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Von Hollis Shiloh

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Von Hollis Shiloh : Strawberry Rivals (sweet gay romance) (English Edition) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Strawberry Rivals (sweet gay romance) (English Edition):

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen4 von 5 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Eine Romanze zwischen Mnnern, die sich nicht unterkriegen lassenVon GelegenheitsleserSeitdem ich von der Autorin

Moths and Men (sweet gay romance) gelesen habe, bin ich von ihr sehr angetan. Auch in dieser Novelle geht es nicht um Milliarden und ihre eingebildeten Probleme, sondern um zwei Typen, die sich durch Arbeitslosigkeit und die schlechte Wirtschaftslage in den USA irgendwie durchschlingeln müssen. Alles ist erlaubt, wenn es nur dazu dient, bis zum Monatsende irgendwie durchzuhalten. Da könnten die Erdbeeren, die man billig auf den Feldern pflücken kann, eine Verdienstmöglichkeit sein. Schlecht, wenn zwei Gay-Typen dieselbe Idee haben und sich deswegen nicht einmal richtig hassen können, weil zunehmend andere Gefühle ins Spiel kommen. Warnung: Der Heat-Level ist low, d.h. Nahkämpfe unter Erdbeerstauden finden nicht statt. Auch nicht woanders, weil sich da immer der riesige Kater breit macht. Eine nette kleine, anrührende Geschichte, die ich deswegen so hoch bewerte, weil ich es anerkennenswert empfinde, dass die Autorin ihre Geschichten in einem Ambiente ansiedelt, das weit von den blöden Kitsch-Romanzen entfernt ist. Und ein neonrotes HEA gibt es auch nicht. Aber in den heutigen Zeiten ist man sicher auch mit etwas weniger zufrieden. übrigens: Wenn Sie sehen, dass diese Rezension ein "nicht-hilfreich" erhalten hat, wundern Sie sich nicht. Das hat rein gar nichts mit dem Inhalt zu tun. Eine bsartige Person straft meine sämtlichen Rezensionen seit Kurzem in dieser Art ab. Ich nehme an, dass der IQ sich auf einem Level bewegt, dass sie manche Rezension gar nicht versteht. Sie weiß aber, wo man drücken muss, um dem Rezensenten zu schaden und seine Arbeit zu torpedieren. Und zum Glück ermöglicht mit seinem "Nicht-Hilfreich-Knopf" diese Sauerei auch noch.

Kurzbeschreibung Strawberries. Rivalry. Flirting. Warm summer days and a large, orange cat. Okay, so I almost backed into the guy. But it was mostly his fault, and I did try to apologize. Mr. Tall, Dark, and Handsome is a real jerk. Or at least I thought so till he stopped to offer me a lift when I ran out of gas... A contemporary sweet gay romance or m/m romance. Length: 13,000+ words Heat level: Low Contains a short excerpt from Songs By Heart, a new novel by Hollis Shiloh. EXCERPT: He drove away as quickly as the little Ford would trundle along, glancing once or twice at the fuel gauge. He'd thought he didn't have to fill her up till at least tomorrow, but the needle wobbled dangerously low. I hope I was right. Not having a job was difficult, and made even things like keeping a full tank of gas a luxury. The bad economy and being let go had forced Chris to finally give a try to some of the ventures he'd been longing to attempt. It could be intensely scary; he felt like his fingers were always mentally crossed. So far, he was ahead of the bills. Just. He hadn't lost the house or the truck, either. Life had certainly been easier when he had a steady paycheck. Still, there was something exhilarating about living by his wits and his culinary skills, berry picking, and eBay sales. If only I don't run out of gas and get stuck by the well, shit. The Ford belched, coughed, and began to slow down. He let out a scream of frustration. "No, no, no! C'mon, baby, just a little farther! The berries will spoil in the sun!" The Ford coasted to a halt, ignoring his cries of panic. He barely managed to get it to the side of the road before it stopped completely. I am an idiot. Class one. Grade A. Sighing, he climbed out, pulled a tarp over the strawberries, grabbed the gas can, and started walking down the long, lonely road. Sweat trickled down inside his shirt, itching and tickling. Water, ice cream, spumoni, milk shakes. Waterrrrrr He was concentrating so hard on thinking cool thoughts that he almost didn't hear the car coming up the road behind him. When its low purr finally caught his attention, he turned to look, squinting against the sun and shading his eyes. Oh, hell no. The asshole's car! Complete with Mr. Asshole, no doubt ready to laugh at him. Chris grimaced and wished he could disappear, right down to the center of the Earth. Sure enough, the black car pulled to a stop in front of him. The dark-haired man leaned across, pushed open the passenger side door, and grinned. "Need a lift?" Chris scowled down at that handsome face. Sweat trickled maddeningly where he couldn't scratch without looking like a boor. "Maybe I'd rather walk." "Hey, suit yourself." The man shrugged and began to pull the door shut. Chris looked around at the long, hot road. "Wait." He hurried towards the car. "Put the gas can in the trunk," instructed the driver, as he popped the trunk. Chris did, and then clambered in with undignified speed, afraid the man would change his mind and drive away laughing. The car was low-slung and snug, its interior filled with the cool breezes of air conditioning. Chris hunched down in the leather seat, unable to look his rescuer in the eye. I called this guy an asshole. And he was. But he stopped for me and most people wouldn't have. "Ran out of gas?" asked the guy, with a hint of laughter in his voice. "No, I thought I'd go hiking and take a gas can along for kicks." "I'll kick you out and make you walk the rest of the way," said his rescuer mildly, a smile lurking in his voice.

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