

Media Kit

Author Bio

Lori Sizemore is the author of *Infamous* (The Wild Rose Press, 2016) and *Exactly Like You* (After Glows Publishing, 2017). She 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 maniacal 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.

Social Media

FB Author Page: <https://www.facebook.com/lorisizemoreauthor/>

Twitter: <https://twitter.com/lorisizemore>

Amazon: <https://www.amazon.com/author/lorisizemore>

Blog: <http://lorisizemore.com/>

Goodreads: <https://www.goodreads.com/loriwrites>

Pinterest: https://www.pinterest.com/lori_sizemore/

Instagram: https://www.instagram.com/lorisizemore_author/

Infamous

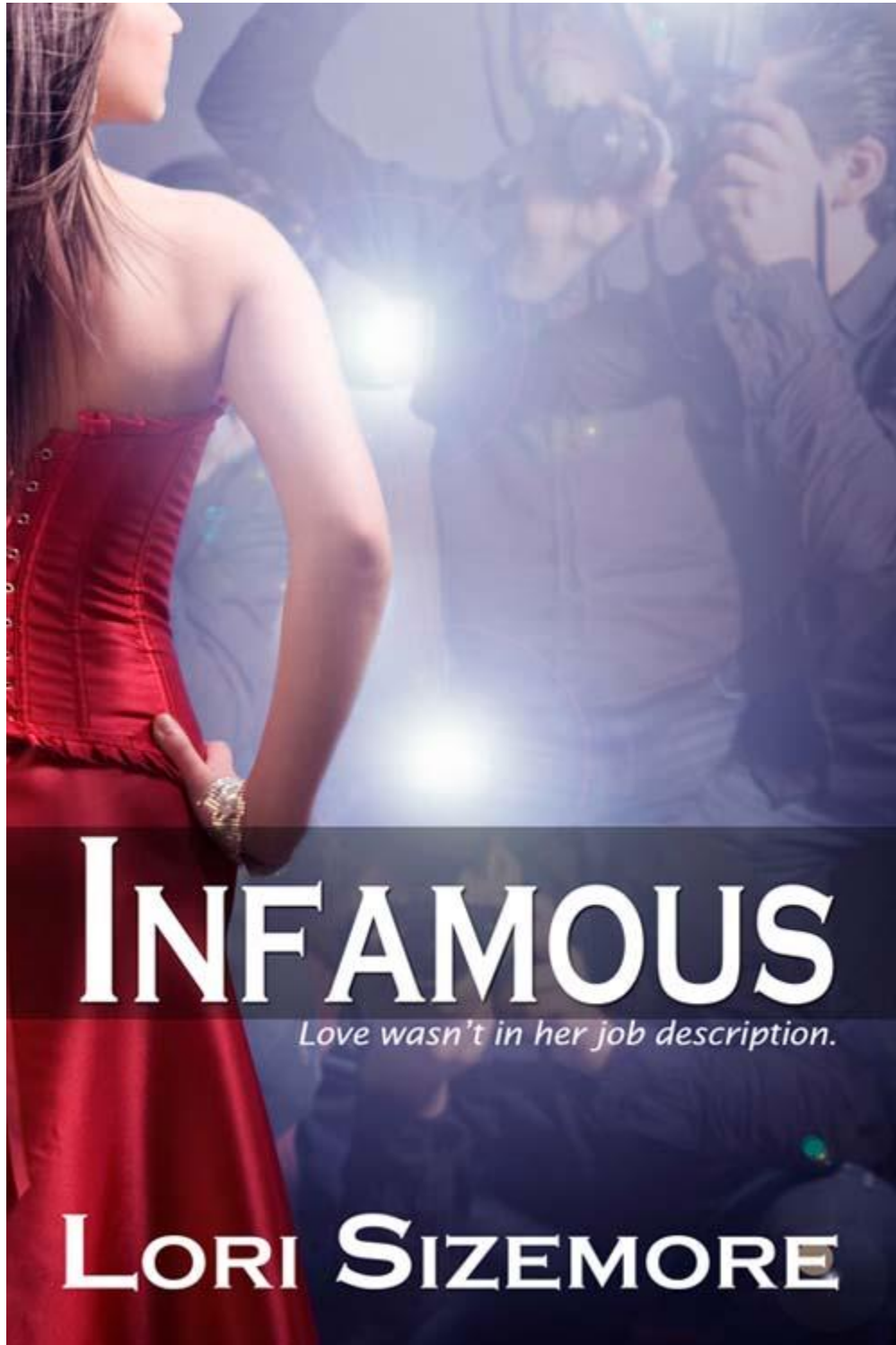
Blurb:

Justine Montgomery, daughter of a divorced beauty queen and TV magnate, is a tabloid disaster after her infamous sex tape. She's so desperate to help save her family's home she turns to her deal-making dad. Can she prove to him she's cut out for a career in television or will she lose it all?

Sawyer has his own past and a successful career is his only goal. Seeing Justine fail would mean the promotion of a lifetime, but things get complicated when he develops feelings for her. Suddenly, the lines between work, life, sex, and love are blurry.

They will have to overcome the bitterness of a rejected ex, the controlling actions of her father, and the half-truths they're telling one another to forge a lasting partnership both on the job and off the clock.

Cover Photos:



INFAMOUS

Love wasn't in her job description.

LORI SIZEMORE

Excerpts:

When she came out and flipped the bathroom light off behind her, Sawyer wanted to tell her to try again. Her choice was anything but unattractive. She'd slipped into a gown that settled halfway between her knees and...well, places he had no business concerning himself with. The gown flounced around her, touching her nowhere except under the arms and across her chest with a black ribbon gathering the material.

She lifted one foot and slid it behind the other. "Poppies."

He dragged his gaze to her face. "What?"

"The flowers on the gown are poppies. They make you drowsy." She slid her gaze to the side. "I found that amusing when I bought it."

He held up his hands. "It's fine. Get in the bed."

"I don't do pajamas. I have a thing against sleeping in pants. I like the way the sheets feel, cool and slippery, on my legs." She looked past him to a corner of the room. "I talk a lot when I'm uncomfortable."

"It's fine." He shifted toward the bed and then paused as her words sank in. "Wait, you have panties on, though, right?"

"Of course."

He tilted his head to glance at her with a frown, trying not to look at her bare legs. "Are they hot?"

"Doesn't matter."

"Right, no. Doesn't matter. Lay down." She stopped beside him at the foot of the bed and they stared at the down-turned blankets. "I want to make sure you get some sleep. You get under the covers, and I'll lie on top so I don't invade your not-pants-wearing space."

"You're volunteering to give me emotional comfort."

"Shut up, Justine."

She hopped into bed, twisting to pull the covers to the top of her shoulders, and lay on her side. He climbed on top of the blanket, scooted close. "Do people send you designer nightgowns, too?"

"Trying to sleep here."

Her body moved in the rhythm of breath, slowed down, as her muscles softened and relaxed. He wanted to kiss her shoulder, to press his lips against it, to find out if it was as soft as it looked. And what was that scent? Her hair fanned across her pillow and it smelled like... watermelon? Strawberries? Apples?

She interrupted his fruity thoughts, her voice soft and blurry. "Thank you."

"I'm an ass."

"You're okay right now, though."

"I'm using you, right now, because I like how you smell. I'm an ass."

She didn't speak again, and he realized she was out. He should get up. Go to his own room. Get away from the bare legs, under the covers, and the shoulder, and the hair. Try to put whatever had awoken during that hug back to rest. In a minute, he'd get his jacket and go.

Buy Links:

Goodreads: https://www.goodreads.com/book/show/32722638-infamous?from_search=true

Amazon: <https://www.amazon.com/Infamous-Lori-Sizemore-ebook/dp/B01MDMLPGC/>

Barnes & Noble: <http://www.barnesandnoble.com/w/infamous-lori-sizemore/1124933782?ean=2940156932610>

iBooks: <https://itunes.apple.com/us/book/infamous/id1164135877?mt=11>

Google Play: https://play.google.com/store/books/details/Lori_Sizemore_Infamous?id=nvKoDQAAQBAJ

Kobo: <https://store.kobobooks.com/en-us/ebook/infamous-18>

All Romance: <https://www.allromanceebooks.com/product-infamous-2158678-149.html>

BookStrand: <http://www.bookstrand.com/infamous-1>

Scribd: <https://www.scribd.com/book/333429337/Infamous>

The Wild Rose Press: <http://catalog.thewildrosepress.com/all-titles/4729-infamous.html>