

# Media Kit for Montana Christmas Romance

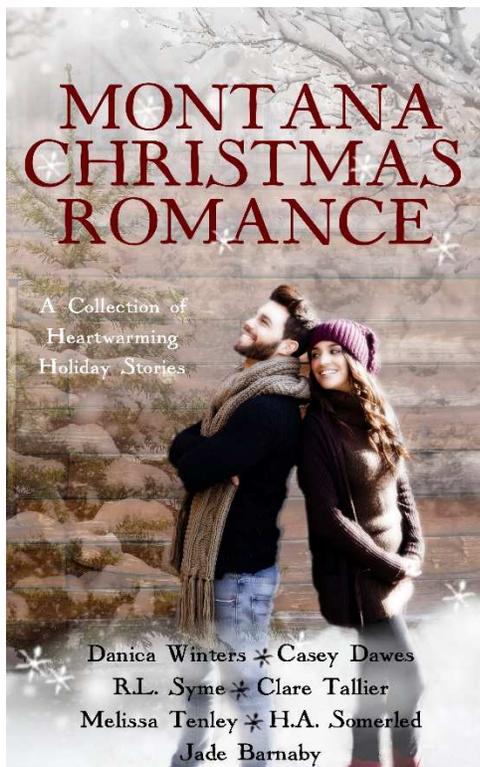
**Title:** Montana Christmas Romance

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## **Book Blurb**

Take a trip to Montana with this collection of seven heartwarming Christmas romances by award-winning and best-selling authors who call Montana home. This collection of stories from the mountains to the valleys of the Big Sky state will remind you of what is truly important and why you love the holiday season. Be ready to be swept away on a series of incredible journeys of the heart and soul.

## **Buy Links:**

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## **Excerpt**

“He certainly had hubris,” Travis said to the woman standing at the top of the snowy hill, November’s wind whipping the flaps of her coat and scarf.

“Who?” She turned and took his breath away. Wisps of blond hair escaped from her multicolored knit cap, framing her soul-deep, blue eyes. Her face had the sculpted structure

common to many of the faces in this part of Montana.

“Custer.” He gestured at the tall, white pillar that marked the graves of men who’d followed the red-headed soldier into battle.

“He *was* an idiot,” she said.

“On that we agree. You local?” The only other car in the parking lot had Montana plates, but it was a big state.

“Hardin.” She stared down the slope toward the Little Big Horn River, the porcelain skin on her face revealing nothing. It was as if she were staring into something other than the battlefield.

If only the prairie grass of summer carpeted the hills around them. Then, at least, he'd have an idea of what her figure looked like. Instead, her down jacket fell below her hips, keeping her warm and him oblivious.

"Why are you here?" he asked.

She turned back to him. "Are you always this nosy?"

Her smile taunted him.

"You're on Indian land. We get to ask."

"It's a national park." She took a step toward him.

"That we let you build."

The antagonism of a few centuries of conflict hummed between them.

"Are you Crow?" She took another step toward him, her breath crystallizing in the air, so close he caught a whisper of citrus from her skin.

"Cheyenne." He leaned down, his face inches from hers. Irrationally, he wanted to kiss her.—a white woman from Hardin.

"I suppose that does give you some right." She sidestepped around him and walked across the paved surface toward the Native American monument. "What's your name?" Her voice floated back on the air.

"Travis White Crane."

"Nice to meet you, Travis White Crane. I'm Becky Thorberg."

Was she flirting with him?

The few Hardin girls he'd met hadn't treated him badly, but who knew what Becky Thorberg thought. She hadn't backed down from him, but that didn't mean she'd seen him as a person.

He followed her toward the iron warriors perpetually riding across the plains, curiosity conquering caution.

She stood in the center of the monument, facing the iron figures framed against the wide, deep blue sky. As his steps crunched the snow underfoot, she turned.

"I'm here because I have some thinking to do," she said. "Your presence is preventing me from doing that."

"Is it because I'm a guy, a Native, or something else?"

"It's because you're a *person*." She scowled at him. "I come here in the winter because usually no one else is here."

He put up his hands. "All right, then. I'm gone." He began to walk back to the road, irritation warming his blood.

Quick footsteps caught up to him. "Wait. I didn't mean to be rude. It's just well ... this is important to me."

He looked at her, keeping his face impassive.

She smiled, and his ire faded. Caution remained.

"Maybe I could help," he said. "Sometimes talking things out helps."

“What are you, a shrink?”

He shook his head. “Engineer.”

“You’re certainly not like any engineer I’ve ever met. What are you doing here anyway?”

“On my way home to the rez for a tribal meeting.”

“Where do you live most of the time?” she asked.

Now she was getting as nosy as he’d been.

“Billings.”

“Ah, the city of my dreams.”

He snorted. It was a city by Montana standards, but not one most people aspired to. Most ended up there by chance, just like he had.

“No need to cast aspersions on my dreams,” she said. “What about you? Got any goals in life?”

Another blast of wind scraped more snow off the hillside.

“Right now? A cup of coffee. Want to join me? My treat.”

“Where?”

“Place down the hill.”

“Is it still open? I hadn’t noticed.”

“Yep.”

They stared at each other for a few moments, as if debating the wisdom of even a small step toward friendship.

“Okay,” she said.

Something prompted him to reach out his hand.

After staring at it for a moment, she took his bare hand with her gloved one. Even through the fake leather of her glove, he could feel the strength of her grip and the heat of her skin.

They walked to their cars in silence.



## ***Author Bio***

Casey Dawes has lived a varied life--some by choice, some by circumstance. Her master's degree in theater didn't prepare her for anything practical, so she's been a teacher, stage hand, secretary, database guru, manager in Corporate America, business coach, and writer.

With a few marriages, two sons, and three step-children, her personal life was a challenge when she met and married her current husband who has proved to be the love of her life. They reside in Montana where she quilts, writes, and coaches on the banks of the Clark Fork River. The couple has been adopted by two gently used cats.

## ***Links***

**Website/Blog:** [www.stories-about-love.com](http://www.stories-about-love.com)

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**Twitter:** <https://twitter.com/CaseyDawesAutho>

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