**Title:** Diomere’s Exile

**Series:** The Gate Keepers Chronicles, Book 1

**Author:** Sabrina A. Fish

**Publisher:** The Wild Rose Press

**Title:** Diomere’s Healer

**Series:** The Gate Keepers Chronicles, Book 2

**Author:** Sabrina A. Fish

**Publisher:** The Wild Rose Press

**Author Bio(short, medium, & long versions):**

**Short:**

Sabrina A. Fish is an Award-Winning Fantasy & Romance Author living in Oklahoma with her husband, son, and two cats. Along with being an author, she owns a trophy company where she collects names for her novels from lists of award’s recipients. She loves all things chocolate and her husband is sweet enough to never let the candy dish near her computer become empty. To find out more about Sabrina and her books, please visit her website [www.SabrinaAFish.com](http://www.SabrinaAFish.com)

**Medium:**

Sabrina A. Fish is an Award-Winning Fantasy and Romance Author who proudly holds a Bachelor’s degree in Political Science from the University of Oklahoma. BOOMER SOONER.

Born and raised, mostly, in Oklahoma(ask her sometime about the three years she spent lost in a rabbit hole that looked a lot like Texas), she currently lives in Oklahoma City with her husband, son, and two cats, where she owns a trophy company and collects names for her novels from lists of award’s recipients. She loves all things chocolate and her husband is sweet enough to never let the candy dish near her computer become empty. When she isn't writing & promoting her novels or running her company, she can be found reading, scrapbooking, or spending quality time with her family.

To find out more about Sabrina and her books, visit her website [www.SabrinaAFish.com](http://www.SabrinaAFish.com)

**Long:**

Sabrina A. Fish is the Award-Winning Author of the Fantasy Romance series, The Gate Keeper Chronicles, and three YA Fantasy novellas in the multi-author Shine series created by New York Times best-selling author, William Bernhardt. She proudly holds a Bachelor’s degree in Political Science from the University of Oklahoma. BOOMER SOONER.

Sabrina advocates being involved in the local writing community, and is the 2018 President for the Oklahoma Writers' Federation, Inc.(OWFI). She is an annual featured speaker at the Rose State Writing Conference and has been a panelist at Wizard World Comic Con.

Born and raised, mostly, in Oklahoma(ask her sometime about the three years she spent lost in a rabbit hole that looked a lot like Texas), she currently lives in Oklahoma City with her husband, son, and two cats, where she owns a trophy company and collects names for her novels from lists of award’s recipients. She loves all things chocolate and her husband is sweet enough to never let the candy dish near her computer become empty. When she isn't writing & promoting her novels or running her company, she can be found reading, scrapbooking, or spending quality time with her family.

To find out more about Sabrina and her books, visit her website [www.SabrinaAFish.com](http://www.sabrinaafish.com/)

**Book Buy Links(Diomere’s Exile ONLY, Diomere’s Healer will release Feb or March):**

[The Wild Rose Press](https://catalog.thewildrosepress.com/all-titles/5269-diomeres-exile.html)

[Amazon](https://www.amazon.com/Diomeres-Exile-Gate-Keeper-Chronicles-ebook/dp/B074M2BJ12)

[Walmart/Kobo](https://www.walmart.com/ip/Diomere-s-Exile-eBook/998392450)

[Barnes & Noble](https://www.barnesandnoble.com/w/diomeres-exile-sabrina-a-fish/1126944720)

[Goodreads](https://www.goodreads.com/book/show/35955697)

**Author Links:**

Website: [www.SabrinaAFish.com](http://www.SabrinaAFish.com)

Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/AuthorSabrinaAFish/>

Twitter: <https://twitter.com/sabrinaafish?lang=en>

Instagram: <https://www.instagram.com/sabrinaafish/>

Amazon: <https://www.amazon.com/Sabrina-A.-Fish/e/B00J4NFQ3K>

Kobo/Walmart: <https://www.walmart.com/ip/Diomere-s-Exile-eBook/998392450>

Goodreads: <https://www.goodreads.com/author/show/7935013.Sabrina_A_Fish>

**Diomere’s Exile Blurb:**

**Content Advisory:** This book is intended for mature audiences (18+) and contains graphic violence and explicit sexual activity.

Five Gates. Five Sisters. Five Very Different Men.

Once there were two worlds connected by five magical gates. Then the Gate Keepers closed the gates and disappeared. The Gate Keepers have returned.

Nadia de Quinones was exiled when her nephew, the crown-prince was abducted on her watch. She’ll let nothing stand in the way of her redemption, not even discovering her heartbonded and a connection to an ancient magical gate.

Lord Gregor Cyrene is sworn to protect his country's royal heirs. After the youngest prince’s life is threatened, Gregor sets out to discover who is responsible and suspects the answer lies with Nadia. When fate forces their competing goals to align, neither are prepared for the irresistible attraction between them.

Can they see beyond their pasts and a millennia old hate between their people? Or will they continue to distrust, allowing those plotting against them to win?

**Diomere’s Exile Excerpt:**

Playing her part, she bit her bottom lip and looked up at him through her lashes. “Pardon, m’lord. I didn’t mean to mistake you for a running path.

His low, husky voice caressed her ears, its softness belying strength and control rather than weakness. “If all runners were as beautiful as you, I’d be willing to be the path more often.”

She barely kept from rolling her eyes. Expose a little cleavage or the hint of a curvy figure and men were all the same, the sight of a woman’s face being totally unnecessary to judge beauty. Even had she not been wearing the mask, she knew there was nothing beautiful about her. Too tall and mouthy, she preferred dressing like a Diomerean nobleman rather than the noblewoman she was. Never mind the scar that bisected the left side of her face.

“Thank you, m’lord,” she said, tone dry. She smiled and batted her lashes up at him.

His low chuckle sent a shiver down her spine as he leaned toward her until his breath tickled her ear. “Acting the coy miss isn’t one of your gifts,” he said, his lips grazing her ear, causing an arrow of desire to arc through her body.

She leaned up on her toes, their cheeks only a breath apart, and whispered back. “Insincere flattery is obviously one of yours.”

She caressed his chest, unable to resist the swell of muscle under her palms as she pulled away, chin lifted. Striking amber irises circled in a black outer ring and thick black lashes peeked from the eyes of the mask. Her mind went blank as desire rolled through her, taking her breath. A ripple rolled through the power inside her, like this man had reached in and touched a finger to the still surface of her a’mi. Her smile slipped. You’re acting like Father. Her stomach flipped, threatening to eject her morning meal. She jerked her hands from his chest as if she’d been burned.

He trapped her gaze in his. “Is it not said that flattery makes friends and truth makes enemies?”

Nadia scowled and shoved her a’mi deep.

“Then I’d rather be enemies.” She stepped back and held her hand out in the traditional greeting of her people, rather than the shoulder clasping Thunoans used. His smoldering gaze held a challenge as he slid his palm against hers. His thumb caressed the back of her hand, making her shiver, before he finally pulled his hand back toward his chest, the parchment she’d slipped him tucked between his fingers. The greeting ended with their palms over their hearts. Nadia ignored the heat pooling in her stomach. “The gods keep you, m’lord.”

“Asha’s blessing on you, lady,” he said.

She told herself she clenched her fist because the greeting demanded it, not to hold on to the feel of his skin against hers. Tearing her gaze away, she strode to a nearby vendor’s stall. She smiled at the merchant as she perused his selection of meat pies. Pointing to a small, stuffed pastry, she handed him her coin and glanced over her shoulder. Heated eyes studied her. Her thighs clenched. She frowned and struggled to wrestle back control of her traitorous body. The man tilted his head in a shallow nod, then turned and disappeared into the crowd.

**Diomere’s Healer Blurb:**

**Content Advisory:** This book is intended for mature audiences (18+) and contains graphic violence and explicit sexual activity.

Five Gates. Five Sisters. Five Very Different Men.

Once there were two worlds connected by five gates. Then the Gate Keepers closed the gates and disappeared. The Gate Keepers have returned.

​

Arriana Quinones failed to save her king from the poison that killed him. Now her nephew is suffering the same malady. When her search for a cure leads her through a gate into a world of magic, she discovers that the gods' plans for her stretch far beyond finding an antidote.

Treves Tourbillon and his people gave up hope of ending their curse. Then Arriana saves his life. While those around him are convinced she is the prophesied key, Treves fears she'll be the curse's next victim.

​

Can Arriana and Treves find the antidote, end the Manticore curse, and take their place as the Desert Gate's next Keepers, or will the forces working against them prevail in the end?

**Diomere’s Healer Excerpt:**

*"Come back, handsome. I can’t let you slip across the veil just yet."*

Treves searched for the female belonging to the musical voice. “Did you hear that?”

“She calls you back.”

Treves glanced at his sire. “She?”

“The One, my son.”

*"Your boy called you Trev. It must be short for something. Trevor, perhaps? Hmmmm."* The woman laughed, a sound like a waterfall of soft musical notes that stirred something in Treves’ heart. *"No. Trevor is too boring. Trevelian? No, no. Much too pretentious."* She went silent again and Treves strained to hear more.*"I’m almost done mending the mess those dark fairies made of your insides. Come back and tell me your name. Don’t you think I deserve a reward for all my hard work?"*

Treves blinked, bringing his sire back into focus. “What do you mean by The One?”

*"This is going to hurt, big guy. I hope you’re as strong as you look."*

Treves stepped toward the voice, his question forgotten.

“The One who holds the key to your happiness, my son. The one who can end the curse if you allow her,” his sire whispered.

Treves jerked, his eyes widening, then a flash of pain consumed him.

*"All done, handsome. Time to wake up. Come on, love. Open those gorgeous golden eyes."*

Treves lifted heavy eyelids and met eyes the color of the purest emerald, emphasizing thick lashes and arched brows in the same red as the hair framing her fine-boned face.

She smiled. “Welcome back, handsome.”