

Title: *Hearts in the Sand (JACT 2)*
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Author Bio:

Jennifer was born and raised on Long Island, in New York. She relocated to South Carolina in 2002, where she met the love of her life. They got married and live their happily ever after just outside of Charleston with their fur-kid: a spoiled rat terrier named Daisy. When she's not reading or writing, she works as a behavioral therapist, and is an evening graduate student, pursuing a degree in school psychology. She enjoys amateur photography, traveling, and music...it's a bonus when she can combine all three. She independently published her debut novel, *Our Moon (JACT 1)*, in June 2015.

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***Hearts in the Sand* Links:**

Amazon: <http://amzn.to/1TGEblh>
Goodreads: <https://www.goodreads.com/book/show/28674668-hearts-in-the-sand>

Synopsis:

The last several years of Trevor Monroe's life have been quite a rollercoaster. He has always been the responsible and dependable one, the one friends and siblings look to for advice, or help bailing themselves out of whatever mess they've gotten into. He has certainly earned a month-long vacation to North Carolina's Outer Banks.

Sara Sands loves her life on the Outer Banks. Sure, the road to where she is today hasn't always been smooth, but she is the proud owner of a successful company, Sand Tours, doing what she loves, and she couldn't love her niece and nephew more if they were her own. Life is good.

Fate brings Trevor and Sara together and the chemistry between the two kindred spirits cannot be denied. Against both of their natures, they decide to just enjoy the month they have together

before Trevor returns home with his family to record their next album and Sara will return to her normal routine of work and family.

Sparks fly and their bond grows overwhelmingly stronger, will they be able to part ways with their hearts intact when the month ends?

Excerpts:

Excerpt #1

Just as Alex and Joey step out of the building, a muddy Jeep Wrangler comes rushing into the lot and jerks into a parking space, barking its tires. Muttered curse words in the most angelic of tones float across the parking lot and I can't tear my eyes, or ears, away from the spectacle if I tried.

The most beautiful woman I've ever seen gets out of said Jeep, slams the door, and kicks it for good measure. She tips her head back and closes her eyes, her full lips moving but I can't hear what she's saying. I wish I could hear what she was saying.

I take a moment to completely check her out: long, tan legs, denim short-shorts, white tank top with pink bikini straps peeking out around her neck. She's barefoot, and something about that is sexy as hell. Her long, brown hair is in a thick braid down her back.

"Holy hot chick," Alex says, not quietly, beside me.

Holy Hot Chick straightens herself out, her eyes zero in on our group—all staring in wonder now—probably wondering who had called her "hot chick", then after staring at us—at me—for a good thirty seconds, huffs and storms into the building.

"Bitches be crazy," Alex says with a shrug, then hops in the back and begins arguing with Joey about who gets to sit across from Max. "Sit across from your wife...Max wants to sit across from his favorite uncle. Don't ya buddy?"

"Unca! Unca!"

"Told you!" Alex laughs maniacally. I shake my head; the antics never seem to end.

The side door of the building pops open and the beautiful brunette from the Jeep appears. Smiling and confident, she walks right up to me and sticks her hand out.

"You must be Mr. Monroe. I'm Sara, I'll be your driver today."

I'm not entirely sure, but I think my jaw drops for a second before I take her hand and shake. What I'd really like to do is bring her hand up to my lips and kiss it like the goddess I'm positive she must be.

"Trevor. Please, call me Trevor. Mr. Monroe was my dad." I smile, slightly stumbling over my words.

“This is gonna be epic,” I hear Alex say in a stage whisper behind me. Sad thing is, he probably thought he was actually whispering.

“Sorry about him,” I say, still shaking her hand. “Sorry,” I grimace, dropping her hand.

“It’s okay,” she smiles. “I guess you’re riding with me?” she asks, raising her brow and drawing my attention from her mouth to the most amazing blue eyes I’ve ever seen.

“Yeah, I’m riding you. *With* you. I’m riding *with* you. Shit.” I tip my head back and close my eyes, very similar to how I just saw her a few minutes ago. “I’m sorry,” I say, but I’m not sure she can hear me over Alex and Joey’s uproarious laughter from the back of the truck. I finally open my eyes and chance a look at her and see that she’s laughing a little, too.

“You’ll have to take me to dinner first,” she winks. “As for the tour, why don’t you get in the front seat while I check to make sure everyone’s seat belts are secure?”

“Can you secure my seat belt for me?” Alex asks. “Ow, what the hel—heck did you do that for?” Alex glares at Ally.

“Behave yourself!” she growls.

“Chase, control your woman! Ow! Son of a—! Switch with me Joe, sit across from your kid. Come on.”

“You think my wife won’t kick you?”

“Trev, I’ll sit up front,” Alex says, making a move to rise.

“Sorry,” Sara says, patting Alex on the shoulder. “Trevor’s too tall to sit back here. It’s in the rule book.”

“But I was born a rule breaker, baby.” Alex says, waggling his eyebrows and giving his best grin.

“You were not,” Ally interjects. “If anyone was born a rule breaker, it was me.”

“You were slow. That hardly makes you a rule breaker.”

“I was supposed to be first.”

“And that just means you’ve been failing to meet expectations since birth. Not that you’re a rule breaker.”

Ally glares at Alex, then looks at Chase expectantly. He rolls his eyes, but still elbows Alex in the side.

“Ow, what was that for?”

“Stop disrespecting your sister. You’re being an ass.”

“Language,” Evie calls out.

“Sorry,” Chase says.

“She started it,” Alex complains. “I only said I was born a rule breaker, she’s the one who started arguing with me.”

“Are they always like this?” Sara asks me as we both take a seat in the cab.

“Yes. At least once a day, every day.”

“Brother and sister?” she asks.

“Twins.” I answer as I buckle my seat belt.

Her eyes dart up to mine with genuine interest, “Really?”

“Yep.”

“That’s so cool. My niece and nephew are fraternal twins.” She smiles that heart-stopping smile again and I swear my ability to form a sentence goes straight out the window. “Ever since they were born I’ve been intrigued by research on twins and twin studies. Interesting stuff.”

“Well, you don’t want to research these twins. Trust me.”

She laughs, and if her smile hadn’t already knocked me on my ass, her laugh would have. It was ethereal, it suited her other angelic qualities...like her voice and her eyes and her smile...

“I sense there is a definite warning there,” she says, still laughing.

“Yes. It says ‘Proceed With Caution.’”

“You’re funny, Trevor Monroe.” I love the way my full name rolls off her tongue. Sara puts the key in the ignition and turns on the truck. The rumble of the engine cuts off conversation in the back. She grabs a small, black, wireless device from the dash and clips it to the strap of her tank top. I’m completely mesmerized by her simple movements.

Sara taps the roof of the truck through her open window, pops it into gear, and we’re off. She presses a button on the steering wheel and a red light blinks on the wireless device. When she speaks, her voice comes through the speakers.

“Hey everyone, thanks for choosing *Sand Tours*. I’m Sara Sands, and I’ll be your guide today.”

Review Snippets:

“If you are looking for a quick read with an amazing love story then this is the one for you.”

“I fell in love with all these characters when I read the first book, *Our Moon*. Reading, *Hearts in the Sand*, really brought back all the same emotions. And I fell in love with all the new characters that were introduced.”

“Jennifer L. Allen has a way of creating such heart warming stories that stay with you.”

“This is a sweet, romantic read that made me giggle and fall in love with the characters.”

“Hearts in the Sand is an incredible story about two people who have had to push aside their own desires to care for others around them.”

“There are those of us that believe in serendipitous moments; who believe people are brought together at just the right moments. The story of Trevor and Sara is one such story in which two people's worlds collide at just the precise moment, whether they believe it is the best timing or not.”

“Filled with some witty banter, live-sized conflicts, and barriers built around the heart, Trevor and Sara's story is romantic and flawed in the best of ways. It is the story of two people struggling to let go of the past and their fears of the future to find happiness in the now.”

“This is an awesome read and I thoroughly enjoyed it it's very well written and you can even feel the author's love for these characters coming off the page.”

“A sweet, romantic love story. When two worlds collide and every option ends in heart break, what do you do? Enjoy the time you do have together or walk away to avoid the heartache?”

“This was a great summer romance book. One that would be perfect to read sitting on the beach. It was flirty and fun, not too angsty, yet not predictable at all.”

“These are really sweet rock star romance novels that show decent people having decent relationships without all the extra drama that some real-life rock stars seem to live for.”