

“This story had my heart tied in knots and my mind racing a million miles an hour. Rohman has taken the romantic suspense genre and given it a bit of a twist to produce something eloquent and unforgettable.”



REBECCA ROHMAN

**MEDIA
KIT**

WWW.REBECCAROHMAN.COM



“Her writing will hold you captive from the very first until the very last page. She has an amazing ability to make you feel involved with the characters and awake every emotion in you through her writing.”

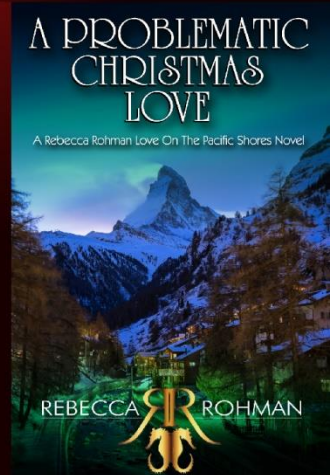
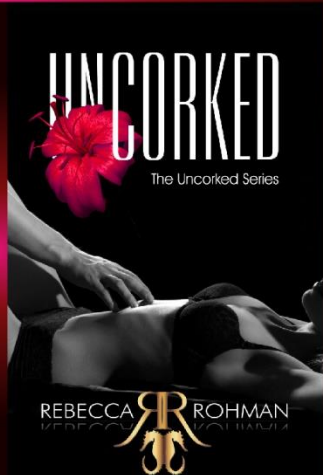


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Short Bio

Rebecca Rohman, an acclaimed author in Romantic Suspense and Contemporary Romance, captivates readers with her heartfelt and vivid storytelling. Her journey began unexpectedly in her late teens, but it wasn't until 2013 that she debuted with *Uncorked*. Known for her richly detailed scenes and complex characters—including animals, her novels are known for their descriptiveness, intricate plots, and a blend of romance, tension, and drama. Rebecca's works are also renowned for their steaminess and sexy dynamics between her heroes and heroines, exploring the depths of love, trust, and human relationships, often set in exotic locales with diverse characters. Beyond writing, she is passionate about design and community involvement, actively supporting breast cancer awareness and autism initiatives. Her novels, including the popular *Love, Lies & The D.A.*, have deeply resonated with readers, earning her a cherished place in the literary world.

Long Bio

Rebecca Rohman, an acclaimed author in the genres of Romantic Suspense, Contemporary Romance, Multi-Cultural Romance, and Interracial Romance, captivates readers with her engaging and heartfelt storytelling. Rebecca has made a significant impact in the literary world, weaving intricate tales that explore the depths of love, trust, and the complexities of human relationships.

Rebecca's journey into the world of writing began unexpectedly. Fifteen years before the release of her debut novel *Uncorked*, Rebecca started writing purely for her own entertainment while she was in her late teens. At that time, she had no aspirations of becoming an author; it was simply a hobby. However, a significant life event propelled her toward her true calling. In early 2010, after a major move, Rebecca discovered that most of her files on an external drive were lost, except for a few. Among the salvaged files was a story she had started years earlier, titled *First Story*.

Encouraged by her husband, who is a professor and author himself, Rebecca decided to finish the story, viewing the file's survival as a sign. This decision marked the beginning of her writing career. In 2013, she released *Uncorked*, followed by *Love, Lies & The D.A.* in 2014. Since then, Rebecca has authored a total of 15 novels, with her latest novella, *Love On San Juan Island*, released on June 25, 2024. She continues to write, currently working on a new series that promises to enchant her readers further.

Among Rebecca's notable works, *Love, Lies & The D.A.* stands out as her most popular novel. The story follows Jada McLean, who, nine days before her wedding, discovers her fiancé in a compromising position. Seeking a fresh start, she encounters the handsome yet aloof Jonathan Kole, San Francisco's newest District Attorney. Their unexpected attraction gets complicated as

Jada becomes embroiled in a high-profile legal case, with Jonathan presiding over her trial, and Jonathan's father representing Jada in the case. Their journey is filled with ethical dilemmas and emotional turmoil, captivating readers with its intense narrative.

Rebecca's writing style is distinguished by its vivid descriptiveness, often employing a first-person and dual perspectives to draw readers into her characters' innermost thoughts and emotions. Her books are known for their steaminess and sexy dynamics between the hero and heroine, set in exotic locales, featuring racially diverse characters—including those on four legs. She excels in creating tension and suspense, seamlessly blending romance with dramatic elements. Her works frequently explore themes of love, trust, and personal growth, set against the backdrop of criminal elements and diverse cultural contexts.

Rebecca's stories are known for their richly detailed scenes and well-developed characters. She often crafts intricate plots that keep readers on the edge of their seats, wondering what will happen next. Her ability to depict the nuances of human relationships with authenticity and sensitivity is a hallmark of her writing.

Beyond her writing, Rebecca is passionate about giving back to the community. She has been actively involved in raising funds for breast cancer awareness and LIFT 4 Autism. Through events and initiatives, Rebecca has used her platform to support important causes, demonstrating her commitment to making a positive difference in the world.

When Rebecca is not writing, she loves traveling and indulges in her love for design, whether it's interior, graphic, or event design. During the holiday season, which is her favorite time of the year, she runs a holiday decorating business. She also enjoys tennis, painting, and photography, finding creative inspiration in these activities. Her passion for design and travel often influences the

settings and scenes in her novels, adding an extra layer of authenticity and richness to her storytelling.

Rebecca's latest release, *Love On San Juan Island*, has been well-received by her readers. She is currently working on a new, yet-to-be-named book that features beloved characters from her *Love On The Pacific Shores* series. Rebecca's dedication to her craft and her ability to continuously engage and surprise her readers ensure that her upcoming works will be eagerly anticipated.

Rebecca Rohman's journey from writing for fun to becoming a celebrated author is a testament to her resilience and passion. Her ability to create compelling stories that resonate deeply with readers, with a mix of steaminess and genuine connection, has solidified her place in the world of romance literature. As she continues to explore new themes and narratives, Rebecca remains a beloved figure in the literary community, inspiring and enchanting readers with each new release.

Book List

Love On The Pacific Shores Series

1. Love, Lies & The D.A.
2. Love M.D.
3. A Problematic Love
4. Love, Lies & A Bleu Christmas
5. The Painful Side Of Love
6. Love On High Steel Bridge
7. One More Chance At Love
8. A Problematic Christmas Love
9. An Inopportune Love
10. An Unrelenting Love
11. Love On San Juan Island

Facets Of Love Series

1. Falling For His Subject
2. Fighting For His Subject

The Uncorked Series

1. Uncorked
2. Unravel

Love On The Pacific Shores

Step into the captivating world of Rebecca Rohman's *Love On The Pacific Shores Series*, where the lives of the Kole, Drake, Ros, and Kang families unfold against the stunning backdrop of Pacific coast cities like San Francisco and Seattle.

Experience the excitement from the very beginning with the first book, *Love, Lies & The D.A.*, available for FREE. Follow each family as they navigate challenges, both personal and criminal, that threaten their bonds of love and loyalty. From facing dangerous adversaries to overcoming new obstacles years later, these couples reveal their resilience in the face of adversity.

Delve into the series where beloved characters return in novellas, offering deeper insights into their lives and relationships years later. As you explore their journeys, you'll encounter familiar faces from previous books, weaving a rich tapestry of interconnected stories that will keep you eagerly turning the pages.

Immerse yourself in the blend of romance and suspense that has captivated readers worldwide. Whether you're a longtime fan or new to the series, discover why *Love On The Pacific Shores* is a must-read for anyone who enjoys compelling storytelling and heartfelt drama.

Start your adventure with *Love, Lies & The D.A.*, FREE, the first book in the series that sets the stage for an unforgettable journey along the Pacific shores.

LOVE, LIES & THE D.A.

A Rebecca Rohman Love On The Pacific Shores Novel



REBECCA  ROHMAN

Love, Lies & The D.A.

Synopsis

Jada McLean is about to get married in nine days when she walks in on her fiancé in a little more than a compromising position. Days later, she's on a trip that she intends to be relaxing and a prelude to her fresh start when she runs into the rude, obnoxious, but gorgeous Jonathan Kole.

Jonathan Kole is San Francisco's newest District Attorney. When he finds himself deeply attracted to a stunning beauty, he has no idea that she's about to get into BIG trouble with the law—and he'll be the one presiding over her trial. To make matters worse, his father is the lawyer representing her in the high-profile case.

When a series of events force them together over New Year's weekend, Jonathan's feelings and ethics will come into question, while Jada comes to terms with the fact that she is falling for the man that will be responsible for attempting to put her behind bars...Little do they know, they're both about to fall into a whirlwind so deep, it will send both their lives spiraling out of control...

Excerpt

The pretty, young host escorts me to a table for two near a window with panoramic water vistas. Within minutes, a server takes my order. As my café latté arrives, I can't help but overhear a rude exchange between a man and his leggy blonde with the host that escorted me to my seat.

"Look, I reserved that exact seat yesterday," he says.

"I apologize, sir, but that seat is not available," the host replies.

"Well, if you were doing your job in the first place, it would be available to me, wouldn't it?"

"Sir, I'm sorry for the error, but it wasn't written here. If you like, you can wait at the bar where I'll be happy to serve you a complimentary beverage of your choice, or I can accommodate you at an available table now."

I can't help but look to see who this asshole is.

Everything about him smells of money. From the designer jeans that hug his ass, all the way to the Jaeger Reverso watch that graces his wrist. He's hot—probably in his mid to late thirties, tall, broad shoulders, piercing grey eyes, and a head of black hair like I've never seen.

Ordinarily, I might have found him attractive, if only he would just shut up.

Everything he says to that poor young girl, who has tried so hard to rectify someone else's mistake, pisses me off. He's been nothing but rude and condescending. As I look up, my eyes land straight on his. Then I realize they're all looking my way. I turn around to look behind me, but there is no one. Then it dawns on me that he's arguing with the host about my seat.

My meal arrives. I mind my business, and I proceed to enjoy it. Before I know it, I see him approaching my table. I pretend not to notice and focus all my attention on my lemon ricotta pancakes before me, but within seconds, he stands beside me.

“Excuse me, my name is Jonathan Kole. Would you mind terribly if you were seated elsewhere?”

My eyes travel across my pancakes to his broad thighs, to his crotch, and to what I suspect is an extremely trimmed stomach beyond his black ribbed sweater. Then I stare into his grey eyes in silence.

“You see, my girlfriend and I met right here at this table a year ago, and I wanted to propose to her. Here. Today.”

“Actually, Jonathan, I do mind. Seeing that I’m enjoying my meal, surely you wouldn’t mind waiting until I’m done. Or perhaps you can let that polite host, who has done everything possible to accommodate you, have you seated elsewhere.”

“Do you have any idea who I am?” he asks.

Asshole! Your name might sound familiar but who cares...

“No. You could be the king of England, and I wouldn’t give a damn.”

“Who the hell do you think you are?”

“You really want to know?” I ask quietly.

He lowers his head slightly, as if he’s seriously interested.

“I am a woman who walked in on her fiancé screwing her best friend one week before her wedding, so forgive me if I’m not in a sentimental mood.”

His mouth drops open at my response.

“Now, if you’ll excuse me, Mr. Kole, I’d really like to enjoy my brunch.”

Reviews

“The fact that Rohman writes this story in the 1st person, present solidifies the urgency present throughout the story. This story had my heart tied in knots and my mind racing a million miles an hour. Rohman has taken the romantic suspense genre and given it a bit of a twist to produce something eloquent and unforgettable.”

—Goodreads Reviewer

“You will feel so many emotions with this book. Happy, anger, suspense, sad, heartbroken, Joy, I can honestly say five stars isn’t enough.”

—Goodreads Reviewer

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Rebecca Rohman

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- Romantic Suspense
- Contemporary Romance
- Multi-Cultural Romance
- Interracial Romance

Target Audience:

Women 25 – 65 Years Old

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- Australia
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- [Amazon](#)
- [Apple](#)
- [Barnes & Noble](#)
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LOVE M.D.

A Rebecca Rohman Love On The Pacific Shores Novel



REBECCA  ROHMAN

Love M.D.

Synopsis

As an accomplished interior designer in San Francisco's Bay Area, Zoë Jenkins is used to transforming empty spaces into masterpieces. She leaves little square footage in her personal life for anything outside of her thriving business and a renewed relationship with her twin brother. After a decade spent ripped apart by circumstance and an entire ocean's distance, she depends on no one but him. Until a sexy surgeon walks into her life.

Although Zoë can't deny her attraction to the charming and benevolent Morgan Drake, he's on her mental list of everything she should avoid. Past experience taught Zoë that dating clients compromises business. Add a not-yet-dissolved marriage to the mix and *Doctor Hottie* is definitely *Doctor Off-Limits*.

Dr. Morgan Drake is surprised at the undeniable chemistry he feels when he's in the same room as Zoë. The strikingly beautiful and solitary designer he hired to fill his new-start, new-city home makes it abundantly clear there will never be anything between them. But twelve years of medical school breeds persistence. He sets out to persuade the pants off Zoë Jenkins and show her what her empty spaces are missing.

Intense passion and amazing sex have a way of masking secrets—secrets that unravel a dangerous web of fraud, corruption and conspiracy that turn Zoë's quiet spaces into a world where nothing is as it seems. With her life on the line, the good doctor responsible for her fiercest betrayal might just be the only one worthy of her finest interior masterpiece—this time, of her heart.

Excerpt

How will we communicate while you're away?"

"There's a twelve hour time difference, so mornings and evenings will be best. I'll be in surgery during the day."

"Surgery? All the way on the other side of the world?"

"Yes. I lead a mobile clinic that travels to third world countries to perform surgery on kids with cleft palates and lips."

Awww. "That's amazing." A flicker of warmth radiates through my chest as he speaks. "You're very passionate about this."

"I am." He stares into my eyes, and I hold his gaze. It occurs to me what an incredibly huge heart he must have to dedicate part of his life to this cause. The air between us intensifies. I feel a pull between us, and I look away.

"So? Email? Skype?" I ask, taking down some nondescript notes.

"Sure. Let me get you all the information and the alarm codes. May I?" he asks, referring to the notepad in front of me. I hand it to him and he scribbles down the details.

"Will anyone have access to the house during your absence?"

"No, just you. The gardeners have access to the grounds but not inside."

"Have a safe trip tomorrow," I say as he escorts me to the door.

"I'll try to have as much as possible done by the time you return."

"Great. Maybe when I get back, I can take you to dinner?"

A tinge of excitement quivers in my chest, but I keep a straight face. "Thank you for the offer, Doctor Drake, but one—you're still married, and two—I don't date my clients."

“My divorce will be final in four weeks. Perhaps I need to pay you for your time here tonight and find some other designer. That way you’ll have no excuse to turn me down.”

“You’re persistent.”

“I usually get what I want.” He smiles with a cute, boyish grin.

“And what? I’m the commodity you *think* you’re going to have, Doctor Drake?” I retort in amusement.

“I think you’re way too beautiful and classy a lady for me to ever think of you as a commodity.”

Anyone else saying that might have come across as rude and obnoxious, but the sweet spark in his eye that accompanies his statement leaves me trying to suppress my blush.

“You know, were you not my client, I may not have had such a tamed response.”

“Please, Miss Jenkins, don’t feel the need to suppress how you *really* feel just because of the nature of our relationship.”

“Good night, Doctor Drake,” I reply curtly.

“That’s Morgan to you.”

I walk away but don’t give him any satisfaction of turning around to look at him. A slight grin slips loose.

Reviews

“Rebecca Rohman’s writing is poignant and profound. It makes you feel incredible emotions for the characters. She always puts me through the emotional ringer. It is a testament to her writing that she is able to make me feel those intense emotions. As a reader, you become invested in the characters. Characters that become your friend, your family, and even your lover ;) But you feel this immense closeness to them and

should something go wrong, your instincts kick in. You definitely want to run to their defence and fight for them. And that has everything to do with the writing. It is Rebecca's elegant words that wash over you and call you into the world she conjures with each sentence she forms. There is drama, suspense, action, steamy moments, cute and tender scenes, and love. Everything you could possibly want in a good story."

—Goodreads Reviewer

"Let me just start off by saying that if I could give this book 10 stars I would! I absolutely loved Love, Lies & The D.A., and I have been eagerly awaiting this book! To say that it was worth the wait would be a major understatement!"

—Goodreads Reviewer

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Rebecca Rohman

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- Romantic Suspense
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- Interracial Romance

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A PROBLEMATIC LOVE

A Rebecca Rohman Love On The Pacific Shores Novel



REBECCA  ROHMAN

A Problematic Love

Synopsis

Eight years after her fiancé was murdered, attorney Megan Kole has fully reconciled two areas of her life: her intelligent son, who never knew his father, and the thriving law practice that is her late father's legacy. The remainder of Megan's world stalled in a paralyzing grief that she effectively compartmentalized until a transfer to Seattle brings a handsome, mysterious billionaire into her life.

Daemon Ros has been an outcast since the day he was born. His parents' lavish but emotionally-vacant lifestyle prompted him to assert his financial independence at a young age. His ailing brother is the only connection he allows to penetrate the vault he has built around his heart, until a devoted mom and her precocious son introduce him to the true meaning of family bonds.

But a chance legal encounter where Megan acts as mediator in a Ros family business dispute leads to far more than either expected. When a shocking truth leads to a love affair between Megan and Daemon that is forbidden in every conceivable way, the barely-restrained chemistry that scorches between them threatens an injunction on everything and everyone they hold dear. As pasts cross, memories threaten, and lies surface in a trial far more deadly than anything inside a courtroom, an arbitration of the heart could prove the only way for them both to make it out alive.

Excerpt

The next morning, as I head up the elevator to my office, my cell phone rings. I don't recognize the number.

"Good morning, Megan Kole speaking."

"Ms. Kole." A male voice comes across at the other end of the line. "This is Min-jae Kang here. I'm calling on behalf of Mr. Daemon Ros."

"Yes?"

"He has an hour available at noon today."

Oh. So he's in the US. "So soon?"

"Is that a problem? He's leaving the country soon. I'm not sure if he'll be available any time in the near future."

"No. Not at all. Where?"

"The Presidential Suite at the Four Seasons."

"Fantastic. I look forward to meeting him then." I end the call.

The elevator doors open, and Juliette is the first person I see.

"Morning. Get Jacob and see me in my office now, please."

"We'll be right there."

I call Theodore Ros while walking to my office.

"Megan, I'm pleased to hear from you so soon. Do you have an update?"

"Yes. Daemon has agreed to meet with us, and his lawyer will also be present."

"You *are* good. I didn't think you'd be able to pull this off. When?"

"Noon, at the Four Seasons."

“That’s too soon. I’ll be boarding a jet in two hours.”

“Mr. Ros, I cannot impress enough how important it is that you are present. He is expecting both of us.”

“I wish I could, but I have a prior engagement that can’t be changed,” he says sternly. “That is why I pay you... so that you can handle this. You know what I want. Just get it.”

“Frankly Mr. Ros, I was quite surprised that he set up this meeting. I like to go into my meetings prepared. Perhaps we can meet before you leave so that you and I can go over some matters? Maybe you can give me some information about your son so that I can use the right approach when I see him.”

“Fine. See me at my office in fifteen minutes.”

“I’m on my way.”

I grab my bag and laptop case and rush out the door. Juliette and Jacob meet me in the hallway.

“Walk with me,” I say, and they follow. “I have a meeting with Daemon Ros today. Please tell me you found something I can use.”

“He owns a conglomerate in Switzerland worth billions,” Jacob says as the three of us enter the empty elevator. “I’ve left messages with an investigator over there, but I have not heard back from him yet.”

“Look, I need you two to drop everything and find me some angle on Daemon Ros. Email me anything and everything you get. I’ll be checking my phone. I’m heading over to his father’s office right now to see what he can tell me. This meeting may run long, so, Juliette, if I’m not back by 2 o’clock, please pick up Zach from school and make sure he gets his homework done in my office or one of the conference rooms. Also let Hank know where I am, please.”

“Got it,” Juliette responds.

“I cannot stress enough how urgent this is. I tried to do some quick research, but the man doesn’t even have a Facebook page.”
The elevator doors to the underground garage open.

“Consider it done. We’ll work on it,” Juliette says.

I open the door to my BMW 4 Series Gran Coupe and slide behind the wheel. “And I’m beginning to realize by the moment that Mr. Theodore Ros may be a very difficult client. Please communicate via email and text while I’m at his office.”

They both wave as the ignition kicks in. I close the door and drive away.

Theodore Ros’s office feels regal and masculine, with heavy woods and dark colors on the walls. It has the feel of a stately smoking room.

“Mr. Ros will be with you shortly,” an older blonde woman says.
“May I get you a cup of coffee?”

“That would be wonderful, thank you. Black, two sugars please.”

“I’ll be right back,” she says then exits the room.

Twenty minutes later, there is still no sign of Mr. Ros. While I sip on coffee, I peruse the information Juliette and Jacob sent me. Daemon purchased a home on Mercer Island in Washington a few months ago. That does not augur well for my client. It may mean Daemon Ros plans on planting seeds on US territory.

A while later Mr. Ros walks into his office. “Ms. Kole, what can I do for you?”

“Thanks for seeing me. I want to ensure I’m adequately prepared. What can you tell me about Daemon?”

Standing with his hands in his pocket and facing his Mount Rainier view, he responds. “My son can be a very difficult and cold man.”

Difficult just like you...

“He’s greedy and arrogant. Look,” he says, turning to me, “I had hoped it wouldn’t come to this, but if we can’t get him to agree there may be a loophole we can use in court.”

“I don’t anticipate a resolution today. The whole point of mediation is for all parties involved to be present and come to an agreement. I’m hoping that at some point you will be able to meet him. When are you next available?”

“I’m due back next week. Any time you set up with my secretary will be fine.”

“I can open the lines of communication and get the ball rolling, but I suspect his lawyer might advise him against signing anything unless you’re present. You said something about a loophole and court?” I ask curiously.

“Yes. I’d rather not discuss it yet, but if you can’t get him to agree, I’ll talk to you about it later.”

“Mr. Ros, you realize I may be able to put up a better argument on your behalf if I know what I am working with?”

He leans close, his breath reeks of those cigars he likes to smoke. “Let’s put it this way, if I have to ring him dry and drag his ass through the mud, I’ll do that.”

His cold words chill my neck. “I thought you hired me to avoid the courts. Your attitude indicates otherwise.”

“I will do whatever I must to get back control of my company.”

“Mr. Ros, with all due respect, Daemon obtained those shares legally. If you take this to court, you will lose—”

Sitting in his oversized office chair, he says, “Not if you can show that Donovan was not of sound mind when he gave those shares to Daemon.”

“Is there evidence to support that statement? Something you haven’t told me?”

A sinister laugh leaves his lips, but he says nothing.

The icy sliver, once in my neck, skates down my forearms. A dull ache settles in my stomach. “If you really want to retain control of your company, I strongly advise that you do so through mediation or arbitration.”

Leaning back in his chair, he says, “Evidence can appear.”

He’s a tad too nonchalant—like he’s in the habit of doing this.

I remain silent and try to process what I heard. I am beginning to understand what Daemon Ros meant when he said: *It’s obvious to me that you are completely oblivious to the kind of man my father really is.* Unfortunately, the last few minutes has given me some inclination. But he is my client, and I did agree to represent him. I don’t have to like him. Perhaps if I can come to some agreement with his son on his behalf, I can deliver on this case and end all relations with Theodore Ros.

Rising to his feet, he snaps me out of my thoughts. “I’m not certain how successful you will be with my son today, so I suggest you put your team on notice. I have to leave. I’ll be in touch.”

“Is there anything further that I might use to appeal to him? Interests, perhaps? Likes, dislikes, causes? Anything I might use to engage him that isn’t as contentious as the actual topic at hand?”

“No.” Theodore Ros directs me to the door, his grip at my sleeve borderline-aggressive. “I told you, I don’t have time for this. You’ll have to handle it.”

I’m about to respond, but his office door shuts in my face.

What an asshole.

I knock on the Presidential suite door at the Four Seasons and wait. My palms are drenched, and I can't seem to stay still. The door opens.

“You must be Ms. Kole, we've been expecting you. Please come in.” The man is probably my age—early to mid-thirties, Asian, and his hair is in a neat ponytail. He smiles politely. “I'm Min-jae Kang. Please have a seat. Mr. Ros is on a call. He'll see you shortly.”

“Thank you. It's a pleasure,” I respond. I'm too nervous to sit. Everything around me is still so foreign. I stop for a moment to take in the breathtaking water views. Mega cargo ships sail by. To the right, an island looms in the background.

In the distance, I hear indistinct talking. After my phone conversation with Daemon, I'm not sure what to expect. I have no clue how this man is going to behave, especially now that his father decided I should mediate on my own. I hate being so unprepared for this meeting. I am completely out of my comfort zone. Right now, I don't even know what the man looks like.

Min-jae returns. “Ms. Kole, please follow me. Mr. Ros is ready to see you.”

As we approach the room, Mr. Ros's voice becomes clearer. “They're fucking incompetent. Tell the legal department I want the whole management team fired immediately, and tell Schwartz he needs to get on a plane and head over there tonight to begin putting things in place. I'll call you later. I have a meeting.”

The man whom I could only assume is Daemon Ros stands looking out to the view, his back is to me as he ends the call. Chills run through my body.

“Ms. Kole,” he turns to face me.

Blood. Air. Water. All that keeps me alive spirals into a vicious vortex and leaves my body.

Oh my God... it's...

Reviews

“Rebecca Rohman has a brilliant way of telling a story that captures your soul. She grabs you from the start and won't let you go until the very end. With this book you will love, cry, scream, and smile. However, be sure to grab a box of tissues before you start because Rebecca will rip your heart out, but don't worry, she'll put it back together, and you'll be happy for it.”

—Goodreads Reviewer

“I've said it before and I'll say it again- Rebecca Rohman is an author more people need to know about and read. Her books are always amazing; they never disappoint.”

—Goodreads Reviewer

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LOVE, LIES & A BLEU CHRISTMAS

A Rebecca Rohman Love On The Pacific Shores Novel



REBECCA  ROHMAN

Love, Lies & A Bleu Christmas

Synopsis

When Bleu Resorts owner, Jada Kole decided it would be a good idea to keep a secret from her husband, it never once occurred to her that he might have an even more stunning secret than hers.

The last year of Jonathan Kole's life has been marred by complications, pressure and is beyond stressful both at his law firm and at home. Jada being overseas for an extended period doesn't make things any easier to deal with.

But secrets have a way of getting out, add a sultry blonde and a child to the mix and Jada and Jonathan's happily married life quickly turns into a dark shade of bleu. As things fall apart, it turns from bad to worse when one of them ends up on the wrong side of the law and something ominous enters their lives.

With Jada and Jonathan battling problems inside their marriage and things disintegrating in every direction on the outside, will San Francisco's biggest power couple be able to get their lives in order? Or will their world and their child's completely fall to its demise?

Love, Lies & A Bleu Christmas is a follow-up novella to Rebecca Rohman's romantic suspense novel, *Love, Lies & The D.A.* If you enjoy romantic suspense, a bit of steam, and you're looking for something that's real and might hit close to home, look no further, this novella is for you.

Excerpt

Vous avez un cancer du sein.”

Translation: “You have breast cancer.” Four words no woman wants to hear.

It was on the night of the grand opening of my Paris hotel one week ago and after a long day, while taking a shower, I felt a small lump in my right breast.

After several tests and a biopsy, Dr. Benneteau, the oncologist called...

Days later, I still can't get over the shock.

As I stare at the gray clouds that cover the Eiffel Tower, my phone rings, snapping me out of my thoughts. My husband Jonathan's face illuminates my screen.

“Hey, baby. How are my two favorite men in the world?”

“Overwhelmed. I just had a break and I wanted to be sure I checked in with you. Any idea when you're going to be home?”

Not anytime soon.

“Apart from seeing your handsome face and my sweet son for a couple days, I really can't rationalize flying across the Atlantic for two days. I have to head over to Austria to make sure everything is on schedule with the property there.”

“I miss my wife, and Jordan misses his mom.”

My chest aches at the sound of his words. “If you really want, I'll come home but it would be so much less pressure on me if I just stayed.”

He sighs at the end of the line and mumbles a disgruntled, “Okay.”

“It’s not like you’d have time for me either if I came, is it? You couldn’t even make the grand opening of Paris Bleu. All you’ve been telling me is how crazy it has been trying to get everything in place at the various branches of the firm.”

“That’s true. I just miss you that’s all. Things just seem so much easier to handle when you’re here.”

His words warm my heart. “I miss you too. I’ll be home as soon as I am able, I promise. In the meanwhile we always have FaceTime. But don’t you ever forget how much I love you.”

“I love you too, babe. I have to go. I’ll be in touch soon.”

I end the call.

I may not have gotten over the shock of my diagnosis, but from the moment I found the lump, I’ve spent all my time researching it, and I have another appointment with the doctors this afternoon.

Jonathan’s been overwhelmed of late since his sister Megan moved to Switzerland and his right-hand man, Cooper, lost his wife after a battle with—breast cancer. I don’t want to worry him. Besides, it’s just stage two breast cancer...or at least that is what I continue to tell myself.

I have already made up my mind about what I’m going to do—handle it on my own. Have a double mastectomy so this never ever resurfaces again and tell my husband when I get home. That way, the problem will be handled; they’ll see that I’m healthy and we can all just move on with our lives. I’ll be saving them the agony of going through this anyway...

Reviews

Hands down to Rebecca; she is a torture master—because she leaves us hanging at the edge of our seats with our hearts pounding, because she managed to overwhelm me with tons and tons of swirling emotions. It was everything I could've hoped for and then some—I completely loved it!

—Goodreads Reviewer

*By the time I finished *Love, Lies & A Bleu Christmas*, I was an emotional wreck! Never have I read such a book that left me in awe of the writer. I've always known that Rebecca is a very skillful and talented author, but this masterpiece is something very special. I enjoyed every page of this story and experience. I look forward to Rebecca's next work of literary art!*

—Goodreads Reviewer

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- Multi-Cultural Romance
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- [Kobo](#)

THE PAINFUL SIDE OF LOVE

A Rebecca Rohman Love On The Pacific Shores Novel



REBECCA  ROHMAN

The Painful Side Of Love

Synopsis

Mistakes. We all make them. But when is a mistake too big to forgive? What happens when the consequences of our mistakes are so disastrous, they cause excruciating pain to everyone we hold near and dear?

San Francisco's Dr. Morgan Drake makes one mistake. One colossal mistake that could cost him everything and everyone he loves—including himself.

When interior designer, Zoë Drake sees small changes in her husband, her investigations point to a mammoth problem. The happy marriage and great relationship they share quickly begin to evaporate. What's worse—it's all happening when Zoë's going through some changes of her own—at a time when she might need Morgan the most.

With a husband who is at times completely absent, a child who increasingly blames himself for his parents' issues, and a cryptic call that introduces the element of danger and fear, Zoë will soon realize that there is a painful side of love. As their world falls apart will there be anything that can secure their bond, or will this chapter of their lives come to a catastrophic end?

Excerpt

I know who killed your mother. I know the person responsible for your mother's death."

I heard those words minutes before I headed into the O.R.

Now, after making a critical mistake, I watch my fellow co-workers—surgeons and nurses, frantically try to repair the damage that I've done.

I'm in another world as I watch them struggling to save five-year-old Lily's life. Then, the constant beep turns into an intermittent beep, beep, beep.

A loud, collective sigh leaves everyone's lips.

Dr. Manning, a surgeon who is also the Chief of Surgery, looks at me. "We can handle it from here."

I hear his words but I'm not able to move.

"You should leave," he continues. A sharp edge comes through his words as he glances at me over the gold metal rim of his glasses.

I take a deep breath then head to the sink to remove my gloves and wash off the thick blood that drips from my hands.

After, I still feel compelled to stick through this with little Lily, but the cold stare from Dr. Manning forces me to leave.

I head into the observation room where interns usually sit and watch. Today, it's empty.

Minutes later, I gaze through the glass window, listening and watching little Lily battle her way through this.

Then...

The constant prolonged beep returns.

“She’s crashing,” one of the nurses shouts.

I leap from my seat and return to the O.R. I know I have to fix this.

One massive shock after the next, they try to revive her, but nothing. Then another, then another but nothing...

I rush to the table to revive her myself but my efforts are useless. I continue...and continue...until two surgeons pull me away.

“Time of death—4:44 p.m.,” the dreaded words come.

My heart spirals and crashes into a massive explosion to the floor. I *know* my mistake caused this.

Two nurses place a white sheet over her as I look on. Dr. Manning removes his gloves, washes his hands and stops next to me before he exits the room. “I’m going to see her parents. Make sure you’re in my office when I get there.”

“I should be—”

“No, you shouldn’t.” He pushes past me through the doors.

I remain for a moment. Then from a distance, I watch Dr. Manning talk to Lily’s parents. Her mother Jules lets out a gut-wrenching scream then crumbles to the floor in her husband, Mario’s arms.

They trusted me with her life. Now, at the tender age of five, she’s gone and I’m the one responsible for her death...



“He’s late.” Morgan’s never been late and not call or have someone call.

It’s now eight o’clock; he should have been here for my birthday dinner over an hour ago.

I try calling him on his cell, but it goes straight to voicemail. I try St. Luke Memorial but the receptionist tells me he left at five-thirty this afternoon. I try our friends Jada and Jonathan, but neither has seen nor heard from him.

Caroline, Jonathan's mom is watching our Adrian for the night. We were supposed to pick him up after dinner, a dinner that would have been amazing for so many reasons.

Morgan was the one who planned it. He returned home early from his Guatemalan clinic to celebrate Mother's Day this past Sunday, my birthday that is today, Wednesday and to be here for Adrian's birthday in just under a couple of weeks. Now, he's mysteriously MIA.

By ten o'clock, when I neither hear nor see anything from Morgan, the butterflies begin to frolic in my tummy.

I had already canceled our reservation. Now, I change from my elegant cocktail dress into a pair of jeans and a blouse.

After grabbing my keys and my purse, I gun the engine of my car, then head up the winding road out of our Belvedere home, just outside of San Francisco. Maybe something or someone at the hospital might give me some idea where Morgan is.

In no time, I cross the Golden Gate Bridge into the city. The traffic is much lighter at this hour.

As I approach the doors to the hospital, I run into the Chief Surgeon. "Doctor Manning. Good evening."

He smiles softly but before he can even respond, I anxiously ask, "Would you by any chance know where Morgan is? He hasn't been home. We were supposed to head out to dinner to celebrate my birthday but he hasn't called and his phone keeps going straight to voicemail."

He turns serious. “Happy Birthday. I’m...I’m really sorry to hear that.” He pauses and then looks to the ground.

“What’s wrong, what is it? I’m worried sick because he never does this. He’d call to update me.”

He sighs and then looks sadly at me. “Please. Let’s talk in my office.”

As he turns, I follow him. He presses the elevator button and steps aside to usher me in; it’s empty.

“Doctor Manning, you’re scaring me,” I say as the doors close.

“Generally, this is not the kind of thing that I’d discuss with an employee’s spouse but under the circumstances perhaps you should know.”

“Know what?”

Reviews

“If you haven’t read Ms. Rohman’s work before, you are in for a treat. She has this magical way of weaving you into the story so you feel every emotion like it was your own. Even though this is a novella there is so much jam packed into the story. There is suspense, drama, gut punching moments and sweet and tender scenes.”

—Goodreads Reviewer

“Since reading the story, I’ve thought about the impact I have on the people around me. That’s what Ms. Rohman’s writing does. She touches on real issues and she handles them with such sensitivity and grace that you can’t help but continue to think about the story long after you finish the final page. There is such emotion woven into this story that you’ll need to take a moment to catch your breath. With the

intense emotion and suspenseful drama, there are beautiful tender moments and yes, sexy scenes to break up the tension.”

—Goodreads Reviewer

“Every time I get a new Rebecca Rohman book I get this excited yet scared feeling. Excited because I love Rebecca’s writing, but scared because her writing is intense and heart stopping. The Painful Side of Love is everything I love about Rebecca’s writing in a stunning novella.”

—Goodreads Reviewer

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LOVE ON HIGH STEEL BRIDGE

A Rebecca Rohman Love On The Pacific Shores Novel

REBECCA  ROHMAN

Love On High Steel Bridge

Synopsis

Captain Dorian Rae is a wounded soul who gets his greatest pleasures from being in the great outdoors and soaring the skies. When he has a life-changing encounter with a beauty on Washington State's High Steel Bridge, he never anticipates that one meeting would have an enduring effect on him and change their worlds forever.

But fate seems determined to throw them together when she repeatedly shows up not only in his dreams but also, in reality...and in his past when he finds out that she played a role in the death of his best friend.

When a seemingly impossible friendship develops between the two, the lines between friendship and romantic relationship become blurred and Dorian's efforts to stay out of a relationship—especially with a woman with such a tattered past—comes into question.

While her past catches up with their present, and disapproving family and friends enter the mix, the already deep-seated conflict that at first kept these two people apart, now threatens to break them up forever.

Love On High Steel Bridge will take you through high altitudes and to some devastating lows. If you like suspense, steamy love scenes, and unexpected plot twists, come with Captain Rae as he flies the skies on this riveting journey.

Excerpt

Don't jump," I plead with the woman teetering on the edge of the rail of High Steel Bridge, Washington. She's close to falling three hundred plus feet to her death.

She swiftly turns to me, a blackened stream of tears leaks from her beautiful, emerald eyes.

An explosion erupts in my chest as I get near her. "Whatever it is, you'll get through it, but it's not worth your life."

I take a step closer, hoping to get nearer in case she ignores my appeal.

"I have nothing left," she cries. "I've hurt and lost my family and everyone I care about. My kids hate me. All I've done is cause everyone heartache and pain. I have nothing to live for...I have nothing to offer them...they'd all be better off without me."

"I doubt that's true."

She looks down and for a second, I think she's going to jump.

"Please don't!" I step closer to her and stretch out my hand. "Please. My name is Dorian—Dorian Rae. Please, let me help you."

"You don't know me...you don't *want* to know me," she sobs. "I'm a horrible person. I've done horrendous things and I've hurt innocent people, and no matter what I do, I could never, ever fix it. I could never give back what I took from them. No matter what I do, I will never make it right. Everyone would be better off if I weren't here."

Sweat trickles down my brow as I try to figure out what to say to this woman to stop her from taking her life.

I make another attempt. "I'm here. And if you'd like someone to talk to, I'd be willing to listen." I slowly step closer to her. If I

lunged forward, I could probably grab her wrist, but I don't want to startle her with sudden movements and cause her to fall over.

I stretch my palm toward her. "Take my hand. Let's give this another try. I'll listen. I'm here to help you. Or maybe there's someone else you'd prefer I call?"

"No. I'd be doing them all a favor if I were out of their lives. Thanks for trying to help...but this would be best for everyone. If I'm gone, I can't hurt anyone—I can't cause any more pain."

"Look, I understand things are rough but please..."

She looks me in the eye. "I'm sorry."

The gushing waterfall below fills the air accompanied by her sobs. She slightly lifts one of her feet as if to step to her death when I leap toward her, grab her wrist and pull her off the railing and into my arms where we both crash onto the road.

Finally.

I breathe.

I sit with this woman in my arms where for minutes her sobs echo through the clean air as she clutches onto me tightly and bawls. My shoulders relax as I hold her.

It then occurs to me that I've never seen someone in such intense pain although I can relate to it.

My chest clenches as I hold her in my arms and in some way, though I know nothing of her troubles, I feel this inexplicable connection to her and find myself relating to her pain.

"It's going to be okay," I whisper, gently stroking her long, jet-black hair. "You'll make it through this. I've been there. I know it's hard but give it some time."

As I comfort her, a black and pink backpack catches my attention on the sidewalk. It matches her shoes so it must be hers. It looks

like she'd been hiking. However, would she be hiking *alone* in such a secluded area? If she came up here for the sole purpose of killing herself, why bring camping gear?

"I'm sorry." She backs away from my hold. "Thanks for your help."

She rises to her feet, picks up her bag and walks toward the other side of the bridge where cars are parked.

"Wait." I run to catch up with her. "Let me get you some help or take you to a hospital."

"I'll be fine. Thanks," she responds still in tears.

My fear that she'll try this again prompts me to hold her wrist. "You shouldn't be alone. Let me help you. If you like, I'll stay with you while you call a friend or a family member, or I can take you to the nearest hospital myself."

"I don't know you—"

"My name is Dorian Rae." I slip my hands into my pocket, pull out my wallet, retrieve my driver's license and my airline ID and show it to her.

Through her tears, she looks at it, then me in silence but does not respond.

"Look, I *will not* leave you here alone. Either we call someone you're close to or you let me take you to the hospital. Otherwise, I'll call the police. And I doubt I'll get a signal up here so that leaves you with only one option. Come on, you shouldn't be alone."

I take her backpack from her hand and extend my open palm toward her. "Let me help you. Please."

Hesitantly, she stretches out her hand to meet mine while soft sobs leave her lips.

“Did you drive up here?”

She nods.

“Well, I’ll take you to the hospital and we’ll worry about getting your car after.”

She murmurs a soft okay when we arrive at the parking area.

“May I ask your name? If you’re uncomfortable, you don’t have to tell me.”

She looks down and shakes her head as silent tears continue down her cheeks.

There are three vehicles here including mine. I open the door on the passenger side to allow her into my car, slip our backpacks into the backseats and take pictures of the remaining two vehicles before I get into the seat beside her. If she’s not comfortable telling me her name, I doubt she would want to tell me which of the two vehicles she owns.

I start the ignition and turn to her. “It’s okay. I’m going to take you to the nearest hospital. If there is anything else I can do for you, let me know, okay?”

Looking down, she nods in acknowledgment.

We drive along the wooded and sometimes barren road mostly in silence. The occasional sniffing from her tears are the only sounds invading the quiet air.

The late afternoon sun is leaving for the day. Fifteen minutes later, when I get to US Highway 101, a signal comes through on my cell phone and I find out the nearest hospital is fifteen minutes away.

She stays in the car when I pull up to the emergency room.

Is she scared?

After the last hour, I could only imagine that she might be. I tell the first nurse I see why she's here. However, when I explain that I don't know her, not even her name, they tell me they'll take it from there.

The nurse walks out with a wheelchair to my vehicle and helps her out.

"Would you like me to stay with you?" I ask.

"No, thank you," she whispers. "You've done enough."

"We'll handle it," the nurse says to me.

I grab her bag from the back seat and hand it to her along with my business card. "If you ever need anyone to talk to, please call me."

She whispers a soft, "Thank you."

I watch the nurse wheel her away until she disappears from my view.

Something stops me from leaving when I get behind the wheel of my vehicle. I can't get that woman's face and the pain in her eyes out of my mind. I park and return inside...

Reviews

"Wow! I have read everything this author has written to date and Love On High Steel Bridge has to be one of the best Rebecca has written."

—Goodreads Reviewer

“Ms. Rohman also has a way of incorporating some very real and sensitive issues that people face in these modern days and tackles them with delicacy and respect.”

—Goodreads Reviewer

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LOVE ON SAN JUAN ISLAND

A Rebecca Rohman Love On The Pacific Shores Novel

REBECCA  ROHMAN

New Release

Amazon | Apple | Barnes & Noble | Kobo

ONE MORE CHANCE AT LOVE

A Rebecca Rohman Love On The Pacific Shores Novel



REBECCA  ROHMAN

One More Chance At Love

Synopsis

Thirty years ago, as teenagers, lawyer, Bobby McLean and travel writer, Sicora Clarke shared an intense love affair and had a happy future planned. But when Sicora ended it with no explanation and Bobby never heard from her again, it devastated him.

Today, one marriage and one horrific tragedy later, Bobby returns to his island home of St. Lucia to help him reset before a fresh start in San Francisco.

Sicora Clarke intends to be in and out of her birthplace quickly. When she unexpectedly runs into Bobby McLean in the most dubious circumstances, it resurrects issues that she had buried decades ago, issues that rocked her entire world—issues that tore them apart.

When Sicora returns to life on the US East Coast and Bobby on the West, neither can forget the plans they made and the passionate life and love they used to share. But with the geographical distance between them and a world of secrets, conflicts, and dangers amid them, it widens the gap physically—but not necessarily in their hearts.

With Sicora's life now threatened, could a rekindled love be the only way for them to make it out alive or was this reunion doomed from the start...

Excerpt

I don't want to marry you," a woman says to someone as I sit on the jetty at Saint Lucia's Pigeon Island.

The blackness of the night surrounds us and what started as indistinct voices behind me among some trees now reaches my ears with some clarity.

She continues, "How many times and ways do I have to say this. I don't want to marry you. I don't want to marry *anybody*. You knew this from the start and for you to follow me here at a time like this is insensitive and selfish on your part."

"Why is it so hard for you to settle into a life with me?" the man asks. "I could give you the world. I could give you a life you could only dream of."

"Vince, I'm not doing this with you right now. Not now nor have I ever been interested in living off your money."

I try to ignore the lovers' spat going on behind me but when I hear the woman shriek, I turn to make sure she's okay.

Their bodies are in silhouette among the trees.

"Let go of me," she yells. "Leave me alone. I'm done. It's over. I'm not doing this with you anymore."

"Please. I'm begging you," the man pleads.

His American accent comes through clearly and I realize though hers is indistinct, they're probably tourists.

"What part of it's over do you not understand?" the woman laments.

She walks away and the man follows her, grabs her by her arm and shoves her against a nearby tree causing me to rise to my feet.

“Vince, stop. You’re scaring me.” The shakiness in her voice is now clear. “You’re acting crazy. Let go of me.”

“No.”

Hearing his obstinate response, I take a few steps closer and look on. Their figures are still in view but the darkness of the night only outlines their bodies. Their speech is now inaudible. My gut tells me to check on this woman.

“Hey. Leave her alone,” I shout as I run toward them.

The man gasps at my presence and immediately lets her go. As she runs away, the moonlight and a nearby lamppost illuminate her body. Part of her white skirt is torn and a piece of fabric remains in his hand.

He was attempting to rape her.

“Sicora, I’m sorry,” he yells as she runs away trying to hold what’s left of her skirt together.

His words send chills through my body. “Sicora? Sicora Clarke?”

She stills at my words and as she turns, her eyes meet mine and the moonlight hits her face. Tears run down her cheeks.

She’s older now but no less beautiful than she was when I last saw her almost thirty years ago.

“It’s Bobby—Bobby McLean.”

She gasps as she looks at me, then holding her skirt together, she runs away.

I look at the man, then her and the man again and while my first instinct is to beat him up, I realize that she might need a friend and I chase her down the sandy path.

As I call out her name, she runs through the gates of the park, putting her out of my view. I hear the footsteps of the man—Vince following me.

By the time I make it through the gate, it's just enough time to see her slipping behind the wheel of a blue SUV.

“Sicora, wait,” I shout.

She looks me in the eye and speeds away...

Reviews

“There is no one who writes romantic suspense like Rebecca Rohman. It is thoughtful. Well thought out. Cultured. Twisted. And, as usual, I couldn't figure out who was behind all the danger and mayhem. When all was revealed, I was in shock just as much as Bobby and Sicora. But that ending...sigh! Their second-chance was thirty years in the making and I am so glad they got it.”

—Goodreads Reviewer

“This Second Chance Love story is a real mix of emotions! It spans three decades from young teenage first everything's to heartbreak and devastation to second and even third chances! These two young lovers have been through the wringer and still, when they reconnect, have danger and healing to get through. But this time they are together and it is heartwarming to see them communicate and help each other mend as they navigate their feelings and trust amid the chaos and confusion that become their lives. You will be trying to figure out who is after whom as you travel the world with them, visualizing the beautiful scenery so eloquently portrayed.

“Rebecca Rohman always writes wonderfully entertaining books and I enjoyed this one, glad to find our couple gets their HEA, even if it

was 30 years later. So settle down in a comfy chair and immerse yourself in this rollercoaster ride of a book.”

—Goodreads Reviewer

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A PROBLEMATIC
CHRISTMAS
LOVE

A Rebecca Rohman Love On The Pacific Shores Novel

LOVE, LIES
&
A BLEU
CHRISTMAS

A Rebecca Rohman Love On The Pacific Shores Novel

REBECCA ROHMAN

Holiday Romances

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A PROBLEMATIC CHRISTMAS LOVE

A Rebecca Rohman Love On The Pacific Shores Novel

REBECCA  ROHMAN

A Problematic Christmas Love

Synopsis

When billionaire CEO of Ros Industries, Daemon Ros feels his wife, Megan slipping away after a catastrophic loss, he surprises her with a magical two-week Christmas family vacation, hoping to get things back on track.

Attorney, Megan Ros would rather spend Christmas at home, in Switzerland, alone. When her husband invites her entire family from the US to spend an enchanting Christmas with them, the shocking surprise quickly turns problematic when she discovers that he's been keeping secrets from her, causing a world of problems between them...Worse yet, she'll have to confront those problems in the presence of her unsuspecting family.

As pasts resurface, threats declared, and illicit pursuits enter their lives, facing their problems together could prove the only way for them and their family to make it out alive, and for the two to find their way back to each other.

A Problematic Christmas Love is a follow-up novella to Rebecca Rohman's romantic suspense novel, *A Problematic Love*. If you enjoy romantic suspense, stunning locales, a little Christmas magic and you're looking for an intense afternoon read that will transport you to another universe, then this novella is for you.

Excerpt

Oh God, she's not breathing.”

Those words left our lips simultaneously seconds after we stopped to look at our precious baby, Summer hours after she had fallen asleep.

It's an early Saturday morning in December, but I remember it like it was yesterday.

What followed would be the most difficult time of our lives and marriage and though it happened over seven months ago, neither of us has moved on and with every day that goes by, I feel as if I have not only lost our daughter, but I may also lose Megan, my wife.

As I look down at her asleep in my arms, her beautiful blonde hair cascades across my bare chest. I pray our visit back to her hometown of San Francisco this Christmas will help her feel a little more like her old self. We lost our baby back at our Seattle home and since we returned here, I worry about her.

The support she would have gotten if we were in her birthplace where her family lives is not present here in Switzerland.

We almost immediately rushed back to work in Zürich. Here, our family is just the three of us—it used to be four.

I kiss her forehead and get out of our bed at our Zürich home, leaving her asleep.

After a long shower, downstairs, I find Zach, our ten-year-old son and his best four-legged friend, a Berger Blanc Suisse named Snowflake all dressed and both eating cereal for breakfast.

“Good morning.” I kiss his head as I walk by. “You're eager to get out today.”

“Hi, Dad. I am. I miss biking. Snowflake misses it, too.”

“Snowflake ran out of her food?”

“No. She just enjoys my cereal, so I thought I’d give her some in addition to her food.”

“I see.”

The pooch walks over for her ritual morning scratch.

Since Megan and I were married and started our family together here, Saturday mornings have become my time with Zach. In the spring, summer and fall, we go mountain biking and in the winter, skiing is our thing.

Since Summer died last May, that has been on hold. But when he asked me yesterday if we could go out again, though I didn’t feel like it, I realized that we still need to continue being Zach’s parents so I will get myself in the mood and hopefully, this will help me out of the funk I’ve been in since our baby’s death.

There is no snow on the ground in Zürich yet so after breakfast, we grab our bikes and with Snowflake in tow, we head up into the wooded Adlisberg hills for the first time since Summer’s death.

Hours later, as we return home, it’s hard to miss my ex, Belinda’s car parked across the street from our entry gates.

What the hell is she doing here?

Opening the gates to allow Zach in, she’s nowhere in sight. I wonder if she’s inside, but Megan would need to buzz her onto the grounds so that she’d have access to the property and I don’t see that happening in this lifetime.

Through the glass front doors, Megan is reading in front of the blazing patio fireplace alone. Zach runs to her, kisses her cheek, then heads to his room upstairs to shower.

I kiss her forehead and sit on the coffee table in front of her.
“Hey. How are you feeling today?”

There is no response, but her glassy blue orbs meet mine.

“Are you alone?”

“Who else would be here with me?”

I think to tell her about Belinda but considering her obvious demeanor, I decide against it.

“When do you think you’d like to head to San Francisco? I spoke to Jonathan last week and he thinks that everyone is going to head out to Tahoe next weekend and return to San Francisco just after New Year’s.”

“I don’t think I want to go,” she whispers barely looking at me.

“Megan, I think you need your family now more than you realize. Zach just told me how much he was looking forward to it.”

She rakes her fingers through her hair at my response. “Well, maybe the two of you should go ahead. I’ll be okay here, alone.”

“Megan, the whole point of this Tahoe vacation was so that everyone—our entire family—everyone who we care about would be together for Christmas. We missed Easter, your mom’s seventieth birthday, Zoë’s birthday, Pierce’s wedding, Bobby’s wedding...do you really want to miss another event with your family? I know how much they mean to you.”

She runs her fingers through her hair and silently the tears stream down her cheeks.

Sitting beside her, I pull her into my arms and just hold her. Images of the moment we found Summer and when the doctors stepped out of the emergency room and confirmed what we already knew run through my mind as I secure my wife tightly in my arms.

I know this is difficult, but with every day that goes by, though ninety percent of the time she *pretends* that she's fine, I know she's not and she pushes her family and me further and further away.

"I love you," she murmurs.

"I love you, too." I kiss her cheek. "Would you like to go out for lunch? All of us together. I think Zach misses that. He misses us."

She shakes her head. "I don't think I'm ready. Yesterday, I was leaving the office and ran into a woman with a baby at the building's entrance and I just lost it. I'm not sure I can handle it."

"Well, maybe we can order lunch or fix lunch together, here?"

"I think I need to be alone."

She rises to her feet and heads into the house. I watch as my broken wife disappears up the stairs and closes her office door behind her.

Heading to our room for a shower, I pause as I pass one of the oversized windows overlooking the road. Belinda's car is gone. I could worry about her and why she's here now, but my wife and family are a much bigger concern to me.

That evening, in the privacy of my home office, I call Jonathan, Megan's brother. "I need your help."

"Is everything okay? Is Megan okay?"

"She's not and I've tried to be there to support her every way I know how, but I'm not sure this is something I can do on my own. I've suggested we go to counseling together or separately. I've suggested time away with Jada and Zoë, I've even suggested moving to San Francisco, but she's not been open to anything I've proposed. I'm not saying she should have gotten over this—I haven't—not even close. However, every day I see a little more of

her disappearing. She's sinking deeper and deeper into a depression and I feel helpless. I know she needs help. I'm just not sure if I can be the help she needs. I think she needs you guys and she doesn't know just how much."

"I was under the impression that she was at least managing. I'll let everyone know before you guys get here—"

"That's another thing. I spoke to her about that today and now she's telling me she doesn't want to go."

"That's so unlike her. The whole point of all this planning is so that everyone could be here—together."

"I know and I honestly believe this would be helpful to her but she doesn't think she's ready. At the same time, I think she might feel guilty about missing all these family events in the past few months. She suggested Zach and I go alone, but I will not leave her here alone especially at a time like this."

"What can we do to help? You think I'll be able to convince her?"

"I don't know," and suddenly, an idea sparks in my head. "Wait...Why don't you all come here? If she won't come to you, maybe I can bring all of you to her. Everyone can stay here. The renovation finished months ago but since Summer's..." my words drift when I remember the reason all our plans have come to a halt.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. Megan is the one who showed me how having a supportive family network can make a difference and maybe she just needs to be reminded of that."

"I'll need to talk to everyone, but this is important so I'll try to make it happen."

"Please. I'll make it easy. If you can tell me the date and time you all want to come here and return, I'll send the jet to pick all of you

up. That way, all you have to do is show up. I'll see to it that everything is ready here and I'll pay any costs for anything that has to be canceled in Tahoe."

"If there is, I don't anticipate it will be much. Daniel had arranged for the entire family to stay at his place. I'm sure he'll have no problems filling the rooms. It's skiing season and there's already snow on the ground in Tahoe."

"Well, get back to me as soon as possible and I'll organize everything."

"Okay."

"Oh, Jonathan. If you speak to her, let's not say anything. I think it would be best if we surprised her."

Reviews

"The imagery Rebecca writes had me visualizing the beautiful scenery as they traveled through Switzerland. I wanted to see the Matterhorn and visit the picturesque towns with them. But there was also danger and suspense along the way. We were not sure from where it came, as there were a couple options."

—Goodreads Reviewer

"Rebecca Rohman made me feel from the first page to the last. Get your tissues at the ready. In addition it is a real page turner as you are kept on the edge of your seat, biting your nails waiting for the next danger to be thrown at them. It did not lose its sense of romance and this was actually heightened by the scenery and the journey that they go on, even though their family is with them. It is a journey of hope and healing. It is a journey I loved."

—Goodreads Reviewer

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AN INOPPORTUNE LOVE

A Rebecca Rohman Love On The Pacific Shores Novel

REBECCA  ROHMAN

An Inopportune Love

Synopsis

After Maya McLean's marriage and life unexpectedly end in the UK, she's about to start over in her homeland of Saint Lucia when one disaster after the next derails her plans. By chance, she ends up spending the holidays with close family and friends in Switzerland where she has a nasty encounter with fellow guest, Min-jae Kang.

Min-jae Kang is the Chief Security Officer of the international conglomerate, Ros Industries. He's dedicated his life to his job and protecting others. When he winds up with his boss and family for Christmas, he has a spirited exchange with the feisty Maya McLean. Surprisingly, he finds himself intrigued and attracted to her. Problem—she's not necessarily available.

When a short stint takes Maya to Min-jae's home city of Seattle, Min-jae has to deal with the fact that he's falling in love with a woman who has just been through the most traumatic experience in her life, whose time there is limited, and a woman who may not be able to reciprocate what he feels. To make matters worse, Maya's presence causes him one of the largest security predicaments he has ever personally faced in his lifetime.

While Maya struggles to leave her past behind and look ahead to her future, trusting and opening her heart to another man—Min-jae Kang might be the only way for her to live to see the next chapter in her life...

Excerpt

This chapter of my life is over.

As I slip into the back of the taxi at London's Gatwick Airport, my phone rings. I look at the screen and see the bright smile from my cousin, Jada McLean.

“Hey.”

“Maya, how are you doing? I know today must be difficult and I wanted to check on you before you left.”

Today *is* a difficult day. It's the day I was supposed to leave London where I lived with my husband to return home to the island of Saint Lucia.

Ten months ago, we were happy...or so I thought. I left the house to go for a run with my pair of papillons, Coco and Chanel, and when I returned home, our life and my marriage, as I knew it, was over.

Done.

Kaput.

Since then, I've been trying to close things down here while being haunted by the events of that day. I was hoping to make it home in time for Christmas, but...

“Hey. I won't be going anywhere. My big plan to surprise Daddy backfired. First, I called him to let him know that I was on my way home when he told me he was gallivanting in Puerto Rico with his new girlfriend and he would soon be boarding a cruise ship. Plus, when I went to check in at the airport, they told me the flight was canceled.”

“Oh, gosh, no. I'm sorry. So, where are you now?”

“I’m going back to our condo with my luggage and the dogs. Luckily, the new owners aren’t due to move in and take up residence until January 1. So much for my big surprise.”

“So, you’re spending Christmas alone?”

“It looks that way. Most probably, I’ll be traveling.”

“Maya, can you hold a sec, please?”

“Sure.”

I run my fingers through Coco’s fur as he lies quietly in his travel bag; Chanel is fast asleep in hers.

“Maya?” Jada returns.

“Hey.”

“Look, we’re all in Switzerland at my sister-in-law’s house for the holidays. You remember Megan and Daemon, don’t you?”

“Of course. We met at Val and Cassie’s funeral in Miami.”

“Sweetie, instead of traveling back to an empty condo, or back home where no one you love is around, why don’t you come and spend the holidays with us?”

“I don’t know...I don’t want to intrude.”

“You wouldn’t be intruding. Both Daemon and Megan welcome you. Mommy is here, Bobby and Sicora are here, plus tons of our close friends and family. You told me you wanted to and you were going to do everything in your power to get past this. Please, don’t isolate yourself at a time like this.”

Tears sting my eyes as I listen to her words.

“You should be around family,” Jada continues. “Please. I thought you were going to be with Uncle Josh for Christmas, that’s why I didn’t suggest this before, but he has plans of his

own. You shouldn't be alone. Please, come, spend some time with us."

"Where would I stay? I have Coco and Chanel with me—you know having pets can add an extra layer of difficulty with hotels and travel plans, plus, it's Christmas."

"You don't worry about that. Look, tell that taxi to turn around and take you back to the airport. I'll send you everything you need. Just give me ten minutes."

"You're sure?"

"Actually, tell him to take you to Heathrow instead. There's a flight leaving at 4:35 p.m. If I can get you on it, you'll be here in time for dinner. How many pieces of luggage do you have?"

My shoulders grow tense when I think of all that I'm hauling with me. "Jada, this is going to be too much trouble."

"How many?" she replies sternly.

"Six suitcases and two carry-on travel bags for the dogs in addition to my purse. For my flight back home, I had just purchased an extra seat so that they could sit with me on the plane."

"Consider it done. Text or email me all the travel info I'll need to know for the dogs."

"Okay. I have passports for both of them."

"By the time you arrive at Heathrow, it will be just in time to board your flight and get here. I love you."

"I love you, too."

Minutes after I end the call, my phone rings. However, this time, I don't recognize the number. I answer, just in case it has to do with my last-minute travels.

“Maya speaking.”

“You have something belonging to me and I want it back.”

“Who is this and what are you talking about?”

“Nice one. You and I both know what we’re talking about. I suggest you return it tonight or there will be some major problems.”

“You have the wrong person and the wrong number. Do me a favor and lose it and don’t ever call this number again.”

I end the call...



It’s almost 7 p.m. when I return to the Ros’s house after some last-minute Christmas shopping.

I head into the apartment over their garage to shower and change before I join them at the main house for dinner.

As I open the door downstairs to the foyer and go upstairs to the living room, I hear a dog barking. When I step into the living room, two small dogs, I think, papillons come barreling down the hall. One barks and as I put my shopping bags down on the sofa, the other leaps into my arms and begins licking my face.

At the same time, a woman steps out of the bathroom at the end of the hall. When her eyes meet mine, she screams and her towel drops to the floor.

Heat coils around my neck at the sight of her voluptuous, naked body. My mouth drops open and for a moment, I’m struck frozen by her beauty.

“Stop staring!” She covers her rounded breasts and her center with her hands and arms while trying to hurriedly crouch down to the floor.

Her words snap me out of my untimely trance and I immediately turn around. My throat turns dry. Clearing it, I ask, “Who are you, and why are you in my apartment?”

“What do you mean *your apartment*? Megan and Daemon invited me here. I’m Maya. They said they spoke to you and you knew I was coming.”

Shit!

I set the dog down on the floor. “Is it safe for me to turn around now?”

“Yes,” she barks.

I turn to see her completely flushed, smooth, cinnamon skin against the bright white towel. Her brown eyes are barely able to meet mine.

“Well, when we spoke and Megan said your name, I thought I heard her say, Micah, not Maya. I was...”

“...expecting a man?” She finishes my statement. “Still, it’s no reason for you to gape and leer that way. For God’s sake, be a bloody gentleman.”

“I apologize. I was completely caught off guard. I wasn’t prepared to see a woman in my space.”

“What? You have a problem with the opposite sex?”

“Don’t let my ponytail fool you. I explained to you what happened and I apologized. You could try just a smidgen to be a little more understanding about it.”

“Not when you ogle that way.”

“Oh, don’t flatter yourself. You’re not my type.”

“What? Civilized?”

“What a joke. I love women of all types. When it comes to the opposite sex, I do not discriminate. What I can’t stand are those who are bitchy, uncompromising, and uncouth.”

She gasps at my response and looks down. For a split second, I regret my choice of words. Then...

“You know what? You’re a personified jerk. The epitome of the word cad and a pompous ass. Do me a favor, Mr. Neanderthal...”

I smile inwardly at her rude mouth.

She continues, “Stay in your room and I’ll stay in mine. We should probably stay far apart from each other. If you’d excuse me, I need to get dressed.”

At the sound of her words, some excitement runs through my body and though I’ve never had one, I realize I’m attracted to feisty...

As she grips the towel in her hand and turns around, for the first time, I notice her shimmering diamond wedding and engagement rings.

Where is her husband?

Reviews

“I adore this author and I have read all of her books, this new one gives you the same suspense, love, and rollercoaster of emotions but with a very different twist and the ending will leave you shocked!”

—Goodreads Reviewer

“A friend recommended this author to me knowing that I am not usually one to read romance novels. I found the writing engaging and was struck by how thoughtful and deliberately the characters were

developed. This was clearly a well-researched book, with scenes switching countries and circumstances seamlessly, whilst still giving a visceral experience of different environments. The plot was also not predictable! Just when I thought I had it all figured out, I was surprised at what actually unfolded. If you value insightful and nuanced characters, whilst also getting the thrill of a good romance novel, this is a book for you.”

—Goodreads Reviewer

“There is something about Rebecca Rohman’s writing that just sucks me in and doesn’t let me go. An Inopportune Love is no exception. From the first page I was invested and had to know what would happen next.”

—Goodreads Reviewer

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AN UNRELENTING LOVE

A Rebecca Rohman Love On The Pacific Shores Novel



REBECCA  ROHMAN

An Unrelenting Love

Synopsis

When Min-jae Kang, Ros Industries' Chief Security Officer, and Maya McLean, Event Producer at Bleu Resorts International, agree to exclusively see each other, one person in Seattle will do everything within their power to sabotage their relationship and break them up. But despite their best efforts, though effective at times, none of their schemes seem to work at permanently keeping them apart.

As things get more serious between the two, so are the threats to destroy their unrelenting love. What neither anticipates is that their relationship will lead to a catastrophic end.

An Unrelenting Love culminates the end of Min-jae and Maya's story initially featured in Rebecca Rohman's romantic suspense novel, *An Inopportune Love*. If you're looking for an intriguing and suspenseful afternoon read, then this is the right book for you.

Excerpt

Min-jae,” I call out before opening the door.

“Yes, what’s up?” He scurries down the stairs from the bedroom wing of the house into the sunken foyer.

“Kelly is at the door—and she’s holding a knife.”

“What?” He grabs my wrist, pulls me away from the door, and looks through the peephole.

I look on through one of the windows that flank the door.

“Kelly? What are you doing with that knife?” he asks while opening the door.

At the sound of his voice, I look on as she runs the knife across her wrist sending blood spewing on the floor of our front entry.

Min-jae hurriedly snatches the knife from Kelly as she is about to slit her wrist for a second time.

Pulling my phone from my jeans pocket, I dial 911 while running into the entry powder room. After grabbing a basket of clean towels and a first aid kit, I hand them to Min-jae while giving the operator the address to the house.

Min-jae kneels on the floor beside her as she sits in silence with tears streaming down her cheeks. Blood isn’t gushing all over the place, but a pool occupies one of the slate tiles that cover the entry floor.

Applying pressure to her wrist and wrapping it snugly in a white towel, he whispers to her, “Kelly, why would you ever do this?”

She doesn’t respond, but in the distance I hear sirens approaching and when I look up the hillside entrance at the property’s gate, the ambulance is rushing down followed by three police vehicles.

As the paramedics run toward her, Min-jae steps away and stands beside me. It's hard not to think of my dead husband, Trevor who left earth this way—through suicide. As I look on at Kelly, I feel sorry for her...but...why would she do this? Here...in front of us...

What drives someone to take their own life? More so, in public...

The warm demeanor that emitted from Min-jae just fifteen minutes before is gone, our plans for our first shopping trip together as a couple living in a house is quelled by his friend's attempted suicide on full display for him and me to witness.

I met Kelly just over two and a half months ago, a week after Min-jae and I met. At that time, he and I were just friends. I was helping him transform the maid's quarters in his house into a self-contained apartment for him to rent out when she walked in and questioned my motives and why I chose to help him.

At that time, on the day we met, neither Min-jae nor I realized that we had feelings for each other, but those feelings would surface shortly after.

Kelly was not happy about me being in Min-jae's life then—as a friend, and she showed her displeasure even more when Min-jae told her that he had feelings for me, and it got even worse when he told her that we were in a relationship.

They had been in a romantic relationship five years prior, but after that ended, even as Kelly's new boyfriends came and went, they continued with a platonic friendship. He even told me she was one of his closest friends.

So, for her to do this today, on the very day that I moved in with Min-jae is shocking, and I am not sure that at this moment I understand why...

As the paramedics take Kelly away in the ambulance, the police interrogation begins.

For the first time I hear what precipitated this event.

“About half an hour before she got here,” Min-jae explains, “she called and told me she was on her way here. I informed her that Maya and I had taken our relationship to the next level and told her that Maya had just moved in with me—today.

“I went on to explain to her that she couldn’t just waltz in here anytime she wanted. I told her she had to call and ask first. She hung up on me and the next thing I know, Maya’s calling out to me to tell me she was here with a knife in her hand.

“As I watched through the peephole, never once did it even cross my mind that she would try to do something like this. I didn’t know what to expect...I never felt threatened by her, nor did I think she’d be a danger to herself, or anyone else for that matter. I just didn’t see this coming.”

The police ask us some more questions, and two hours later, after reviewing the security footage through the cameras, they vacate the premises, leaving Min-jae and me to deal with the aftermath.

In silence, Min-jae heads to the kitchen afterward. He rakes his fingers through his hair and paces the bank of windows that overlooks the Lake Washington view.

I pour him a glass of water, kiss his cheek, and then hand it to him. After pulling a bottle of hydrogen peroxide from under the kitchen sink, I head to the front entry.

The blood has dried now and as I pour the liquid from the bottle over the approximately foot-size stain, I leave it fizzing as I head to the garage and pull out the hose. Then using the pressure nozzle, I blast away the remnants of what happened here a few hours ago.

As I return the hose to its place, I pass by Kelly’s blue car, which is still parked in our driveway. I look in, and notice the keys are still in the ignition.

I return inside to find Min-jae sitting at the kitchen island massaging his forehead.

Placing my hands on his broad shoulders, I gently rub them. “This is not your fault.”

“I know. I know I did the right thing by being honest and upfront with her, but I’m not sure how to move forward. I don’t want her to do this again. I’m not even sure why she did this.”

“Did she say anything else when she called?”

“Not really. While we were in Zurich, when my grandparents called on my birthday, they told me she stopped by and left me a birthday present. That was a surprise seeing that she’d never bought me a birthday present before. I finally got around to opening it yesterday, and I called her to thank her, but she didn’t answer.

“When she called back this afternoon, I thanked her for the gift—it was a sweater. That was when she told me that she was on her way here. You know where the conversation went from there. I’m just not sure what to do. I care about Kelly, but I’m not sure if seeing her will help or hurt the situation.”

“I think first and foremost she needs professional help. Why don’t we head to the hospital, talk to her doctor and he or she will best guide you as to how you should move forward.”

He turns and stares at me in silence for a minute. “You’d do that?”

“If I know someone is hurting, I’d do anything within my power to help them. I didn’t have that luxury with Trevor.

“She’s your friend and if it means that we try to help her through this, then we should do it—at least if that’s what her psychiatrist thinks is best. All that said, why did she do this—in this fashion? Does she always drive around with a knife in her car? Wanting to

kill herself is one thing, but the way she chose to do it...in front of you and me. What's the reason for that?"

Reviews

"What a great story! An Unrelenting Love is Rebecca Rohman at her finest. This story is full of suspense, intrigue, drama, and twists. As with all of Rebecca's books, An Unrelenting Love is a real page turner that kept me on the edge of my seat waiting to see what would happen next."

—Goodreads Reviewer

"Rebecca Rohman has written this story from the heart, I love the wonderful characters that she has created, I love how Min-Jae tries his hardest to help Kelly, I love how Maya loves and supports him despite everything, I love Min-Jae's grandparents and the love and support that they give to both of them, I love the beautiful picture that the author paints of Korea, its places and its history, a well-deserved five stars."

—Goodreads Reviewer

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LOVE ON SAN JUAN ISLAND

A Rebecca Rohman Love On The Pacific Shores Novel



REBECCA



ROHMAN

REBECCA

ROHMAN

Love On San Juan Island

Synopsis

When Robin Rae discovers that her husband, Dorian, has been dishonest with her for months, their Labor Day weekend on Washington State's San Juan Island turns into a complete disaster instead of a special and pleasurable one.

Pilot, Captain Dorian Rae had his reasons for being untruthful with his wife, but when he realizes the damage it's caused in their marriage, he'll stop at nothing to redeem himself, fix their relationship, and regain his wife's trust.

However, it may be a lot more arduous than he thought...

When someone with an agenda tries to sabotage his efforts, figuring out who has a vendetta against him and why might need to be his priority. Otherwise, he might not have a relationship, wife, or family left to salvage by the time their reign of terror comes to an end...

Excerpt

Dorian, this is Maya. You need to get here now. Robin's on the way to the hospital."

I'm in the middle of a meeting, but I rise to my feet. "What's wrong? What happened?"

"I got home from the store and went in to check on her. She was following me into the kitchen so that I could fix her something to eat, and she started coughing and told me she couldn't breathe. She began losing consciousness, but I caught her in my arms. Min-jae and I are following her in the ambulance now."

I grab my nearby suitcase. "Text me the address of the hospital where they're taking her. I'm on my way."

"I will."

I end the call and look at the three HR managers in the room. "I'm sorry. I have to go. I have a personal family emergency."

One of the women responds. "More important than those sexual harassment allegations?"

"Yes. My wife is pregnant. Something's wrong, and she's just been rushed to the hospital." Running out the door, I shout, "We'll have to do this another time."

This past week, Robin had not been feeling well, and since she's so close to her due date and I had to fly, she'd been staying with our close friends Min-jae and Maya Kang so they could keep an eye on her.

I spoke to her just after I landed. Because she'd been sick all last night and today, she needed to rest. I told her that I had this meeting and I'd come by to pick her up after. Now this...

My heart thumps in my chest as I run into the emergency room. I'm about to head to reception when Min-jae and Maya appear. Robin's friend Gigi comes running in moments after.

"How is she?"

"We don't know yet. We've just been waiting to hear from the doctors. I checked with the nurse a few moments ago, and she said a doctor would be out in a while...that was five minutes ago."

I massage the bridge of my nose and walk to reception. "Hi, my wife was just brought in—Robin Rae. Can you please let me know if she's okay? What's wrong with her? Is our baby okay?"

The nurse responds, "As soon as the doctors know more, they'll be out to speak with you all—I promise."

I step away from the desk as the nurse attends to someone else.

I turn to our friends. "I need to call her brother. He used to work here. He can speak to someone who will tell me what's going on."

Minutes later, I explain the symptoms to Morgan, who's a surgeon. "Do you know what it could be?"

"Let me make a call, and I'll call you right back."

My chest feels like it's in my stomach. I take off my tie and slip it into my pocket as I pace the terrazzo floor.

Within minutes, my phone rings. "A doctor will be coming out to see you in a second."

As Morgan says that, an Asian woman approaches me. "She has a pulmonary embolism. I'll let the doctor explain, but I'll be on the next flight to Seattle."

"If you're coming, that means it's serious."

"It is..."

Reviews

“Rebecca Rohman has written another beautiful love story with angst.”

— Goodreads Reviewer

“Love on San Juan Island by Rebecca Rohman is a wonderfully written follow up to Robin and Dorian’s story in Love on High Steel Bridge. As always with Rebecca, be prepared for a beautifully described adventure with steamy love scenes, a mystery, and so much suspense. I love that the characters are realistic with real issues.”

—Goodreads Reviewer

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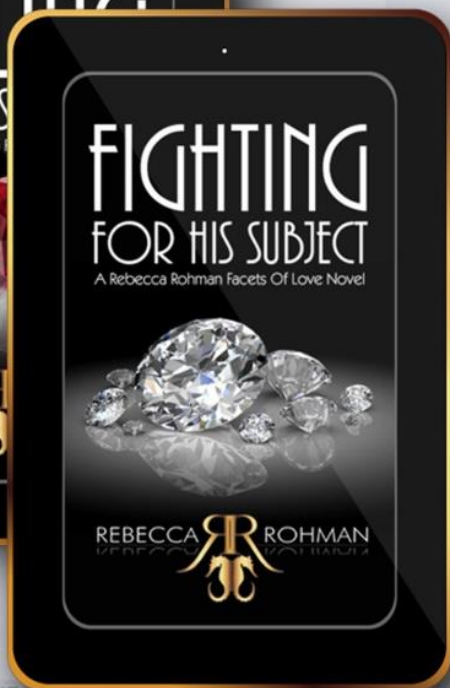
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FACETS

OF LOVE SERIES

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Facets Of Love

Dive deep into the captivating saga of Rob, a tenacious FBI Agent, and Gia, immersed in the dazzling world of jewelry design. Their paths converge in an unconventional twist of fate when Gia becomes embroiled in the murder investigation of Rob's closest confidant.

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FALLING FOR HIS SUBJECT

A Rebecca Rohman Facets Of Love Novel



REBECCA  ROHMAN

Falling For His Subject

Synopsis

After FBI Agent, Robert Hunter loses his best friend in a luxurious Washington DC hotel, he'll do *anything* to avenge his friend's death.

Gia French is completely unaware that she's about to become the subject in a murder investigation, when her new Versace job takes her on a business trip from Milan to Washington DC.

When the two meet in the most unlikely circumstances, Rob finds himself falling for Gia, and Gia begins to question everything and everyone she thought she knew when her universe begins to fall apart.

With no one in her new world she can trust, Robert Hunter, a man who has ulterior motives and who is driven by revenge might be the only one to help her through this agonizing time in her life. But is he in it for love, or does he intend to exploit her to execute the vengeful plans he had from the start...

Falling For His Subject was previously published under the title, *Translating The Tides*.

Excerpt

Agent down. Agent down. God, I need some help in here fast, Callum is down.”

“Hunter, what’s your location?” Derrick Storm, my supervisor’s voice comes through my earpiece.

“The men’s bathroom. Ground floor.”

“On the way.” His voice trails away.

In my twelve years of service, I’ve never been so petrified in my life.

My fellow agent and best friend Callum lies before me and I watch as he struggles to take a breath.

Except for the light tinge on his cinnamon-colored skin and his labored breathing, he seems unharmed. “I need you to tell me what’s wrong? What happened?”

His terrified gaze meets mine but no words come.

Then, they close.

I suddenly notice two tiny spots of blood on the chest area of his white shirt.

Paramedics burst into the room, followed by my boss. I’m in sort of a trance as someone pulls me away. Callum’s head falls to the side and while I tell them about the spots of blood on his shirt, one of the paramedics looks our way and shakes his head.

“I can’t find a pulse. We’re losing him,” he stresses. “We need to get him out of here and to the nearest hospital—fast.”

Within seconds, an oxygen mask is on his face, then he’s on a gurney and taken from the room. A short time later, as I am heading out of the building to go to the hospital, the call comes—

my best friend for the last seventeen years, Callum Michaels is dead.

As I sit in the empty meeting room of Washington DC's luxurious Willard hotel, I replay the night in my head. A group of five of us from the FBI Criminal, Cyber, Response, and Services Branch were here undercover, observing a senator we suspect of bribery while he attended a lavish gala dinner.

The mission: to plant a bug on him and at several tables throughout the room before he could meet with the representative from a military defense supplier.

The assignment was completed when Callum said he needed a bathroom break. He stepped out and when he didn't return or respond to any of my calls, my supervisor sent me in search of him.

After a fifteen-minute search, I found him in the ground floor bathroom locked behind the door of a stall. He was fully clothed and lying on the floor. Were his shoes not poking out just slightly beyond the stall, I might not even have noticed him.

He lay on the floor unmoving and not responding to a word I said and it was hard not to notice the blue tinge that covered his body.

"You should go home," Storm's voice interrupts my thoughts. "You're in no condition to handle this. I don't want to see you until the weekend is over."

"I intend to find out what happened," I retort. "I need to find out who did this. An hour ago, Callum was healthy and fine. Someone did this to him and I will find out who and why they did it."

"No, you won't. You're personally too close to this case. I will be the one to figure out what happened here tonight."

"Storm, you can't keep me out of this. I'm begging you, please."

He stares at me long, cold and hard as if pondering my plea. His dark eyes manage to show boldly against his walnut skin and baldhead and I pray he'll let me work on this. He places his hands into the pockets of his black suit and paces the floor. It looks like he's considering my appeal.

Eventually, he murmurs, "I've gotten Oliver and James to retrieve all the camera evidence at this hotel. I have another team questioning staff and guests. Just a few people were on camera entering and exiting the room. Our presence here was supposed to be a clandestine operation; no one was supposed to know we were here. I'm going against my better judgement here, but I've been where you are and I understand your need to participate in this. You take the rest of the night off and tomorrow you can come in and help us work on this."

"But—"

"No buts," he says adamantly. "I call the shots. I don't want or need you going off on your own trying to solve this. Callum was a part of this team, and I'd be fooling myself if I said this wasn't personal for all of us, but you have to promise me that you won't go on your own personal war."

I nod knowing that the second I leave this place, I intend to find out who caused my best friend's death. And when I do, things are only going to end one way for them.

"Look at me," Storm says sternly.

I reluctantly obey.

"One false move and I promise you, you will be fired. Have I made myself clear?"

"Sure," I mutter.

"Now get your ass out of here. Not before 9 a.m. tomorrow. Do we have an understanding?"

I rise to my feet as I nod, then exit the room. As I walk through the lobby of this regal and ostentatious hotel, I can't believe how things ended here tonight. I can't believe what happened to my best friend. This is always a dangerous business but no one was expected to end up dead or even hurt tonight—much less my best friend.

When I take the short walk to my vehicle parked on H Street and slip behind the wheel, my cell phone rings.

Looking at the screen, my best friend's mom appears. I take a deep breath then whisper. "Hey, Momma G."

"Is it true?" she cries. "Tell me this is a mistake."

"I wish I could, but I can't," I murmur.

"What happened to my baby?"

"We don't know yet, but I promise you I have every intention of finding out."

My chest aches as I listen to her soft sobs that come through the line. Although mine are silent, they are there.

"Momma, are you alone?"

After a moment, she responds. "Not anymore. Serena, Jerod and the kids just walked in."

I'm relieved to know she's now with Callum's older sister and her family.

"Baby, I have to go. Promise me you won't be a stranger. You hear?"

"I promise." I end the call.

Taking a deep breath, I set my head into the leather seats of my Jeep Grand Cherokee, and close my eyes.

When a large Metro bus rocks my vehicle, I open my eyes and realize that I had drifted to sleep.

I sigh and prepare to call the other musketeer—Marco. He went to law school with Callum and me. It was always the three of us until about a year ago when he moved to Miami to work at a new job at some massive law firm.

I dial his number.

“Hey Robbie. I’m at this wild party. You and Callum need to get your asses in Miami *too-night*.”

“Marco...I’m not sure how to tell you this.”

“What’s wrong?” the cheerful voice that answered the phone is gone, and the loud music that was initially in the background has disappeared.

“Marco, Callum was killed earlier tonight.”

“What?” his voice breaks as the words leave his lips. “How? When?”

“We were at work and...his death is under investigation.”

“Oh, God,” his voice is just a whisper, replaced by an uncanny silence.

“Are you okay?”

“I don’t know what I am. I’m still in shock.”

I wipe away a tear that leaves my eye. “Look, I have to go. I’ll call you over the weekend.”

“Okay bro. Later.”

Strapping into my seat, I start the ignition and take the fifteen-minute drive home through DC, along the Potomac River and to my condominium across the Georgetown Reservoir on MacArthur Boulevard.

It's about 10 p.m. when I arrive home, take my Boxer, Bella and Argentine Mastiff, Cudjoe for a short walk down the street, and return inside. I rescued them together from a kill shelter when they were both about two years old after my last bad breakup last Christmas. Since then, besides Callum, they were my best friends. I guess now, they'll be my *only* friends close by.

I remove my clothes and step into the shower upstairs. After a long bath, still wrapped in a towel, I'm heading downstairs to pour myself a stiff drink when my doorbell rings.

What now?

In the foyer downstairs, I look through the peephole.

Fuck!

I hesitate but then open the door...

Reviews

"Can someone borrow me more stars? If I give this book only 5 stars, I don't think it will be enough!"

—Goodreads Reviewer

"The best yet from Rebecca Rohman! I didn't think it was possible to surpass what she has written already but she has done it! This felt darker than her previous books and I loved it!"

—Goodreads Reviewer

"When I want a Romantic Thriller, Rebecca Rohman is my go-to Author. She has a way of telling a compelling story with the right mix of "feels" and sexy. Her characters are the kind you can relate to and you want to see more of, from Primary to Secondary. I loved the twists

and turns we went on with Robert and Gia, the story kept me reading and made it very hard to put down—even when I needed to sleep. I will definitely be recommending this one!”

—Goodreads Reviewer

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FIGHTING FOR HIS SUBJECT

A Rebecca Rohman Facets Of Love Novel



REBECCA  ROHMAN

Fighting For His Subject

Synopsis

After five years of marriage, sacrifice, and hard work, Robert and Gia Hunter are about to live their dream in the city of Miami. With the opening of a new family law office, and a luxury jewelry store, what should be the happiest time of their lives quickly turns into a nightmare when they become targets of someone for reasons unknown.

To make matters worse, their marriage is tested when the two face fundamental disagreements on how Gia should handle a request from her imprisoned father.

While dangers confront the two from the outside, and constant fights plague them on the inside, will Gia and Rob unite and conquer the forces that threaten, or will their differences destroy them forever...

Excerpt

My phone rings as I place the red blanket at the end of our bed. I don't recognize the number but I answer, "Hello."

"Good evening. My name is Jack Bloomfield. May I speak with Gia Hunter, please?"

"This is Gia. How may I help?"

"I'm calling on behalf of your father—François Leconte. I'm his lawyer."

I sink to the bed at the man's words. The last time I saw my father inside a Brazilian courtroom over five years ago comes to mind. The reasons he was there in the first place make me ache inside.

"Mr. Bloomfield, I'm sorry, but I don't have anything to say to my father. Please, don't ever call me again."

I end the call only for my phone to ring seconds later. I think it's the lawyer again, but this time, my husband, Rob's face lights up the screen.

"Hey, Rob."

"Hey. You okay? What's wrong?"

I'd like to be upfront with my husband, but my father is the one topic we try to avoid—my father caused him, so many others and me irreprehensible pain, so sometimes it's easier to ignore it altogether.

"Gia? Are you okay?"

"Ummm, yeah. I'm just a little distracted. Will you be home soon?"

"I should be there in about half an hour."

"Great. I have something to show you," *and tell you...*

“What’s that?”

“You’ll see when you get here. How are Karen and Danny doing? Are our babies okay?”

We returned from my hometown of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil last night and today, we start a new life in South Beach, Miami.

While I stayed here in Miami to get our things unpacked, Rob headed to our old place in the Florida Keys to pick up the last two boxes of our belongings and to bring our two dogs, Bella, a boxer, and Cudjoe, an Argentine Mastiff, to our new home. They stayed with our old neighbors, Karen and Danny in the Keys, during our absence.

“Everyone is fine,” Rob responds. “They were all happy to see me and Danny sent us a few things from his garden.”

“That’s sweet of him.”

“I know. Good news—our place is booked for this week—Sunday to Sunday.”

“That’s great.”

“Yep, this is all going to work out, G. I have to go. I’m making a stop at the gas station. I’ll see you when I get home.”

“I love you.”

“I love you, too. I miss you.”

“Can’t wait to see you.”

Ending the call, his warm words bring a smile to my face, but the one that came before lingers in my head.

We love our little beach house in the Keys. I’m sure we’ll return from time to time when it’s empty, now that we’re doing short-term rentals there, but after five years of marriage, we’re entering a new phase in our lives.

Eight months ago, with the help of a bank loan, we found an old art deco house near the art deco district in South Beach, Miami. It was a mess, and most considered it a tear down, it required so much work.

The owner, Mr. Arthur, did not want it demolished and those who wanted to buy it wanted to bulldoze it. When Rob and I looked at it and suggested we'd restore it, he offered to sell it to us below market value because we couldn't afford his asking price.

I think all that mattered to him was that it was restored. He told us it was the first home he ever owned, almost forty-five years ago. It's evident he had some sentimental attachment, but at age eighty, he was just too tired to take on the monumental task of a renovation.

Downstairs, to the front of the building, I will finally live my dream of opening my own jewelry store with my creations. To the back, Rob will practice family and bankruptcy law from his office.

We will live on the second floor in our two-bedroom, two-bath apartment and the open floor plan includes a living room and kitchen which overlooks the coconut tree-lined street. It's painted all in white with vibrant pops of yellows, reds, purples, blues, and oranges throughout the space.

The contemporary living room rug pulls all the colors together, and I had some fun photos of Rob and I and our pooches made into pop art-looking artwork to tie in with the rest of the colors throughout the room.

We also converted the flat-top roof into an outdoor living space and it's equipped with simple furnishings and two cabanas for the dogs. Considering their size, extra space is necessary.

Our apartment is small, so we had to get creative with space, but it will take us to the next level of our lives.

We're situated on a busy street with restaurants and everything we could ever need or want within walking distance. The Miami Beach Police Department is less than a block away.

Our living quarters are mostly complete, but this week we will finish our workspaces and get ready to officially open for business late next week.

In my store, the floors are all done and the walls are painted in a bright crisp white with pale pink, grey, and gold accents. I named it Vidigal Custom Jewelry Design—it's the name of the place where I grew up in Brazil.

Next to my store, there is the second entry to the building and a foyer will welcome our visitors. To the right, a door leads to the foyer to our home upstairs. To the left, is another door to my store, then one to a bathroom and, straight ahead, down a short hall, is where Rob's office is located, complete with a reception space and a private office for him.

In this area of the building, the walls are covered with alternating wide and thin contrasting bands of horizontal wood, giving the space a modern and office-like feel—very professional for my husband's first office.

We've worked hard in the last five years. Rob got two additional LL.M. degrees in family and bankruptcy law and I continued my translations home business while creating jewelry one piece at a time. Now, I have enough to open a store.

During that time, both Rob and I maintained online businesses that brought in additional income, and once we finished paying off his student loans for the two new degrees and my jewelry making equipment, we were able to get this place, and hopefully, it's a new chapter to expand both our businesses.

To cut on expenses, we did most of the work ourselves and for the first time, tonight, we will sleep in our fully furnished and organized apartment.

Before that call came, I was looking forward to this. But now, I have to deal with breaking this news to my husband as opposed to having the romantic night I had planned for the two of us.

When we were in Brazil, we discussed having our first child and agreed that we'd discontinue birth control. This afternoon, I found out I was pregnant.

I never thought we'd get pregnant so quickly and I'm excited, but I'll have to do this delicate dance between informing my husband of my father's attempts to reconnect, and telling him that he will soon become a dad.

My thoughts are interrupted when I hear the front door unlock downstairs. I left the door to our apartment open and within seconds, Bella leaps onto me knocking me to the floor near the entry.

"Hello, doggies." I laugh as Cudjoe licks my ears. "Stop, stop, go look around. I'm going to help your dad with the boxes."

They run into the living room, sniffing our new place while I head downstairs to help Rob bring the last of our things inside.

He places the boxes on the floor as I enter the foyer.

"Hey." He folds me in his arms and kisses me deeply on my lips. "These are for you."

He hands me a bunch of red roses. His blue eyes twinkle and his dazzling smile warms my heart.

"Hello to you, too. What's that for?"

"Just because. It's been a long day...a couple hours there, a couple hours back, I missed you."

"I missed you, too. I'm hoping you'll show me how much."

Laughing, he kisses my neck. "I need to eat first. I need stamina. I'm starving."

“Why don’t we leave this stuff down here? I was too busy to cook, but I did order us dinner. We could head to the rooftop to eat and show the dogs the rest of the space and after we’ll get busy...”

“Sounds good.”

While he locks the front door to the building, I bring up the box filled with oranges, cucumbers, and tomatoes, no doubt a gift from Danny and Karen.

They were our caretakers while we spent New Year’s through to carnival in Brazil. Considering we’re starting a new business, we don’t know when we will be able to afford to visit my homeland again, so we made this last trip a fun, long one and for the first time, my husband was able to revel with me in full costume through the streets of Rio.

He takes a shower while I fix our plates along with the dog’s bowls, then I head up to the rooftop. The dogs follow.

The sun has mostly gone down now, but a bright red glow illuminates the skies and a light breeze sways the coconut trees.

I will miss the sound of the ocean crashing against the shore, and the taste of the salt air against my lips, but Ocean Drive and the beach are only minutes away.

I select our romantic playlist and the song [“In The Air Tonight” by Phil Collins](#) comes across the speakers—perfect for our romantic night ahead.

I place the dog’s bowls in front of the cabanas that Rob and I made them.

Rob circles his arms around me. The intoxicating scent of his aftershave and his damp skin rubs against my cheek as he kisses my neck. “What’s for dinner?”

“I thought we could try Cuban. There’s a restaurant down the street and they left a flyer under our door.”

“Let’s give it a try.”

We settle at the dining table that overlooks the street, but from this level, we’re looking mostly at the tops of the coconut trees and the sky.

“You did a fantastic job with our bedroom. I never thought you could marry our favorite colors and not have the room look like a patriotic space. It looks very romantic.”

“I’m glad you like it. You can show me just how romantic you think it is when we return downstairs.”

“I have to finish up some paperwork for Christie first, then we should bless the bedroom.”

I giggle.

Christie’s a client who Rob is helping get full custody of her kids. I’ve never met her, but I’ve spoken to her several times on the phone.

“So, I spoke to Momma G today.” I pop a piece of pork into my mouth. “She can be here for our grand opening as quickly as tomorrow if we get back to her tonight. She’ll only be able to stay for a week though. She has a big event to cater for DC’s mayor next weekend.”

“What day is it?”

“Thursday. She offered to come early to help get everything in order. Frankly, the more hands we have on deck, the better.”

“That’s excellent. I’ll call her after dinner.” Rob sips some of his beer. “On another note, I got a call today from a couple wanting to adopt. I have a meeting in a few days, but it looks like I might have my first adoption clients.”

“That’s fantastic, babe. Congratulations.”

“Don’t congratulate me yet. Our meeting is for me to explain the process, timeline, and costs to them. I’m not sure they’re sold yet. They’ve been having problems getting pregnant and want a child. It sounds like they’re exploring all their options.”

“Well, I’m excited they contacted you.”

“They said Ana and Roland recommended me.”

“That’s exciting. You’ll get to thank them in person. They’re going to be here for our grand opening.”

“I’m excited about it. It looks like many of our friends will make the trip and be able to attend.”

“Rob...look, there’s something—”

His phone rings interrupting me mid-sentence.

“I have to take this. It’s Christie.”

Just great. I nod.

“Hey, Christie. I haven’t forgotten you. I just got home a while ago from the Keys. I’m having some dinner and I’ll email you a little later tonight.”

He listens to her for a few minutes then responds. “Give me a minute. I need to get in front of my laptop.”

He stands, burying his phone in his chest. “Sorry, babe, I have to handle this. Thanks for dinner. Once I get this out of the way, I’ll give you my undivided attention—I promise.”

“Sure.”

That evening, Rob finishes work at the kitchen peninsula, while I make up the guest bedroom. After throwing empty boxes that occupied the room down the stairwell, I secure the last sheer

drapery on the rod in our living room, giving us some much-needed privacy.

I head downstairs to flatten the empty boxes and bring up the ones that Rob brought home. As I pick them both up, I realize he's behind me.

"You should have asked for help. Those are heavy."

"You were busy."

He takes the top box from me and nudges his chin to the right, silently urging me to head in. Seconds later, I hear the door shut behind me.

Upstairs, I'm grabbing a glass of water from the refrigerator when a loud thump resonates through our living space.

"Shit," Rob groans.

"What is it?"

"The bottom of the box went out and everything fell on the floor."

"Don't worry," I walk past him. "It's just paper. I'll get an empty box from downstairs."

When I return, Rob stares at me long and hard in silence.

"What?"

"What's this?"

Reviews

"Fighting For His Subject is one of the most emotional reads I have experienced in a while. Probably one of the most beautifully written stories I have come across. Absolutely perfect! I love it so much!"

—Goodreads Reviewer

“Rebecca Rohman adds incredible detail and emotion into her stories and this is no exception. I enjoyed reading this tale and going on this emotional and suspenseful journey once more with Gia and Rob.”

—Goodreads Reviewer

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Embark on an exhilarating journey through the sun-kissed streets of San Diego with *The Uncorked Series*, a gripping saga that unveils the lives of Mitch and Chella, two driven professionals entangled in a web of love, ambition, and profound challenges.

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UNCORKED

The Uncorked Series

REBECCA  ROHMAN

Uncorked

Synopsis

Contemporary Romance with Elements of Suspense

Chella Noon's life isn't her own. Her success as a Marketing Executive in the cosmetic division of an international conglomerate is overshadowed by a series of tragic events from a decade ago. With no family, few trusted friends, and years spent on the run, she opens herself up to the possibility of a future with a sexy new real estate investor despite escalating threats from a psychotic ex determined to torment her.

Mitch Mariani never met a deal he couldn't close. So when Chella walks into his life, he will stop at nothing to prove he is worthy of her trust. But as Chella's past catches up to them and danger exposes his well-guarded secrets, his heart may not be the only thing at risk of a tragic end.

Excerpt

Dinner was fantastic. Chella had not enjoyed a meal like that in a long time. Dessert was even better. After clearing the dishes and tidying the kitchen, the two sat on a plush shag rug in front of the big screen TV, partially watching the Bond movie that was on, but mostly talking.

“This is really beautiful. Thanks for having me here.”

“It’s been a pleasure. Thanks for accepting my invitation. Paul and Jason were wrong about you.”

Intrigued by his response, she smiled. “Why? What did they say? I didn’t know they had discussed me with you, or anyone else for that matter.”

“They said you’re a great person, but in all the time they’ve known you, you’re usually solo with maybe two or three exceptions they can remember.”

“That’s true. And exactly when did you have this conversation about me?”

“Truth is, they mentioned you about a week ago. They said they’d introduce us sometime. I just didn’t know it would be under the circumstances we met last night.”

“Okay.”

“So tell me—why is a beautiful woman like you usually solo?”

“I’m a little apprehensive about people, especially the opposite sex,” she replied, a little surprised that she was actually able to admit that to him.

“Really? You’re here with me.”

“I figured a friend of Paul and Jason couldn’t be so bad.”

“Is that so?” he replied with a curious smile.

Okay, change of topic.

“Who taught you to cook like that? Dinner was amazing.”

“Well, my mom always said that good food was a way to a woman’s heart.”

“Do you cook for lots of women?” Chella said, flashing the type of smile that could allow her to get away with murder.

“A few,” he answered.

A few? Yeah, right. “I’m putting you on the spot, aren’t I? I like honesty, no matter how much it might hurt.”

“No, you’re not putting me on the spot. It’s the first in a long time and the first here in San Diego. Let’s just say that I’ve done my fair share of dinners.”

“And women, too.” *Wow! We’re getting mighty brave...*

“Does that bother you?”

“Not particularly. I guess you wouldn’t be a man if you hadn’t gone through that stage in your life.”

“Do you always have such a high opinion of the male species?” Mitch asked, somewhat sarcastic.

“Not particularly. We just have to take responsibility for the decisions we make as adults, and be honest about it, to ourselves and to the parties involved.”

“Well, can I be honest with you about something?”

“Always.”

“I like you, Chella. I like you a lot, and right now I’d really like to kiss you.”

She was shocked by his statement. Unable to respond, she looked away, flushed.

Mitch did not give her a chance to respond. Cupping her face in his hands, he kissed her deeply on the lips and pulled her into his arms.

However taken aback Chella might have been, it did not show, for she responded with just as much intensity and passion. She drew him closer. Her hand roamed over his chest and his neck. She felt his awesome body beneath the light sweater he wore. His kisses were sweet and her body ached for more, but her mind would not allow her to continue with what her heart desired.

Fears rushed in. She remembered her past, her ex, Aaron. She couldn't allow herself to get involved with another man on this level, not even after ten years. She couldn't subject herself to that sort of pain, not now, not ever.

Aaron was responsible for her not being able to have kids, and she still had the emotional scars to prove it. Letting another man in would open painful wounds, and she just wasn't ready for that.

Chella pulled away. "This can't happen. I can't get involved with you, or anyone. I'm sorry." She didn't wait for him to respond but began collecting her things to leave.

"Look, Chella, I'm sorry if I came on too strong. I apologize, but let's talk about this. Please, let's not end the night like this."

"I'm sorry, too, Mitch. I promise you did absolutely nothing wrong, but I must go. We'll talk another time."

Flustered, she scrambled out the door, took the elevator down, and caught a cab as she exited the main entrance. Through the taxi's back window, she saw Mitch run out of the lobby in an effort to stop her but stopped short as he watched her drive away.

He was too late.



How the hell did I manage to scare her away like that?

Mitch knew that she was reserved, and he could feel her holding back, but he thought they had made progress that afternoon. He wasn't sure what he had done to cause her to run, but by the way she responded to his kiss, he knew she reciprocated his feelings.

He wondered if she would speak to him again. He had already tried to reach her three times, and she wouldn't answer his calls or any of his messages. Perhaps he just needed to give her some space and let her contact him when she was ready.

Maybe this was beyond him. The day before he had noticed a Taser and knife in her purse. She was afraid of something or someone—he didn't know—but he wished she had confided in him.

Reviews

“Uncorked is not a typical romance novel. It's full of suspense, and twists and turns. This book kept me on my toes. Just when you thought, you have it all figured out or things would calm down, another piece of the story is revealed and you have to keep going. The emotion between Chella Noon & Mitch Mariani was beautifully written. This book had me shedding tears with the characters. The pressure built just like the pressure in a bottle of good Champagne. Uncorked opened up emotions each character didn't know they had or tried to resist. This is going on my favorites shelf. Well done!!!”

—Goodreads Reviewer

“This is the second book I have read by Rebecca Rohman and I understand this was the first book she wrote, the story is very well written and I made a deep connection with Chella & Mitch throughout the whole story.

“I really enjoyed this book from start to finish, the story takes you on a wild journey of twists, betrayal, love and contains lots of emotional drama.

“The story contains some very sensitive issues, from serious staking matters to miscarriage, Rebecca has written these subject matters with a lot of thought.

“I would recommend this book for those who enjoy a real deep love story that is not straight forward and takes you an amazing emotional ride.”

—Goodreads Reviewer

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Rebecca Rohman

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- Contemporary Romance
- Multi-Cultural Romance
- Interracial Romance

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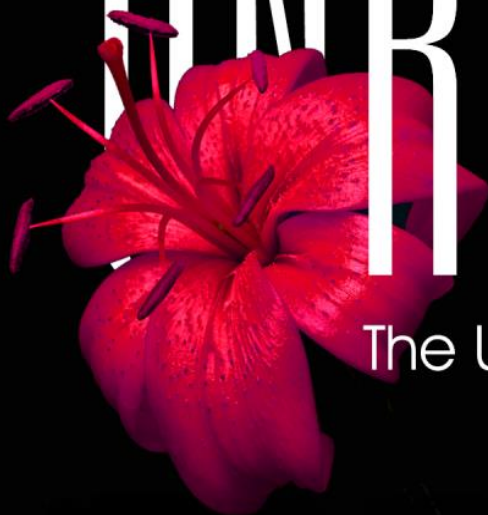
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UNRAVEL



The Uncorked Series



REBECCA  ROHMAN

Unravel

Synopsis

Chella and Mitch Mariani are a happily married couple, living the good life in San Diego. She's a marketing genius in the cosmetics division at an international conglomerate; he's one of the city's most successful real estate investors. Life has never been better.

Until a series of disturbing events cloud a blissful fifth wedding anniversary.

Lies surface. Suspicions escalate. Danger lurks. Their seemingly taut bond unravels their love to its core. As misguided choices threaten to destroy them forever, keeping their hearts on the path to a collective future might be the most monumental fight of all.

Unravel is a follow-up novella to Rebecca Rohman's first romantic suspense novel, *Uncorked*. If you enjoy romantic suspense, and you're looking for a fast-paced and intense afternoon read this is the novella for you.

Excerpt

Mitch and Chella arrived at the secluded villa in beautiful Indian Wells, Palm Springs. The majestic rocky red mountains hovered over them and the afternoon sun flooded the grounds with a warm glow.

They had taken Michella to school and headed out of town to celebrate their fifth wedding anniversary. Michella had been so excited to spend the weekend with her favorite aunts, Mitch's twin sisters Simone and Olivia, and her puppy, Twinkle she barely gave her parents a backward glance.

They pulled their luggage from the car. A strap of Chella's leather duffle bag snagged on something. She yanked the bag away, and whatever it was fell to the ground. She stopped to see what it was and froze in place.

"Mitch."

He turned, hovered over the combat knife on the ground and picked it up. "It was in the SUV?"

"Yes. I pulled out my bag, and it fell to the ground. Is it yours?"

"No."

"Where did it come from?"

Mitch hunched his shoulders. "The dealer returned the SUV yesterday, right?"

"Yes. At about four."

"It's possible it could have fallen out of an employee's pocket when they were cleaning the vehicle. I'll call them to find out if a staff member lost it when we get back."

"Are you sure?"

“That’s the only logical explanation, worrywart.” He slapped her ass and kissed her lightly on her cheek. “Now, you’ve planned this incredible weekend and you and I are supposed to be having a wild party. It’s past time we get it started.”

The house was beautiful: glass walls, slate floors, rustic woods. An enormous metal fireplace gave the space a contemporary feel, in addition to the warmth it brought into the space. The king size bed rested in front of the large expanse of glass windows to capture the views, and a hot tub adjoining a pool on the outdoor terrace beckoned. The retreat was superb.

Chella was in high spirits when she and Mitch visited downtown El Paseo later that night. She was happy to share some much needed alone time with her husband. Towering palms lined the streets and the two periodically stopped to take photos and admire the sculptural artwork that graced the street’s median. They spent the evening taking in a tennis match. After a lovely dinner, they ended the night looking at the starry skies while cuddling on the chaise at the pool’s edge.

“So, what’s this thing you told me you wanted to talk about when I returned home?” Mitch laced his fingers through Chella’s.

She sat up, looked into Mitch’s eyes, and bit the tip of her thumb.

“You look nervous.”

Gazing at the watery reflections on the pool’s surface, she replied, “A little...”

“Why? Is something wrong?”

She hesitated then looked at him. “No. Nothing’s wrong.”

“Tell me... I haven’t seen you like this in ages. What’s going on?”

“I want another baby.” She heard the shakiness in her own voice as the words left her lips.

He rose his muscular frame up from the chaise and regarded her carefully. The smile that had been on his face disappeared. “Chella, I thought we had decided on this.”

“I thought so, too. I’ve been thinking about it for a while—a long time. Then while you were away, Mixy asked me if she would ever have a little brother or sister, and it got me thinking—seriously thinking.”

“Chella, I thought you were happy.”

“I am. I just realized, after much thought, my feelings have changed. I’ve seen signs that Mixy is lonely—seriously lonely. I know what that’s like for a child, and I want more for my daughter. I don’t want her to grow up the way I did.”

He raked his hand through his thick, dark hair. “I don’t care to even entertain the thought. No.”

The weight of his words hit her like a lead block. “So we’re not even going to discuss this?”

He rose from the chaise and headed inside. “No.”

“Mitch? You’re going to have to give me some explanation as to why you’re so adamant about this.”

“Not now, Chella.”

“If not now, when?”

He gazed into her eyes in an unusually long silence but didn’t respond. His phone bellowed through the charged air. He looked at the screen then said to Chella, “It’s Simone. I have to take this.”

Chella nodded, but Mitch’s obstinate response filtered through every nerve in her body. When she heard a shocked “What?” followed by, “We’ll be there soon,” leave Mitch’s lips, she rose to

her feet. She knew instantly that something was wrong. “We have to go,” Mitch said after he ended the call.

“What happened?”

Reviews

“Unravel is a fast-paced, intense, heart pounding read that will keep you glued to the page just to find out what will happen next. The undeniable passion that flows between the couple will radiate off the pages taking your breath away. This is one incredible fight for love you won’t want to miss.”

— Goodreads Reviewer

“Man, Unravel might be a novella but it is jam-packed with danger, emotions, action, and passion. It will have you on the edge of your seat and flipping the pages to find out what happens next and solve the mystery. It will squeeze your heart, make it race, and make it all warm, melty, and tingly in the end. Unravel is an excellent book and even if you’re one of those people like me who more often than not hate reading about after the HEA, this is one that you should definitely pick up and read because it will not disappoint!”

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