

These two definitely have an interesting road to their happily ever after--literally! They're going to take you on a road trip that has a few fun twists and turns!

Now onto the interview questions!

I got Shane and Isabelle to sit down with me in my office. Shane was especially excited to know that readers had some questions for him and he showed up with a big grin, fully relaxed and ready to spill. Isabelle was a little more reserved about it. She's definitely not as comfortable sharing secrets. Even with me. I had a hard time getting down to her real emotions about things at times. But I can tell having Shane there with her helps. He's got a firm hold on her hand and when they sit down, he immediately pulls her up against his side. She snuggles in close and gives me a smile.

Me: Thanks for doing this, you guys. There are a lot of people who really want to get to know you.

Shane grins. "I'm always up for meeting new people."

Isabelle rolls her eyes. "At least we're not at Trudy's. You get really talkative when there's beer involved."

Trudy's in the popular tavern where everyone from St. Anthony's gathers after hours. I laugh. "I've never had trouble getting Shane talking, beer or not."

He smiles at me. "You know **all** my secrets."

I sure do... I clear my throat. "Okay, first question from a reader: What was the first thing about the other person that caught their attention? What is the main thing they love about each other?" I look up at them. "Isabelle, you want to go first?"

Isabelle crosses her legs. "Shane is a very hard person not to notice. Everyone notices him, wherever he goes. He's big and he's got an even bigger laugh. He's the life of the party and loves the spotlight. Which were all the reasons I initially said no to him."

Shane squeezes her shoulder. "That didn't last long though, did it?" He looks at me. "I asked her out over and over for three days. Then she made me have sex with her on our first date."

"Made you?" I ask.

Isabelle interjects, "That's not true. It wasn't even really a date. He was at Trudy's, singing karaoke with Ryan and it just hit me... I wanted him."

Shane looks at me. “Two words. Parking lot. That’s as far as we got.”

I ask, “Is that the main thing you love about her? Her adventurous side?”

He turns to Isabelle. “No. The main thing I love about her is that she’s this amazing, smart, gorgeous woman and she wants to be with me of all the men in the world. She makes me feel like a fucking king. Seriously.”

Isabelle nudges him in the side with her elbow.

“How about you Iz?” I ask. “What do you love best about Shane?”

She sighs. “The way he makes me feel safe. I feel like if he’s on my side, I can do anything.”

Aw. They’re pretty damned cute. “Okay. So, Shane, the first thing you noticed about her was what?”

He frowns as if it’s a hard question. “I can’t tell you for sure. But I remember it distinctly. I was in Trudy’s, she was there with her sisters, and I looked over and bam. I needed her.”

Well, I think that’s a pretty good answer...

“Okay, question two you guys,” I say. “A reader wants to know how old Shane was when he.....lost "it"???”

Shane’s eyebrows go up. He shifts on his seat. “Um... I don’t remember.”

Isabelle laughs. “Liar.”

He looks at me seriously. “I don’t remember any woman before Isabelle.”

Isabelle rolls her eyes. I cough.

Isabelle says, “I’ll answer then. I was twenty. His name was Mitch and he was—”

“Okay, fine,” Shane breaks in. “Officially I was eighteen. I worked up to it for awhile before that though.” He winks and I laugh.

“Please tell me you remember her name,” Isabelle says.

“Jennifer.”

Isabelle looks at him closely. “You just made that up.”

"It started with a J. I'm sure of it."

Isabelle shakes her head, but she's grinning.

Okay, how about another question?" I ask. "This is also from a reader who can't wait to meet you."

"I'm an open book."

"Too much so sometimes," Isabelle agrees.

"This reader wants to know 'How many women has Shane been with and what age ranges?'"

Shane looks like he's counting in his head.

Isabelle's eyes get wide. "Seriously? Do you need to borrow some fingers or toes from me to add them up?"

He squeezes her, "Shh... you'll make me lose track."

Isabelle looks at me. "This is your fault."

I hold my hands up. "He totally took over. You know that."

She sighs. "Yeah. I know."

"I'm coming up with... more than ten, but less than twenty," Shane finally says. "All were over eighteen, none were older than forty. I'm pretty sure."

Isabelle doesn't say anything but she sighs again.

"You thought it would be a bigger number, right?" he asks her. "I know, but I'm a serial monogamist and some of my relationships have been long and meaningful."

"Long and meaningful," Isabelle repeats. "Yeah, I can see that." She looks at me. "He's a handful but he's 100% in on anything he does."

I nod. "That's what *I* like best about him."

Shane gives me a wink. "Know what I like best about *you*?"

I feel both eyebrows go up. "Um... does it have to do with me letting you carry handcuffs?"

He laughs. "It's related. I like that *my* book is the first of your books where you

use a certain word.”

I know exactly what he’s talking about. I shrug. “Well, it just fit. You’re totally the guy to say... that word.”

“I really like that word.”

“Saying it?” I ask.

“And everything else having to do with it.”

Isabelle looks back and forth between us. “Which word?”

“Pus—”

“Shane!” I say quickly. “You can’t say that on Facebook.”

“I’m sure that’s not true.”

Isabelle looks at me. “Our book is the first book you used that word in?”

“Shane said it in that scene in the hotel.” I shrug again. “I don’t censor dialogue.”

“Thank God,” Shane said with feeling. “I need to be able to express myself.”

“Like that’s ever been a problem,” Isabelle says.

“Next question,” I announce. “Also from a reader, ‘What is Shane’s idea of a perfect date? Same question to Isabelle.’”

Shane again seems to be seriously considering the question. I really do like that about him. When he’s in a moment, he’s in the moment, with his full concentration.

Finally he looks at Isabelle, “You want to go first?”

“I want to answer for you, actually,” she says.

He looks intrigued. He sits back and motions for her to go on. “Please.”

She looks at me. “Perfect date for Shane Kelley? A bar full of our friends with loud music and great food, playing pool, dancing, singing karaoke, telling tall tales with the guys, and me sending him dirty texts all night.”

“So the perfect date isn’t even about spending time with just you?” I ask to clarify.

“He doesn’t dance with anyone but me. He’ll pull me onto his lap if he’s taking a break and having a beer. He’ll look at me across the room and give me this special smile he saves just for me.” She turns and gives him a sexy smile. “I know I’m on his mind all night and after we leave the bar, it’s all about me. But Shane doesn’t do one-on-one as well as he does the party scene,” Isabelle says.

Shane leans in. “You’ve never complained about one-on-one time with me, darlin’,”

She pats his leg. “You know what I mean.”

Shane shrugs. “I do like hanging out with friends. And I have no problem with public displays of affection.” He grabs her hand and pulls her onto his lap. “So I figure I can have the best of both worlds.”

“What about Isabelle?” I ask him. “Is that her idea of a perfect date?”

“We combine our ideas of the perfect date. We hang out with our friends and have fun. We get each other worked up with the texts or we take a quick pit stop in the break room. Then when we get back to my place and I light the candles and put some chocolate in the fondue pot and give her a foot massage.”

“And feed her chocolate dipped what?” I ask.

“What do you mean?” Shane asks.

“The chocolate fondue. What do you dip in it?”

He looks puzzled. “Nothing.”

“But then what do you use...” I trail off. “Never mind. Got it.”

He gives me a mischievous grin. “Thanks for making Isabelle a chocolate lover.”

I sigh. “You bet.”

As if I really had any control over any of these people.

“Okay, Shane, Isabelle, final question is from *me*” I tell them.

Shane sits up straighter. “You know everything about us.”

“Not this,” I say. “What’s your favorite scene in the book?”

This seems to stump them. They both get quiet and seem to be thinking.

Finally, Shane says, "I can tell you which scene is my *least* favorite."

"Okay." I already know what he's going to say. It was one of my favorite scenes to write.

"The yoga scene."

I chuckle. I knew it. "But no favorites?"

"I liked the Kahlua scene," he says, grinning widely.

Right. I'm shocked. "Yeah everyone is going to see why here in a little bit."

"But," he goes on. "My favorite scene was probably the one in the store room at Trudy's where Isabelle says we never just kiss and I prove her wrong. Even though she wants so much more." He has a cocky look on his face when he leans back in his chair.

"How about you Iz?" I ask.

She turns to me from studying him. "The car wash scene."

"That was hot," he agrees.

"Because I showed him that I can get him to do anything I want," she says smugly.

Shane stares at her for a moment. Then says to me. "Can't argue with that."

"Like now," Isabelle says, standing and pulling Shane to his feet. "Time to go."

"Are we stopping for Kahlua on the way home?" he asks as he follows her to the door.

"Yes and no," she replies.

"Yes and no?"

"Yes to stopping for Kahlua." She looks at him over her shoulder with a sexy smile. "But who said anything about going home?"