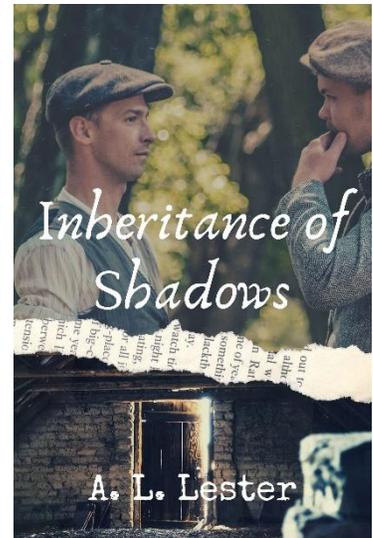


Inheritance of Shadows - A. L. Lester

- **Tag line:** *Rural England, 1919. Gay romance and esoteric books. Lending each other spectacles! Mystery, magic and suspense. A stand-alone 35k novella set in the Lost in Time universe.*
- **Genre:** MM, gay, romance, historical, paranormal, suspense
- **Length:** 35,500 words
- **Publisher:** A.L. Lester
- **Release Date:** April 2020
- **Buy:** <https://books2read.com/inheritanceofshadows>



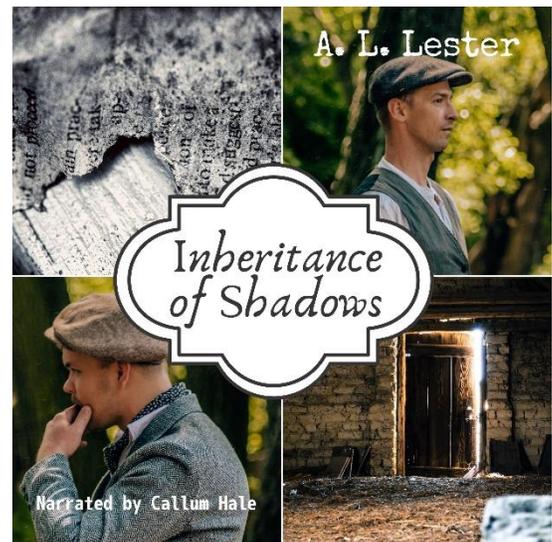
Audiobook

Coming soon to Audible, narrated by Callum Hale.

It's 1919. Rob and Matty both return to Webber's Farm from the trenches only to find Matty's brother dying of an unknown illness. And Matty's looking sicker and sicker. The answer seems to be in the esoteric books Arthur left strewn around the house.

It's taken a decade and a war to admit they have feelings for each other. They are determined that nothing will part them. What is Rob prepared to sacrifice to save Matty's life?

A stand-alone 35k word novella set in the Lost in Time series. m/m paranormal, historical, romantic suspense. (Incorporates the 7.5k free short story The Gate).



- **Blurb on YouTube:** https://youtu.be/rtjsry6yn_Y
- **Blurb on Soundcloud:** <https://soundcloud.com/user-954808628/inheritance-of-shadows>
- **Length:** 3.5 hrs
- **Release date:** Autumn 2020
- **Buy:** <https://books2read.com/inheritanceofshadows>

Blurb

It's 1919. Matty returns home to the family farm from the trenches only to find his brother Arthur dying of an unknown illness. The local doctor thinks cancer, but Matty becomes convinced it's connected to the mysterious books his brother left strewn around the house.

Rob knows something other than just Arthur's death is bothering Matty. He's known him for years and been in love with him just as long. And when he finds something that looks like a gate, a glowing, terrifying doorway to the unknown, it all starts to fall in to place.

Matty's looking sicker and sicker in the same way Arthur did. What is Rob prepared to sacrifice to save him?

The answer is in the esoteric books...and with the mysterious Lin of the Frem, who lives beyond the gate to nowhere. It's taken Matty and Rob more than a decade to admit they have feelings for each other and they are determined that neither social expectations or magical illness will part them now.

A stand-alone 35k novella set in the Lost in Time Universe, beginning with the free 7.5k short story 'The Gate'.

Excerpt: A recuperating kind of peace

The Treaty of Versailles had been registered with the League of Nations late in October. Matty had felt an enormous sense of relief that the peace was formal now, signed and sealed by the high-ups. Fritz having to pay for all the damage he had caused everyone by sucking them into four years of war seemed only fair. That had been one of the topics of conversation when they had gone down to the County Cinema in Taunton with Mrs Beelock and her daughter a week before to watch the Pathé newsreel of the two minutes silence at the new Cenotaph in London.

However, it was a stunned, waiting, recuperating kind of peace for them both, Matty thought. He was reeling still, from coming home and from Arthur's death. Rob was gathering himself together almost visibly, losing that overlay of Sergeant Curland and returning full-time to Rob who the neighbours knew was a good man to ask for a hand with their hedges.

He could feel them growing again, on the cusp of moving forward. Rob spent his nights in Matty's bed in the house instead of in the barn. Annie Beelock only came in mid-morning now, her health needing her to rest, and it was a luxurious thing, this waking in the arms of someone he loved. They had fallen into it with ease and familiarity, eating whatever Mrs Beelock cooked for dinner for all the farm men like they usually did, having bread and cheese and cake for tea once she'd gone, and washing up companionably together; and then settling in front of the fire with the books. They had fallen into a pattern that Matty imagined would be like being married. If men could marry the people they loved.

The war had shifted something inside them both. Coming so close to so much death meant that neither of them were inclined to waste more time. They saw what would make them happy and had grabbed it with both hands. That didn't solve the problem of the books.

Although, it wasn't really the books that were the issue. It was more that Matty was failing. Not as quickly as Arthur had, for whatever reason. He could feel it in his bones. It could have been no more than the normal slowing down of his body for the winter. But it wasn't. A glorious, dry, clear, and cold October had morphed into a bitterly cold November. It made him think back to the last autumn of the war, with the angels' wings of blue and gold arching with a kind of glorious, terrible disinterest over the ants of humanity crawling around in the mud.

He had the same feeling now. The bitter frosts, the clear blue skies of the onset of winter, made him feel like the world was waiting for something to happen. Watching him with a lack of interest that bordered on not noticing him at all. He was failing. He knew it and Rob knew it.

"What's to be done, then?" Rob had asked one Sunday morning in early October as they were moving the churns of milk out to the block by the lane where the carter would pick them up to take to the station. "I don't like the look of you, lad. And I don't want you to go west like Arthur." He obviously felt awkward bringing it up and had steeled himself to flank Matty with the question as they were working. Matty was getting tired more easily and he supposed that there was no hiding from Rob his diminished appetite and weight loss.

He launched the last of the churns up on to the platform and stepped back, taking his cap off, and wiping his brow with his sleeve. "I'm glad that's done. I like giving Jimmy the Sunday off, but it all takes longer."

"Jimmy's wife's got him painting the bedroom, he said. She took him out to buy the paint last weekend." Rob allowed Matty to prevaricate, but as they turned back to walk up the drive, he had put his hand on Matty's arm. "Matty. I'm serious."

Matty shrugged his hand off gently. "I know you are. I don't know. This was Arthur's enterprise, not mine. I run a farm. He was the brains."

Rob had looked at him long and hard. "Do you really think that?" he'd asked quietly. "Because you're wrong. You might have chosen not to follow the same line as Arthur, but you and he have the same amount up here," he tapped Matty's head, "however you choose to use it. So, don't give me any of that." He had returned Matty's solemn stare. "We'll work it out. I promise you. I've waited more than a ten-year for you. I'm not losing you to this. Whatever it is."

So, they kept on with the books.

About A. L. Lester

Writer of queer, paranormal, historical, romantic suspense. Lives in the South West of England with Mr AL, two children, a badly behaved dachshund, a terrifying cat and some hens. Likes gardening but doesn't really have time or energy. Not musical. Doesn't much like telly. Non-binary. Chronically disabled. Has tedious fits.

Links

All my links are gathered here (this is by far the easiest!): <https://lnk.bio/gjD5>

Or pick and choose:

Webpage: <https://allester.co.uk>

Email: ally@allester.co.uk

Newsletter: <https://www.subscribepage.com/allester>

Twitter: <https://twitter.com/CogentHippo>

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