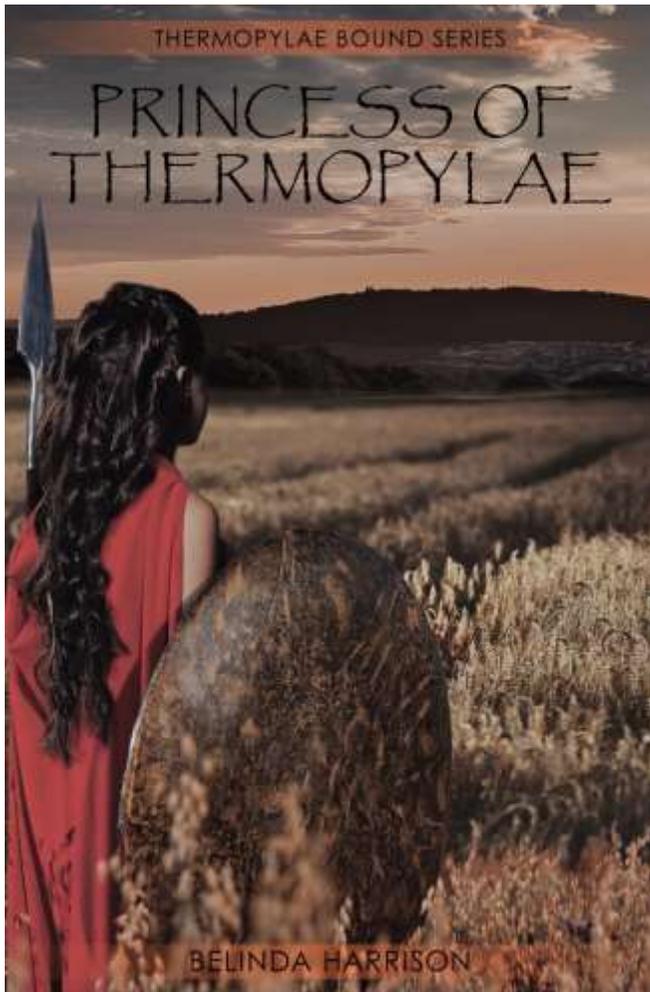




# Thermopylae Bound



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Book 1 in the Thermopylae Bound Series

### Categories:

Adult/New Adult Fantasy (Epic), LGBT Romance, Historical Fiction  
Recommended for readers 17 years and older

Kindle ISBN: 978-0-6483721-0-3

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Publisher: Gee Be Publications

# Author Bio & Contact

Belinda Harrison was born and raised in a country town in North East Victoria, Australia. She spent some time experiencing 'big city life' in Melbourne and Sydney in her twenties where she held jobs in a packaging company, an online gaming firm, various temp positions and a hair loss treatment centre before the lure of the country recalled her.

She joined her family's business in the world of retail plumbing and appliance sales - which is when she started writing the Thermopylae Bound Series before deciding to leave the familiar and join another well respected local firm in the Real Estate sector where she worked in Commercial Property Management.

Belinda then decided it was time for another change and moved across the road to the local newspaper where she looks after Circulation and Distribution, writing after hours, and sometimes during lunch.

Belinda holds a Certificate IV in Multimedia, which she has successfully used in her professional and personal life.

She currently lives in 'the best part of Victoria' with her wife Renee, daughter Ava, Charlie the dog, and cats Caesar and Max.



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<https://bit.ly/2TsQ2rz>

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# Press Release



## What people are saying

Jo - Goodreads ★★★★★  
**Lesbian romance Greco Roman style**

I've come across this book lots of times while browsing thinking shall I shan't I well I'm glad I did. Ok it's bit Xenaish but it's good it's well researched with out being too difficult to read you'll know the difference between Greek and Roman gods and all types of various clans and people from the Mediterranean you even get Valkyries too boot. its a good read with a good cast of characters I'm glad to say book two is put in the next few weeks which I will definitely get

Kat - Goodreads ★★★★★

Amazing story! And easy read. There was excitement and angst. And if course it's a time period so there's that to love! The Author did great building up the characters and explaining where this story was set.

I can't say much more with out spoiling it and going supernova fan girl.

Highly recommend to read and I can't wait for the second!

Ashley - Goodreads ★★★★★

Wow! I mean just wow! So amazing! This book is one of the only books to ever make me want to read the whole series! Good job and continue on with your work, you're doing great!

Cristy - Amazon ★★★★★  
**Sooooo great!**

What a great book! This author knows her stuff and has created an amazing world with even stronger female characters! Love it!

DR - Goodreads ★★★★★

**I WANT TO READ THE NEXT BOOK IN THE SERIES!**  
I grew up reading Greek history and mythology and wanted to be a Spartan. When my father found me making my bed on the floor I had to explain that I wanted to be a Spartan!

A girl conceived in love between an immortal female and a human male, born with a mark, and on the run with her father. Warriors, with a conscience, for hire. Honor bound.

Miss Harrison has woven a tale of history and myth without getting bogged down in the description of time, place, and people.

It was a book I started, wanted to put down, and just kept reading. Exciting, painful, effective but brief descriptions of the tribal cultures. And a wonderful description of how a young girl navigates her feelings to understand love. Now, I'm forced to wait for book 2.

Shaunette - Goodreads ★★★★★

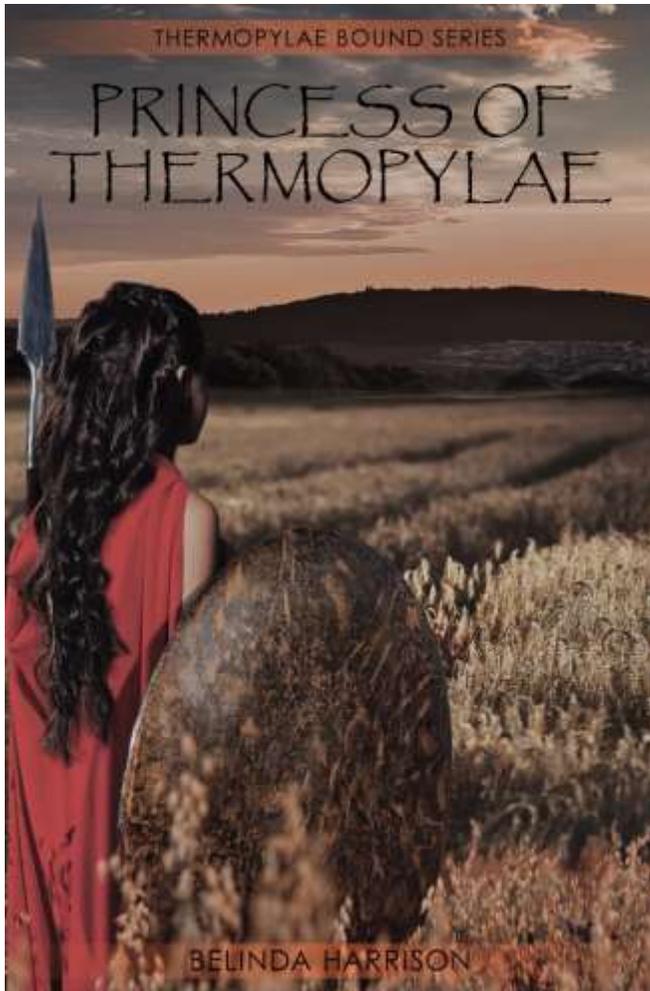
**I instantly fell into this story...**

I looked forward to picking up this book every moment I had a break and loathed parting from it. That's how much I enjoyed this story! I especially appreciated the storytelling by the characters.

Dislikes: violent imagery (especially involving women) but it's a book grounded in Greek mythos what did I expect!??

Despite this I can't wait to get into the next book in the series.

# Sell Sheet



**A scream split the air, followed immediately by the sound of metal against metal. Without thought, I fisted my hand in Skotos' mane, jumping up and kicking my heels in before I was properly astride him.**

~ Greece, 510BC ~

Skylar has spent the past six winters travelling throughout Attica and the Peloponnese assisting those who requested her aid, her father her only companion.

Princess Alexis of Trachis has spent the past five winters with the fearsome tribe of Molossians in Epirus, honouring the alliance her betrothal formed.

Two women with nothing in common. But when Skylar saves Alexis' life, an invisible bond is formed, igniting an undeniable attraction. Alexis' intended husband may be fierce, but so is Skylar, and both are used to getting what they want.

In the fight for the princess, there can only be one winner. Can Skylar have Alexis or will old alliances win out?

# Book Excerpt



## Chapter 2

I kept my face as close as I could to the flapping of Skotos' dark mane above my shield. The winter wind rushed past me, chilling my nose and making my eyes water. The man behind me was gaining; I could hear his stallion's snorting pants. I gripped the reins tightly around the solid javelin in my right hand, my heart keeping time with Skotos', his movements steady and certain as I drove him faster.

The large rock ahead approached quickly, but the man and his horse drew almost level, the white streak covering its tan nose at my shoulder. I squeezed Skotos' flank between my thighs and he lengthened his strides again. We pulled ahead.

Finally we reached the rock and I smiled, sitting up and pulling hard on the reins at Skotos' neck, drawing him to a standstill.

"That run was far closer than the last two," my father said with a wide smile as he pulled up his own horse.

"Indeed. Had it been much further to the boulder, I believe you would have overtaken us," I replied.

"Perhaps I shall be victorious the next run."

"Perhaps," I agreed as we dismounted. "But the animals deserve water before we attempt another."

It felt good to be back atop Skotos after the laborious travelling over the Evrytania Mountains the past four days. The highest elevations of the mountains were covered with grasslands, as opposed to the forests that dominated the lower areas, but they were slippery with snow and hidden obstacles and we could not ride our stallions. Had either Skotos or Skaris become lame, we would have had to leave them there to die and neither me or my father were prepared to do that. I had almost moaned in delight when I saw the Spercheios Valley spread out in front of us when we woke with Helios' light that morning, immediately challenging my father to a race.

"The run shall have to wait for another day," Father said, covering his face with water. "We shall find Trachis up ahead on the other side of Mount Oetaea."

He pointed to the named peak and I followed his gaze as I took my shield from my arm and lay it beside my javelin on the grassy bank of the river.

"Are the paths over the mountain well-travelled?" I asked.

I knelt down, splashing the freezing water over my cheeks and rubbing it along the back of my neck beneath my hair.

"Thankfully we do not have to traverse the mountain; we can follow the valley around it to the town."

"That is welcome news. Are you still in agreeance that we leave at the first sign King Agrias intends to do us harm?"

"I am. If he truly is allied with the Epirotes who fought against us at Stratos, you know it is easier to take revenge on a small number of belligerents, rather than a larger army. He may do so to send a message to Cleomenes and the men who fought with us at Stratos."

"I hope his true intentions do not remain hidden for long," I nodded.

"As do I," Father agreed. "Come, allow us to continue."

"What do you know of Trachis itself?" I asked as I stood and readjusted my cuirass.

# Book Excerpt



“Not much, though I understand it is far smaller than either Athens or Sparta. Where those cities house up to one hundred and twenty thousand citizens and slaves, Trachis has perhaps only twenty thousand.”

I picked up my weapons and took Skotos’ reins, giving the chestnut stallion a gentle tug. He followed obediently, black tail swishing, his breath no longer ragged with the exertion of his exercise.

“There is a temple outside the town between the Asopos River and the famed hot springs, I believe you shall enjoy those. The river that runs down from the mountains is said to be as hot as a bath; I expect I shall find you there as often as time permits,” he added with a grin.

“I always enjoy the heat of a bath when the opportunity arises,” I agreed, returning his smile. “How far are they?”

“A candlemark or two from the palace. We shall explore them together—”

A scream split the air, followed immediately by the sound of metal against metal.

Without thought, I fisted my hand in Skotos’ mane, jumping up and kicking my heels in before I was properly astride him. Father mounted Skaris in the same manner and we galloped away from the river.

I pulled Skotos to a halt as we rounded the base of the mountain and dismounted beneath a large laurel tree. Positioning my shield at my left side, I felt for the xiphos at my thigh should I require it instead of my javelin.

My focus sharpened, my senses livening as I stood in the shadow of Mount Oetaea, surveying the scene. The voices and metallic echoes quieted, though men still battled in front of me. The distinct spicy-sweet smell of rosemary drifted up from the trampled bushes to my right, slightly masking the scent of wet grass and another fragrance I could not name. Sparse vegetation of olive and laurel trees dotted the area, the mountain’s base lined with large rocks and boulders.

A soldier lay on the ground, his eyes wide as though surprised with the suddenness of his death. His spear and shield were still in his hands; his grip slack on both. I was surprised to find I recognised his clothing and armour; a short chlamys over linen body armour that reached his mid-thigh, leather greaves covering his shins, feet dressed in scuffed sandals. He was an Epirote. A large hole split the armour above his heart, allowing blood and life to drain from his body. I studied his face but did not recognise him as anyone I had faced or seen flee from the battle at Stratos.

Nearby, two soldiers parried and defended against the other, their feet sliding in the dirt beneath. Their swords met, one obtaining the advantage over his opponent before being pushed away again. They stood, watching and waiting, deciding whether their next move should be one of attack or defence. Both held shields with mirroring designs - an eagle standing proudly in the centre. Another indication they belonged to the same Epirote tribe.

A man, dark-haired, handsome and obviously important sat on the ground, kept in place by the end of a long spear held at his throat. A cut above his eye bled furiously, meeting the blood of his sliced lip and dripping over the end of his chin. He wore a long, woollen himation of brilliant orange, bordered with an intricate design along its lower hem. I could not make out the exact pictures, but they appeared to depict some sort of hunting scene. His eyes met mine briefly before returning to the last pairing of the group.

A long himation was gracefully wrapped around a slender body and I did not need to see the face of the wearer to know that the body belonged to a woman. The yellow cloak covered her from head to ankle, joyfully embroidered with vines and long leaves, secured at her waist with a slender girdle.

# Book Excerpt



The design favoured her curves in a way that only came with having the finest materials, and the knowledge of how to wear such a garment. The cloth draped her head, concealing the colour of her hair, but a veil had been pushed back, revealing an off-white length of fabric across her eyes. The woman appeared to be cowering before the soldier who stood in front of her. He was either fastening or attempting to remove the material covering her eyes. I could not tell exactly which his intent was, though the set of his face did not lead me to believe he was aiding her, and the man on the ground appeared to fear for her.

I counted the stamping, snorting horses nearby. There were eight. I counted only seven people before me. Someone was missing.

I scanned the area, but saw no one else. I returned my eyes to the man and woman. The scene did not appear to make sense. The soldiers all wore the same uniform, and had the same shield designs, but there was clearly division amongst them.

The external noises returned as the soldier with the woman turned, catching sight of Father and me.

“By the gods,” he whispered.

His dark hair lay low on his brow. A long scar ran from his hairline, down his cheek and over the point of his chin in an angry, raised line. His face resembled that of the man on the ground and I realised they must be closely related.

He pushed the woman behind him in a gesture akin to possession rather than protection, drawing a sword from his waist as he regained his composure.

“To whom do you claim your allegiance?” he demanded as the woman stumbled and fell awkwardly to the ground.

It was not the first time Father and I had been asked such questions. Father’s height of almost seven feet and mine of six, often caused fear or resentment amongst those we met.

“The king of Trachis. King Agrias,” Father replied, arriving beside me.

“He sent you?”

“Yes,” Father answered. “And you would be?”

Before he could answer, the man held in place with the spear at his throat grabbed it, jamming it back into the stomach of his captor, doubling him over. The finely-dressed man got to his feet and charged toward the scarred soldier.

*Brothers perhaps*, I thought, as in profile they appeared even more akin to one another. He relieved the soldier of his sword and rammed into him, both falling to the ground, screaming insults and unintelligible words.

One of the soldiers to my right dropped to the ground, blood spurting from his throat. The other began in our direction, sword raised. Father adjusted his shield, preparing to meet his attack.

“Get the girl, Skylar. Head for Trachis,” he yelled.

I nodded, shook my shield free of my arm and took off. The winded soldier was on his feet again, the scarred man’s sword in his hand. I gripped my javelin tighter and thrust it towards his stomach, then his chest. He evaded both, bringing the sword down and chopping into my weapon. The wood did not split, but the sword stuck deep. I released the end I held and as he attempted to free his blade, I took advantage of his distraction, drawing my own sword and driving it deep into his stomach. Leaving it where it was, I continued on, reaching the woman and scooping her up off the ground.

# Book Excerpt



“You shall be safe now, I give you my word,” I told her.

She nodded and wrapped her arms around my neck. The scent of her invaded my senses; a combination of flowery sweetness and a spicy undercurrent. I breathed it in, closing my eyes as her body trembled against my own.

“Thank you,” she whispered, her fingers knotting at the nape of my neck.

I opened my eyes again, dropping them to the exposed arm wrapped around me. Across the light-coloured skin of her forearm were four long, purple bruises, ugly and harsh against the smooth flesh. I drew a sudden breath as my anger rose.

I stepped towards the nearest horse but before I could place her atop the beast, the two grappling men crashed into us. I reeled back, steadying myself and setting the woman down again.

I reached for my xiphos, momentarily forgetting it was no longer at my side. The men stood, arms wrapped around one another as they wrestled. I approached, tearing them apart and pushing each to the ground, hard.

The woman screamed. I turned. Her hands were beneath the hood on her head but it was not that reason that caused her panic. The man with my xiphos stuck in his stomach held her by the ankle. She shook her foot, but could not break his grip. I rushed to her side, slamming my foot down on the soldier’s forearm, the bones snapping as his fingers sprung open. He screamed in pain and I lifted the woman once again. I carried her back to Skotos, returning her to her feet and reaching out to wipe the tears from her cheek.

“I shall take the cloth from your eyes then take you and your friend to Trachis on my horse.”

She nodded her reply. I slipped my fingers beneath the warm material, careful not to catch them in the fine strands of brown hair that escaped and tickled my bared arms as I attempted to undo the knot. I loosened it as her cold hands covered mine.

A rustling caught my ear. I looked up, barely having time to push the woman out of the way before a body descended from the tree above, bringing with it the sharp point of a spear. It found its mark deep in my flesh between my neck and the protection of the armour at my right shoulder.

I cried out, falling to my knees with the agony. My vision dimmed. The ground shimmered as tears sprang to my eyes. Were those hooves approaching? Perhaps it was just the clatter of my own heartbeat. Blood rushed in my ears, drowning out the panicked voices of those around me. All sound outside my body began to fade and I could no longer make sense of anything.

The woman. The heady scent of her perfume. The trembling of her body as I held her. The colour of her hair as it lay across my arm; image after image flashed before me.

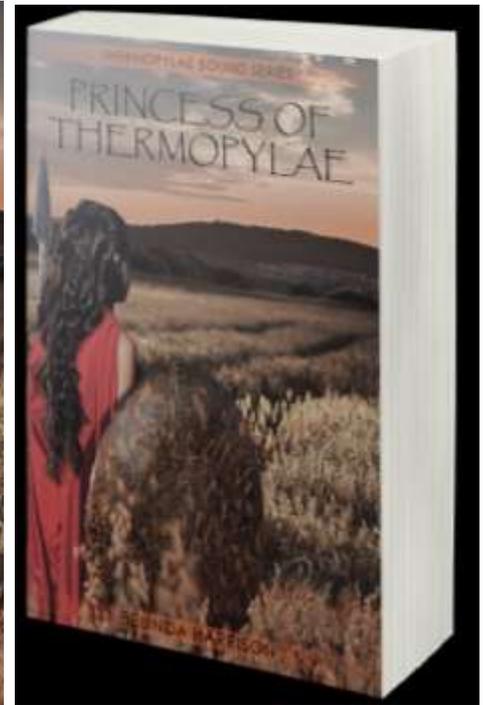
My pain was gone. My limbs heavy. My eyes drooped. I could not stay awake any longer. My eyes closed. I fell forward, unable to protect my face as I slammed against the ground.

There came a shout of “No!”

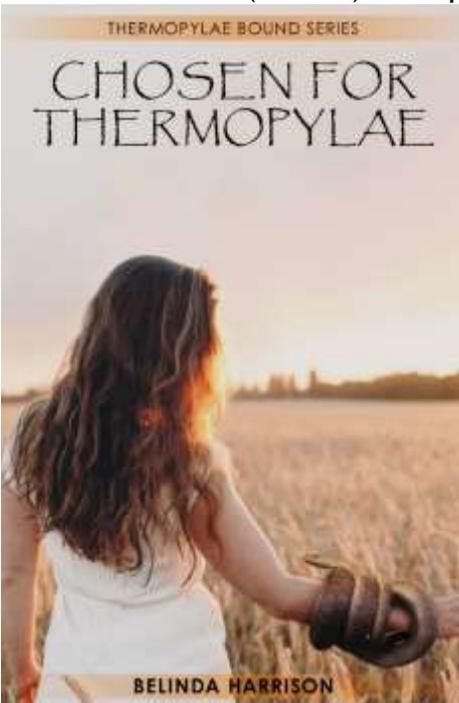
It was the woman with the beautiful brown hair. I could not open my eyes.

Darkness claimed me.

# Photographs



Next Book in series (book 2) out April 2019



Book 3 of series coming late 2019

