

*All That Lies
Within*

By
Lynn Ames

ALL THAT LIES WITHIN

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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.

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Dedication

To anyone who has ever felt marginalized or misunderstood, know that there are those who really see you and love you for exactly who you are. Let your light shine and show others the way.

Acknowledgments

The impetus for this novel is *Knowledge and Illusion*, a poem I penned in June 2012. It was published in the poetry anthology, *Roses Read*, edited by Beth Mitchum. An excerpt of the poem appears in Chapter Ten and is annotated with an asterisk. For the purposes of the story, I gave author credit to one of my main characters.

As with any of my novels, there are many details that must be factually correct or at least plausible. To my good friend, Audrey Evans, a film veteran who worked on such theatrical releases as *Thelma & Louise*, *Waterworld*, and *Zoolander*, and who provided accurate and essential insights into the workings of a movie set and movie making; to Doctor Jenni Levy, a childhood friend and expert in end-of-life care, who lent realism to some very critical scenes; to Katherine Fugate, screenwriter of such movies as *Valentine's Day* and *New Year's Eve*, who provided an essential bit of information at a crucial moment; to the counter guy at the Carnegie Deli in New York City, the contracts expert at the Writers Guild of America, the librarian at the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, to Laura Nastro, who painted a vivid picture for me of attending a taping of *Late Show with David Letterman*, to the communications assistant at Middlebury College, and my college friend Lisa Kissinger-Kaplan who helped augment my memory of graduation—you all helped me infuse this novel with realism and plausibility and I am forever grateful for the assistance. Any potential inaccuracies in this book belong solely to me.

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, in whom I have absolute, unshakeable trust—thank you for your infinite wisdom and patience. Having you guide my work is such a gift. I always know if you say it's going to be okay, somehow, it will be.

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

Happy reading!

CHAPTER ONE

Wait until you hear this one—”

Dara Thomas held up a hand in protest. “I don’t want to know. Thanks anyway.”

“But this critic says, ‘Her arresting blue eyes and flawless features guarantee any movie’s success. Dara Thomas is box office gold!’”

Dara rose out of the director’s chair with her name embroidered on the back.

“Where are you going?”

“Back to my trailer to work on my lines.”

“But you haven’t heard what they said about you in this week’s *Enquirer*.”

Dara sighed audibly and walked away. She pushed open the door leading from the sound stage and squinted into the midday sun, only to see her co-star, Luther Rollins, heading directly toward her. “Well, now my day is complete.”

“Dara, sweetheart, when are you ever going to admit that you’re madly in love with me? Or at least in lust? Your looks, my physique... Just think of the beautiful babies we’d make! Well, we wouldn’t make babies, of course, cuz I’d wear a condom, but...”

“I don’t know how I could resist such a...touching...offer. But I’ll try.” Dara continued on her way without breaking stride.

Once inside her spacious trailer on the Warner Brothers lot, she leaned back against the door and closed her eyes. She inhaled deeply through her nose and exhaled through her mouth until she found that peaceful place within—the place where she wasn’t Dara Thomas, movie star, the place where she was just herself.

Since her next scene wasn't scheduled to shoot for a couple of hours, Dara plopped down on the sofa and picked up her laptop. She booted up, entered her password, and opened a file in Microsoft Word. After re-reading a few paragraphs, Dara began to type, at once lost in what she was doing.

She kept on typing until a knock on the trailer door startled her.

"Ms. Thomas? Two minutes."

"Oh. Really? Okay. Be right there." Dara checked the time on her laptop. Was it really possible that two hours had passed? She saved the document with the five new pages she'd written. Pleased with her progress, she backed up the file to a flash drive, shut down the laptop, and packed everything away in her briefcase. She would be shooting for the remainder of the day, so there wouldn't be any more time to spend on the project.

She rolled her shoulders to relieve the tension of sitting hunched over the computer and shrug off the remnants of the world in which she'd been immersed. She closed her eyes and took in a deep breath, mentally transforming herself back into Oscar-nominated actress Dara Thomas. Then she adjusted her posture to mirror that of the character she was playing in the movie. "Show time."



"Come in, it's open."

A moment later, Carolyn Detweiler dropped her keys and briefcase on the kitchen island and stood with her hands on her hips, waiting for her best friend to look up from the laptop.

"What?" Dara finally said.

"What? That's what you've got to say?"

Seeing Dara's furrowed brow, Carolyn sighed in exasperation at her evident confusion. "How did you know I wasn't some crazy stalker person?"

Dara uncurled her long legs from underneath her, turned to put her bare feet on the floor, and placed the laptop on the coffee table. "Well, sweetheart, you're the only one I'm expecting, and I had a perfect view of you from the comfort of my couch."

Dara spun the laptop around so Carolyn could see it. On the screen was a series of boxes, with views of the driveway and every entrance to Dara's new haven, a getaway beach house.

“If you push this little button here”—Dara manipulated the mouse over a command on the toolbar—“it unlocks the front door. So you see? I didn’t unlock the door until I knew it was you. Feel better now?”

Carolyn came around the coffee table and kissed Dara on the cheek, then sat down on the couch next to her. “Much.” She cast her eyes around the space, taking in the wall of glass that overlooked the ocean with the sliding glass doors in the center, the exposed beams, and the airy openness of the layout, and whistled. “I like the new digs.”

“Yeah?”

“Mm-hmm. Very nice, indeed. Good thing you’re the sexiest woman alive and the movie business is paying well these days.” Carolyn realized her mistake too late, fumbling on the last two words when she saw the pained expression on Dara’s face.

“It certainly is a good thing. I mean, how else could I ever earn such a lucrative living if it wasn’t for ‘the face that launched one thousand men’s fantasies?’” Dara stood and walked to the glass doors.

Carolyn walked up behind her and wrapped her arms around Dara. “I’m sorry, sweetie. You know I didn’t mean it that way. You’re the most intelligent and accomplished person I know. You want to be a rocket scientist instead? I’m sure we could polish up the old résumé and make that happen.” She could feel Dara’s sigh against the cheek she had pressed between Dara’s shoulder blades. “Forgive me?”

Dara turned in Carolyn’s loose embrace and kissed her on the top of the head. “Always.”

Carolyn gave one more squeeze for good measure and dropped her arms to her side. “Besides, I think you’re going to love me again when I tell you the news.”

“You could’ve told me over the phone or via Skype, you know.”

“I know, but where’s the fun in that?” Carolyn retrieved her briefcase from the kitchen island and walked back to the couch, motioning Dara to join her. She pulled out a sheaf of papers and fanned them out on the coffee table.

Dara leaned over and began to read. After several minutes, she looked up at Carolyn, her eyes wide. “Are they serious?”

“As a heart attack.”

Dara reverently ran her fingers over the pages. “For real?”

“Absolutely. They loved the last book so much they want to lock Constance Darrow into another three-book deal.”

“And they gave us what we wanted on the e-book royalties?”

Carolyn nodded, pleased to see the child-like glee in Dara’s expression. “The film rights too.”

“Why?”

“Why?” The question caught Carolyn off-guard.

“Every other writer is fighting tooth and nail to get a publisher to give them a fair piece of the electronic market, and we don’t even have to break a sweat?” Dara scanned the contract again. “So yeah, why are they giving us this without so much as an argument?”

Carolyn laughed. “Do the words ‘Pulitzer Prize for Fiction’ mean anything to you?”

“Well, yes, they mean something to me. The question is, do they mean that much to the money men who carped about poor book sales?”

“Having Constance Darrow in their stable of writers gives the publisher credibility. It gives them gravitas. They don’t care if she makes money for them.”

Dara shook her head. “No. They always care about the bottom line.”

“True. But in this case, they assume Constance Darrow’s presence draws in other authors they want to land.”

“So, they figure giving Constance movie rights and e-books won’t amount to much; therefore, they aren’t risking much financially and they keep her happy?”

“Pretty much.” Carolyn slid the papers out of Dara’s hands. “It’s a really good deal.”

“What about the personal appearance clause? Are they still insistent that they need to meet the author face-to-face and that she needs to do interviews? Or have they given up on that?”

“I reminded them that the mystery surrounding Constance builds her image as an enigmatic recluse, and it enhances the buzz. The fact that no one has ever photographed or seen her, that she refuses to do interviews or social media of any kind, that she works through a representative and not even her publisher has met or spoken directly to her, that she didn’t even accept the prized

Pulitzer in person... All that makes her even more inscrutable and appealing.”

Dara pursed her lips. “They bought that?”

“Read the contract. It’s written right in there. No public appearances required, no social media—nothing.”

“Okay. Sign it.”

“Yeah?”

Dara smiled that million-dollar smile. “Yeah. Why not? Besides, Constance is halfway through the next manuscript.”

“I can’t wait to read it.”



Professor of American Literature Rebecca Minton distractedly tucked a strand of hair behind her ear and turned the page of the hardcover sitting open on her cluttered desk. Gradually, she became aware of someone standing in the doorway. She smiled and looked up, assuming it was one of her students stopping by, even though posted office hours wouldn’t begin for another thirty minutes. When she realized that it wasn’t a student at all but her ex-girlfriend, her smile became a pained frown.

“What do you want, Cynthia? And why couldn’t you have asked for it over the phone like a normal person?”

“Because, dearest, you don’t take my calls anymore. Remember?” Cynthia sashayed the rest of the way into the office and looked Rebecca up and down as she wiggled into one of the visitor chairs.

“You needn’t have bothered to sit down. You’re not going to be here that long.”

“Tsk, tsk. To think, you so used to look forward to my impromptu office visits. Some of the hottest sex we ever had took place right here, on this desk.” Cynthia trailed her fingers across the glossy wood surface.

Despite her best efforts, Rebecca felt a blush creeping up her neck. She cleared her throat and shifted in her seat. “What do you want? Or did you just come here to reminisce? Because if you came here to relive old times, any happy memories I might have had of us went out the window when I found you in bed with our landscaper. What a cliché.”

Cynthia threw her head back and laughed. She ran her fingers through her luxurious hair, a move Rebecca knew well.

“There was a time when that would’ve worked. That time is long past.”

Without warning, Cynthia leaned forward and snatched the still-open book off the desk. This time the laugh was more of a cackle. “Well, dearest, perhaps if you had paid more attention to me and less attention to your obsession with Constance Darrow, I wouldn’t have needed to look elsewhere for...entertainment.”

Rebecca reached out and grabbed the book back. Through clenched teeth she managed, “I’ll ask again. What do you want?”

Cynthia sat back and crossed her long legs, revealing quite a bit of skin. “I want the rest of my things.”

“You already got everything that belonged to you. Now get out.”

“Not true, dearest. How about those lovely three-carat diamond earrings you bought me last Christmas?”

“You’re the one who left them behind. I believe you said, and I quote, ‘Keep them. I’m sure I can get plenty more where those came from.’”

Cynthia waved her hand dismissively. “I was just hurt, that’s all.”

Rebecca narrowed her eyes, the pieces finally clicking into place. “You’re broke.”

Cynthia opened her mouth to speak, but what came out was a squeak.

“You want the earrings so you can sell them for cash. What’s the matter, did the flavor-of-the-month kick you out?”

“You don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Is that so? Try this on for size. Get out of my office now, before I have security throw you out.” When Cynthia didn’t move immediately, Rebecca picked up the phone.

“All right, all right. I’m going. Besides, I have a date.”

As Cynthia sauntered out the door, Rebecca muttered, “Heaven help the next victim.”



Dara sank into her favorite chair. Fleetinglly, she wished she was spending the night at the beach house instead of here, but this

was so much closer to the studio and her call for the morning was so early, the commute was impractical. She laid her head back and closed her eyes, letting the soothing jazz music from the sound system ease the stress from her tight muscles.

The day's filming ran over by four hours, the director was cranky because the fading daylight forced him to alter shots he had planned, and the subsequent adjustments required Dara and her co-stars to improvise dialogue, a fact that made the screenwriters apoplectic.

Tomorrow's schedule already was tight. Now Dara was waiting for the e-mail to arrive with the new script changes she would have to memorize before arriving on set at five a.m. She opened her eyes, yawned, and stretched her arms over her head, simultaneously rotating her upper torso to relieve the pressure in her upper back and neck. As she did so, she noticed the thick manila envelope her housekeeper had left for her on the coffee table. She smiled at the sight of Carolyn's neat, precise handwriting.

Once a week, Carolyn forwarded some of Constance Darrow's carefully screened fan mail to Dara. Every once in a while, when time allowed, Dara/Constance would type out a reply and send it to Carolyn so that it would go out postmarked from New York.

Dara hefted the envelope in her hands and slit open the seal to peer inside. Carolyn's usual handwritten note was on top of the pile.

My dearest Constance <g>,

I'm sorry that this week's pile is so thick. I culled out the dreck as best I could, knowing how busy your schedule is at the moment and wanting to spare you extra work.

There is one letter in here I think you'll find of special interest. It's from a professor of American literature. She's apparently quite a fan. At any rate, her points seem highly intelligent and cogent. Her name is Rebecca Minton and her letter is first in the pile.

Have fun, darling. Talk soon. C.

Dara noted the embossed seal of Middlebury College above the words, "Department of English and American Literatures" and raised an eyebrow. Middlebury was an excellent liberal arts college, famous for the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, the oldest

writers' conference in America, and for the Bread Loaf School of English. The same School of English that had turned down an application from a very young and eager, up-and-coming writer named Dara Thomas. That was years ago, before she adopted the nom de plume Constance Darrow, and long before she went to Hollywood.

"I'll try not to hold a grudge."

Just as Dara opened the envelope, her computer chimed announcing the arrival of the new pages. She sighed. Rebecca Minton would have to wait. Dara Thomas, movie star, had lines to learn.



Rebecca's hands trembled as she turned the letter over and over. She hadn't dared hope that she'd hear back from Constance Darrow...and within several weeks too. She ran her fingers over the return address, which was ridiculous, she knew, since it wasn't even hand-written and it was only a post office box in New York.

"Oh, for goodness sake. Just open it and stop being a school girl."

Rebecca reached for the letter opener and made a neat slit along the top of the envelope. The paper was standard-issue letterhead, with the name Constance Darrow and the same address from the outside of the envelope centered at the top.

As she scanned the contents, she realized with a jolt that there was more than one page. Constance Darrow, Pulitzer Prize-winning author, had taken the time to write Rebecca a multi-page letter.

Ms. Minton,

Thank you for taking the time to write. I'm so pleased that you've chosen to key in on the complexity of the metaphor of weather for the condition of the human soul. I agree with you that this is critical to understanding the motivations of the protagonists throughout the novel.

However, I take issue with your assessment of Harold. I am intrigued that you characterized his relationship with God as one of disappointment. You are correct that he is a middle-aged man struggling to find and follow his path. The loss of his wife has left him questioning things he, heretofore, took for granted.

But, compelling as your thoughts on the subject are, I disagree with your conclusion. To my mind, Harold has not stopped believing in God. He's simply trying to reconcile what he knows of God and Heaven with his own personal experience, which seem to him to be at odds. I'm interested to hear your response to this interpretation...

Rebecca raised an eyebrow. Was Constance Darrow inviting her to continue their dialogue? She reread the passage. It certainly appeared that way. Rebecca squealed and held the letter to her chest. She wondered how long was appropriate to wait before replying. As she'd never replied to an author before, she was unaware of the protocol. Was there one?

"Rebecca, you're not some fan girl. You're a grown woman, a tenured professor of American literature. Act like it." Still, she couldn't help but wonder about the woman whose prose she so admired. She told herself it was because she was teaching some of Constance's works this semester, though she knew the interest went far deeper than that.

Rebecca had googled Constance, researched her copyrights with the Library of Congress, written to her publisher, her agent, and anyone else she could find who seemed remotely connected to the mysterious Ms. Darrow, explaining that she needed the information for the course she was teaching. And she'd come up completely empty. No one would tell her anything about Constance, and not a single picture of her existed anywhere that Rebecca could find. Apart from a bibliography of her work, a brief biography, and a vague description of a difficult and lonely childhood, Constance Darrow was as amorphous as a cloud.

Regretfully, Rebecca folded the letter and returned it to its envelope. Her senior seminar students would be filing into class at any moment. Rebecca locked the letter in her desk drawer, gathered up her lecture notes, and tried to get the enigma that was Constance Darrow out of her mind.



"And, that's a wrap, people! Nice job," the director called.

The cast and crew broke into applause. Dara, who just had finished an emotionally grueling scene, blew out an explosive

breath and rubbed the sore spot in the back of her neck. She blinked away the tears that had been required for the scene and looked around at the people she'd spent so many hours and days with over the course of the twelve-week shoot. They weren't a bad lot, really. But there wasn't one of them who knew the first thing about who Dara Thomas was, which made this set just like every other one she'd been on.

"Hey, pretty thing. Are you coming to the wrap party?" Luther Rollins sidled up to Dara and slipped his arm around her waist. "Leading man and his on-screen love. It'd make for great headlines."

Dara twisted out of Luther's grasp. Despite the smile still plastered on her face, she allowed the ice to show in her eyes. "I don't think so, Luther."

Then she walked away. *Not if you were the last man left on Earth.* Indeed, she would have to make an appearance at the wrap party; after all, she was the female lead and it would be bad form not to attend, but she would arrive solo, as she always did.

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* (winner of a 2012 Golden Crown Literary Award and Book One in the Mission: Classified series), *Above Reproach*, Book Two 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.

Other Books in Print by Lynn Ames

The Mission: Classified Series

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?

Above Reproach – Book Two in the Mission: Classified Series

ISBN: 978-1-936429-04-2

Sedona Ramos is a dedicated public servant. Fluent in three languages, with looks that allow her to pass for Hispanic, Native American, or Middle Eastern, she is a valuable asset to the super-secret National Security Agency. When she accidentally stumbles upon a mysterious series of satellite images revealing activity at a shuttered nuclear facility in war-torn Iraq, somebody wants her dead.

With danger lurking at every turn and not knowing who among her colleagues might be involved, Sedona risks her life to get the information to the one person she can trust—the president.

The implications of Sedona's discovery are clear and quite possibly catastrophic. Potential suspects include foreign terrorists, high-ranking Cabinet members, and assorted others. Whomever the president picks for this mission must be above reproach.

Vaughn Elliott is enjoying her self-imposed isolation on a remote island, content to live in quiet anonymity. But when old friend Katherine Kyle brings an urgent SOS from the president of the United States, duty trumps comfort.

Time is of the essence. Vaughn, Sedona, and a hand-picked team of ex-operatives and specialists must figure out what's really going on outside Baghdad, stop it, and unmask the forces behind the plot. If they fail at any point along the way, it could mean the loss of millions of lives.

Will Vaughn and company unravel the mysteries in time? The trail of clues stretches from the Middle East to Washington. The list of people who want to kill them is long. And the stakes have never been higher...

Stand-Alone Romances

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.

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.

Anthology Collections

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.

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