**EM’s Beta Reader Application**

Please turn on Track Changes and edit the following first draft passage. You may need to click “Allow editing” depending on the version of Microsoft Word you are using.

Please correct any errors you spot and leave comments about anything that doesn’t make sense to you, or you want to mention.

Then please answer the questions below the excerpt.

START EDITING:

Riley had been driving for 3 hours and he couldn’t wait to stop.

No, that wasn’t entirely true. He was enjoying the drive through the most gorgeous landscapes he’d ever seen, but he was looking forward to his destination even more.

Plus, he had to pee and he wasn’t in the habit of doing his business on the side of the road, even if their been a shoulder to pull out off traffic.

Or what passed for traffic out here in the middle of the most beautiful nowhere he’d ever been. He’d passed maybe 10 cars in the past hour.

Let’s see, that’s one every six minutes or so. He could mange a pee in less time. He’d pull over as soon as there was any extra space. He really shouldn’t have gotten the extra large coffee at his last stop. But he’d been so damn tired. Between jet lag and excitement, he hadn’t slept in a day or 2. Instead of staying the night in Denver, Riley has headed off on his journey immediately.

He couldn’t wait to get too Aspen and his first job out of Culinary School.

But more than that, he couldn’t wait to fall into Garys waiting arms.

Just another hour or so and that dream would be a warm, wonderful reality.

They’d have the whole to explore the area, on their days off from the dream job at [fancy restaurant] in Aspen where Gary had already started working while Riley finished his course at Le Cordon Bleu in Paris.

The pent up excitement stimulated his bladder, pulling him back to reality in the tin-can of a rental car (he’d never driven a Kia before). Up ahead he spotted a good flat place where he could stop and take care of business, and there wasn’t another car as far as the eye could see.

He pulled to a stop halfway off the road, got out and inhaled the clean, crisp completely invisible air. It smelled sweet and fresh, though thin, and it suddenly dawned on him that he was the only person for miles and miles and miles.

Many people would find that idea but not Riley . He was a city boy born and bred and so much nothingness, suddenly frightened him. He took care of his increasingly powerful need and got back in the car before all the nothingness came crashing down on him.

He hadn’t realized until this moment how much he’d come two love live in the big city; Paris, New York, even Boston where he’d grown-up.

But Aspen, Colorado?

He really was in the wild wild west.

Fifteen miles, ten miles, three mile’s. The distance to Aspen dribbled away. Finally, Riley past the Welcome to Aspen sign and felt his pulse rate double. He pulled into the first parking lot he saw and drug the Google Map printout out from his messenger back. He glanced at his cell phone sitting in the coffee cup holder.

Should he call Gary?

It was 6 and Gary would be home catching up sleep before heading into the restaurant four the dinner service.

Riley shook his head. The whole point of coming a week early was to surprise Gary. Instead of stopping off in the hamptons to see his family Riley had flown straight to P from Paris. He hadn’t mist much. A visit with his family inevitably deteriorated into his father questioning him decision to become a chief.

“Why don’t you just invest in a restaurant if you want to be in the food industry?”

Dads answer to every problem: buy it, sell it or fire it and get a new one. He didn’t understand passion for anything besides moving piles of money around on the monopoly board that defined his life.

That wasn’t what Riley wanted. He wanted to spend the foreseeable future in the kitchen of the best restaurant that would hire him. And the rest of the time in bed—or anywhere else—which Gary.

Mind made up, Riley glanced at the directions to the apartment Gary had rented for them, got his bearings, and headed for his exciting future.

With a minimum of error—Riley had a great sense of direction even in places he’d never visited—he found the apartment building and parked the rent in a guest spot.

Riley didn’t have a key, but he knew Gary’s habits well. A glance around the area outside the door and he knew exactly where the spare key were hidden. Riley found it in two inches of dirt near the ugliest plant. He wiped off the key, silently, slid it into the door and let himself in.

The place was deserted. Or at least the living room and kitchen. What must be the bedroom door, located on the other side of the living room, was open about three inches. Riley grinned. This would be fun.

He hoped Gary was still sleeping. He’d slide into bed behind him and snuggle up and kiss his earlobes until Gray woke up.

A sound from the bedroom got Riley’s attention. A soft moan, then another.

He smiled. Gary did have a thing for porn of the raunchiest & cheesiest variety. The sound track on this one was heavy on fake grunts and groans. Gray was going to be so glad to have Riley back in his bed.

Riley was halfway across the living room when the plan struck. He pulled his shirt off and slid out of his new jeans and bots. Next came the underware. He was already half-hard from the anticipation of climbing into bed with Gary again. He finished the job with a couple of quick tugs and put his hand on the doorknob, trying not to laugh at the over-”acting” of the guys in the clip Gary was watching.

He flinged the door open.

It wasn’t a flim. It was Gary with his cock up to the hilt someone else’s ass.

“What the fuck?” the someone else said.

Gary opened his eyes and stared at Riley.

“I don’t do three-way’s.” Garys new friend said.

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Thanks for working on the application!

1. In general, how much notice do you need in advance to work on a manuscript?
2. Do you prefer novels, novellas, or no preference?
3. Have you ever worked as an editor or beta-reader? If so, tell me about your experiences.
4. Are you comfortable with editing stories with explicit male/male sex?
5. Do you read mysteries/suspense/thrillers?
6. Tell me how comfortable you are spotting problems with pacing, characterization, plot holes, or other content issues.
7. Have you read any of my books before? (not required, but it helps if you are familiar with my writing style)
8. Do you have any questions for me?

Please email this document back to EM at em@emlynley.com

I’ll do my best to get back to you within a day or two, or let you know if it will take longer.