

# Seasonal Switches

A Bodies of Art Mysteries short story  
falling in the series timing after *Marked Masters*  
and just ahead of *Abstract Aliases*

By Ritter Ames

I first spotted her when I was across the street from the flagship Marks & Spencer store that sat a block or so from London's Marble Arch. We were on the other side of Oxford Street from the store, in the middle of the million-dollar mile that made up that high-priced shopping mecca. Before I got sidetracked by the girl, I'd planned to hit that particular M&S on my way back, to see what they offered for dinner to-go after I'd walked a bit and taken in the seasonal sights.

My stroll originated at the U.S. Embassy near the west end of Oxford Street. I went there for help on an unsuccessful mission to locate an ex-pat art grifter I needed to locate. But the switches for the glorious Christmas lights decorating the heavens above both Oxford and Regent Streets were thrown in early November, and I hadn't taken the time to view them in the past month. With this treat in mind, I'd left the Embassy minutes earlier and cut over on Park Street to get to Oxford. My plan was to stroll down the luxury promenade and take in the brilliant electric glitter high above my head, until I reached the point where Regent Street crossed and more dazzling revelry awaited.

The break was one I needed. I was in a bit of a funk. Besides receiving less than satisfactory information from the Embassy, the expansive State Department building had been half-empty with people already gone or almost-gone for the holidays. It was my first Christmas in London, and I suddenly felt lonely. I know, *poor me*. Not like I had any family back home to miss me anyway, and I'd spent the holidays on my own for years.

Everything had been fine until my assistant, Cassie, left earlier in the day on a Virgin Air flight back to the States. She'd invited me to spend Christmas with her family, but I lied and told her I had plans. There were actually parties I'd already RSVP'd for, and I knew the days would be as filled and as frantic as I let them be. Fun didn't need to fit into the equation, but it would be a more welcome companion to get through the coming days when all the people close to me were gone from the city.

I reminded myself one positive was that this would be my very first time hearing the Queen's Christmas Message live on television... Oh, wow, I was making myself depressed just thinking about what *excitement* was in store for me during the holidays.

Walking faster to try to outrun the metaphoric black cloud over my head, I focused on the colored lights and the way they sparkled against the mottled clouds in the sky. The illuminations gleamed nearly as well as if the decorations had been under a clear night sky. Okay, maybe they didn't pop under the gray like they did next to black heavens, but there was definitely enough contrast to make the sale for me. I'd recently been made head of the London office of the Beacham Foundation, changing my address and hopefully my life for the better, and now was a time for building new traditions too. Like playing native and walking this lovely mile and a half to find marvelous takeout, do some window shopping, and keep an eye peeled for a little peace of mind along the way. Change is hard—even when it's change in your favor.

Then, I saw the waif.

She stood out, though she probably didn't want to do so. The two-toned mahogany and acid green hair alone could snared my attention except crazy hair colors weren't unusual enough anymore to raise most eyebrows.

We passed ionic columns of Selfridges and drew near to the austere décor of the shoe paradise Russell & Bromley. Just as well I'd spotted her so I didn't have the chance to blow my budget more than it was already stretched this season—and boots at Russell & Bromley could do that every time. My bright red Louboutin stilettos, a pair from last season, took me off the curb with the rest of the walkers, and I hurried to cross the street. The flags usually flying above these legendary streets were all replaced by gigantic light-sparkling angels and glowing balled ornaments and blazes of light the size of small vehicles. The crowd crushed us a bit as we strode on toward the Bond Street segment, with all of us practically hugging the block-long majestic buildings as the crowds pressed and searched for perfect eleventh-hour gifts in one of the toniest retail districts on earth.

The waif was already across the New Bond Street bisect, shadowing a couple of nicely tailored silver-haired gentlemen in bespoke wool overcoats. The men paused momentarily outside the International Currency Exchange, then resumed their journey toward Oxford Circus. The pair were in deep conversation, obviously not taking in the people and things around them, let alone the girl who stayed like a bloodhound on their trail. Thank goodness it was nippy out and I wore my black trench coat. The dress hidden underneath matched the bright shoes and would have made me stand out among the dull tones and darkly bundled patrons.

Well-dressed Londoners hurried down the pavement. The iconic red double-decker buses looked almost like moving Christmas presents in the bustling and festive atmosphere. The waif had eyes on everyone, though she stayed closest to the same distinguished, business-clad pair.

The men turned and moved toward us. I didn't know if they had some kind of game too, or were just using the space as a place to talk without drawing attention. But they had her attention, and as they stayed deeply engrossed in whatever they discussed, she silently "shopped" them.

I made my own subtle U-turn as the men and the girl passed me again, and I continued to shadow the slip of a girl with her half-green/half-mahogany hair that didn't look like a comb had touched it in a week. No, it wasn't her appearance tipping me off to a threat. I'm not hedging about an answer—it's all just instinctual. She wasn't the only walking laundry basket with piercings and crazy hair. Neither can I say how I knew she was up to a spot of thievery, but I didn't doubt it for a second. Credit went back to those instincts I mentioned a moment ago, and I trusted them every time.

With all modesty, I admit to the title of world's foremost art recovery expert. Not bad for a leggy blonde chick under thirty who watched her father squander the family's fortune by her first year in college, right? I'm still paying off student loans, and other debts with much riskier interest rates. Constantly living on the edge of financial insolvency and participating in the varied facets of my chosen career, honed my observation and analytical skills in an unparalleled way. A necessary toolset for recovering lost art. So watching the actions and antics of others is key to my job. See who tries to get attention and who avoids it.

In the case of the elfin teen, she had a particular way about her, a habit of hiding her eyes behind her shaggy bangs, or fringe as they say here. The hair was in need of a good cut as well as a shampoo, but she didn't look any stranger than a lot of the other teens on the streets. She also pretended not to look when she was truly taking in every millimeter around her. A reaction far

different from the kind of furtive glance people use when they're afraid. It was nothing short of a specialist scoping her surroundings, watching who might be watching whom, what could be grabbed, and who might nab her.

I had to stay alert to keep under her radar.

On a day-to-day basis my reputation hinged on being able to spot that specific kind of furtive tour-de-force and not be fooled by it. I'd snatched up seasoned art thieves seconds before they'd escaped with heisted loot—after I'd spent time patiently watching them use the same “I'm not looking, but I'm looking” eye darts to recon the area. Maneuvers this talented twinkie already mastered. Heck, when I'm doing my reclamation jobs—off the books, of course—I use the same scouting practices myself.

Our human caravan continued on, and I paced myself while sizing her up. Even without my heels I was more than six inches taller than she. I doubted the girl topped the five foot mark. I stayed behind a couple of guys in suits and Burberrys whose wide shoulders I chose as blockers. It was okay if she saw me momentarily, but she couldn't see me constantly, especially since we'd all made a loop together.

The men acted for a moment like they were going to cross Oxford and shop for jewelry and crystals at Swarovski. From her body language I knew the waif believed it too. When they walked on instead, I gave a mental sigh of relief. They looped again to resume a course for the Tube station. I worried the men had spotted us, were switching back to confirm, but I stayed with the half-sized slip of the girl to see what happened next. The heavy street crowds packed tighter momentarily, most heading for the underground trains, and I anticipated this would be the point of contact. I was in total professional mode. Like a palace guard, nothing could divert me from my purpose.

The men sidled back into the crowd of passersby for a moment, as if they were sighting in on something but not ready to walk in a new direction, and the waif sped up. They passed under a particularly drizzle-glistening, half-naked limbed chestnut tree, and I recognized the electric moment when the air changed.

She darted in to make the dip. I closed the gap when I became positive which particular toff was her mark. She zigged, I zagged, and we all bumped together momentarily. Just long enough.

As she skedaddled the opposite way from the man, I followed sedately behind her. She fled down a side street and darted into the first available alley before rummaging in one of her pockets.

“It's not there,” I said, hands on hips and blocking her escape. Despite the obvious, she still looked at the bricked-up wall at the end of short alley and calculated her odds at climbing. She whirled around when she realized the outcome was dismal.

She brazened it out. “Wot? I don't have nothin' of yours.”

“You don't have the M.P.'s calf skin wallet either.”

“M.P.?” Her words held a foreign accent. French maybe, but not quite. Her command of English was good.

I waved a hand back toward the direction of the departing gentlemen. “Member of Parliament.”

“Go on with ya,” she said, trying to rush past me to my left. I grabbed her arm.

“Here.” I pulled a business card from my pocket. “If you want to pick up some work, I may be able to help.”

Craftiness highlighted her expression. She narrowed her eyes. “So, I was on your patch, eh? He was your mark, no?”

“No. He was not my mark. I’m not a pickpocket. Just trying to keep you out of jail. It is Christmastime, after all.”

She flashed a conniving grin. “So, you recruitin’?”

“I don’t run pickpockets.” I blew out a long breath. “Look, if you want legitimate work, give me a call or come by this address.” My fingernail flicked the card, then I extended it toward her. “I’m always looking for information I can use.”

Her hands remained fisted at her sides. “I don’t grass for no one.”

“I’m not police, so I don’t care.” I scribbled an address on the back of the card, and pulled out my last twenty pound note. She grabbed at the bill, but I raised my hand high, rolling the money around the business card. “Go to the address I wrote on the back of the card. It’s a hostel. Ask for Maybelle and tell her Laurel Beacham sent you. She’ll feed you, let you take a shower, give you some clean clothes, and find a bed for you. Give her the twenty pounds.”

The waif crossed her arms and exposed pencil-thin wrists past the frayed cuffs. The sleeve under the right arm of the dark brown, filthy coat showed a long tear that appeared more likely a knife cut than an accidental rip. “How about Tube fare?”

“It’s only about a mile from here. I have faith you can walk that far.” I lowered my hand but didn’t let go when she took hold of the pieces of paper. “But go straight there, and no more picking pockets. I’ll help you as long as you help yourself.”

A sharper than expected tug and the folded bill disappeared into her pocket. She gave me a shove. I didn’t resist when she ran past me and disappeared around the corner of the building.

Maybelle would call if she showed up at the door, with or without the money.

“Are you always such a soft touch?” a voice casually drawled from behind me. I’d been so intent on watching her, I hadn’t realized anyone else was near us. But I didn’t have to turn around to know who was speaking.

“What are you doing here, Jack?” I turned and saw he was decked out in a wool overcoat and suit, looking as dapper and in his element as all the other men in this high-rent district. “Or do you have a place around here you haven’t told me about? A business you pop into periodically, with a secretary who minds your itinerary?”

He smiled and moved closer so I could smell his signature woody cologne. Try as I might, I hadn’t yet found out the name of the scent, and decided it must be custom mixed. He offered an arm and I took it.

“After seeing that heartwarming scene I decided to stop and see if I could take you to dinner,” he said. “You likely gave her your last twenty pounds. Am I right?”

How in the world did he know that? I thought back, trying to decide if he could have seen inside my wallet when I withdrew the bill. If I asked he’d just tell me that he knew me too well. I heard similar comments often enough—and believed them most of the time. But it didn’t matter. He might have been correct, but no way I planned to let him know it.

Jack Hawkes had connections with the art world, and most likely MI-6. Our paths crossed constantly in my more risky jobs. But though I’d learned he wasn’t quite the nemesis I’d originally believed, his ability to know all and be wherever he needed when I really needed him still kind of unnerved me. I didn’t want to think about how thick a dossier he had tagged with my name. And given my history with men—starting back to my own father who squandered the family’s philanthropic business that had thrived and survived five generations before him, and about five minutes after he inherited, then left me an orphan after disappearing off the side of an

Alp with his latest gold-digging bimbo—trusting anyone with a Y chromosome wasn't something I did naturally.

"Dinner with you sounds nice. Did you have any particular place in mind?" I asked.

"Are you hungry?" he asked.

We turned the corner to Regent's Street, and I couldn't help but stare in fascination as we left Oxford and our gazes met the equally brilliant display of lights and ornaments bridging the air over our heads.

"I could eat," I said. Ohmigod, yes, I was hungry. The thought of food suddenly made my mouth water and my knees want to buckle. "I don't know if I have that big of an appetite though—"

My stomach took the precise moment to roar like a lion and give lie to my words. Jack in turn roared in laughter.

"Laurel, don't you know by now you can't fool me? You're always hungry."

He led me to a pricey Spanish tapas place nearby, pulled open the heavy door and ushered me into the restaurant.

"Just a minute," he said to the hostess heading our way, and he guided me to the other side of the lobby. As Jack helped me off with my coat, he said, "I also know Cassie left this morning. Do you have plans for the holidays?"

"Yes, the queen has requested my audience on Christmas morning," I quipped as he hung up our damp coats. I knew he meant well, but the man was still an enigma. A nicer enigma each time I was around him, but still an enigma. He turned up when I least expected, usually had a handle on what I was thinking or what I was planning to do. Likely, he also knew everything down to my shoe size. No, correction. He definitely knew my shoe size. He'd admitted the fact on our first scary adventure together. "Really, don't worry about me, Jack."

He quirked an eyebrow but didn't say anything else, just motioned for me to walk ahead as we followed the hostess.

The décor was warm woods and intimate lighting. I wondered what I was getting myself into when he convinced the hostess to seat us in a back corner booth.

"Have you been here before?" he asked.

I thought about my earlier plan to get gourmet takeout from Marks & Spencer, and shook my head. I smelled food cooking in a charcoal oven and on a *plancha*, and willed my stomach to stay quiet.

"Oh, you're going to love this," he said. "The chef is Basque and uses recipes handed down in his family for centuries, but he's adapted everything with a personal flair. I prefer the pintxos here to tapas anywhere else."

We each ordered pintxo to start, followed by an order of tapas—so Jack could prove his point. I let him choose the wine for both of us. I knew from experience he was better at it than I, and he picked a Drac Màgic Red from Catalonia.

One of the puzzle pieces suddenly fell into place.

"Her accent wasn't French, it was Catalan," I said after the waiter left to turn in our order.

Jack set down his glass and said, "Your pickpocket, yes. Are you going to try to cultivate her as an information source?"

"Right now I just want to keep her away from powerful politicians and hope she won't spend Christmas Day in jail." My method of recruiting informants isn't the most conventional, and the waif was not the first person of the sticky-fingered variety I'd promised work to if she kept her nose clean. It took time and a lot of patience, but was worth the trouble. Usually, the

best way to learn what a thief planned to do—or already accomplished—was to build a relationship with other thieves. Jack understood this, despite his less-than-public ties with law enforcement, so I wasn't concerned if he'd witnessed my righting the teen's wrong and sent her away without even a true slap on the wrists. I saw something in the girl and hoped to develop a connection.

"You were there long enough to hear her speak?" I asked.

He nodded. "It makes sense, too. Every Barcelona pickpocket's dream is to move to London and pick wealthy Brits pockets on a daily basis. Not be complacent and accept what travelers still have left before they leave Spain. She's obviously good at what she does. You were simply better. And her marks wouldn't as easily expect to be ripped off at home, so less precautions are taken."

"How long did you follow us?"

"Long enough. It was interesting watching you work. Didn't think those blokes would ever quit doubling back. Loved seeing your face at the moment when you recognized whose wallet she was after. Priceless."

I pushed my glass aside and sat back to cross my arms. "I'd felt on top of the world, setting right her quick crime. And now you make me feel like such a... Well, rank amateur, I suppose. To be monitored so readily."

His laugh was low and throaty. He shook his head and said, "Watching you operate on the street was like witnessing a master painter creating the perfect scene. You had every necessary detail memorized and categorized to use to your advantage. Even when you made the dip and returned the wallet, after she'd slipped the prize, I couldn't see either of the moves you made. Though I knew what occurred. Not to mention returning it to the MP's pocket without him the slightest bit suspicious. If you weren't one of the most ethical people I know, I'd warn Scotland Yard to post a man to follow you."

I couldn't help grinning a little at his words, especially at being called ethical. I have my own personal ethics, but nothing I was going to discuss with Mr. Hawkes. I leaned over and kissed his cheek. "Thank you. No one has ever said anything as nice to me before."

We were saved from further sappiness by the waiter delivering our pintxo orders. They were like tapas, but smaller. More like finger food and worked well in my opinion for an appetizer. But the flavor was wonderful, and I understood what Jack meant. Especially after the tapas came soon after and I could compare the food side by side.

"There's been no new chatter about the heist?" I asked. He and I spent the early part of fall trying to stop a possible art heist that was rumored to be set for somewhere in the U.K. We caught up with one of the bad guys, and Italy held my wonder-geek Nico temporarily for shooting him—but that's only half the story. There was also a counterfeiting factory we found and lost. Yes, really—in a way it was lost. And everyone disappeared off the grid. With us simply waiting—impatiently, I might add—for the next thing to happen and send us to the next target.

"No, nothing. We're in a holding pattern. Things could start up again next week, next year, or ten years from now." Jack blew out a long breath. "I don't have to tell you how frustrating it is. They hold all the cards on timing."

"The good thing is it gives us time to possibly find our mole, or moles," I offered.

"There is that."

We were both concerned about traitors in our organizations—Jack more so than I. And we worked with a small and vetted team we trusted implicitly. Tight security left us feeling better about our research and data, but kept us constantly working shorthanded.

I ate the last bite of my tapas. “Everything was wonderful,” I said, leaning comfortably into the booth-back and swirling the last bit of wine in my glass. The ruby color caught the light as it moved. “But I think this is the only time I’ve had food like this at a table. Not at a bar with a beer.”

“The difference between paying for tapas and getting them for free during happy hour at the bar,” Jack replied, smiling as he finished his wine. “You have to admit this wine is pretty good.”

“Much better than a beer.” I pushed my plate aside. “And the food is better too.”

The waiter approached. “Dessert this evening?” he asked as he cleared away our empty plates.

“Two Crema Catalana,” Jack said.

I wanted to play the “oh, I shouldn’t role” but the dessert’s name alone sounded scrumptious and weakened my defenses. A short time later the waiter returned with our dishes, and I was a convert with one bite. My spoon broke through the caramelized sugar coating and came up with a creamy custard that melded luscious cinnamon and citrus flavors. I inhaled the lovely dueling scents before I took a first taste. The waiter returned a moment later with coffee for each of us.

When we were alone again, his gaze caught mine and held it to ask, “Is the Queen really your only company for Christmas?”

My quick laugh may have been a bit forced, but I thought I pulled it off. I had a feeling he’d been talking to my boss, Max. It was the holidays, and Jack could have been on the street by chance. But I know Max’s busybody ways, and I was determined to put a halt to this informational fishing expedition. I took my personal business very personal. “Seriously, you don’t worry about me. I have a full calendar of parties to attend. Everyone wants my company.”

He withdrew a slim folder from an inside pocket of his jacket. “I have a couple of tickets to the Mayor’s New Year’s fireworks display. Want to be my plus one?”

“If the tickets are legit,” I teased, softening my words with a grin.

He chuckled, knowing exactly why I’d said what I had. “Don’t worry. They won’t cancel our entry code.”

“Sounds magical. Can’t wait.” And that’s when I felt tears on my cheek. “Uh… I’ll be right back.” I grabbed my purse and fled to the restroom.

After I washed my face and repaired my makeup, I waited until the last patron dried her hands and left the space before I took a hard look at myself in the mirror. “What is the deal, Beacham? You don’t wear your heart on your sleeve.” Almost angry enough at myself to start weeping again.

*Pull yourself together, dammit!*

A few more deep breaths and I felt ready to leave. When another woman pushed through the heavy door, I was once more capable of dealing with the world.

Jack was standing at the table, ready to go and holding my coat in his hand. “You okay?”

“I’m fine.” I shrugged and smiled. “Just too many things going on today. Art challenges don’t stop just because the bad guys go underground.”

“Anything you want to talk about?”

I tapped my watch. “I’m off the clock.”

Minutes later we were back on the street. While we had been in the restaurant the sky moved to full dark. It was snowing softly, but the flakes melted on contact. Nevertheless, with the glittery lights above and the snow dancing in the halos, it made for a lovely sight.

“Want to walk until we find you a cab?” Jack asked.

Two cabs drove by right then with their roof lights showing their empty status, but I didn’t comment on the sight. I knew what he was actually doing. I answered, “Sure. A walk sounds nice.”

We strolled about half a block. I said, “I think this is the first time we’ve ever spent this long together without someone chasing us, shooting at us, or trying to kidnap me.”

“You really are a lot of trouble,” he said, laughing when I batted his shoulder with my hand.

I liked this. I hoped the moment lasted.

But, it didn’t take him long to switch things around. “So, Nico left last week, and Cassie flew out today?”

“Yep. Nico gets to go back to Italy and not worry about being jailed this time. I almost didn’t want to let him go. Still a little paranoid.” Then I stopped and put a hand on Jack’s arm. I looked up at him and smiled. “But I did let him go. As much as I worried about him and the fact that we still don’t know where all the players are in the last big scare. He wanted to go home and see his mama. It’s all good, Jack.”

Then I gave him my look. The one I knew he understood. The dark one that said “this discussion is over.”

“Well.” He slipped my hand into the crook of his elbow and we started walking again. “Sounds like a plan. If you weren’t so busy, I’d ask if you wanted to spend Christmas with me in Ireland. I remember you saying once how you loved when your grandfather owned a place there.”

“You’re going to Ireland for the holidays?”

“I am. And you can go too if you like.”

“Do you have family there?”

“Probably. But I’m going to relax. I think we both need some time away from life stress.”

No answers about his background, as usual, but an earthshattering realization. He thought I was weak. He thought I needed his arm, his shoulder, his help. And...for a second...he was right. Then I bit my lip—hard—and dropped my hand from his sleeve.

“I think it’s time we got me a cab,” I said, letting the edge in my voice make a stronger comment than the words.

He held my shoulders and looked straight into my eyes. “I’m sorry, Laurel, I just—”

“You don’t know everything, Jack.” I looked down, then raised my gaze back up to his. Those teal eyes in the midst of his dark brows and lashes. The concern on his face. I repeated, “You don’t know everything...and I don’t know anything. I know nothing about you beyond your name. If it even is your name. It’s one thing to travel with you on a job when I’m on a need-to-know basis, but quite another to do it on my own time. I’m tired of all the mystery. This isn’t how friends treat friends.”

“We’re...friends?”

“We’re barely that. And we’ll never have a chance to be more as long as so much mystery stands between us. Asking me empathetic questions isn’t enough. Your concern isn’t enough. I need to start getting some answers.”

Confusion traced across his expression. I knew it wasn't that he didn't understand what I was saying. No, he couldn't figure a way around it.

"Jack, you have my background. There are times I think you know more about me than I know about myself. But I have to have something. You must give me *something*."

I saw a black cab in my peripheral vision. I stepped away from him to raise my hand and hail it. The vehicle stopped in front of us, and Jack opened the back door before the cabbie had the chance.

He still hadn't said anything, and I really didn't have anything else to add. So I said, "Merry Christmas," and scooted across the backseat.

"You too." He spoke so softly I read his lips more than heard him. He closed the door.

I gave the cabbie the name of my hotel, and as we drove away I watched out the back glass. Jack stood there—until we were almost out of sight. Right before he disappeared from view, I watched him take out his phone and wondered who he called.

A moment had happened. I knew that, and I believed he knew it too. Now we simply had to wait to see what it meant.

My phone rang. I jumped in surprise, feeling disappointment when I saw the hostel's name in the Caller ID. "Hi, Maybelle. I hope you've called to tell me you have a new guest."

"I do. What do you know about her?" The hostel manager was originally from Belgium, and kept her accent despite the twenty years she'd lived in London.

I relayed our earlier encounter and Maybelle laughed. "Leave it to you to stop a pickpocket then give her money and a place she can stay."

"Did she give you any of the twenty pounds?"

"She offered a couple of two-pound coins and a one-pound coin."

"Better than I imagined."

"You and me both. We sent her to shower and gave her clean clothes. Her set is hopeless. We'll try to keep her here through Christmas."

"Thanks, Maybelle. You're a terrific person."

"I didn't keep a teenager out of jail tonight. You did. You do good work, Laurel-girl."

We said our goodbyes and I made a mental note to send the hostel another donation when I had the opportunity.

The cab pulled up to my hotel. My phone dinged with a text, and I figured it was something else from Maybelle. I waited until I was in the lobby to look.

*Check your email.*

It was from Jack.

I walked to one of the club chairs in the lobby and sat down. My email popped up with the touch of my finger on the phone screen. My inbox held two new emails: one from Jack and the other from a travel service. I fought with my conscience on which to open first, but ultimately I picked Jack's.

*Laurel, attached is the file on your dossier. You're absolutely correct. You're entitled to know exactly what I know about you. Regarding your other request, click the web link below and type FromJack into the password box. You'll find your first Christmas present. I don't know if the information is exactly what you want, but I promise you'll know more about me by the time you finish reading. And if it's enough of a start, you'll find an e-ticket to Ireland sent to you in a separate email. The plane leaves tomorrow afternoon. I'll get to the airport early ~ Jack*

My finger hovered over the link.

*You can read more about these characters in the **Bodies of Art Mysteries** series. The first book in the series is **Counterfeit Conspiracies**, followed by **Marked Masters**, and both books can be preordered now for their February 2016 release through **Henry Press**. A third book in the series, **Abstract Aliases**, which begins at London's New Year's celebration, will be available in October 2016.*

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