

One More Chance

Tiffany E. Taylor

Synopsis

Seven years after her wife's tragic death, a still-mourning Aimée "Jake" Charron finds herself unexpectedly intrigued by a personal ad sent to her by one of her best friends. It was a femme sucker punch right to the gut, and Jake finds her inner alpha butch responding with an almost predatory desire.

After two failed relationships, Geneva Raineri doesn't believe in fairy tales and happily-ever-afters anymore. Her neighbor posts a personal ad Gen wrote as a joke on a butch/femme romance site—and when a self-professed alpha butch named Jake responds, Gen finds herself swept up into a sensual game of cat-and-mouse that soon has a captivated Gen feeling like Jake's prey.

Jake knows she's already had one chance at a forever love, but lost it when her wife died. She wants Gen with a desire she'd thought was long dead—but Jake believes expecting to find another great love after you've already had one and lost it is a fool's game.

Gen, however, is determined to prove to Jake that anyone lucky enough to be given another shot at happiness needs to grab it with both hands and never let it go.

As Jake and Gen navigate personal journeys that include heartbreak, self-discovery, passion, and courage, they both discover that risking everything to take one more chance on love might ultimately be their salvation.

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Chapter 1 Excerpt

Costa del Sol, Florida

May 22

Genevra Raineri sat on the screened lanai of her home at the edge of Costa del Sol Bay and watched the brilliant sunset as the fiery ball of the sun dipped toward the water's edge. It was an unusually fine evening for late May in west-central Florida, with no sign of the brutally humid summer rainy season just around the corner.

The baby monitor on the table in front of her was silent, waiting for the slightest sound from her nine-month-old daughter, Gia, who was asleep inside. All in all, it was a beautiful evening and she stretched with contentment, smiling at the couple sitting across from her.

"You know, moving to Costa del Sol was the best thing I ever did," she said peacefully, looking again at the dazzling colors streaking across the sky. "I'm proud of where I'm from, but I don't think I could ever tolerate all the cold and gray up north again after this."

Her close friends and neighbors from two doors down, Sabrina Cushing Milotti and her spouse, Kai Milotti, smiled in perfect understanding.

"I love my family, but I couldn't live back up north again either," agreed Sabrina, her South Jersey accent evident in her voice. "Not only is the weather better here, it's so much more relaxed. No frantic pace, everything is calm and easy. People are friendly."

Kai chimed in. "Most importantly, as open as South Jersey is, Costa del Sol is a mecca for gay women. There aren't too many places in the United States where so many diverse people are integrated together into one harmonious community, like they are here. A perfect place for us to raise a family."

She squeezed Sabrina's hand and reverently touched her wife's six-months-pregnant body. Gen observed them with love but couldn't help feeling a small pang of envy. A single femme, she had chosen to have her daughter on her own. While she in no way regretted her decision, there were days she missed having the love and support of a partner.

However, since the break-up of her ten year relationship to her ex-lover, Terry, four years ago, Gen had concentrated on her career and had avoided any romantic entanglements that might distract her from reaching her professional goals.

At forty-two, Gen was now the Chief Strategic Officer for Duluxor Corporation, the largest home shopping channel in the world, and had forged a successful career for herself. Her efforts and the efforts of her team were directly responsible for a great deal of the increase in company profits over the past five years, in addition to positioning Duluxor as a market leader.

Because of her reputation as a shrewd strategist, Gen was much sought out and courted by other corporations across the globe. Duluxor, however, provided her with a handsome salary, bonus, and benefits package that kept her happy and comfortable.

As another advantage, she was able to reside in the beautiful Florida coastal village of Costa del Sol, a small, diverse arts community where people from all walks of life—including a substantial queer population—truly lived together in open acceptance and peace.

Two years ago, she had greeted her fortieth birthday with the determination to have a child of her own and was now the proud mother of nine-month-old Miss Gia Catherine Raineri. Gia was absolutely Gen's first priority in life.

Because she had hired top-notch analysts for her department and had spent a considerable amount of time and money on their training, she was able to relax her previously self-imposed fourteen-hour-a-day work schedule and devote substantial time to her child.

Overall, it was a happy life, and if Gen sometimes felt a pang deep down inside over the loneliness of her bed, she dismissed it with the rationalization that she had far more than most, and that it was unreasonable to expect to have it all.

"It *is* a great place to raise a family," Gen said, idly twirling the wine glass in her fingers. "I can't imagine raising Gia anywhere else. I'm finally happy with where I am in my career right now, so I can relax and enjoy being a mother. As a matter of fact, my team is doing so well, I have a lot more free time—not only to be with Gia, but to start concentrating on other areas of my life, too."

"Like dating?" Kai inquired, her ears perking up. Gen groaned as Kai zeroed in on her lack of a romantic life, something she did whenever the opportunity presented itself.

"You know, Gen, you really should post a personal ad or something like I've been telling you. You said it yourself, you have a lot more free time now. You need to have some fun in your life. You're gorgeous and you're sweet, and it's just not right for someone like you to be alone. Right, babe?" She turned to Sabrina for support.

"Come on, Gen," coaxed Sabrina persuasively. "Kai's right. What harm is there in posting a personal ad? You just might meet the butch of your dreams. The good Lord knows, girl," she looked appraisingly at the beautiful woman sitting across from her, "you are the femme of a lot of butch dreams, whether you like it or not."

Gen shook her head and rolled her eyes. They were relentless, these two. She should have known better than to bring up any topic that could be used to discuss her long-time single status. Because she usually restricted her social life to her friends, it often led to an intermittent bout of either defending her choice to remain single or fending off suggestions that she either post a personal ad or go on a blind date.

"All I was saying," she huffed in exasperation, "is that I'm happy with where my career is right now, and I have the time to concentrate on other things. How does that translate into 'why don't I post a personal ad and see what happens'?"

"Gen." Kai groaned in turn with frustration. "You live like a fucking monk. You don't date. You don't go out. You are denying butches everywhere the chance to sharpen their moves."

Gen couldn't help laughing. Kai was a great friend and a generous pal, but she refused to see the single status of a femme as striking as Gen as anything but as an affront to nature.

"Come *on*, Gen. You specifically said you have the time to concentrate on some other things now, so what's the harm?" Kai pestered. "Even if you don't want to seriously pursue it for more than a few weeks, at least give it a try. Use your imagination and come up with an ad that's really good."

Gen raised a brow at her, a slight hint of irritation evident in her grimace. "You want me to come up with something really good, huh?" Resigned, she guessed there wouldn't be any harm in writing something for fun just to get Kai and Sabrina off her back. "Okay, give me a few minutes to draft something hot and steamy."

She opened her laptop, which was sitting on the table in front of her and thought for a moment before she started to write—thinking, composing, and polishing a personal ad that would knock anyone's socks off. Finally, she smirked with satisfaction and slid her laptop across the table to Kai. "Is this sufficient, oh pain in my ass?"

Sabrina leaned over to also read it, as Gen took another sip of her wine and waited for their response.

LOOKING FOR MY ALPHA BUTCH

Who is the femme you dream about? Who is the goddess you long to conquer? Is she beautiful? Sensual? Does she challenge you with her mysterious ways, daring you to capture her—then does she struggle with her desire, submitting against her own will to your command? Is she cool and unattainable, until the moment you set her on fire with your hands and your mouth, forcing her to succumb to you? Am I that dream for which you seek?

"Praise the Goddess, girlfriend," Sabrina applauded, then fell back into her seat and fanned herself with her hand. "Tell me you are not going to waste this fine piece of work. You *have* to post this. It would be letting down femmes everywhere if you didn't."

Kai's mouth was open in astonishment. "Gen, this is the kind of shit that can get you laid within twenty-four hours, which is exactly what I'm talking about." Gen rolled her eyes as Kai squinted at her in disgust.

"I'm *serious*, woman. Aren't you even the least bit curious about what kind of responses you'd get? And responses you *would* get, trust me on that."

"Frankly, no." Gen sat back and sipped her wine comfortably. Kai, muttering something about not losing a prime piece of genius, began to type on the laptop.

"I want to know why you wouldn't use something like this, Gen. It's hot. It's sexy. It's the kind of personal ad most butches dream of seeing someday."

"Kai." Gen was firm. "I am *not* posting this, so I don't even know why you're bothering to save it. This was for fun. If I was going to post a personal ad, it sure as *hell* wouldn't be something like this."

Kai's fingers flew over the laptop keys. "What kind of ad would you post then? Single femme looking for hearts, flowers, romance, yadda, yadda, yadda. The same old, repetitious shit you find everywhere, right? But this—this has significance. This has potential. This..."

"This," Gen cut in, "is not something the mother of a nine-month-old daughter would post. At least not *this* mother of a nine-month-old daughter. This is nothing more than a blatant invitation from someone looking to get laid."

"And the problem with that would be what?" Kai inquired. Gen stared at her incredulously. "Come on, Gen, how long has it been? Three years? Four years? Since you and Terry split, right?" Gen looked at her stubbornly, refusing to answer, but Kai was undeterred.

"I'll take that as a yes, then. Four years since you and Terry split. Gen, that's not natural. Hell, woman, at least find yourself a willing stud and have a good time," Kai pleaded. Gen was unable to keep from laughing as Kai tapped out a few final strokes on the laptop. Then, she pushed it back toward Gen, smiling triumphantly.

"Don't get mad. But you are now the latest personal ad on the Butch/femme Romance web site." Gen's mouth dropped open in speechless shock as she stared at the screen. There it was, out there for everyone to see, with her email address listed as the contact information.

"I knew you'd never do it, so I took the liberty of doing it for you. Because it's under my old account, you can't go and delete it, so don't even think of trying."

"*Kai!*" Gen shrieked, recovering her voice. She could not believe Kai would do this to her. "You need to go and pull it right now. I do *not* want a personal ad on that site, especially one like that. Sabrina," she turned to her friend beseechingly, "make her stop."

"Too bad." Kai was in no mood to be sympathetic and looked firmly at Sabrina, cutting her off before she could get a word out of her mouth. "There's nothing wrong with trying it out for a few weeks, Gen."

"If nothing comes of it by then, and you want me to take it down, I'll do it. But you at least need to give it a chance and see." Kai sat back in her chair, clearly pleased with herself.

Gen threw up her hands in aggravated surrender. "All right, all right!" she said in total frustration, to Kai's infinite satisfaction. "Three weeks, Kai, but then you pull it. Okay? Jesus, you are *such* a pain in my ass."

The two of them shook hands on the deal. Gen regained her composure, figuring she could field the responses for a few weeks, then put a lid on it. The entire situation over her single status had gotten way out of hand. However... *This actually might be the best way to squash it once and for all*, Gen mused silently.

"Gen?" Gen heard the front door open and the voice of her best friend, Carmen Marrero Lansing, echoed out the back. *Thank the Goddess for Carmen's perfect timing*, thought Gen in relief. "We're back here, Carmen!" she yelled.

A minute later, Carmen came exploding through the double French doors onto the veranda in her customary energetic style, her spouse, CJ Lansing, following quietly behind as she usually did.

“Ah ha. A party and I was not invited. Peasants.” Carmen swept across the veranda to Sabrina and gave her a gentle hug. “*Mami*, how are you feeling? How much longer now?”

Sabrina hugged Carmen in return. “I’m due at the end of August, so I still have three months to go,” she said and stretched out her legs. “Some days, it already feels like I’ve been pregnant forever.” CJ kissed Gen and Sabrina on the cheek, then hugged Kai warmly.

“How you hanging in there, cuz?” she asked Kai.

“Good, CJ.” Kai replied as she hugged CJ back. “The closer it gets, the more excited I get. Then again, I’m not the one doing all the work.” She smiled lovingly in Sabrina’s direction.

“It gets worse before it gets better, Sabrina,” Gen said, swinging her bare foot. “But once the first six months after you’ve had the baby have passed, the time you spent pregnant doesn’t seem very long at all. By now, I feel like it was the blink of an eye with Gia.”

Carmen kissed her best friend hello, then raised an eyebrow at her. “Yes, but you also don’t remember how you bitched to high heaven when you were in the hospital for over a month before Gia was born.” Gen had developed complications that put her on complete bed rest six weeks before Gia was due.

Carmen stuck her hand on her hip and continued. “And how you cursed at me for not letting you have your laptop, because bed rest meant *bed rest* and not working full-time from a hospital bed.”

“Now, Carmen, you know that’s not true,” Gen argued, sitting up straight in protest. “I do remember and yes, I was a bit testy, but all I wanted to do was check my email occasionally. You thought you were a fucking drill sergeant, *and* you thought you could order all the doctors around whenever you wanted. As usual!”

CJ, Sabrina, and Kai shook their heads and smiled as Carmen and Gen began to bicker, much as they always did when they were together.

The two women seemed at first glance to be unlikely friends, but they had maintained and treasured their strong and unique friendship for almost twenty-five years. They had first met when they were assigned as roommates at Vassar College in their first year.

Gen was from Pittsburgh, a sheltered girl from a traditional Italian-American family. Unlike the parents of most of the girls she grew up with, however, her parents had raised their two daughters to believe they were capable of far more than just producing grandchildren.

While her friends focused on marriage and children, Gen had set her sights on college, and was thrilled when she won a scholarship to Vassar to pursue a degree in business communications.

Carmen, on the other hand, had only been in the United States for a few years, having been part of a mass exodus of refugees from Cuba when she was sixteen. Most of the refugees were very poor and had left seeking a better life; however, Carmen already had family living in Miami who had become quite successful, and she was able to settle in quickly.

There was never any doubt in Carmen’s mind but that she would go to college. The difficulty had been in deciding where. She had first learned about Vassar from a female customer who patronized her uncle’s restaurant and, fascinated by her tales of pro-feminism and the

diversity of feminist theory there, had decided that was where she wanted to go—much to the dismay of her traditional family.

They had tried to talk her out of it, but Carmen was strong-willed, and it was decided she would enroll in Vassar's Latin American Studies program.

The first few weeks of Gen and Carmen rooming together did not go well. Gen thought Carmen was loud, obnoxious, and had no concern for the feelings of anyone around her. Carmen thought Gen was weak, spineless, and spoiled by typical white girl privilege. They clashed more and more as the days went on, until one night they both decided they'd had enough, and sat down to have it all out.

What started out as fighting gradually turned to conversation as the two women began to know each other better, and eventually realized how much they actually had in common. After that soul-baring night, the two girls became fast friends. Soon, it became rare to see one without the other on campus.

Now, almost twenty-five years later, Gen glared at Carmen with the same look she had always reserved for Carmen when she was being particularly infuriating.

"You told one of the residents you wanted to talk to a *real* doctor before they could start an IV. I almost died from pure embarrassment."

"But they sent in a real doctor, didn't they? *And...* it turned out you didn't need that IV after all," Carmen smiled smugly. She accepted a glass of wine from CJ and sipped it. "It's a good thing I was there to advocate for you, Gen, or you would have looked like a fucking pincushion before they were done with you."

Carmen pulled out a chair to sit down, then spotted the open laptop on the table and leaned in for a closer look. "What's this?" she asked, interested, and began to read.

Fuck. Gen closed her eyes and cursed at herself for not closing the laptop lid, but Carmen's arrival had caught her by surprise. The shit was going to hit the fan now. When she was done reading, Carmen looked up at Gen with raised eyebrows that clearly expected some type of explanation.

"Blame Kai," Gen said tersely, transferring her glare to the butch sitting innocently across the table. "I wrote it for fun, and she went and posted it on the damned Butch/Femme Romance site."

CJ read it and whistled. A slow smile spread across Carmen's face and she gave Kai the thumbs-up sign.

"Good going, Kai. It's about time, don't you think? She lives like a fucking monk." Kai burst out laughing, hearing the exact echo of her own words to Gen earlier.

"Oh, for the love of all that's holy." Gen was now supremely annoyed. She slumped back into her chair irritably and laced her hands over her stomach.

"What is with you people? Why do you care if I get laid or not? I have a terrific job, a great home, a beautiful daughter, a family I love, and friends who couldn't be dearer to me if they tried—when they aren't driving me fucking insane, that is." Gen glowered at them. "I have

a lot, and I'm more than grateful for my life right now. I don't need someone coming in and turning everything upside down."

"That's what you think." Carmen was unrepentant. "I've known you since the day you came out, Gen. You've always blossomed when you're part of a couple. I'm not saying you aren't a strong and complete woman in and of yourself, because you are. But you are the happiest when you are the sun in someone else's sky."

Gen shook her head grimly. "The last time I was the sun in someone else's sky, as you so eloquently put it, there were nothing but severe thunderstorms in the end, and I almost drowned." She looked down at her fingers, then back up at them with a serious look on her face.

"I mean it, you guys. I'm too old for the melodrama anymore. I want peace and quiet and contentment, not drama and arguments and heartache. I have Gia to think about now, and I don't want her exposed to that. I think about what it would have been like for her to witness the end between me and Terry, and it makes me cry. I don't want my daughter to have to deal with any stupid relationship bullshit."

"Why do you assume the next time will be that way? What about romance and passion and love?" asked Carmen quietly. The others were silent, listening gravely to the exchange between Gen and Carmen. "What about giving Gia the opportunity to grow up with *two* parents who love her, not just one?"

Kai interjected, uncharacteristically serious. "What about giving yourself the chance to be loved by someone who will recognize the gift you'll be to her, Gen—and who will protect you like one?" she asked. Gen shook her head again.

"I'd have to believe that person existed first. Unfortunately, I don't... not anymore. I had a lot of hopes and dreams when I first came out, that I would find someone I was meant to be with forever. But it hasn't worked out that way."

Gen sighed, then looked back over at Carmen and smiled. "That's okay, though. Thanks to Carmen, I came out a lot sooner than I probably would have on my own. I could have wasted a lot of years—dating men, getting married, having kids, getting divorced—then wondering what my life had been missing during those years. At least I've known almost from the beginning who I am, and what I am."

She turned away and looked out over the water at the last streaks of the setting sun, going back in time to remember the beauty of her coming out, and the celebration of the discovery of her femme self.



A few months after they first became friends, Carmen had confided to Gen that she was a lesbian and was part of the queer subculture known as butch/femme.

At first, Gen was startled. She herself had never been that interested in men and rarely dated—although she didn't lack for offers—but had simply figured she was more interested in her education and would find the right man when the time came.

She'd assumed Carmen was the same way, since Carmen constantly turned down invitations as well, but it had never occurred to her that Carmen was interested in other women. Gen had assured Carmen it didn't make any difference to her, and it hadn't, but it had opened up a world of curiosity and questions for her.

One night, tired of trying to explain the dynamics of butch/femme relationships—and having made no real progress—Carmen dragged Gen out to a gay-owned coffeehouse popular with the local butch/femme community, to see it for herself.

The two college girls caused quite a stir together. Carmen was petite, as was Gen, but her black hair, olive skin, and dark brown eyes provided an alluring contrast to Gen's golden-brown hair, Mediterranean blue eyes, and fair skin.

Gen felt a little shy at first as Carmen introduced her to her friends and wasn't exactly sure what to do about the admiring attention that was directed at her. She found herself covertly trying to study the butches who surrounded her and Carmen—and discovered that being around them was fascinating. As Carmen had tried to explain to her, they did have more masculine traits and characteristics.

There was another dimension there, though, that Carmen hadn't been able to describe—and Gen wasn't sure she could have described it either. They were charming and chivalrous, with an unexplainable energy all their own that both unnerved and intrigued her.

Gen began to hang out more and more at the coffeehouse with Carmen on the weekends, feeling increasingly drawn to the community of which Carmen was a part. Several months later, one of Carmen's friends, a butch named Angel, asked her if she would go out with her to dinner the next night. Gen, who had been aware of Angel's striking green eyes and easy smile for quite some time, accepted, feeling nervous and excited.

They ended up in a softly lit Italian restaurant on the outskirts of Poughkeepsie and spent the evening getting to know each other on a more personal level. They had a wonderful time, and Gen was completely captivated by Angel's warm charm and engaging humor.

When it was time to go, Angel helped Gen with her coat, lifting Gen's long hair and brushing her fingers against the nape of Gen's neck. Gen was dazed at the feelings Angel's touch aroused in her. When Angel had delivered Gen back to her dorm, she got out and went around to open the car door for Gen.

Pushing her gently against the side of the car, Angel lowered her mouth to Gen's and kissed her deeply. The heat and intensity of the kiss exploded through her and she kissed Angel back, wrapping her arms around Angel's strong body and responding without restraint, before she reluctantly pulled away and went inside.

The next weekend, in unspoken agreement, Angel took Gen back to her apartment and brought Gen to her bed. She was amazed when Gen told her she was a virgin and hesitated, gently asking Gen if she was sure this was what she wanted. Gen nodded, absolutely certain.

Angel laid her down and began to slowly undress her, following her hands with her mouth. She slid Gen's sweater up over her head and freed her breasts from the confines of her bra, then cupped them in her strong hands and traced her tongue tantalizingly around her nipples.

Gen shuddered as Angel whispered, “You are so beautiful,” and slid her jeans and panties down her legs, running her hands down over Gen’s waist and her thighs. She slid her legs between Gen’s and stroked the insides of her thighs with a feather light touch, making Gen shake with desire. A moment of uncertainty seized her.

“Angel,” she looked up at her with hesitant eyes, running her hands up Angel’s back tentatively, “I don’t know what to do.” Angel’s brilliant eyes looked deeply into hers as she smiled reassuringly and said, “Anything you need to do, baby, you’re already doing.”

She captured Gen’s hands and pinned her wrists over her head, claiming her mouth in a deep, arousing kiss. “You are so hot,” Angel whispered, releasing her mouth for a brief moment to kiss her neck, “and you make me so hot.”

As Angel claimed her mouth again, passion coursed through her and she yielded under Angel’s muscular frame, shaking with the force of her desire and need, as the two of them entered a realm of unimaginable pleasure.

Carmen had faced her squarely when she’d returned to their dorm room the next morning. “Are you sure this is what you want, Gen?” she asked, unusually subdued, knowing Gen had finally crossed the line, but worried it was not one Gen had been meant to cross.

She took Gen by the arms and looked searchingly into her face. “I feel that if you are coming out as femme, it is another bond between us and one that will bind us even more strongly to each other. But it was never my intention to want you to be something you are not. I will not love you any less if you are straight.”

Gen smiled and kissed her friend, still glowing from the previous night in spite of her lack of sleep. She and Angel had made love until the sun came up, and Gen was still in awe from the beauty, passion, and ecstasy of her first experience.

“I feel like all the pieces of my soul have finally come together,” she told Carmen serenely. “As though everything that’s never made sense in my life finally has an explanation. Last night with Angel was everything I’d ever dreamed of and more. Being loved by her was like touching the rim of heaven.”

Carmen looked at her for a long moment before nodding, satisfied, then wrapped her arms around Gen. The two of them stood there together for a long while, feeling this new dimension in their friendship forge a bond that was destined to bind the two of them together for their entire lives.



Gen abruptly came back to the present and sighed. How young she had been back then, how innocent. She had loved Angel so passionately, and had been loved just as fiercely in return, both of them convinced their love would endure forever. As time went on, however, their vastly different goals and dreams had eventually conspired to divide them.

When the final split came three and a half years later, Gen had been heartbroken, the joy of her graduation from Vassar diminished by an almost unbearable ache, as she and Angel went their separate ways for good.

Gen hadn't seen Angel again until she returned to Poughkeepsie for her fifteen-year reunion at Vassar. Purely by coincidence, she had run into Angel outside the same Italian restaurant where they'd had their first date almost nineteen years prior. The two of them had hugged each other tightly, overcome with emotion.

Time and distance had eased the pain, and they were able to share the memories of their time together without regret, bringing a closure previously denied them. Gen had felt a bittersweet pang, wondering how different her life would have been if she had given up her career dreams and stayed with Angel—knowing it was never meant to be, and convinced it was her destiny to always end up alone.

With an effort, she forced away her thoughts and memories, and smiled at the quiet group, who were reluctant to disturb her reverie.

“It’s much too beautiful a night for such a serious discussion,” she said lightly. “Trust me, the fall of Western civilization is not imminent if I am not in a relationship. Everything happens for a reason, and if I’m meant to find someone, it will happen whether I want it to happen or not. Despite that damned personal ad,” she laughed, resigned to going through with it.

“Or maybe because of it,” Kai said stubbornly, still sticking to her guns. “I don’t care what you say, Gen, but I have a feeling in my bones about this.”

“Me, too,” agreed Carmen seriously. “There is someone out there waiting for you, Gen, no matter what you think. You can’t circumvent Fate forever by hiding.”

Gen looked out over the water again at the last disappearing ray of light. “Well, if Fate wants to find me,” she said half in jest, half in seriousness, “she knows exactly where I am.”

One More Chance can be purchased at:



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Tiffany E. Taylor writes sensual sapphic romance fiction within the passionate butch/femme dynamic in a variety of genres: action/adventure, 40+ midlife, and paranormal.

Before she became a full-time author, Tiffany was a well-known curly hair specialist. When a severe hemorrhagic stroke put an end to her hairdressing career, she started to write instead. She hopes to be an inspiration for anyone undergoing disability challenges.

She lives with her spouse and their daughter in an idyllic queer-friendly little town on Florida's west-central coast. The Taylors have been a long-time part of the butch/femme community, about which she writes so passionately.

To learn more about Tiffany and her books, upcoming releases, appearances, and blog, or to find her on social media, visit www.tiffanayetaylor.com/links. You can also email Tiffany at: <mailto:tiffanayetaylorauthor@gmail.com>.

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