan said. "Will you come back to school? You've only got a few more classes left to finish your degree."

"I'm not sure that's ever going to happen now." Rhonda looked toward the window. "Life throws us in strange directions sometimes..."

"You know I don't agree with some of the choices you've made the past two months, but you'll always be my best friend and I'll always care for you."

"I think you just proved that by flying halfway across the world." Rhonda put her hand on Megan's. Her voice lowered and tears formed in the corners of her eyes. "I can't express to you enough how much that means to me."

Megan reached up and hugged Rhonda, compassion filling her heart. When she sat back down, Rhonda's countenance had changed. She fidgeted with her gown and bit her lower lip.

"There's more I need to tell you... and it's not good."

\* \* \* \* \*

The group of guys by the nurse's station stood out from normal hospital visitors: four incredibly handsome British guys, two bodyguards, and one usually responsible manager trying to translate something so they could be understood. The hospital staff wasn't letting them past the desk.

It would have been easy and normal to race into Ian's arms, but Megan walked straight over to the other side of the group. She reached out with all the strength in her right arm and slapped Gary Owens as hard as she could.

"You knew she was sick! And you were giving her pot. What the hell were you thinking?" \*

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Center stage can't last forever.

Even a rock band as talented as Buxton Peak can come crashing down.

Protecting his bride from cameras and scandals is the least of Ian's worries. While he is blinded by love, his band is torn apart by distractions, temptations, and drug abuse.

Will Ian stand beside his mates, letting their problems become his problems? Can they pull together as a band? Or will the pressures of stardom rip them apart?

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