

Yeah. Okay. So I Can't Resist.

By Holly Lisle

I went out yesterday and bought a copy of **Romantic Times Book Club**, because I found the reference to the review of MIDNIGHT RAIN on their site. (Of **course** I was looking. I haven't been as excited about the release of any book I've written since the very first one.)

And the review was better than I could have hoped. You couldn't pay for a review like this. ... Well ... You probably could, actually – somewhere – but what the hell would be the fun of that?

And I was going to put the last paragraph up in full on the front page, because it is just too damned cool. Only when I typed it in, I got a case of the giggles, and realized that if I put that quote on the front page of my own site, I wasn't going to be able to look at myself in the mirror come morning.

But I can't not put it anywhere. Tried. Can't.

So here it is, where it'll scroll off the page in a day or two and I can assuage my conscience, which is even now telling me that I should be ashamed of myself for posting this.

I probably should be, in fact.

But I'm going to anyway.

Lisle explodes onto the suspense scene with a book so chilling and a voice so original that she's sure to become a major player. Creepy and thrilling, this book is truly unforgettable.

See what I mean? It's a **great** review, and thank you, thank you, Jill M. Smith.

But now I'm going to have to go do penance for being so full of myself that I reprinted it.

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