



Lee Wimmer

Lee loves and writes Christian stories that have action, suspense, and danger, with a twist of romance.

Growing up in a time when larger than life heroes took the screen, often rescuing a damsel in distress, when called to write, it was a natural for similar stories to end up in Lee's Christian writings.

Lee's first novel shares all the danger, romance, and excitement of his favorite movie characters, only his characters are moved by God, not a secret agency. DR is the hero, moved by God, even unknowingly, in NO ROMANCING THE PASSENGERS, he survives and overcomes attacks that are relentless throughout the story.

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NetGalley members can review this novel at: http://netgal.ly/FL7AXs

## Preorder:

https://www.amazon.com/dp/B0CFMCZSPW

## NO ROMANCING THE PASSENGERS: OBSESSED INTENTIONS – Book One

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book)

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## **Book Description**

A man running from his past. A woman facing a new future. A voyage neither will forget. In a world of secrets and betrayal, a world famous archaeologist embarks on a voyage with twelve passengers that will forever alter their destiny. On the surface, Dr. Steven (DR) Ray isn't a man running from his past, he's ultra-confident and owner/captain of his own boutique cruise, but beneath the façade is an unending nightmare that led him to turn from faith.

As DR and a woman passenger, with a past of her own, battle their demons, an unknown enemy relentlessly hunts them across the Mediterranean and Indian Ocean. Will DR be able to let go of his past and embrace his destiny, or will they all go down with the ship?

## **Book Excerpt**

The boat rocked back and forth as Stevie struggled with the hatch. It wouldn't budge. It was dark and damp. Something smelled terrible, like dirty towels, socks, or maybe rotten potatoes. Stevie pushed harder. Still, it wouldn't open. He screamed for help, and someone put a hand over his mouth, shushing him. He struggled, getting free, then began screaming even louder. Someone else covered his mouth from the other side and spoke in Arabic. "Be quiet, or they'll kill us too."

Us. Yes, the hold was full of other kids. Kids just like him.

He wouldn't tell anyone else he was scared, not because of a dream. He couldn't. He was the brave captain.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Look what two days has driven me to do?" She grabbed the daisy dukes and shook them in the air. A packet of gum slipped from a pocket. "I wear those, sure, but not out with strangers, not against a cultural dress code. That's not like me. I'm not some love-starved nut job! Well, I wasn't before this cruise." She flung the short shorts into the corner of the room.