

Above Reproach

By
Lynn Ames

ABOVE REPROACH

© 2012 BY LYNN AMES

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced in printed or electronic form without permission. Please do not participate or encourage piracy of copyrighted materials in violation of the author's rights. Purchase only authorized editions.

ISBN: 978-1-936429-04-2

OTHER AVAILABLE FORMATS

E-book EDITION

ISBN: 978-1-936429-05-9

PUBLISHED BY

PHOENIX RISING PRESS

PHOENIX, ARIZONA

www.phoenixrisingpress.com

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, businesses, companies, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

CREDITS

EXECUTIVE EDITOR: LINDA LORENZO

COVER PHOTOS: PAM LAMBROS

AUTHOR PHOTO: JUDY FRANCESCONI

COVER DESIGN: PAM LAMBROS, WWW.HANDSONGRAPHICDESIGN.COM

Dedication

To lightworkers everywhere—thank you for making the world a brighter place.

Acknowledgments

The seeds for *Above Reproach* were sown with the start of the “Arab Spring.” Watching the events of this transformative period unfold inspired me to look beyond the news headlines and to ask more questions. I knew I wanted to write about this extraordinary time in our history. The difficulty became writing a novel—which is a static document—about something that was on-going and ever-changing. Finally, I realized that to make this work, I would have to create a single event—a moment in time—and use the Arab Spring as a backdrop. And thus, the plot for *Above Reproach* was born.

As with any thriller, there are so many details that must be factually correct or at least plausible. To Mary Tracy, who provided mountains of essential background material about the Arab Spring and the countries of the Middle East and North Africa; to Clair Bee, who taught me everything I know about pyrotechnics and the world’s least known and coolest technology toys; to my incredible sources in the US Marshal’s Service, the CIA, and the Army’s Military Police, for verifying facts and protocols—you all give my books the credibility that makes possible the suspension of disbelief.

I am blessed to have what I think is the finest team in the history of novel-writing. To my beta readers who read through my manuscripts chapter by chapter during the creation phase and give me critical feedback—you have my eternal gratitude.

To my primary editor, Linda Lorenzo, who looks forward with such relish to sinking her teeth into my manuscripts—may I never disappoint you.

To the readers who continue to clamor for the next book—you make it all worthwhile.

Happy reading!

CHAPTER ONE

29 June 2008 – Twelve Miles South of Baghdad

It just figured the flipping incompetent, idiot of a president would pick the run-up to the Fourth of July to move this shit. Seventeen years. That was how long the crap sat in the middle of the desert. That was how long damn green recruits who barely knew which end of the gun to shoot loitered around, pretending to guard 3,500 barrels of yellowcake—concentrated natural uranium—the raw material Saddam Hussein could have used to create lethal nuclear weapons. Now, all of a sudden, the powers that be were scrambling around, trying to transport the crap out of the Middle East and into North America. Canada, to be exact.

“Patriot Two, this is Patriot One. Do you read me?” The crackling of the radio brought Tony “Two Thumbs” Saldano out of his musings. He put down his binoculars and keyed the radio.

“Loud and clear. Keep it down, will ya?”

“The operation is a ‘go.’ I repeat, the operation is a ‘go.’”

“Roger that. In position and ready to rock ‘n’ roll.” Tony took one last look down at the convoy of large, canvas-topped trucks on the dusty road below, stubbed out his cigarette, and clambered down the embankment to where a truck, identical to the ones he’d been watching, waited. He threw open the passenger door and climbed inside.

The driver, a scruffy-bearded, sturdily built twenty-something in camouflage, looked at him expectantly.

“We’ll wait here ten minutes to make sure everyone’s gone, then follow at a distance. When we hit this spot, here”—Tony

Above Reproach

flipped open his laptop and pointed to an elevated section of roadway on a detailed satellite image—“a truck exactly like this one will be waiting. That’s where I get off and you continue on your way. Make sure you step on it so you can catch up and slide into the convoy. If anybody asks why you were lagging behind, give ’em some bullshit about the gears sucking on this piece of shit.”

The driver nodded.

“When you get to Baghdad and they start unloading the barrels, that’s your cue to disappear. Got me?”

“Roger that.”

“Good.” Tony sat back to wait. If everything went according to plan, he would be back in this very spot by nightfall with a truckload of yellowcake, and the convoy’s load, including thirty barrels of useless material made to look like yellowcake, would be on its way to Diego Garcia and, ultimately, to Canada.



10 February 2011 – National Security Agency Headquarters,
Fort Meade, Maryland

Sedona Ramos rubbed her tired eyes. It was ten o’clock Thursday night, and already she’d logged more than twenty-five hours of overtime that week. Not that that was anything unusual, nor did she mind. Sedona’s work ethic was part of the reason the National Security Agency recruited her so many years ago—that and the fact that she was tri-lingual and could pass for Middle Eastern, Latina, or Native American.

All week she’d been plodding her way through hundreds of pages of top secret, intercepted, Arabic-language phone and Internet communications from Iraq. The last electronic file in the queue finished downloading.

“That’s odd,” Sedona said to the empty room. She scrolled through the document one more time. Unlike all the other files, this one identified by name neither the analyst who compiled the initial report, nor the individual who requested it. Instead, in the places where that information should have been, was a pair of

numerical sequences. That was something Sedona had never seen before. “Huh. Well, let’s just see what you are.”

She clicked to open the document. A chill ran through her. “Never a good sign,” she mumbled. When her eyes alighted on the three satellite images tucked in the middle of the pages of text, she understood why her blood ran cold. “What the hell? Activity at Tuwaitha? We were done with that place three years ago. Shit, I was there when we locked the gates for the last time.”

Heeding her instincts, Sedona popped in a flash drive and copied the entire file, ejecting and pocketing the drive once the operation was complete. Then she hustled over to the series of file cabinets where a clerk would have logged and stored the corresponding physical documents as insurance against any electronic malfunctions. She thumbed through that week’s files until she found the batch that pertained to Iraq. Although she paged through the series three times and searched adjacent batches of files, there was no matching physical file, a clear violation of protocol.

“Too weird. Looks like maybe someone’s coloring outside the lines.”

As if to confirm her suspicions, when Sedona returned to her computer, the screen was blank and there was no trace of the images or the surrounding pages of text. “What the fuck is going on? I know I left the file open.” She sat down and stabbed at the keys, trying to find it on the server or on her hard drive. It simply had vanished. “Think, Sedona. Breathe and think, damn it.”

The sound of the elevator opening down the hall and running footsteps startled her. “There shouldn’t be anyone else in this part of the building at this hour.” The pieces started to fall into place, and Sedona’s heart pounded harder. She had logged into her computer with her regular username and password. Whoever this was, they would be looking specifically for her. “You can’t stay here, sweetie. You’re a sitting duck.”

She grabbed several things off her desk and shoved them into her briefcase, then darted around a corner just as several figures dressed all in black appeared at the entrance to what Sedona and her fellow co-workers affectionately called the bullpen. Somewhere, someone killed the lights. Sedona, who had spent most of her career in hot spots in the field, realized the

Above Reproach

implication—the intruders had night vision goggles. “Shit.” Perspiration dotted her brow and her pulse hammered in her ears. She took stock of her surroundings.

As the appointed fire drill coordinator for the floor, Sedona knew every exit. She removed her shoes, tucked them into her briefcase, and quietly slipped into her boss’s office, since it was farthest from the elevators. Once inside, Sedona felt along the wall until her fingers found a seam. She pushed in, and a section of the wall popped open to reveal a stairway. She sprinted down the stairs and, at the garage level, opened the door a crack to make sure no one was waiting for her. Satisfied she was alone, she dashed to her car, threw the briefcase in the passenger seat, and peeled out of the garage.



Sedona’s hands were shaking on the wheel as she drove along the highway that would take her north. She didn’t have a definitive plan; she just knew she needed to disappear. Whatever had happened back there, it wasn’t good.

When she reached Baltimore a short time later, she pulled into a convenience store parking lot. She went inside and used the bathroom, splashed cold water on her face, and paid cash to purchase a pre-paid cell phone. Then she got back in her car and used the phone to dial a familiar number.

“Dex? It’s me. I’m in trouble and I need your help.”

“Anything, love. What do you need?”

“Can you keep an eye out for any unusual activity at my place?”

“Hold on a sec, love. I’ll have a peek right now.”

Sedona heard the scraping of a chair, Dex’s footsteps, and the sound of him whistling. She imagined him peering through the living room blinds that faced her house. Several moments later, he was back.

“Holy shite, kiddo. What are you into?” He sounded shaken, which only made his Irish brogue thicker.

“Why, what’s going on?”

“There are three black SUVs in front of your place and some guys outside who make the Hulk look like a midget. What’s this all about, then?”

Sedona closed her eyes tightly as panic welled up in her chest. “Listen, Dex. If anybody asks you, tell them you haven’t spoken to me all week and you have no idea where I am.”

“Well, that would be the truth, now wouldn’t it? So, where are you?”

“I can’t tell you that.”

“Can’t, or won’t?”

“Dex, please don’t...”

“I’ll accept that you can’t tell me about what it is you do or who you work for, Sedona, but these men don’t look like they’re fooling around here. I can help you, but only if you level with me.”

Sedona swallowed hard. Dex had been her best friend since she moved in across the street from him almost fifteen years ago. He was dashing and debonair, and as gay as she was, which took all the awkwardness out of their relationship. But this was a line she could not cross. It was her sworn oath. Beyond that, not knowing would keep him safe.

“Stay away from the windows, Dex. Don’t answer your door. I’ll call you when I can.”

“Sedon—”

She didn’t hear the rest, as she disconnected the call. The first thing she needed to do was get rid of her car and get herself somewhere safe so she could have time to think—time to regroup.

“What the hell did I get myself into?”



“She’s in the wind.” The man in black turned in a full circle in Sedona’s living room as he spoke into a cell phone.

“Did you find anything?”

“There’s nothing here to find.”

“Well then, find her! Eliminate her and make it look like an accident.”

Before the man in black could respond, the line went dead.

Above Reproach



The Marriott Marquis was bustling, which was exactly the reason Sedona chose it—a large, well-lit, well-respected hotel in the middle of Times Square in New York City, arguably the busiest city in the world. “*Hide in plain sight.*”

The bus ride from Baltimore had been long and tedious, but it gave her time to sleep and to regroup. Sedona hefted her briefcase and duffle bag on the bed. She’d removed the “go bag” from her trunk when she sold the car to the used car dealer in Maryland. “God, I hoped I’d never need this.”

She sighed and unzipped the bag. In it, she kept hair dye, scissors, two pairs of fashionable jeans & tight sweaters, one pair of dress slacks and a silk blouse, a blazer, a pair of heels, a lightweight overcoat, sweats, a pair of sneakers and socks, bras, panties, a full toilet kit, a pair of eye-color-changing contact lenses, and ten thousand dollars cash. She nodded in satisfaction, glad that she’d listened to her mentor all those years ago.

Sedona still could hear Dominic’s scratchy voice in her ear as he stood beside her at the firing range. “Listen, kiddo, there aren’t many guarantees in this life, and certainly not in this line of work. But one thing you can always count on is that someday the shit’s gonna hit the fan. When it does, you damn well better be ready to duck and run. A ‘go bag’ is part of your insurance policy. So, I want you to pack one when you get home tonight and put it in the trunk of your car. Always make sure it’s on top of whatever other shit you’ve got in there so you can grab it without looking and skedaddle. Trust me, it could save your life one day.”

“I wish it had saved yours, my friend.” Sedona’s eyes welled with tears as the sting of loss clawed at her heart. Sometimes, it crept up on her silently; other times, it hit her like a freight train barreling down the tracks. Today, it simply stared her in the face, daring her to flinch.

Instead, Sedona closed her eyes and took a deep breath. She pictured herself walking down a path lined on either side with beautiful flowers. Monarch butterflies opened their wings to the start of a new day. A pair of hummingbirds joyfully flitted around her, and a pair of hawks circled protectively overhead. She envisioned a white light surrounding her—enveloping her in its

protective embrace. *Archangels, angels, ascended masters, guides... Thank you for your constant presence in my life. Archangel Michael, I ask for your help now. Please grant me the courage to face whatever is happening, and protect me as I battle the unknown.*

"Dominic, I know you're with me. I'm going to need your experience and insight. I have no idea what I stumbled into, but it sure stirred up a hornet's nest."

"No kidding. Watch your back, and don't trust anyone in the chain of command. You've got to go right to the top, kiddo. No middlemen. And since when do you use my full name?"

Sedona's eyes popped open. The president? Dom wanted her to go to the president of the United States? Was it possible she'd heard him correctly?

She strode into the bathroom and splashed water on her face. When she looked in the mirror above the sink, her mother's reflection stared back at her—the sleek, long black hair, the deep dark eyes, the olive complexion, the prominent, high cheekbones, and the dimple to the left of her mouth...there was no mistaking the resemblance. As a youngster, Sedona had endured the cruel taunts of the kids at her school.

"Your mother is a freak, and the apple doesn't fall far from the tree."

"She's a hippy who dropped too much acid."

"She's possessed, and so are you. We should do an exorcism, like in that movie."

And it wasn't just the kids—it was their parents too.

"She's a sorcerer. She even named her child after some New Age commune. No wonder the girl isn't normal."

"I don't want my kids near that house. That woman is mentally ill. She 'sees' the future? 'Talks' to dead people? She's crazy."

"Don't pay them any mind," her mother would say, when Sedona came home in tears. "They don't understand what they cannot see. Their vision is so limited. What you and I share, it's a gift."

"I don't want it. I don't want it." Sedona would put her hands over her ears, run to her room, and slam the door.

Eventually, her mother would come into her room and sit down on the edge of the bed, rubbing her back. "Someday, sweetheart.

Above Reproach

Someday you're going to embrace all of who you are and be grateful for having been chosen."

"Humph."

"I know it's tough, now. Growing up is hard work. Growing up different is harder. But I promise, there will come a time when your gift will help save the world. I have seen it. That's why it's so important for me to teach you everything I know."

Sedona shook her head and water droplets dotted the mirror. She looked to the Heavens. "I love you, Mama. I miss you, even though I know you're here with me, always. Are you watching now? You were right, Mama. Thank you for showing me the way."



In the end, Sedona couldn't bring herself to chop her own hair off. She reasoned that she'd bought herself some time by selling the car and paying for the bus with cash. Besides, certainly she'd blend in better with a chic, stylish cut than with a butcher job. So she picked a busy, upscale salon and listened to the stylist prattle on about how his boyfriend was so far in the closet it would take an archeologist months to dig him out.

He looked at her in the mirror. "I bet you don't have boyfriend troubles, now do you?"

Sedona tuned back into the conversation and smiled mischievously. "Can't say that I do." She winked at his reflection and watched as comprehension dawned.

"Seriously, sweetheart? No way!" His scissors stopped mid-clip. "You don't even register on my lesbi-o-meter, and I always know!"

"Not always, apparently."

"Oh, honey, I want to live vicariously. Please tell me you have a gorgeous lover and the two of you jet off to some fantastically private getaway in the Caribbean every weekend."

"Sorry to disappoint."

"Well, as spectacular as you are, I can understand why you'd want to keep your options open."

Sedona watched her reflection in the mirror as her expression turned cool and guarded. “*Stay close to the truth,*” she heard Dom say in her head. “*Easier to keep your story straight.*”

“I’m on the move a lot. No time for attachments, I guess.”

“Well, when you’re ready to settle down, somebody’s going to get a helluva catch.” He fluffed her hair, removed the cape protecting her outfit, and spun her in the chair, admiring his handiwork. “A shame to cut that beautiful mane, but Wigs for Cancer will love you forever, and you look fabulous, if I do say so myself. Short, sexy, and easy to care for, just like you asked.”

“I’m glad it’s for a good cause.” Sedona meant it. She stood, reached in her pocket, and pulled out several bills, which she handed him.

“And you’re a good tipper. Thanks, doll.” He air-kissed her and busied himself sweeping up her hair.

Sedona looked away. It wouldn’t do to dwell on it.

Outside on the street, she stepped into the middle of a large group of passersby, blending into the crowd, just another busy New Yorker on the way from one appointment to the next.



Back in the hotel room, Sedona pulled out her laptop and booted it up. She opened her Internet connection, grateful for the hotel’s Wi-Fi access, and typed in www.whitehouse.gov. Two clicks later, she was staring at the president’s public schedule for the week. “Thank God for openness and transparency,” she mumbled.

Fortuitously, the president was on a “barnstorming” tour of the country. Tomorrow, he was scheduled to make stops at a series of colleges and universities across the Northeast and Midwest.

Sedona ran her finger down the screen, until it rested on a planned stop at the State University of New York at Albany. Then she opened a new browser window and pulled up Google Maps. “Handy. One hundred fifty miles and on a train route. Thanks, Mr. President,” she said, around a yawn. She’d been on the move for almost twenty-four hours and worked a full day before that. By her calculation, Sedona hadn’t slept in a prone position for almost two days.

Above Reproach

She could catch an Amtrak train out of Pennsylvania Station tonight, get a hotel room in Albany, and be in position in plenty of time for the president's arrival sometime early in the afternoon. Or she could try to get a good night's sleep here and get on a train first thing. At least that way she'd be alert and not out on her feet.

Would she be safer here or there? Could they already have tracked her to New York? And who the hell were "they?" Sedona set the laptop aside and walked to the windows to peek out at the city lights twinkling against the evening sky. If only she knew who was after her, and what Tuwaitha had to do with it, maybe she could make some sense of all of this.

She rubbed her eyes, her decision made. She would order something from room service, draft a letter to the president and store it on the flash drive, sleep for a few hours, look at the satellite images with fresh eyes, and head to Albany to see the president.

Other Books in Print by Lynn Ames

Beyond Instinct – Book One in the Mission: Classified Series

ISBN: 978-1-936429-02-8

Vaughn Elliott is a member of the State Department's Diplomatic Security Force. Someone high up in the United States government has pulled rank, hand-selecting her to oversee security for a visit by congressional VIPs to the West African nation of Mali. The question is, who picked her for the job and why?

Sage McNally, a career diplomat, is the political officer at the US Embassy in Mali. As control officer for the congressional visit, she is tasked to brief Vaughn regarding the political climate in the region.

The two women are instantly attracted to each other and share a wild night of passion. The next morning, Sage disappears while running, leaving behind signs of a scuffle. Why was Sage taken and by whom? Where is she being held?

Vaughn's attempts to get answers are thwarted at every turn. Even Sage does not know why she's been targeted.

Independently, Sage and Vaughn struggle to make sense of the seemingly senseless. By the time each of them figures it out, it could be too late for Sage.

As the clock ticks inexorably toward the congressional visit, the stakes get even higher, and Vaughn is faced with unspeakable choices. Her decisions will make the difference between life and death. Will she choose duty or her own code of honor?

Eyes on the Stars

ISBN: 978-1-936429-00-4

Jessie Keaton and Claudia Sherwood were as different as night and day. But when their nation needed experienced female pilots, their reactions were identical: heed the call. In early 1943, the two women joined the Women Airforce Service Pilots—WASP—and reported to Avenger Field in Sweetwater, Texas, where they promptly fell head-over-heels in love.

The life of a WASP was often perilous by definition. Being two women in love added another layer of complication entirely, leading to ostracism and worse. Like many others, Jessie and

Claudia hid their relationship, going on dates with men to avert suspicion. The ruse worked well until one seemingly innocent afternoon ruined everything.

Two lives tragically altered. Two hearts ripped apart. And a second chance more than fifty years in the making.

From the airfields of World War II, to the East Room of the Obama White House, follow the lives of two extraordinary women whose love transcends time and place.

Outsiders

ISBN: 978-0-979-92545-0

What happens when you take five beloved, powerhouse authors, each with a unique voice and style, give them one word to work with, and put them between the sheets together, no holds barred?

Magic!!

Brisk Press presents Lynn Ames, Georgia Beers, JD Glass, Susan X. Meagher and Susan Smith, all together under the same cover with the aim to satisfy your every literary taste. This incredible combination offers something for everyone—a smorgasbord of fiction unlike anything you'll find anywhere else.

A Native American raised on the Reservation ventures outside the comfort and familiarity of her own world to help a lost soul embrace the gifts that set her apart. * A reluctantly wealthy woman uses all of her resources anonymously to help those who cannot help themselves. * Three individuals, three aspects of the self, combine to create balance and harmony at last for a popular trio of characters. * Two nomadic women from very different walks of life discover common ground—and a lot more—during a blackout in New York City. * A traditional, old school butch must confront her community and her own belief system when she falls for a much younger transman.

Five authors—five novellas. Outsiders—one remarkable book.

Heartsong

ISBN: 978-0-9840521-3-4

After three years spent mourning the death of her partner in a tragic climbing accident, Danica Warren has re-emerged in the public eye. With a best-selling memoir, a blockbuster movie about

her heroic efforts to save three other climbers, and a successful career on the motivational speaking circuit, Danica has convinced herself that her life can be full without love.

When Chase Crosley walks into Danica's field of vision everything changes. Danica is suddenly faced with questions she's never pondered.

Is there really one love that transcends all concepts of space and time? One great love that joins two hearts so that they beat as one? One moment of recognition when twin flames join and burn together?

Will Danica and Chase be able to overcome the barriers standing between them and find forever? And can that love be sustained, even in the face of cruel circumstances and fate?

One ~ Love, (formerly *The Flip Side of Desire*)

ISBN: 978-0-9840521-2-7

Trystan Lightfoot allowed herself to love once in her life; the experience broke her heart and strengthened her resolve never to fall in love again. At forty, however, she still longs for the comfort of a woman's arms. She finds temporary solace in meaningless, albeit adventuresome encounters, burying her pain and her emotions deep inside where no one can reach. No one, that is, until she meets C.J. Winslow.

C.J. Winslow is the model-pretty-but-aging professional tennis star the Women's Tennis Federation is counting on to dispel the image that all great female tennis players are lesbians. And her lesbianism isn't the only secret she's hiding. A traumatic event from her childhood is taking its toll both on and off the court.

Together Trystan and C.J. must find a way beyond their pasts to discover lasting love.

The Kate and Jay Series

The Price of Fame

ISBN: 978-0-9840521-4-1

When local television news anchor Katherine Kyle is thrust into the national spotlight, it sets in motion a chain of events that will change her life forever. Jamison "Jay" Parker is an intensely career-driven Time magazine reporter. The first time she saw

Kate, she fell in love. The last time she saw her, Kate was rescuing her. That was five years ago , and she never expected to see her again. Then circumstances and an assignment bring them back together.

Kate and Jay's lives intertwine, leading them on a journey to love and happiness, until fate and fame threaten to tear them apart. What is the price of fame? For Kate, the cost just might be everything. For Jay, it could be the other half of her soul.

The Cost of Commitment

ISBN: 978-0-9840521-5-8

Kate and Jay want nothing more than to focus on their love. But as Kate settles into a new profession, she and Jay are caught in the middle of a deadly scheme and find themselves pawns in a larger game in which the stakes are nothing less than control of the country.

In her novel of corruption, greed, romance, and danger, Lynn Ames takes us on an unforgettable journey of harrowing conspiracy—and establishes herself as a mistress of suspense.

The Cost of Commitment—it could be everything...

The Value of Valor

ISBN: 978-0-9840521-6-5

Katherine Kyle is the press secretary to the president of the United States. Her lover, Jamison Parker, is a respected writer for Time magazine. Separated by unthinkable tragedy, the two must struggle to survive against impossible odds...

A powerful, shadowy organization wants to advance its own global agenda. To succeed, the president must be eliminated. Only one person knows the truth and can put a stop to the scheme.

It will take every ounce of courage and strength Kate possesses to stay alive long enough to expose the plot. Meanwhile, Jay must cheat death and race across continents to be by her lover's side...

This hair-raising thriller will grip you from the start and won't let you go until the ride is over.

The Value of Valor—it's priceless.

All Lynn Ames books are available through lynnames.com, from your favorite local bookstore, or through other online venues.

About the Author

An award-winning former broadcast journalist, former press secretary to the New York state senate minority leader, former public information officer for the nation's third largest prison system, and former editor of a national art magazine, Lynn Ames is a nationally recognized speaker and CEO of a public relations firm with a particular expertise in image, crisis communications planning, and crisis management.

Ms. Ames's other works include *The Price of Fame* (Book One in the Kate & Jay trilogy), *The Cost of Commitment* (Book Two in the Kate & Jay trilogy), *The Value of Valor* (winner of the 2007 Arizona Book Award and Book Three in the Kate & Jay trilogy), *One ~ Love* (formerly published as *The Flip Side of Desire*), *Heartsong*, *Eyes on the Stars* (winner of a 2011 Golden Crown Literary award), *Beyond Instinct* (Book One in the Mission: Classified series), and *Outsiders* (winner of a 2010 Golden Crown Literary award).

More about the author, including contact information, news about sequels and other original upcoming works, pictures of locations mentioned in this novel, links to resources related to issues raised in this book, author interviews, and purchasing assistance can be found at www.lynnames.com. You can also friend Lynn on Facebook and follow her on Twitter.

You can purchase other Phoenix Rising Press books online at www.phoenixrisingpress.com or at your local bookstore.



Published by
Phoenix Rising Press
Phoenix, AZ

Visit us on the Web: www.phoenixrisingpress.com