**BSB News Bites**

**Bold Strokes Books** is pleased to announce the acquisition of four new novels by Nathan Burgoine, Alan E. Rose, Alan Chin, and Donna K. Ford. *Light*, by Nathan, is scheduled for release in 2013 from Bold Strokes Liberty Editions. Alan E. Rose’s novella, *The Unforgiven*, is slated for release in 2013 from the BSB Aeros Editions line. The *Plain of Bitter Honey* by Alan Chin is planned for release in 2013 from Bold Strokes Liberty Editions. And Donna’s new Lesbian romance, *Healing Hearts*, is also scheduled for release in 2013.

To find out more about these new books and their authors, just click on their names above.

**NEW RELEASES**

- **Spanish Heart**, Rachel Spangler, ISBN: 978-160282-748-6, Price: $16.95 (pg 2)


**Damaged Angels** is the first collection of short fiction by Larry Benjamin. The 13 stories in this collection give voice to the invisible, the damaged: the drug addicts and hustlers, the mentally ill, the confused, and the men who fall in love with them, all of them bravely trying to make a place for themselves in the world of unbroken men. Their worlds are sometimes the mean streets of decaying cities, sometimes the great beyond, and, once, the earth itself.

Often dark, always evocative and lyrical, these stories delve into the lives of men clearly less than perfect and explore love in the context of disease and oncoming death as in “The Cross,” drug addiction, as in “The Seduction of the Angel Gabrielle,” and mental illness in “Two Rivers.”

These stories explore the possibility that less-than-perfect is sometimes perfect.

**What scares you the most?** An impressive lineup of the biggest names in gay and lesbian publishing come together to share tales of things that go bump in the night, murder and revenge most foul, and dark creatures that will haunt your dreams, while putting a decidedly queer twist on the literary horror genre. Edited by award-winning authors Greg Herren and J. M. Redmann, the stories in *Night Shadows* are masterfully told, disturbing tales of psychological terror that will continue to resonate with readers long after they finish reading these delightfully wicked stories. Don’t read these stygian tales when you’re alone—or without every light in the house burning!

**NEW RELEASES & Print**

- **Month of Sundays**, Yolanda Wallace
- **Jacob’s War**, C.P. Rowlands
- **The Pyramid Waltz**, Barbara Ann Wright
- **Andy Squared**, Jennifer Lavoie
- **The Secret of Orphelia**, Sam Cameron
- **Finding Bluefield**, Elan Barnehama
- **The Jetsetters**, David-Matthew Barnes
- **Strange Bedfellows**, Rob Byrne
- **Dreaming of Her**, Maggie Morton

All available for purchase at the Bold Strokes Books Online Bookstore.
...I GET TO FALL IN LOVE WITH EACH AND EVERY CHARACTER AND NEVER GET ACCUSED OF CHEATING...”

BEHIND THE WRITING: ANDREA BRAMHALL

A Stockport (near Manchester, UK) native, Andrea Bramhall took her life in her hands a few years ago and crossed the great North/South divide and now lives in Norfolk with her partner, their two border collies, and two and a half cats (one isn’t sure if she wants to be theirs anymore as the lady down the street feeds her Whiskas rather than whatever is on offer at the supermarket, like they do!). Andrea spends her time running their campsite and hostel to pay the bills, and scribbling down stories during the winter months.

Andrea is an avid reader and a keen musician. She is also a recreational diver and takes an opportunity to head to warmer climes and discover the mysteries of life beneath the waves!

Andrea’s first BSB novel, Ladyfish, debuts next month.

What made you decide to become a fiction writer?

I don’t think it was a decision I ever made. It’s simply a part of who I am. Whether or not my stories get published and people read them, I’ll still write the stories in my head because I have only a limited amount of space up there, and if I don’t get the stories out one of two things will happen. One, my head will explode, and my girlfriend hates it when I make a mess. Or two, I will forget who I am and begin living the lives of the characters in there—one at a time or all together. I don’t know which, and I have yet to decide which would be better/worse for my family and friends.

What type of stories do you write and why?

I write romances first and foremost. Ladyfish is a romantic intrigue really; there’s a love story, some bad guys, and some scuba diving. Everything else that I’m working on also falls into the romance category—some with intrigue plots too, but not all. Why do I write romances? Because that’s what I love to read. I love the courtship, the seduction, the happy-ever-after. I get to fall in love with each and every character and never get accused of cheating! It’s truly a win/win scenario.

To see the rest of Andrea’s interview go to the Browse By Author (under Lesbian Fiction) page at the link below or click here:

www.BoldStrokesBooks.com

...LOVE BENEATH THE WAVES!

Scuba diving instructor Olivia Zuckerman loves guiding tourists under the water almost as much as she loves guiding women to her bed. Coerced into picking up a new trainee from the airport, Oz has no idea that her life is about to change in every imaginable way.

Daniela Finnsbury-Sterling, Finn to her friends, is trying to break away from an overbearing father, a man intent on making her life fit his plans. Desperate to make her own way, she escapes to Florida to train as a diving instructor. She knows it won’t be easy. She knows her father will do anything he can to force her back into line. Unfortunately, she has no idea exactly what anything will be!

-Excerpt-

“Hey, Finn, you’re early. Everything okay?”

“Yeah, fine. I was just bored, so I thought I’d come over and take a look around.”

Oz reached for another box stuffed with dive gear, before handing it to the man on the dock.

“Can I help with anything?”

“Sure. When Mac gets here with the cart you can help stack the boxes so that we can get it all back to the dive center. Is that okay?”

Finn nodded as she turned and began straightening items in some of the boxes. By the time Mac returned, she had all the boxes ready and began lifting them onto the cart.

“So, Oz, you going to introduce us to the magic worker bee over there, or shall we just call her your mystery friend?” Mac whispered under his breath loud enough for everyone to hear.

“No mystery, guys. That is Daniela Finsbury-Sterling, our new zero to hero candidate.”

“That’s the chick you had to pick up at the airport last night?”

“Yup.” She grabbed some more gear and tossed it onto the dock.

“And then you drove her to her hotel?”

“Yup.”

“And then you worked the old Oz magic?”

“Knock it off, Clem. We aren’t all animals like you.”

“Very true, Oz, my friend, very true, but there are even fewer like you.”

Finn felt her cheeks flush as she tried to ignore the conversation. She kept stacking boxes, moving things around, and keeping busy. She tried not to think about Oz playing the field, though she couldn’t figure out why the thought disappointed her. She glanced at Oz, surprised to see her looking uncomfortable.

“I wasn’t talking about myself.”

Oz didn’t hang around for him to answer but jumped onto the dock and jogged over to Finn.
Annnameekee Hesik came out when she was fifteen and has since told her entire family, the pet store guy, the lady in line at the post office, and pretty much anyone else she comes in contact with. After surviving high school, she went to college for six years and changed her major five times. She is thrilled she finally decided to become a high school English teacher (with a background in anthropology, American Sign Language, history, and environmental biology). And yes, she is out to her students, too. She spends her time in Santa Cruz, CA writing books that she hopes will help lesbian and questioning teens feel like they are not the only girl-loving girls in the world.

What made you decide to become a fiction writer?

The first story I wrote in college was about a dysfunctional family at Thanksgiving dinner. It was one of those write-what-you-know “fictional” stories. I called it “Turkeys,” and writing it was one of the most magical experiences of my life. At the time, I had no heat in my house, so I used a candle to defrost my fingers as I typed. I stayed up night after night manipulating my family— I mean, the characters. It was the first time I realized I could make them say and do anything. Not only did the story make me laugh, but others got a good chuckle out of it, too. I wrote more stories and won some awards, but I didn’t pursue writing after college because my dream was to be a teacher. When I started teaching and reading books for teens to see what I should put on my class-room bookshelf, I saw a huge need for more diversity (especially in books with LBGTQ characters). There were a few books out there, but they didn’t really have what my students were looking for. So I decided that if there wasn’t a book that I thought reflected my students’ experiences, then I should just write one myself. So I did, and now I don’t ever want to stop!

To see the rest of Annnameekee’s interview go to the Browse By Author (under Young Adult Fiction) page at the link below or click here:

www.BoldStrokesBooks.com

Abbey Brooks, Gila High freshman-to-be, never thought a hellish day of shopping at the mall with her best friend, Kate, could change her life. But when she orders French fries from the flirtatious Hot Dog on a Stick Chick, she gets more than deep-fried potatoes. Abbey tries to ignore the weird, happy feeling in her gut that proves to be as impossible as avoiding the very insistent (and—rumor has it—very lesbian) players on Gila High’s girls’ basketball team. They want freakishly long-legged Abbey to try out, and Abbey doesn’t hate the idea. But Kate made Abbey pinky swear to avoid basketball and to keep away from the you-know-who girls on the team.

Sometimes promises can’t be kept. And sometimes girls in uniform are impossible to resist.

Excerpt

“You guys are going to try out for basketball, right?” Jenn says, as she grabs another handful of O's from the box. “I mean, you kind of have to. Between the two of you, the janitors won’t need a ladder to get the spider webs out of the rafters.”

Kate and I have never discussed trying out for any sports, so I don’t really acknowledge Jenn’s suggestion. But then Kate shrugs and says, “We’re going to wait and see.”

“Oh, yeah. We’re not sure,” I say, successfully hiding my heart attack.

“Come on,” Jenn says, “are you kidding me? You two are, like, bred for hoops.” Then she asks, “Dude, you’re not going to bail on tryouts just because of all the lezzies on the team, are you?”

This time Kate has nothing to say, and therefore, neither do I. Though, now I’m feeling something I haven’t yet felt when the topic of going to high school has come up: I’m a little excited. But Jenn saying “lezzie” in my kitchen also makes my left eyelid start to twitch. I grab a lock of hair to twirl and look down the hall to make sure my mom is still in the bathroom. This is not a conversation I want her to walk in on.

“I mean, you guys have heard about them, right?” Jenn asks, looking right at me.

Kate glances over at me, too, and raises her eyebrows looking equally shocked. “Of course we knew,” she says, “and by the way, that is so gross. But we’re just not sure if we want to try out. So lay off.”

“Yeah. We’re just not sure if we want to try out,” I say like a parrot, but in my head all I can think is that maybe I’m not going to be the only girl at Gila who, maybe, likes girls.
SERVING HER ATTRACTION...

Parker “Kong” King is the number one tennis player in the world with a real talent for getting women in her bed. To prepare herself for the one title she’s never won—and avoid the press and her ex—she retreats to a secluded home in Press Cove, Alabama.

Commercial pilot Captain Sydney Parish loves the order that comes from a well-constructed plan for everything, her only failure being her personal life. She hopes a vacation will help heal her bruised heart, but soon finds that might not be possible when she discovers she’s one house over from Parker King.

When Parker and Sydney meet, sparks fly, but not from attraction. They have the summer to see if sparks fly, but not from attraction.

When Parker and Sydney meet, sparks fly, but not from attraction. They have the summer to see if they have a love match.

She’s stepping out of the cockpit, as was her habit before every flight, leaving the coat with her rank draped over her seat.

“Thanks,” Parker said, and shook her hand as she smiled. “It’s good to be going home, and I won’t even mind being trapped in here for hours with such a good-looking flight attendant.”

Sydney felt her crew freeze after taking deep breaths. Granted, her pants did resemble those of her fellow crewwomen, but the comment had jangled her last un-tense nerve. “I’m not your flight attendant.”

“Don’t tell me your company still calls the position ‘stewardess’?” Parker’s smile widened. Dimples, she had goddamn dimples. Sydney had the urge to slap the wide smile off her face. “I’ll be happy to e-mail your CEO and let him know that’s really archaic.” Parker placed her bag in the overhead compartment so she took the opportunity to clench her hands into fists. “I realize you’re still preboarding, but could I bother you for a sandwich or something? If you can deliver that with the biggest mug of hot chocolate you can find, that’d be great. I’m starved after running around that court for hours.”

“I’ll see about that right after I finish my preflight checklist so I can fly you home safely.” Her smile was so tight her face hurt, and it took control not to add, “You egotistical asshole.”

“I’m sorry, Captain.” Parker said to the back of her head, but she didn’t turn around. “It was an honest mistake, really, but I didn’t mean to insult you.” When Sydney turned around again, Parker was already seated with her eyes closed.

“You’re sorry all right, she thought with one last glance at Parker, and you’re a complete asshole.

...AND LOSING HER HEART!

Ren Molson should be chasing a bright new future. Instead, she’s spent the last two years floundering in a small-town community college. She’s tired of watching her friends move forward while her momentum stalls. Most of all, she’s sick of feeling lost and confused about who she is or what she’s supposed to do with her life. Desperate for a change, Ren hopes to use her Spanish class tour through Spain to remake herself.

True to her plan, as Ren travels through Spain, she learns more about herself than the country she’s visiting. What she doesn’t expect is to fall in love with her beautiful young tour guide, Lina Montero. She’ll have to decide if her life can handle any more uncertainty and just how far she’s willing to go in order to become the person she thought she wanted to be.

“Welcome aboard, Ms. King. I hope you enjoy your flight, and congratulations on your win,” Sydney said. She’d stepped out of the cockpit, as was her habit before every flight, leaving the coat with her rank draped over her seat.

“This is Las Ramblas.” Our tour guide, Lina, spoke above the noise. “It’s a major street in Barcelona, and you can follow it all the way down to the Mediterranean Sea.”

I stood rooted to the top step of the Metro station, too shocked to move yet. Earlier this morning, my friends and I had awakened in our sleepy little Midwestern town. Now we stood a continent away from everything familiar, at the heart of one of Europe’s crown jewels.

I tried to stay close to my group, but everything around me presented a possible distraction. Music spilled into the streets from drummers and guitar players, their cases open to collect change.

I only stopped to tap my toe to the beat for a second, but that was long enough to lose sight of my classmates. Panic engulfed me as I scanned the faces of strangers. Amid all the strange new sights and sounds, I was flooded with the same sensation I’d been drowning in for years: I was lost.

Then as quickly as the fear spiked, it dissolved when my eyes met Lina’s. She stood a few feet away, watching me with a soft, genuine smile. I’d kind of expected a tour guide to be like an outdoorsy version of a librarian, not like a college student, but she looked young and not at all teacherish. She wasn’t model good-looking, but cute, with long dark hair and hot-chocolate-colored eyes—the girl-next-door type, if the girl next door were raised on the Mediterranean Sea.

“You like Spanish music?” she asked.

I shrugged. I’d never heard any before, but I liked it so far.

“What brought you to Spain, Ren?”

“Huh?”

“We’re going to travel together for the next ten days. What do you want to get out of your time here?”

I want to figure out who I am.

I want to stop feeling so inept all the time.

I want to get laid.
**BSB News Bites—continued**

**Bold Strokes Books** will have a booth at the Savannah Pride Festival on September 8th from 12—8pm. BSB authors who are scheduled to be signing books at the booth are David-Matthew Barnes, D. Jackson Leigh, Larkin Rose, and Yolanda Wallace. The festival will be held at Forsythe Park in the historic district of Savannah, Georgia.

Several **Bold Strokes Books** authors will be participating in readings and signings during Women’s Week in Provincetown, MA—October 11-13. The basic BSB schedule is listed below. More information about the event will be available in next month’s newsletter and/or on the BSB website under Events.

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**Basic BSB Women’s Week in Provincetown Schedule**

**Authors Scheduled to Attend:** Melissa Brayden, Gun Brooke, Sophia Kell Hagin, Anne Laughlin, Jennifer Lavoie, Lee Lynch, Nora Olsen, VK Powell, L.L. Raand, Radclyffe, Robin Silverman, Rachel Spangler, Nell Stark & Trinity Tam, Carsen Taite, Shelley Thrasher, PJ Trebelhorn, Ali Vali, MJ Williamz, and Barbara Ann Wright.

**Thursday 10/11**

**BSB Readings/Chat at Gabriel’s, 1-3 pm**

102 Bradford Street

*Featuring:* VK Powell, Lee Lynch, Shelley Thrasher, Gun Brooke, Anne Laughlin, Robin Silverman, Nell Stark & Trinity Tam, Carsen Taite, Melissa Brayden, MJ Williamz, Radclyffe, Rachel Spangler, and Ali Vali

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**Signings at Recovering Hearts from 3:15 pm**

4 Standish Street

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**BSB Author Meet and Greet at Harbor Lounge, 5-7 pm**

359 Commercial Street

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**Friday 10/12**

**BSB Readings/Chat at the Provincetown Library, 1-3 pm**

356 Commercial Street


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**BSB Signings at Recovering Hearts from 3.15 pm**

4 Standish Street

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**Saturday 10/13**

**BSB Readings/Chat at Gabriel’s, 12-3pm**

102 Bradford Street

*Featuring:* Radclyffe, Gun Brooke, PJ Trebelhorn, VK Powell, Sophia Kell Hagin, Nell Stark & Trinity Tam, Anne Laughlin, Robin Silverman, Carsen Taite, Lee Lynch, MJ Williamz, Barbara Ann Wright, Shelley Thrasher, Jennifer Lavoie, and Ali Vali

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**“Final” BSB Signings at Recovering Hearts from 3.15 pm**

4 Standish Street
THE PARIAH COMES HOME...

In 1724, Thomas Newton is cast out of his home by his aristocratic father. Desperate to make a new life for himself, he heads to London. Through a string of intimate encounters, he enters the underground world of male-male desire. Soon enough, Thomas meets Margaret Clap, who runs one of the male brothels. She offers him a place in her house, but also a place in her heart.

When Margaret Clap’s house is raided and Margaret herself is arrested, Thomas has to make the most difficult decision of his still young life, one that could destroy everyone around him in a desperate effort to save them.

-In Excerpt-

“I agree that my son...that Addison is a deviant young man who must be held accountable for his actions. However, if we call the constable and have him arrested, then the consequence and guilt may fall upon your son as well. Am I making myself clear?”

“You are indeed.”

“A scandal of this magnitude would cause you to forfeit your position as Headmaster, and I would have to retire from society for having tarnished my family name.”

“What then do you suggest?”

“You deal with James as you see fit. Perhaps there is still something honorable in him that my son has not destroyed. He turned to look at me. “Addison, after I received word from Mr. Sanxay, I took it upon myself to visit the courts and told them that I just received the devastating news of your death.”

“But father…”

“You are not to address me in a familiar way, Addison. As far as the law is concerned, my son died today. I have made plans for a funeral and memorial service in my son’s honor upon my return. The proprieties must be observed. Henceforth, you will be known as Thomas Newton. As you will see, I have left your parentage blank. The story I have created around your birth is that a whore found you in the streets of London a few days old. Like all unwanted children, you grew up in the parish until such time as they released you out into the world.”

“I am impressed, Mr. Green,” Mr. Sanxay nodded. “You have done a remarkable job given you had such little time to for a proper plan.”

“In my position, one does not need time, my friend. One needs money, and that I have plenty of.”

“Father, please.”

“Thomas, I am not your father.”

...LIVES BEFORE STONEWALL!

In 1961, The Old Town Tavern was more than just a gay bar. It’s a home to strangers who have become family. Murph, the dapper unschooled storyteller. Rockie Solomon, the gentle, generous observer. Lisa Jelane, in all her lonely dignity. Gorgeous Paul, so fragile, and his twin (straight?) sister Cissy. Deej, the angry innocent. Norman, plump and queenly lover of a college professor who’s happiest in schoolmarm drag. Harry Van Epps, police officer, and old Dr. Everett, “family” physician. They drink, they dance, they fall in lust and in love. They don’t even know who the enemy is, only that it is powerful enough to order the all-too-willing vice squad to destroy the bar and their lives.

Would these women and men still have family, a job, a place to live after...The Raid?

This was how it was done then, this was the gay life, and this is the resilient gay will.

-In Excerpt-

“Hey, guys,” a high school girl cried out. “They won’t let us in! You have to be queer to go in there!”

“How many times do I have to tell you kids?” JoJo, a bartender at The Old Town Tavern, shouted. “Get out of here!”

“What a wisenheimer,” I mumbled, trying to hide my face behind my glass.

JoJo sounded disgusted. “I’m phoning the cops right now.” She started back toward the pay phone across from the toilets in the hallway. Two older men left then and there, drinks unfinished. “Cops” was a dirty word in a gay bar.

“Did you hear that?” the kid her friends called Deej thrilled over her shoulder. “She’s phoning the cops. On us. They’re lucky they’re allowed on the streets with us normal people.”

The Old Town Tavern was the neighborhood—and gay—hangout. The Old Town drew a delightful mix of customers, many of them graduates of the nearby college. Some wore heavy, dark-rimmed glasses and black berets. They brought girlfriends with earrings that dangled under long hair. Store owners from little neighborhood businesses would lock up and quickly visit the bar’s cigarette machine, then return later for a drink.

Almost every year the Old Town and its customers were harassed by youngsters or drunks along the St. Patrick’s Day parade route.

The long cry of a train arriving at the station came through the door with Lisa Jelane. Head high, she stood silhouetted in the doorway and glared at the hecklers. Her hair was the shade of sparkling apple cider. She wore a black skirt and green top that flattered her soft, resined-looking blue eyes. An ever-present brown leather purse hung on a long strap from her shoulder. I’d have given a million dollars to trade places with that purse of hers.
BEHIND THE WRITING: DALE CHASE

Dale Chase has written male erotica for fifteen years with 150 stories in magazines and anthologies, including translation into Italian and German. She has two story collections in print: The Company He Keeps: Victorian Gentlemen’s Erotica, which won an IPPY silver medal award from the Independent Publishers Association, and If The Spirit Moves You: Ghostly Gay Erotica. Chase lives near San Francisco and is at work on an erotic novel about John Wesley Hardin.

Dale’s second BSB novel, Wyatt: Doc Holliday’s Account of an Intimate Friendship, debuts next month.

What made you decide to become a fiction writer?
I started making things up as soon as I became aware of my imagination, around four years old. From then on, I spent a lot of time in pretend cowboy adventures with my little friends or by myself if no friends were around. The thing is, I often kept my cowboy identity after the pretending was over, so I was inhabiting other people from an early age. This broadened my imagination and also made it a big part of my identity. In my teens I started writing down things I’d made up, and in my early twenties I began to seriously pursue fiction writing. My first story was published when I was twenty-two. I didn’t decide to become a fiction writer as much as I evolved into one.

What type of stories do you write and why?
I write men’s erotica because it is the most comfortable and exciting writing I can do. As a straight woman, I spent many years writing straight fiction and found myself happier when writing male characters. When I wandered into gay men’s erotica, I found a home that I never want to leave. The genre allows my male side to take over, which is highly rewarding. Plus I love writing about man sex.

To see the rest of Dale’s interview go to the Browse By Author (under GBT Fiction) page at the link below or click here:
www.BoldStrokesBooks.com

...THE “REALLY” WILD WEST!

Wyatt Earp and Doc Holliday are best known for their gunplay at the OK Corral, but there is far more to their story. The remarkable friendship between upright lawman and Southern gentleman turned gambler and killer ignites when Doc saves Wyatt’s life in Dodge City and escalates into passion as the two move west to Tombstone where lawlessness reigns. As they work toward bringing to justice a band of rustlers terrorizing the area, they are drawn into the infamous gunfight at the OK Corral and are jailed for murder. They are cleared of the charges, but the murder of Morgan Earp sets Wyatt on a vendetta where, with Doc at his side, he turns killer not only to avenge his brother but to rid the region of the outlaw menace. The price is high, however. Now wanted men, Doc and Wyatt are forced to flee Arizona, and it is while on the run that they find their relationship deepening into what is ultimately a tragic love.

-Excerpt-
I took note of Wyatt Earp the day he walked into the saloon and struck up a conversation with Shannsey. Not initially knowing him the lawman of reputation, I was nevertheless taken by his appearance as he was a handsome, steely eyed, well bodied, six footer. When Shannsey pointed him my way, I felt a surge below that was not unwelcome.

He waited until I’d played my hand, then introduced himself and asked if we might speak. I followed him to the bar where he bought me a whiskey and had one himself. "I’m on the trail of Dave Rudabaugh who robbed the Santa Fe train in Kansas," he began. "He headed down this way but the trail’s gone cold.

Shannsey says you’d be the one to know his whereabouts.”

"Not at present," I replied, "but I can try to learn where he’s gone. Might take a few days, though."

Wyatt thought on this, then looked at me with those steely blue eyes. "Guess I can wait around." I was honest with him in the time it might take to gather information on Rudabaugh and pleased it would necessitate him staying on. I also got the feeling he wasn’t averse to remaining, cold trail or not. "You been here long?" he asked and I told him how I’d come down from Denver and other places. I could see he knew me by reputation as an uneasiness clung to him although I saw it not completely born of my exploits with a gun. Something else was afoot in Wyatt Earp, something only I was privy to. Reserved fellow that he was, expression fixed and stern and betraying not a single smile, even when the news I’d help him, he nevertheless gave off a pull of hard masculinity which I found most appealing. My dick was stiff throughout our talk and I suspect his was too.
**BEHIND THE WRITING:  L.T. MARIE**

L.T. Marie is a career athlete who writes during her free time. Her hobbies are reading every lesbian romance she can get her hands on, working out, and watching Giants baseball. Her first novel, Three Days, was published in October 2011.


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**What made you decide to become a fiction writer?**

I’ve been asked this question a half dozen times already by different people, and the answer is my favorite book by Rad, *Above All Honor*. From the time I was little, I had always wanted to write a book, although, back then, I didn’t know it was going to be a lesbian romance. ;-) I had read dozens of lesbian romances in my twenties and thirties, but I had a hard time relating to the characters. I also didn’t like the writing styles of a lot of the authors. The only one that I ever enjoyed up to that point, and read it hundreds of times, was Katherine V. Forrest’s book, *Curious Wine*. When I picked up *Above All Honor*, I became so connected to those characters that I actually said to myself, “If I ever finish the story I’m working on, I want my readers to connect to my characters like this.” That connection is what I strive for in every story I write.

**What type of stories do you write and why?**

I write lesbian romances because I am a romantic at heart. I love everything about a good romance from the winning and dining to the great sex. For me, it’s everything that leads up to the sex that’s important—the first touch, the first kiss. My goal is that by the time my characters come together, I want people to say what I usually say when the pages become so hot I can’t stand it anymore: “Damn it, will you guys get together already. You’re killing me!”

To see the rest of L.T.’s interview go to the Browse By Author (under Lesbian Fiction) page at the link below or click here:  
www.BoldStrokesBooks.com

**SAILING TOWARD THEIR HEARTS.**

Jaime Rivers, author of the popular romance series, *The Quest*, survived an accident that nearly took her life. Cajoled into accepting an invitation for a seven-day cruise to celebrate her ten-year high school reunion, she comes face-to-face with her past when the woman of her dreams haunts her days on the warm seas, even as she struggles to keep a secret that tears at her heart.

Sierra Connor works for the travel agency responsible for booking her high school reunion cruise. She doesn’t want to attend the reunion in the first place because one woman will be there—the one who always made her feel whole but then disappeared and left Sierra’s heart and soul crushed without so much as a word. She knows love is for people who can trust, and she’s not one of those people.

It was only one touch, ten years ago. Forced together once more, will the memory of that one touch ignite a new future? Or will their old hurts quench the flame?

-Excerpt-

“Sierra?” Jaime blinked as if to restart her brain. No way. How could this gorgeous creature before her, looking incredibly sexy in a black cocktail dress that fit her like a second skin, be Sierra? Her wavy auburn hair was a bit longer but the color exactly as she remembered. And those eyes, those intense, perfect sapphires simply dazzling against the night sky.

Still uncertain, she slowly filled her lungs with the salty air. The ocean always calmed her, and even though she hadn’t been near the sea in a while, the familiar sounds and smells still intoxicated and soothed her. She’d been staring out into the vast emptiness questioning her existence when she caught the hint of a familiar scent. Spice with a hint of spring flowers. Kenzo. Sierra.

“I can’t believe this,” she said. “Is it really you?”

“Yeah, it is.”

Without thinking about the consequences of the last time she’d touched Sierra, she opened her arms wide as Sierra flung herself into them and let out a small cry. Holding on tight, she hugged Sierra with the passion of years lost, afraid to let go—afraid that if she did, Sierra would somehow disappear again.

A tidal wave of emotions slammed into her, knocking the breath from her chest. Joy. Sadness. Longing. Fear. Each emotion pounded into her until she began to drown from the overpowering sensations. When the realization hit that they would all eventually lead to heartbreak, she finally broke free and gasped for air, severing their fragile connection.
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