

# JAKE

THE KELLERS OF BEAUMONT FALLS



MIRA BROOKS

BLUSHING BOOKS

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*To my children...*

*I hope you follow your heart and chase your dreams!*

*Love you XO*

## PROLOGUE



### BEAUMONT FALLS

There had been no mistake, the private plane carrying Jacob Keller would be landing tonight on the little airstrip just outside of the city limits. One good thing about small towns was it was easy to get information. Everyone trusted everyone which made eavesdropping so easy. Criminally easy. Jake's tour was wrapping up. They'd play a few local spots, but he was home. Finally. For good.

The sounds of shoppers begging deals from the hawkers faded into the background. The constant crunch of shoes on gravel, the blur of bodies crowding the aisles all disappeared. The fan could hear nothing but Mrs. Wilson and Sam. "Well, I hear Jake and Charlotte will be home soon. I reckon Charlotte missed that baby of hers a lot."

Jake's sister, and manager, Charlotte, and her husband Harris had welcomed a baby into their family last year. Sam replied, "Yeah, Jake's been full out since this fame thing all started, and I think he's ready for a break, too."

Mrs. Wilson smiled. "So it's true. Your brother is coming home tonight. You must be so happy!"

That was music to the ears. Almost as sweet as Jake's voice. The fan smiled, too. They would be together. At last.

What were the last words the fan heard Jacob speak? Oh, yes, it was that interview he had done with that slut reporter. "Yes, I'm looking forward to going home, and being normal for a while. I built a big house in my favorite part of town, and I think I've slept in it like four times. So, it'll be cool to make it feel like home. I've been dreaming about eating my mama's lasagna on the patio and having bon fires on the beach since last year."

The fan sighed, knowing the exact beach Jake was referring to. There, when Jake had no idea someone was watching, the obsessed fan would be tucked away in the shadows. Because of Jake's celebrity, the stalker knew when he would be home, what he planned on doing during his brief stays, who he would see, where he would spend time.

Yet, for all of the stalker's careful planning, each attempt to connect to Jake went awry. The desperation to see him grew worse with each failed attempt at an accidental meeting. Then Jake bought the lake side property. The thought of him being so close and still so far away fueled the obsession. As the construction went on, at least a few times a day the stalker drove by the massive gate to the Keller compound. It was clear Jake was planning to move home. He was putting so much money into the area.

By this time, the compulsion to see him was all encompassing. Jake had repeatedly turned down doing an interview with the hometown paper, citing his need to be considered just a normal Beaumont citizen. As if Jake could ever just be normal.

The stalker began studying maps of the area at the library, and soon enough had made a small path through the woods that came out directly onto Jake's private beach. The canopy of the trees provided the perfect cover. The plan was to observe him for a while, cloaked in the safety of the shadows, before approaching

him. It would take a few days, maybe more, to casually run into him, but when the time was perfect Jake would finally see they were meant to be together.

On the night of Jake's planned arrival, cloaked in secrecy by the trees and shrubbery, the watchful eyes peered out, waiting for some show of activity.

The upstairs light offered a slight hint of the room inside. Four-poster bed with dark-wood, two-drawer bedside tables at either side, big bay window, and his tall dresser topped with pictures of the family. In the deepest corners of the stalker's mind lay a picture of the two of them finally nestled in the big plush bed.

Crouched in the bushes, masturbating, but mindful of any movement around the estate, the stalker fantasized about their first time together. Jake would be gentle at first and then would come the heady feeling of fullness as his cock plunged deep, without mercy, again and again. His handsome face would be shadowed by his Stetson, his lips drawn back and contorted in ecstasy.

The hand cupping the throbbing genitals moved more vigorously, as the imagined moment came to completion. It wasn't long now until it would be real. The stalker smiled as the ripple of a powerful orgasm exploded, and a stifled cry disturbed the otherwise quiet night.

Then, in the brief moments following, as composure once more began to set in, Sam's truck pulled up, with more shadows inside. One was his! It had to be. The passenger side and back door opened, and there he was, in the flesh only about fifteen meters away. Almost close enough to touch.

As the lights came on inside, the hooded eyes watched skillfully for movement. Jake went upstairs after playing with the mutts, offering a brief, but welcome glimpse of the superstar removing his shirt to reveal toned abs and rippling bi-ceps. God, he was beautiful! Another light came on, this time in the master bathroom, hinting that a shower was on his mind.

When the lights went out, the stalker slipped back to the path

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that wound back to where a vehicle was parked. "Soon, my love,"  
the fan promised in the still of the night. A whisper in the wind.

## CHAPTER 1



EARLIER THAT EVENING...

The lights were lowered. You could hear a proverbial pin drop in a crowd of over twenty thousand people. Tonight's concert was a charity benefit put together at the last minute to help those who were left homeless after a hurricane had battered the Atlantic coast. Thousands were left with nothing, and those who were lucky enough to salvage some of their possessions were still struggling to come to terms with the sheer devastation. Some of the music industry's biggest names, many who called the eastern seaboard home, were donating their time and talents to help raise desperately needed funds.

Jacob Keller, one of the top A-listers in the business, was on the final leg of his sold-out world tour when he received the call from Tilly Cole. He and Tilly had known each other for years. After meeting in Nashville, pounding the pavement looking for work, they struck up a friendship. They were practically neighbors: Jacob grew up in Beaumont Falls, Maine. Tilly grew up in Frenchtown,



New Jersey which took the brunt of the damage from the hurricane. For her, this was as personal as a cause gets.

Jillian Andrews had done her usual outstanding job as Jacob's PR director, shielding him from the many calls asking him to play the benefit. Jake didn't blame her. She knew how much he wanted to be home. When Tilly went around Jillian, calling Jake personally, he was more than happy to make one final stop in New York. Home would have to wait a few more hours. Saying no to Tilly had never come easy to him, and this was no exception.

Tilly and Jake had made a pact while scrounging for work in Nashville, barely making ends meet. Whoever made it big first would give a leg up to the other. As luck would have it, RK Liberty Studios, an up and coming recording studio, had signed them both. Jake's debut album hit platinum the same year as Tilly's debut went gold. Despite becoming big names in the business, their friendship never wavered. Touring together could have destroyed the friendship, but instead they grew closer. They had even done a wildly successful duet together, garnering them a shared award for the number one best-selling single *Don't Forget Me*. For a while, rumors even surfaced of a torrid affair between them. The public loved it!

Jacob loved Tilly, but she wasn't his type. Tilly was the picture of a 21<sup>st</sup> century woman: strong, self-sufficient, in charge of her own destiny. Jake wanted a more traditional relationship. His future wife would be submissive to him, especially sexually. They would make their home in the small town of Beaumont Falls and raise their children together, far from the glare of the superstar spotlight.

Radio City Music Hall was humming with excitement as Jake made his entrance. This moment never failed to make his heart skip a beat. He heard his name chanted, felt the love from his fans, and as the first chords were struck, he hit his mark and the lights came on.

The electrifying thrill lit all his senses, sending them soaring. He felt in tune with the crowd's energy, giving him a natural high

unlike any other. He would miss this when he was at home on the quiet calm lake. This moment, this feeling, would never grow old.

As the blinding lights bathed him in a brilliant hot light, he felt like a spark was lit from the inside of his body illuminating him to the crowd. The arena was small, smaller than what he had played in a while, but the energy and excitement matched that felt in a venue twice the size. His fingers struck the chords of his first song as if they had a mind of their own. The crowd erupted with the sounds of pure joy, enthusiasm, and familiarity.

*Blame it all on the whiskey, Hell it may be true*

*But I ain't never seen an angel, look half as good as you*

*I might just be some cowboy; you'd never give the chance to know*

*But if you grant me just this dance, I promise I'll go slow*

The song started slow, then ratcheted into high gear, catapulting the audience into the frenzy that every artist craved. When the crowd sang the lyrics back, Jake lit up, as if it was the first time he'd heard it. They loved it, and him. He took it all in, his own lyrics filling his ears, words he wrote in complete private were being sung to him by thousands, word for word. It was a very humbling experience. Sometimes it was easy to get caught up in all the hype, and forget that the songs he wrote had the power to touch so many souls.

He went from that song into his next, *Let's Count Stars*, and then finally *Hope*, a song he had written shortly after a horrible shooting at a movie theater a few years back. The lyrics really resonated with the crowd, and before the end of the song, not a dry eye was left in the house.

To close out on a more upbeat note, Tilly returned to the stage. The spotlight lit her up as she sang the first part of their duet.

*I called last night around ten, you're usually home.*

*I picked it up to call again, but just hung up the phone.*

*I need to get a few more things; I'd like for us to talk.*

*After all this time to start over again... seems like such a loss...*

JAKE'S SPOTLIGHT lit him up right on cue, and he picked up where she had left off.

*I saw your call, when I got home...  
but it was late, and I just wanted to tie one on.  
I closed my eyes and almost texted,  
but thank god had the sense to know sober me would regret it, baby.*

THEN TOGETHER THEY sang the chorus, their voices joining in jubilant harmony.

*"Now the morning light is shining through,  
the curtains that listened to me and you  
Fight and cry, and once make love,  
all those nights we shared just the two of us,  
And I still can't think of what went wrong,  
to bring down a couple who seemed to strong  
But two meant to be, will be, it's true  
If ya want to talk, I'm seven digits away  
from right where you left me. Don't forget me."*

The performance was so powerful that he knew rumors of a romance between them would resurface. He lifted her off her feet in a bear hug at the end, and she whispered, "Thank you." He set her down, gave her a wink, and together they faced the crowd. Thunderous applause shook the rafters, as both artists basked in the overwhelming love and adoration. When at last the audience quieted, Jacob spoke.

"To all of you here tonight who have come out to forget the pain of everything that happened to you, I hope I have made that happen even for a moment. I also want ya'll to know that many hearts are filled with love and prayers for you."

The crowd erupted in cheers and whistles. The guitars in the background softly strummed the chords of his and Tilly's final song, as he continued speaking.

"I understand it is going to be a rough go for some of you to

rebuild and start over. We hope that journey you have started here tonight will give you all the strength you need to get through the difficult times ahead. This is a time to bond with your neighbors, your friends, your family. And when the test seems too hard, and you feel like you're failing, remember God doesn't give us anything we cannot overcome!"

Again, cheers exploded, as Jake spun in a circle to point to his band who had been on the road with him for the duration of the tour, "Me, and the boys here, are praying for you. God bless!" He bowed and waved, kissing Tilly's hand, and exiting stage right—into the path of Charlotte who was waiting behind the curtain.

She beamed with pride at her brother. "Good job, old man!" she said, using the pet name he loved to hate. He leveled her with a glare that told her he was in no mood for teasing, but she was used to him by now and refused to let it bother her.

"Brat." Jake smiled, giving Charlotte a quick kiss on the head as they walked through the crowd.

"There's been several requests for a brief press conference," she said, already knowing where that would get her.

Jake cast her a dark look, a warning and reminder of the promise she had made him when he agreed to play tonight. He had anonymously cut a check for ten grand, and felt his contribution was made. The rules were clear, in and out, no other business. Charlotte had the decency to look apologetic, but she had a difficult time turning people down when it came to children.

"Okay, forget the press, just give me two minutes. It's to autograph a guitar they are going to sell on eBay for the relief fund. Think of all the homeless kids tonight," she stammered on.

Jake stopped dead, giving her the evil eye. Was she really playing the kid card? He felt like he would never get home. Assessing the intense pleading expression on his sister's face, he held his hand out for the inevitable marker that she carried for just these occasions.

Charlotte's face lit up. She'd been expecting more of an argument. Her brother was ultimately a softy, and she was adept at

tugging his heartstrings. Passing him the marker without making eye contact, she pointed him in the direction that they needed to walk, and he strode off ahead of her. Flashbulbs were going off as he signed the guitar. *Much Love, Jake Keller.*

He smiled and waved, doing his part to advertise that he did in fact autograph the instrument. Ignoring the flash of cameras and barrage of questions, he headed for the exit where the limo would be waiting. He hurried toward a driver holding up a card—Jake Keller. Along the way, he obliged a few lucky fans who called for autographs and pictures. One even snuck a kiss, which surprised him, but he laughed it off like the pro he was.

Charlotte trailed close behind, smiling and waving to those fans who hadn't been able to make it inside. She was happy to have played a part in their excitement, even if they didn't know who she was or the part she played in getting the famous Jake Keller here tonight. Being behind the scenes made her happy. She was insanely proud of her brother's success.

As the doors closed, and the limo pulled out into traffic, Jake sat back and closed his eyes. He couldn't wait to collapse in his own bed, and finally be on vacation. He pictured himself walking through the door to see his pups, who had been flown home yesterday into the care of Charlotte's husband Harris. He longed to sleep in the comfort of the familiar, instead of some hotel suite.

Charlotte was busy on her phone, having sensed his need for quiet. Jake felt his own phone vibrate, and reached in to see if he had messages that needed attention. Tilly had texted him, thanking him again, and there were a few from his former friend-with-benefits, Jessica. That surprised him, since the last time they had spoken was well over six months ago. It hadn't been a pleasant parting. Jess wanted to come home with him for the holidays, and despite his usual tact at handling such situations, Jake had bombed that one.

Jess had started to develop feelings, ones that Jake didn't reciprocate and he ended up breaking it off. Truth was, Jess wasn't the type of girl he wanted to take home to his mother. She was loud,

bordered on obscene, and dressed too provocatively for his family. She needed a damn good spanking, but he could just picture the field day she'd have selling that story to the papers. The relationship was based on her being a blast in bed, and at times a much-needed distraction.

Purely out of curiosity, he clicked on the message. *Hey handsome... Miss you... I'm at the Ritz, room 1184 if you miss me too... Classy.* Not. She must have heard he was in town. He started a message declining the offer, and then deleted it. The best thing was to just let it be. If he answered it could turn ugly, and he just wanted to relax for the next hour or so before landing in Beaumont. Man, did he need to recharge. This break was long overdue. He intended to enjoy it to the fullest.