



the
details
in the
design

Shannon M. Harris

SUMMARY

Every stitch tells a story.

Avery Michaels has longed to work in the fashion industry since she was six years old. Now at thirty-two she's fed up with her job as a food critic and signs up with an employment agency that promises to find anyone their dream job.

She is thrilled when she gets an interview with the fashion house of her choice, Catherine Davenport Designs. There's only one problem. For the past six years, Avery has had a massive crush on Catherine, one of the hottest fashion designers of the past two decades.

In the midst of a new job, nosey friends, Catherine's meddling daughters, difficult co-workers, and a dachshund named Polly, Avery also has to contend with a new woman that enters Catherine's life.

From the start, Avery knows winning Catherine's heart will be no easy feat. When curve ball after curve ball is thrown her way, does she scrap her design or make it work.

THE DETAILS IN THE DESIGN

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The Details in the Design

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The idea for this story came to me while watching a fashion movie, and there are a few women who encompasses what fashion is and they deserve a standing ovation for all their hard work.

“Style is a way to say who you are without having to speak.”

-Carolina Herrera-

“I don’t do fashion. I am fashion.”

-Coco Chanel-

“That’s all.”

-Miranda Priestly-

Acknowledgment

This is a shout out to all the hard work that goes into making my story a reality and the people that make it happen. Writing the story is only part of the puzzle.

Avery Michaels stared dumbstruck at her phone long after the person on the other line disconnected. When she talked to the woman at the employment offices the previous day, she hadn't expected to get a call back so quickly. The woman had originally told her it could take up to two months to find something in her preferred medium. Her passion lay with all things having to do with fashion, from the publishing aspect, to the designers, and everybody and everything in-between. At six years old, she got her hands on her first fashion magazine, and the rest was history. Nothing else had ever captured her attention, but life rarely worked out the way one intended it to.

For the past year, she had been an assistant to Todd Richards, one of the most sought after food critics in New York City. All in all, it wasn't a hard job, but the excitement wasn't there anymore. That's exactly what the employment agency promised. If she could make it as Todd's assistant, she believed she could make it at any job. His hardnosed approach almost broke her at the beginning of their working relationship, but after a few months, she had settled into her role and excelled at it. She sighed and rested her head back against the couch cushions. Not only had she gotten an interview in the fashion world, but with the one fashion house of her dreams: Catherine Davenport Designs.

"Avery." Mia, best friend extraordinaire since they were both six years old and her current roommate, stood in front of her and waved her hand in front of her face. When Avery blinked, Mia took that as a positive and sat down beside her on the couch. "What's got you so spaced out?" She pointed to her phone. "Who was that?"

Avery frowned at her when she took another bite of her ice cream. Mia was one of those women that could eat anything and never gain a pound. Avery hated her for it. She bit her lip. "That," she said, waving her phone in the air, "was the agency calling me back. I have an interview tomorrow."

Mia scrunched her nose. "So soon? Who is the interview with?" She moaned and licked her spoon clean, before dropping it in the empty ice cream container, and setting it on the coffee table. When Avery didn't answer, she asked again.

"Catherine Davenport Designs."

"Get out." Mia laughed.

"It's not funny." And it wasn't.

"Are you kidding me? This is fate. The one company you wanted to interview with and you got it. What position?"

"The assistant to her assistant."

She shrugged. "You have to start someplace."

"I know. That's not what's bothering me." She sighed and slouched down even further on the couch.

"Then what is?"

"I don't want my crush to get in the way," she mumbled.

“What? Speak slower. I couldn’t make that out.”

Avery squinted at her, knowing full well she understood what she’d said. “I don’t want my crush to get in the way.” She bit her lip. “I never thought I would interview with her company.”

“Oh, that.” She leaned back and plopped her feet in Avery’s lap. “You may not even see her that much. If you’re an assistant to her assistant, there is a possibility you won’t even be in the same room as her.” She rolled her eyes. “Or is that the problem? You could possibly be in the same building as her and never see her or even talk to her?”

Avery closed her eyes and sunk deeper into the couch cushions. Her obsession started six years ago. She had just turned twenty-six, and Catherine gave a speech at a gala for the performing arts about accessories through the years. Of course, she knew who Catherine’s designer persona was, but until that moment, she hadn’t realized how truly captivating the woman was.

From the first moment Avery laid eyes on her, she knew she was a goner, but she also knew Catherine was way out of her league. Not only was she one of the most sought after designers of the last twenty-five years, but also an accomplished businesswoman. Last year, Forbes estimated her wealth at a little over fifteen million dollars.

She picked up her iPad and turned it on, staring down at the picture. Right after Catherine’s presentation, Avery searched for every bit of information on her that she could find. From magazine articles, to interviews, to blogs. There wasn’t much to go on, because Catherine was notorious for not giving interviews. She pretty much stayed out of the limelight, except for certain galas and parties throughout the year to honor the charities she supported and, of course, showing at fashion week.

Her lock screen showed a picture that was taken two weeks ago at a charity event for underprivileged children. Catherine wore a long, black, off the shoulder dress, with a white bodice and long train. Her white, short hair was styled to perfection, a lock of hair kept falling in her eyes, and it suited her face perfectly. Catherine was fifty-two, gay, had twin daughters, Lincoln and Abigail, and a cat named Digger, but she tended to live a very low-key life. She’d never been married, but there had been rumors over the years of different partners, but nothing concrete. “I don’t know.” Just looking at her picture made her heart race.

“Look, you’re thinking about this too much. Take a deep breath. Good. Now another one. Let it out. Relax. You’ve got this. Who in their right mind is going to say no to those soul sucking brown eyes of yours? Hmm.” She grabbed the iPad from her hands and studied the picture. “You know, for a woman in her early fifties, she’s hot. I would do her.”

Avery snatched the iPad back and dropped it on the couch between them. “Don’t be so crass.”

“I am just saying it like I see it. Avery, this is good news.” She wiggled her toes until Avery got the hint and started messaging her feet. “This is what you’ve always wanted. To work in the fashion industry.”

“I don’t have the job yet. The lady on the phone told me there could be upwards of twenty people interviewing for the same position.” She pushed Mia’s feet off, stood up, and started pacing. “I probably won’t even get the job. Stupid people.” She ran her hands through her short black hair.

Last year, she had finally decided to cut off her long locks and surprised even herself when she looked in the mirror and didn't faint at how short it was. It was cut short, but long enough that she could run her fingers through it, and no matter how many times she did or how hard the wind was blowing, it would always fall back into place. It took a lot of getting used to, but she loved it now.

Mia jumped up suddenly and squealed. "What are you going to wear?" She ran to Avery's bedroom. Avery rolled her eyes at seeing Mia sitting in the middle of her bed with her legs crossed. Instead of joining her, she stepped inside her walk-in-closet. After rummaging around for a few minutes, she walked out and placed her picks on the bed. A pair of fitted, charcoal gray Carolina Herrera trousers, a pink, button-up Chanel top, and her rattlesnake belt she bought off Etsy.

She bit her lip then walked back to the closet, and brought back a pair of three and a half-inch, black, Vernice Prada pumps. Mia eyed everything then nodded. Avery loved fashion, but if it weren't for the inheritance her maternal grandparents left her, she wouldn't be able to afford her wardrobe. "I like it. It's classic. You should leave two buttons of the shirt undone and wear the pearl necklace your grandma gave you for Christmas."

"You're right." Avery opened her jewelry box and swapped her medical alert necklace for her medical alert bracelet, then placed her pearls on top of the dresser so she would remember to wear them. When she was eight, she found out the hard way that she was allergic to shellfish. Now anywhere she went, she wore her medical bracelet or necklace and she always carried an epi-pen in her pants pocket, and one in her bag. She scrunched up her nose. "I think I am going to take the new Michael Kors bag I got last week."

"You should." Mia stood up and searched Avery's closet, stepping out with a black sheath dress. "Can I ask why you're not wearing this?"

Avery eyed the Catherine Davenport Design and sighed. "Don't you think everybody will be wearing her designs? I didn't want it to look like I was sucking up. Don't get me wrong, I love her clothes, but I like the choices I've made."

Mia shrugged. "I do too. I was just curious." She rehung the dress.

"I don't know why I'm getting so worked up. There's a chance I won't even get the job."

"Stay positive and after you're hired, we'll celebrate."

"Celebrate?" Avery chuckled.

"Of course. I'll call Brady. It's been awhile since all three of us caught up." She wrapped her arm around Avery's waist. "Don't we celebrate all our good fortunes?"

Avery rolled her eyes. "And our not so good fortunes."

Mia dragged her back to the living room, where she deposited her on the couch. "Yes." She nodded before plopping down beside Avery. "We will celebrate."

Avery grinned. "Tacos?"

"Tacos."



After a restless night of sleep, Avery hopped out of bed bright and early. Her nerves had been all over the place since she received the call yesterday afternoon. She ate a simple breakfast, dressed quickly, then hailed a cab. The ride was way too short, in her opinion. Avery paid the cab driver, exited the vehicle, and joined the countless other morning New Yorkers who crowded the busy sidewalk.

She fought her way through the crowd, received her visitor pass, and stepped onto the elevator. She hadn't even been out of the apartment for thirty minutes and it already felt like she had run a marathon. She pushed the button for the fourteenth floor, and tried not to fidget the closer it climbed to its destination. C.D. Designs had occupied the entire fourteenth floor of the skyscraper for the past six years. She had read in an interview that the business had doubled its revenue from that move alone. As it neared its final stop, she took several deep breaths to calm her nerves. *She could do this.*

She exited into a brightly lit reception room that was awash in a sea of chrome, stainless steel, frosted glass, and people. Every seat was occupied and at least a dozen people were standing around, waiting. If her eyes didn't deceive her, all these people were wearing C.D. Designs in some form. After further examination, the waiting room was quite spacious, but felt cramped and claustrophobic with the number of people squeezed into the space.

She turned from the spectacle in front of her and gave her full attention to the receptionist. The middle aged, well-dressed woman, incidentally also wearing C.D. Designs, eyed her from head to toe, gave the barest hint of a smile, then accepted her resume. After writing Avery's name on a long list of candidates, she informed her to find a place to wait.

Avery wasn't sure if their system was first come first served or if they had already determined the order. After two hours and countless people being called back, she was sure it was the first option; however, her assumption was shot to hell when the six people that came in after her were called back before her.

She frowned when she noticed, out of everyone still waiting, not a one of them had looked up from their phones until their name was called. Avery refused to take her phone out. It was rude. If someone needed to talk to her that badly, they could either phone back, or leave a message. And she refused to check any of her social media accounts. There was plenty of time to do that when she returned home. What she did wish was that she had brought some snacks. The bottle of water she had thrown in her bag that morning just wasn't cutting it.

Another hour went by with person after person being called back. The receptionist, whose nametag read Hannah, would point them toward the door, inform them to walk all the way down the hallway, and the office was the last on the right. When an empty seat became available, she quickly snatched it up, and almost regretted her decision when the gentleman sitting beside her tried to start up a conversation, but he quickly got a clue when she didn't respond to any of his questions.

She fought the urge to slouch in her seat as she eyed the clock above the desk that kept taunting her with its movements. She groaned inwardly when the elevator dinged, announcing its

arrival and four more people walked into the room, only for Hannah to tell them that only those still waiting would be allowed an interview. That left five people, including her.

The nerves that had eaten her up all day vanished when the last person, besides her, was called back, but they quickly returned when he came back out a few minutes later with a grimace on his face and he mouthed good luck to her as he passed by. Avery watched his exit and failed to notice the woman walking into the room.

“Ms. Michaels?” Avery nodded at the woman. “We’re ready for you,” she said in a British accent.

Avery stood up, smoothed her shirt, and picked up her bag. “Avery, please.”

The redhead didn’t acknowledge her and walked out of the reception room. “Follow me.” Hannah winked at her, then turned back to her computer. They walked down a long hallway that was fairly lit and at the end of the hall, they turned right and entered a huge, wide space that was littered with tables, mannequins, fabric, and shelves.

They continued toward a large glassed in office and even from their distance away, she could clearly see Catherine Davenport seated behind her desk. Once inside the office, Avery took a second to evaluate everyone, and just like every other candidate, these people also wore C.D. Designs. Good grief. It was hard not to second-guess herself when literally everyone she had seen wore Catherine’s designs.

“Please have a seat,” her escort said and pointed to the two chairs that were placed directly in front of Catherine’s desk as she made her way around the desk to stand directly behind her boss’ chair. Avery spared a moment and let her eyes wander around the immaculate space. Dozens of picture frames lined the walls, with photos ranging from who she assumed were Catherine’s twins and cat, to sketches of different designs, and pictures of famous designers. The space was clutter free, sleek, and modern.

“Avery,” the man seated to Catherine’s right said. “I’m Camden, Catherine’s assistant and the woman behind us is Beth, Catherine’s second assistant.”

Avery fought the urge to frown at his words. If Beth already held the position of second assistant, then what was this interview for? “It’s nice to meet both of you.” She would reserve her judgment until she got all the facts.

“I take it I don’t have to introduce the woman next to me?” Camden grinned.

Avery could do nothing to stop the blush marring her features. “No. No introduction necessary.”

“Good.” Camden nodded. “From your resume, you have never worked in the fashion industry before, but from what you’re wearing it is clear that you know your way around fashion.”

“Thank you.” Avery’s heart raced when Catherine spoke and she had to lean forward to catch her softly spoken words.

“Avery, I couldn’t help but notice out of everyone that was interviewed today, you are the only one who didn’t wear one of my designs.” Avery knew that wasn’t a question so she kept her mouth shut but didn’t avert her gaze from the woman in front of her. “Why?” She looked at Avery over her glasses.

“I have a rather lovely black sheath dress of yours hanging in my closet, along with several other pieces from your collections. Mia, my best friend, even asked me why I wasn’t wearing it. Truth be told, it never crossed my mind to wear it. It did cross my mind that by wearing one of your designs, I would look like a suck up. It gave me a moment of pause when literally everyone around me was wearing your clothes, but it was only a moment. What I’m wearing is typical of my normal workwear. I guess I don’t have a solid answer.”

Catherine nodded, closed her file, and rested her hands on top of it. “I spoke to Todd Richards earlier and he didn’t seem all that surprised when you put in your two weeks’ notice. He stated he was surprised you hadn’t left sooner. To quote him, *her passion has never lay in the food industry*, but he said you were a hard worker and willing to put in the hours to complete any task he gave you.”

“I’m surprised that’s all he said.” Avery laughed. “We didn’t exactly get along the first couple of months.” Without thinking, she ran her hand through her hair, then stopped when she realized what she was doing and Catherine pursed her lips. “To be fair, I didn’t hate working for him, it just seemed like every day that I was there that a little bit more of my soul died. It was time for me to move on. It surprised me to get a call from the agency after only a day of being in their system.”

Catherine tilted her head and Camden frowned. “What agency?” He asked.

“The Riley Employment agency.”

Catherine took her glasses off and ran the tip over her lips. “What position do you think you’re interviewing for?” Her expression remained unreadable even when Beth whispered in her ear.

Now Avery felt her nerves coming back full force. What was going on? “An assistant’s position.”

“That spot was filled four weeks ago,” Camden said. “The agency needs to update its listings.” He pinched the bridge of her nose.

Avery felt her heart plummet. “Okay.” Well, that sucked.

Catherine slid her glasses back on and tapped her finger on her lips. “I do have another position available, so why don’t you tell me what you have to offer and why I should hire you?”

Avery gripped the arms of her chair harder. What position was she applying for? “I am very good at multi-tasking and have a wide range of people skills. I’m not afraid to put myself out there to get a task completed. I am loyal, even if I don’t like the job, and I will give my all, to make sure that what needs to run smoothly, runs smoothly. I am quite optimistic and I try to see the—” she paused. “I try to make the most of every day. We never know when it will be our last. Life’s too short to waste it being negative.” She clasped her hands in her lap and fought the urge to run her fingers through her hair again. Catherine picked up her resume, scanned it, handed it to Beth, then turned back around.

Catherine took a sip of the Starbucks cup sitting on the corner of her desk before continuing. “You’ve never worked in the fashion industry. Again, why should I hire you, Avery?”

Goosebumps broke out all over her body at the way her name rolled off the other woman’s lips. “No, I have never worked in the industry, but my passion *is* fashion. I live and breathe it, but

at the end of the day, I have bills to pay. I might live for fashion, but I also like to eat.” When she first received her inheritance, her grandmother told her that the money was not to be used to pay her bills or her rent. That she would have to make her own way in life, and she didn’t intend to break that promise now. Avery took a deep breath. “If I may ask, what is the position you’re offering?”

Beth spoke up. “We are looking for someone to take the realms of Catherine’s social media presence, including Facebook, Twitter, Instagram, a blog, and whatever else needs to be done to get her name out there, especially to let everyday people know about the new line that will be launching soon; an affordable fashion line for the everyday woman. A publicity liaison. The last man that held the job turned out to be quite an incompetent fool. We need someone who will devote all their time to growing Catherine’s brand. She is well known in the fashion world, but her reach needs to extend to the middle class.” The job sounded almost perfect. Too perfect. She had handled a lot of Todd’s social media accounts and he seemed pleased by her efforts, but dabbling and running everything were two very different things.

“Hannah informed us that you didn’t pull your phone out once when you were waiting. Why?” Catherine asked.

Avery almost chuckled. “The only time I allow myself to check my social feeds is when I get home and even then, I limit the amount of time I spend on them. I find I can accomplish a lot more when I’m not distracted. Also, I find it a bit rude. People today deem it acceptable to be on their phones all day long, even when in the company of friends, family, colleagues, or even dates.” She grimaced as Catherine continued to stare at her. Avery gripped the chair handles to ground herself when her gaze remained steady. Her and her stupid crush would be the death of her.

“That’s quite refreshing, Avery.” As her name slipped from Catherine’s lips, Avery shivered and prayed to every deity that the people in front of her didn’t notice. Catherine accepted the folder Beth handed her, set it on the table, and pushed it in Avery’s direction. “I felt the need to interview everyone today in case another position needed to be filled.” At Avery’s confused look, she went on. “You’ve had the job since you walked in this morning. Like I said, I talked to Todd Richards.” She flicked her hand in the air.

Avery felt like the floor had disappeared beneath her chair. With shaky hands, she picked up the folder and opened it. “That’s all the paperwork you need to fill out and it gives all the information about the job, what will be expected of you, as well as salary, hours, etc. Look it over and if you still want the job, bring it back tomorrow morning at eight a.m. for your first day of work,” Beth said.

Avery sat stunned, before getting her bearings, picking the folder up, and sliding it into her purse. “Of course.” Her nerves were shot now, but a burst of pride swirled around her at the fact that she had been their pick all day. Only a little bit of anger slipped in for being kept waiting, but she squished it down. She was offered the job and that was all that mattered. It may not have been the job she thought she was interviewing for, but it would be new and exciting and she would be in the thick of the fashion world. She stood up, turned to leave, but whirled back around. “Thank you for this opportunity.”

“Avery, I would not be opposed to you wearing something from my collection occasionally.” Catherine slipped her glasses off and Avery swooned a little bit more. “That’s all.”

On shaky legs, Avery walked back the way she had come, waved at the receptionist, and entered the elevator. After exiting onto the ground level, she returned her visitor pass, walked out the door, and onto the busy sidewalk once again. She fumbled with her phone and after three rings, Mia picked up. “Looks like we’re having tacos tonight.”



Avery’s first week at her new job flew by and even though she was thrown head first into the mess that the previous man left behind, she was enjoying the challenge. It wasn’t that their social media presence was bad, but it was lacking in quite a few areas. She started out synching all their social media accounts together, making it easier for her to only post to one, instead of all of them. She figured that was obvious and mentioned it to Beth, who only rolled her eyes and told her to get back to it.

On day three, she had set up a blog, and by day five, she had Catherine’s schedule down pat. She tried to tell herself it wasn’t stalking, because, could it be considered stalking if they worked in the same space? She thought not.

All in all, her first week was exciting, stressful, and trying, but she wouldn’t change a single thing about it. She had quickly set her routine in motion and thankfully, she got along well with almost all the other twenty-three employees. She had mentioned to Beth that it seemed like a small number to run Catherine’s empire, but all she got in return was a dismissive wave. She figured that in the future, she would direct her questions to someone else.

What she would change was the fact that, although she saw Catherine every day, she had only spoken to her twice and that was for a brief amount of time. She soaked up those few minutes, but it wasn’t nearly enough. It was harder than she imagined being in the same space as her and not actually communicating with her. Often she would look up from her computer and watch Catherine in her element; creating something amazing from a simple piece of fabric. More than once a day, she would pinch herself just to make sure all of this was real and not a dream she had conjured up for herself.

She looked up from her laptop and smiled when Sybil walked up to her, carrying a familiar cup. “Here,” she said, setting the cup on Avery’s desk, in that devastatingly sexy southern accent. “I thought you might like this. I know I needed a pick me up.”

Avery took a sip of the hot tea, laced with honey and lemon, and moaned. It was heaven and just what she needed. Sybil was a seamstress and had worked with Catherine for the past five years. On her first day, Sybil had been one of the first to welcome her and had shown her nothing but kindness. The woman was drop dead gorgeous, with long blond hair, and killer blue-gray eyes, but she knew rather quickly her and Beth were a couple when Beth walked over to them on her first day and practically pissed on Sybil’s leg, virtually claiming her. She wasn’t sure what the two had in common, but she guessed when it worked, it worked. “Thank you. I’ve only been here a week,

but everyone seems to work well together.” Well, except for Camden, but she would keep her thoughts on him to herself. Everybody else seemed to like him.

“We do. It’s a nice place to work.” She turned away when someone waved her over. “Don’t work too hard, Avery.” She winked at her before she walked off.

It was Friday and her plans for the weekend included, but were not limited to sleeping in, grocery shopping, possibly some laundry, sitting on the couch doing nothing, and taking Polly, her three-year-old dachshund, for as many walks as she desired. She scanned the large space, her eyes drifting to Catherine’s office of their own accord and locked gazes with none other than the woman herself.

Avery loved these moments. She found herself searching out Catherine quite a few times a day, and when she wasn’t in the studio working, nine times out of ten, she would catch Catherine looking back at her from her office. Avery didn’t read too much into it, but it still caused her heart to flutter. She smiled, then looked back at her laptop, trying and failing to concentrate on the latest blog entry she was working on when Catherine called her name.

Catherine’s voice still sent shivers down her spine, but she had somewhat learned how to control her reactions. She stood up, started walking toward her, and nodded at Camden as he walked by her. He was a hard nut to crack. Some days he was genuinely nice to her. Other days, he seemed to have a stick up his ass. She didn’t think anyone could be moodier than Polly but Camden was running a close second.

Avery walked in and sat down while Catherine busied herself with her sketchpad. She couldn’t help but admire the older woman. Today Catherine wore one of her signature sheath dresses in black and gold, along with her ever-present Prada pumps. Her jewelry was tasteful and simple. She kept her eyes averted, but after a few minutes chanced a glance up and was surprised to see the designer staring back at her with a hint of a smile gracing her oh so kissable lips. Good grief. How long had she been spaced out for?

Catherine tapped her pencil on top of her desktop. “It’s been a busy week and I haven’t had a chance to sit down and talk with you. I was wondering if you would like to have lunch with me?”

Avery blinked. “I…” Why had the ability to speak suddenly abandoned her?

“It’s a yes or no question, Avery.” Catherine’s eyes twinkled.

Avery opened her mouth to speak when Camden strolled in without knocking and sat down in the chair beside Catherine’s. If she hadn’t been looking, she wouldn’t have caught it, but a brief glimmer of contempt crossed Catherine’s features, but after a split second, it was gone.

Camden laid his folder on top of the desk and eyed them both. “Oh, dear. I hope I’m not interrupting anything?”

“Yes,” Avery blurted out and grabbed their attention. Catherine tried to hold in her smile, but failed, and Camden glared at her.

“And what, pray tell, are you yelling about?”

“Camden.” Catherine spoke so low Avery had to strain to hear her. “That’s enough. Just because my office door is open, does not mean you can just walk in unannounced or that it is an open invitation.”

About the Author

Born near Chicago, but raised in Southern Illinois, where she still lives, Shannon spends her free time writing. When she isn't writing, she enjoys binge watching fantasy, science fiction, or true crime shows.

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Check out Shannon's other books.

The Adearian Chronicles - Book One - The Oath – ISBN – 978-1-943353-17-0

Ex-mercenary, Lanis Welsh, is finally at a place in her life where she is content with what and who she is; High Priestess Anya's Protector and Lover. After an unexpected request, she has no choice but to leave Anya's protection in the hands of someone else and travel back to the one place that holds nothing but bad memories. When she is manipulated into signing an oath she has no desire to fulfill, she questions the very truths she has built her life on. As strangers become friends and enemies become allies, Lanis must face the demons from her past. It doesn't take her long to realize there is more going on than anyone could have ever foreseen and nothing and no one can be trusted.

Adearian Chronicles - Book 2 – Revelations – ISBN - 978-1-943353-33-0

What would you do if you were faced with finding and saving the one person who held your heart, but you only had two weeks to do it?

When the unexpected happens and Lanis's world is turned upside down, her and Elson have no choice but to align themselves with two people from a strange land. With new enemies at play, and a Goddess that seems to have forsaken them, Lanis relies on the only people she can; her friends. To fight the demons that plague her daily, she has to separate her love for Anya, from the task she must perform. On top of the unknowns, she is gifted a small black book that changes the way she sees everything and everyone around her. As her world starts to crumble, Lanis must face her fears and the nightmares that invade her dreams. With the hours ticking away, she must come to terms with the fact that she might already be too late.