

A little problem with bravenet newsletter. Hopefully I will have this straightened out soon.

I promised the newsletter would be brief so here goes.

This Fall I will be attending the 2012 Arts and Authors Fair at Kettering University here in Michigan. October 26th & 27th. Put on by Jane Gunderson at Kettering University. Art demos, writing and art workshops. I will be handing out goody bags and possibly a new book in my Contemporary Interracial line. "The Man He'll Never Be"

"Stranded but not Alone" and "Dagger" are both available on Kobo for those of you with those devices.

<http://www.kobobooks.com/ebook/Stranded-but-not-Along/book--1ki2EYVE-zl2m4KAILA/page1.html?s=CPsRtz1FhE2CEDBIMVxgA&r=1>

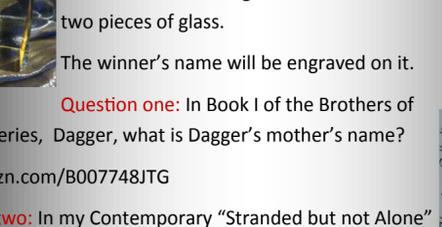
"Max" my Novella is no longer exclusive to Amazon. Available @ Amzn, B&N and Allromance where it received a best seller star the second day. I recommend reading Dagger first. You'll want to know who all the players are. Max is not a tiger shark... oh no he's something altogether different. ;)

Moving on...

#### My latest business cards



front



back

## My first Contest

Well here it is the two questions to win either the dolphin paper weight or the glass cabin. The cabin is engraved inside between two pieces of glass.

The winner's name will be engraved on it.

**Question one:** In Book I of the Brothers of Element Series, Dagger, what is Dagger's mother's name?

<http://amzn.com/B007748JTG>

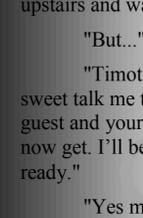
**Question two:** In my Contemporary "Stranded but not Alone" what is Seth's mother's name?

<http://amzn.com/B008NNSSBO>

**The winner will be announced at the end of September.**

Leave your answer here, [corablu@hotmail.com](mailto:corablu@hotmail.com), and the winners will be announced on FB and Twitter. Make certain you leave a valid email so I can contact you.

## FREE STORY



I wrote this story in 2010 after going through some photos of my grandmother whom I'm named after. I've only shared a portion of it before. I hope you like it.

### "Wrong Time"

—Prep Talk—

The white stove never stood a chance with Sadie in the kitchen. Every burner going, the oven as well. One hour before the party and the big country kitchen smelled of baked goods and roasted ham. But little Timothy still hadn't moved away from the warm biscuits. Sadie stood, hands on her lean hips and wiped at her apron. She couldn't let him see how much it warmed her heart to see him eat. She may have been the maid, but no one treated her as such.

"Timothy, sweetheart, that is the last biscuit tonight. You get right upstairs and wash for bed."

"But..."

"Timothy James Edwards, I don't have time for you to try and sweet talk me tonight young man. This house is going to be full of hungry guest and your momma is expecting food to be on the table on time... now get. I'll be up to check on you soon as this other batch of biscuits is ready."

"Yes ma'am." Slow as a snail on crutches, Timothy inched his way up the creaky back stairs. The love between the two was evident in the slow grin that eased across his little buttery face.

Sadie was like a mother to Timothy. She cared for him with a gentle yet firm hand. She wasn't just the maid; she was loved like family and treated as a friend by Mrs. Edwards.

"Sadie dear...how's it coming in here?" Savannah Edwards was all elegance. Timothy's mother was a natural beauty and a woman of high society. Parties every weekend was not unheard of, but would never be the success they were without Sadie. The friendship between the two women showed in the way they treated one another.

"Oh, if I can keep Timothy out of my biscuits, things would move along a lot faster. That boy is going to be tall as this house eating the way he does."

Where is the little minx?"

"I sent him off to get ready for bed."

Good...he'll just sweet talk me into allowing him to stay up late. What would we do without you Sadie?"

"You wouldn't be having this party tonight, that's for sure. How many guests did you invite anyway?"

"I didn't invite them, Mr. Edwards invited them. He always gets in over his head and next thing you know we have a house full of people. I think maybe thirty." With the cabinet open, Savannah took down the punch bowl and little crystal mugs to hang off the sides. "Sadie be a dear and wash this for me. I'll go and bring the alcohol out. A bunch of bankers sitting around talking finance without alcohol is just un heard of." A warm smile pushed at her smooth skin.

Sadie took the offered crystal bowl and eased it into the warm soapy water, turning to Savannah. "Besides, no offense, but that awful Mr. Cantrell will be here no doubt—again no offense to your family."

"You don't find him to be the most handsome man ever?"

"Oh...it's like seeing Rock Hudson, but his stares start at the floor and by the time they reach my face I feel as if he's seen more than I was showing."

"It's the blue eyes. I could ask Richard to talk to him. We've been introduced a short while... a couple months."

"Oh don't do that, besides if I'm out of here soon enough he'll never see me." Blushing, Sadie scrubbed at the bowl. She was enamored with Mr. Cantrell, but what could come of it. It's not like they could date openly and she was nobody's secret.

"Sadie...you're blushing. Don't try and hide it...I saw the way your eyes danced just now. you are smitten by Mr. Cantrell."

"I would have to be blind not to be." She fired a quick glance at Savannah. "Sometimes I wish everyone saw the world through your eyes. We could never be a couple."

"But..."

She nodded toward Savannah's peach robe. "Don't you think you should be getting dressed soon?"

Savannah slipped the silk sash out of its loose ribbon and opened her robe. "I'm dressed, but I'll need your help to fasten my pearls once I put my face on." Silver sparkled off the bejewel cocktail dress. White with silver sequins flickered under the kitchen lights. Her boa feathered house slippers even sparkled.

"You look stunning. No one will notice my delicious pudding when you're in the room."

"Good...because Timothy will be looking for his share in the morning."

The two women rested against one another as their laughter filled the warm room. To hear them together was to hear sisters talking. The comfortable atmosphere scented the house along with the sweet biscuits. They held a bond neither was aware of. The bond of sisters.

"Sadie, why don't you stay and at least have some drinks before heading off? I know you have your sister's party tonight, but honey I'd hate for you to go through all this trouble and not have one drink with us."

A look of impossibility came over Sadie and she placed an arm around Savannah. "You are the only one that seems to forget I'm the hired help."

"Oh...come on Sadie...you know you are not just the maid here. You are like a family. Timothy practically has two mothers. Come on share a drink...you've worked so hard on this." Warm green eyes held Sadie close. The invitation was sincere.

Pushing Savannah out of the kitchen, "Go and finish getting dressed or I'll never be done in here." The two women stood and held the others gaze.

Savannah kissed her palm and blew Sadie a kiss before turning to glide up the stairs in her elegant manner, calling back over her shoulders. "I'm not done with you two Sadie. I will leave it alone this time, but you would be good for him." She disappeared around the corner.

Sadie stood shaking her head. If only the rest of the world were so blind.

### Evening Meeting

The night air was saturated with lilacs and fresh mowed lawns as Sadie descended the sidewalk to catch the 7pm shuttle home. The warm evening breeze ruffled the fringes of her untidy hair. On her way home now pointing in fussing over it now. Fine hairs strewn around her oval face just added to her long day. Thelma's party was not for another hour, she had time. With a bag of groceries from her earlier trip to market perched on her hip, she stepped out the way before being mowed down by Sally Mercer and her new bicycle. The streetlights were beginning to flicker and any kid with a lick of sense would have his behind on the front porch before they came on.

She called after the fleeting blur. "Hurry home Ms. Sally, you know better than to play so far from home."

The little girl hollered back over her shoulders, brown pigtails whipping wild and free. "Yes ma'am Ms. Sadie."

Sadie watched the little spit fire, knees pumping her little butter cream dress as she high tailed it home. All the children of the neighborhood loved and respected Sadie. Deep in her purse now, looking for her bus transfer, Sadie never saw the white and taupe car pull in front of the curb. Rock Hudson's twin leaned over the passenger side to speak to her. Or at least that's who he favored to Sadie.

"Hello Ms. Sadie."

Straightening the paper bag of groceries, "Evening Mr. Cantrell." She tried not to seem startled as her heartbeat like a June bug trapped in a mason jar. He was just too handsome to be toying with her.

Dark almost black hair, neat and trim atop a hard forehead nodded at her packages. "Those bags look heavy. Can I give you a lift somewhere?"

Her easy smile attracted more attention than she applied for. "How kind of you to offer, but my bus will be along momentarily." The passenger door swung open along with Sadie's eyes. Was he offering her a ride in broad daylight? She scanned the surrounding homes for moving curtains. Who would see her? No matter who made the suggestion, somehow the story would be of how she was flirting with Mr. Cantrell. She had to get out of there. "I don't mind waiting on the shuttle Mr. Cantrell, you have a nice evening."

"Non-sense, I happen to know that you don't live that far from here. Let me at least see you to your door."

Defenses up. "Just how may I ask do you know where I live?"

He held a up. "Wow...relax. I picked up Timothy from your home last month if you will recall. When Savannah was ill. You kept him till she recovered. Remember I am her cousin."

Eyes low with embarrassment. "Oh...right. I forgot about that." The tight braid she wore down her back felt like a rope around her neck now. She was very aware of his attraction to her and some men you just didn't play with and Mr. Cantrell was one of those men. He was family to Mr. Edwards and she knew that if she spurned his intentions it could end badly for Mr. Edwards.

"So come on...here." Car in park, he jumped out and came around to stand in front of her. Old Spice smoothed over her face with him so close. "Let me take these from you." At six feet, he stood at least a head above her. Navy pinstripe suit with a white shirt and blue and grey tie lay against his broad chest like a spent lover, easy. The tell-tell signs of a tailored suit, no stress lines.

She held the grocery bag and her tote. "Mr. Cantrell I am grateful for the offer, but my shuttle is here." The two looked up at the city bus that stood behind his car. The driver eyeing Mr. Cantrell with a look of disdain on his stern old chocolate face.

"Oh...well maybe next time Ms. Sadie." His blue eyes moved over her face making her blush. He was just too handsome to be flirting like that. "Hey...why not come back to the party with me? I'm sure you made all the food, why not come enjoy some. Besides, you can hear the bragging first hand. Savannah is a most gracious host, but we all know who cooked."

"Very kind of you to say, but no." She sidestepped him as the driver blew his horn. "I have another engagement tonight."

"Look." He touched her forearm then drew back. "Pardon me..." He was hitting on her. "Can I take you to dinner this Saturday, my treat?"

Surprise was the name of the new blush she wore. "Dinner...Mr. Cantrell..." she adjusted her bags, before turning to leave. Why did the handsome ones always seem to be so naive about life? "You had a good evening at the party and make sure to compliment Mrs. Edwards on the house. She worked really hard herself." She walked up to the bus door and could hear footsteps behind her.

"Okay, how about a picnic? Maybe in the park?" A hand in his front pocket showed his uncertainty.

She turned to watch him. The attraction was mutual but the timing was wrong-by centuries. "No thank you Mr. Cantrell, I think we should stick to people we can date...openly." He stepped back as she mounted the stairs of the bus and watched with pained eyes as the bus pulled around his car and drove off.

Did I just hurt his feelings? She watched him watch her bus pull away from the curb. I'll find out in the morning.

This planet is riddled with prejudices. How do humans find love when they have so many barriers to the finish line. I want her and I intend on having her.

Oliver Cantrell, Commander of the third sector of planets orbiting the earth, came here to get information on who financed the last mission to his galaxy. They needed to be stopped. The pollution that was coming off this phase of earth was detrimental to his planets and people.

Man just could not get this right. Even their inhabitants they handled with disregard. All the advancements being made and they still held your ethnic make-up against you. Well there's one human that he intended to take away from all that, Sadie Ochi. The most beautiful woman he's ever seen and known.

Oliver could not get her out of his mind-a total distraction. Those deep brown, almond shaped eyes and the way they slanted up on the corners. The way she smiled was open and inviting. But enough about her, he came to stop the further abuse of his sector and Mr. Edwards was his first mission. If everything went according to plan then sector three would not only be free of earth's pollution, but he would have someone to share his solitary life with. Failure was not an option he worked with, he would save his plants from destruction and his heart from despair.

One soft, southern Asian flower at a time.

I hope you liked "Wrong Time" Scenes 1&2.

Next newsletter we will continue the story.

Don't forget to enter the contest.

Sincerely, Cora Blu.

Love to hear from you. [Corablu@hotmail.com](mailto:Corablu@hotmail.com)

Look for my Tuesday Teaser, where I will be returning to my "Did you know" where some known and some un known facts about the ocean life will be discussed.

Sincerely, Cora Blu