

Media Kit

My Vegas Comeback; Viva Las Vegas Book 3

In Vegas everything is a gamble, including love.

Ruby Kendall needs a chance to make a comeback. Her voice made her a legendary singer in Las Vegas, but a scandalous divorce from her scumbag manager has left her unemployable. She's broke and desperate. But is she ready to take that chance with the man she loved but turned her back on eight long years ago?

Anthony Rosas lost the love of his life when he forced Ruby to choose between their love and her career. Now he's finally ready to take a gamble on love. This time, he'll support the very career that took her from him. But he wants to be more than just her manager. He wants back the dreams they lost.

They come together with a heated desire that the years couldn't extinguish. But the odds are against them. In 1950's Vegas, a divorced lounge singer is hardly suitable wife material. Not to mention her abusive ex, his disapproving parents, and the fact that Ruby is all out of trust.

Can they beat the seemingly insurmountable odds and let true love win this second time around?

Buy Links:

Goodreads: <https://www.goodreads.com/book/show/40698535-my-vegas-comeback>

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Excerpt:

"Come sing for me," he said.

"Before we eat? I need to warm up."

Shutting the door behind her, he took the bag and placed it on the table by the door where he kept his keys and wallet.

She shook her head. "What about our food?"

With a flustered sigh, Anthony took her by the arm and led her to the piano. He sat, ran through the keys quickly, then handed her the paper with the lyrics. He centered the staff sheet on his piano. "Sing that."

“You wrote the music.” Her voice was breathless. If she were another woman, jewelry might elicit such a powerful response. But not Ruby—her heart lay with the melody. Settling on the bench beside him, she said, “Scoot over.”

He did, the two of them just fitting together on the seat. He began to play, and she opened her mouth, letting loose with the lyrics on longing for a man she could never have that she’d written days ago. The expected way to go would’ve been something fast, up-tempo, but Anthony knew slowing things down would make the song hit all the right marks.

When she finished she turned to him. Tears welled in her eyes before one plump teardrop coursed down her cheek. “You wrote me a song.”

“We wrote the song, Red. It was your words that made it beautiful. And your voice. I could listen to you sing all day.”

She tangled her hands together in her lap with a shake of her head. “Do you have any idea how much this means to me?”

So many things he could say. Something flippant, like, It’s no big deal. But it was a big deal. He didn’t share his songwriting with anyone, not anymore. “There’s nowhere for you to sing it, not yet. But I promise I won’t let you down. You’ll be playing your own songs in a packed nightclub before I’m finished.”

She lifted her head and gazed into his eyes. Her hand reached out to brush his cheek, and he went very still. “I believe you. More than that ... I trust you. I always have.”

Saving him from having to come up with a response, she leaned into him and brushed her lips against his own. Her soft lips like a feather fluttered against his mouth, his cheek, his neck.

“Ruby, I didn’t ... I wasn’t trying ...”

“Don’t say anything.” She pulled back but took his hand. “You wrote me a song.” She said it again, as if the words held the secret to all the things between them, the things that had kept him from touching her like he’d wanted to since the first day at her apartment.

And because the song meant so much, she offered him everything, anything. Twining her fingers through his own, he took her mouth in a kiss. Passion flared between them like lighting a match, making him hard. God, how he wanted her.

Before he could think of anything, of the reasons this might be wrong, he pulled her onto his lap and trailed kisses down her swanlike neck. Her hair, when he pushed it over her shoulder, fell like a curtain to reveal the back of her neck. He placed kisses there with reverence. He could spend days worshipping her, and it wouldn’t be enough. As he brushed his fingers over her shoulders, he couldn’t be more grateful she’d bared them today.

Her eyes fluttered open, and she held his gaze. “Make love to me. Please, make love to me now.”

In a second, he was up, lifting her from his lap, an arm under her knees and one around her waist. He’d promised himself he wouldn’t touch her, wouldn’t push her unless it was her idea. Now, finally, it was, and all he wanted to do was stop time.

Author Bio

Lori Sizemore adores all things story and geeks out about craft books, writing classes, and how-to blog posts on the daily.

When she's not writing, she's spending time with her family, playing video games, or crocheting. Sometimes all three at once, as she's a master multi-tasker.

She loves to read a good book, in any genre, but her favorite is romance with lots of wit and a dash of snark. Find her online blogging or on social media through her website, lorisizemore.com.

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