

*a short story*



**FAN FATAL**

***TOM CAVAL***

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**FAN FATAL**



Paulina looks absolutely radiant. She flashes one of her iconic smiles at the audience. Her famous, long caramel hair is tucked behind one ear, with a few strands falling beside her face, framing it so beautifully. Her perfectly shaped, full (natural!) lips are painted in the deep scarlet shade that she is so well known for. Despite nearing her forties, she doesn't look a day over thirty, wearing a deep fuchsia mini dress that hugs the curves of her body to perfection.

Even James Dion, the host, seems to be captivated by her beauty for a moment, before quickly snapping back to reality and assuming his role.

“So, lovely Paulina, please tell me more about this new song of yours. I'm *dying* to listen to it!” James inquires, in his usual flamboyant way.

Paulina gleams back at him. “Oh James! I'm so excited about this release. You know I just love to give the people what they want and ... this is definitely it.” She winks at the camera.

“Oh darling, it certainly has the *it* factor. Let's listen to a preview now,” James says excitedly, gesturing to the cameras.

He and Paulina both turn to face the large screen positioned between them in the studio, where a short clip from Paulina's new single begins playing. She nods her head gently in time with the song, laughing when she

catches James copying her—naturally, in a much more over-the-top way compared to the singer. As the video draws to a close, James turns to the audience with a dramatic expression on his face. He mouths the words “amazing” and the audience cheer and clap in response.

“You’ve done it again!” he declares triumphantly.

Paulina laughs, adopting a humble expression. “James, you do flatter me.” She chuckles, looking almost bashful.

“Darling, it’s the truth! Now, that musical masterpiece we just had the pleasure of listening to is ‘Ritmo de la Noxxe’ ... did I say that correctly?” James queries with a grin.

“I’m not quite sure what it is that you just said.” Paulina jests. “But it’s ‘Rhythm of the Night’, for my non-Spanish speaking folks.”

“Cheeky!” James remarks, eyes twinkling. “Well, ladies and gentlemen, you heard it here first. ‘Rhythm of the Night’. The song will be making its debut next Friday, and it will be the perfect soundtrack for this summer, am I right?”

He looks over to the audience for a reaction, who all unanimously reply with a “Yeah!”

“You have a way, Paulina, of giving your audience not only what they want, but exactly what they *need*.” He shoots a beaming smile at her.

Paulina tucks a stray strand of hair behind her ear and nods. “Well, I’m here to serve, James.”

“And you most certainly do *serve*!” James says. “I’m sure your fans will make this song climb up the charts very quickly.”

“I couldn’t ask for a better fan base.” Paulina flutters her thick eyelashes in a coy way. “They are all sweethearts. The most amazing fans I could ask for, truly.”

“They are very loyal, indeed.” James leans forward in

his seat. “But I couldn’t help but notice that quite a few have turned their backs on you over the years. Tell me more? What happened?” He clasps his hands together, one brow lifted, his lips pursed together.

Paulina doesn’t flinch at all. The question doesn’t seem to have phased her. She licks her lips and looks up momentarily, pausing before answering.

“Like anyone, I’ve had many ups and downs in my career and of course, along the way, you lose fans and you gain new ones.” She takes a breath.

James nods, but his face indicates he’s looking for more. His eyes narrow slightly and he nods a little more deliberately, as if encouraging Paulina to say something further.

“But honestly, James, despite my dramas and mishaps, I have the best, most supportive fan base anyone could ever ask for. They always have my back. I’m so blessed. Truly.” She puts her hand on her chest. “Thank you, guys. I love you all,” she says, looking into the camera, before turning back to the audience, evidently very excited by her response.

James briefly looks down at his notes.

“That’s so heart-warming Paulina,” he concurs. “But they can’t *all* be that amazing?” He hints, tilting his head quizzically.

The audience is on the edge of their seats, knowing that James is digging for more drama and gossip.

Paulina chuckles. “My fans are incredibly passionate. I can tell you that! Sometimes perhaps a little *too* passionate. But honestly, I love it.” She laughs. “It’s part of my brand. You know me, James. If I’m not a woman of passion, then I don’t know who is.”

“You are one fiery woman, Paulina,” he agrees.

“Exactly!” Paulina says. “I just can’t help it. I am Latina

after all.” She shrugs her shoulders with a smile.

James nods and bites his lip, looking slightly disappointed. It’s clear Paulina isn’t giving him the content he’s looking for. He studies his notes again and looks up.

“Surely there must be times when the passion is just too much though?” He presses further.

Paulina pauses.

“I’m not sure what you mean by that ...”

James shifts positions to face her more directly, gesticulating with his hands.

“What I meant is ... are there perhaps any times you’ve felt a little uncomfortable? Have any fans got too close? Have any boundaries been crossed?” he quizzes, leaning forward and resting his hands on his knees.

A lightbulb seems to go off in Paulina’s head as her face suddenly changes from its previously perplexed expression to one of recognition, and she begins to nod.

“Actually James, now that you mention it, there is one situation which springs to my mind.”

James nods. “The stage is yours, darling. Tell me all about it.”

Paulina adopts a reminiscent expression. She looks almost like one of the characters that she has played in telenovelas. Her eyes glazing over as she recalls the memory.

“It was a few months back, actually. After one of my concerts,” she begins. “I’d had a few drinks with the crew and needed to wrap up the day. I had to go back to my dressing room to collect a few bits before I went to my hotel, and there was this guy there.”

James leans towards her, clearly deeply invested in Paulina’s story, and gestures for her to continue.

“He was really young. No older than twenty. He didn’t look threatening or anything, so I wasn’t too worried. In



fact, he looked kind of scared. I was thinking maybe he was lost or something.”

Paulina smiles fondly as she remembers the moment.

“So, I asked him what he was doing, and he told me that he had been waiting for me. I was obviously a bit taken aback. Like, wow, someone is determined!”

The audience laugh and James chuckles.

“But I thought, *come on Paulina, he put in all this effort. The least you can do is take a picture, give him an autograph.* So, I went to do that and that’s when he told me he had won this contest.” Paulina opens her eyes in surprise, as she relives that memory. “Now me being me, I’d completely forgotten I’d hosted an online contest for one of my fans to win a personal meet and greet with me. So, I was thinking, *oh OK, it all makes sense.* Until I noticed there was no security with him or anything, kind of odd ...”

“Were alarm bells ringing at this point?” James interjects.

“No, not really. Honestly, he didn’t seem like a threat.” Paulina waves a hand. “I did think it was weird though, so I asked him, and he told me that he’d been waiting for me since before the concert began! Apparently, he’d been in the VIP lounge and when I didn’t show there, he decided to sneak his way to my dressing room. He was definitely a super fan!” she exclaims with a chuckle. “But he seemed so sweet and the fact that he missed my concert just to try to get a few minutes with me was quite adorable. I felt sorry for him.”

James shoots her a confused look. “You felt *sorry* for him?” he asks dramatically. “You truly have a heart of gold, Paulina. I would not feel sorry for someone who snuck their way into my dressing room. That’s just creepy.”

“I mean, it’s pretty weird, I don’t deny that. But we’ve all

done things to reach our goals, and we haven't always gone the smart way about it," she says wisely. "Honestly, I was tired after the concert and was just feeling very sympathetic. So we chatted for a bit. I could see how excited he was to be talking to me, so I couldn't help but to invite him to go out for lunch with me the following afternoon."

James's eyes widen and he drops his jaw in his usual dramatic fashion. "You did *what*?"

"I invited him for lunch," Paulina says confidently.

"You didn't. Paulina! Why? What were you thinking?"

"He seemed so sweet; it just seemed like the right thing to do," she replies softly.

James lifts an eyebrow and turns to the camera. "Note to any of my fans. If you follow me to my dressing room, you will most certainly *not* be offered lunch." He turns back to Paulina, who gives him an amused look. "OK, so tell us more. What happened on this lunch date?"

"Well, obviously the guy, I'll call him 'L', was over the moon and so excited. We exchanged details and arranged to meet up at one of my favourite restaurants in Soho. It was my treat, of course. So, we meet up and he was so sweet. I was a little bit apprehensive just before; thinking perhaps this was a bad idea? But L was actually pretty laid back. He seemed like a genuinely nice person."

"So, you're telling me this super fan of yours didn't lose his cool *at all*?" James asks, seemingly in disbelief.

"I mean, he went on about how much he admired me, how beautiful he thought I was, and how much he adored my music. But to be honest—it sounds big-headed to say—I'm used to all that. I've had men from all kinds of walks of life tell me the same things, so it wasn't really any different coming from him."

Paulina pauses and takes a sip from the glass of water

beside her.

“So yeah, it was all good. We spoke about the contest, and I told him how lucky he was to have won it out of the hundreds and thousands of other submissions.”

“So this guy bought the makeup product and entered a code or something to participate in the contest?” James asks, professionally putting one fist under his chin.

“Yes! It was a massive competition run by Magic MakeUp, the sponsor of my last tour. They’re awesome, honestly, and they’ve just released a new line specifically for men. Go check them out gents!” She shoots a smile at the camera, and the audience cheer excitedly.

James laughs. “This isn’t a Magic MakeUp ad, you know?”

“Sorry, sorry!” Paulina gives an unapologetic smile. “So, *anyway*, L won this massive competition that they hosted. But then he tells me that he used up his entire savings to buy as many products from Magic MakeUp as possible, to increase his chances of winning. And it worked! Isn’t that *commitment* to your favourite star? Honestly, that made me feel bad for him. Imagine, a student giving away all his savings just to meet *me*.” Paulina closes her eyes, as if she can’t contain the emotion.

James, on the other hand, doesn’t look impressed. “Was that not a bit of a red flag to you? The fact that he would go to such extreme measures to try to meet you. Did you not see a pattern developing there?” he asks.

Paulina bites her lip in thought. “No, that’s not really how I looked at it. I just saw him as someone who was going the extra mile to achieve his dream. Who am I to question that? That’s honestly what I focussed on. And that’s the reason I invited him to my concert the following day. Two tickets, VIP, front-row seats. And I didn’t really

think much of it after that.”

“Oh, but that’s just the beginning of the story, right?” James smiles knowingly.

“Right!” Paulina says, tossing her hair back gracefully, resembling that of a shampoo ad. Then she turns to the audience, giving her best side to the camera. “So, the following day, before the concert started, L managed to find me backstage. We exchanged a few words and then it was time for me to perform my song ‘I want you to fill me’, the massive hit I always start my shows with. While singing, I saw him in the first row, but also noted he had come alone. I soon forgot all about him. I run a *demanding* show, you know it, James. And I didn’t think of him again until a week later ...” Paulina pauses to take another slow sip of her water.

“You can’t leave us on that cliff-hanger, darling! What happened a week later? Do tell,” James says, with a knowing glint in his eye.

“Well, after that day I started getting tons of notifications from him on my different social media platforms. He would tag me in pictures, send me direct messages, comment on every one of my photos ... just that kind of thing,” she says, playing nervously with the bracelet on her wrist. “It didn’t really bother me, and I didn’t engage in any more interactions with him. Kind of forgot about it all, really. Until ...” She studies the bracelet for a second.

“Until?” James repeats, turning to the camera dramatically with an almost comical, questioning look on his face.

“I started to get this feeling, that I was being followed,” Paulina says, looking up.

“You mean everywhere?” By now, James is already sitting on the edge of his chair. Literally.

“Not everywhere, no. It was usually when I was running a few errands, picking up groceries and stuff. I would just get that feeling.” Paulina shakes her head. “It was weird because I’m always wearing sunglasses and a hat. I try to go unnoticed. It’s nice to run an errand without the paparazzi on your tail.”

“Totally.” James nods, although it doesn’t seem very genuine. He looks like the type of person who would very much enjoy having the paparazzi on *his* tail.

“One day, I just couldn’t shake this feeling, so I turned around and there was this woman walking behind me. She looked beautiful, put together. In fact, it was pretty weird, but she looked a bit like me. She wore the red lipstick ...” Paulina gestures to her lips. “She also had a similar hairstyle and colour to mine. That’s when I turned to look at this woman, and she seemed to become nervous; so I’m really starting to think, maybe she *was* following me ...”

James interrupts by raising his hand and turning to the camera.

“If you want to hear the rest of Paulina’s stalker slash crazy fan story, stay tuned! We’ll be back after the break.” He smiles, and Paulina takes the opportunity to rehydrate with some water.

After a few moments, James reintroduces the audience and turns back to face Paulina.

“So, Paulina, let’s jump right back into your juicy story. You think this woman may be following you, right? So, you decided to intervene?”

Paulina nods. “You could say that. I’ve always been one to take things into my own hands. So, the following morning I went on my usual walk to run errands, but this time, before I reached my apartment building, I ducked behind a wall in the entrance of a nearby building, and waited for her.”

“So, you’re James Bond now?” James jokes, holding his hands to mimic the iconic 007 pose.

“More a *Jane* Bond, if you don’t mind.” Paulina winks at him. “But you know me, I love a bit of drama.” She continues, “so I was waiting and I could hear the woman approaching—as she was wearing high heels—so just before she reached me, I came out from hiding and, James, you wouldn’t believe it!” Paulina grabs onto his arm. “It wasn’t a woman at all, it was him! L! And he was dressed exactly like me.”

“God! That is something else,” James says, shaking his head, but clearly loving the drama. “What did you do?”

“It was bizarre. Simultaneously impressive and creepy.” Paulina nods seriously. “I tried to confront him, but he ran away. So, I didn’t know what else to do. I was kind of freaked out, but also curious. Wondering what exactly he wanted from me.”

“Paulina, this is completely crazy. Surely at this point you must have got security involved? Or took some kind of measure to stop this mysterious L ...” James lingers on the letter, “... from striking again?” He throws Paulina an inquisitive look.

Paulina looks down, almost bashfully, and pushes her hair from her face as she answers. “No. I didn’t want to get anyone else involved,” she says.

“But wasn’t that a bit risky?” James says fervently.

“I suppose. But, as I told you, I like to take matters into my own hands. So ... that’s what I did.” She shrugs nonchalantly.

“Oh, well ...” James says in a quieter voice, “I take off my hat to you.” And he mimics himself doing so, with an invisible hat.

Paulina continues. She is clearly invested in her story now, enjoying the excitement of retelling it.

“I wanted to find out more about L. I was curious, you see? So, I contacted Magic Makeup and asked for his details—I said I wanted to give him a gift personally—and they offered to handle it all through their PR department. But I’m stubborn!” She chuckles. “Eventually, I got a hold of his address and, well, you’ll think I’m crazy, but I decided to go to his house.”

“Darling, that *is* crazy!” James grins, unable to hide his obvious delight. He must be thinking about his ratings.

“You’re right it is.” Paulina grins back. “But, come on, we’re all a little bit crazy. And there was something about this guy, I just had to know more. So, I went to his house—a really nice house in London, in Kensington. His mother answered the door. She recognised me immediately. She was a really warm and friendly lady, and she invited me inside for a cup of tea. We sat and chatted together for a bit. She told me that L was studying fashion design and that he was obsessed with several singers and models—it wasn’t just me!” Paulina looks somewhat offended by this statement. “She told me about how talented her son was and what a lovely boy he was. It was obvious she was very proud of him. Well, the many framed pictures of L around the house didn’t leave any doubt about it. Dozens of them.”

“Wow. Do you think the obsessive personality runs in the family, then?” James asks expertly.

“Oh.” Paulina shakes her head. “I don’t think so. You could tell from the pictures that L was her only kid, and—no offense, really—that the woman had him at a much later age.”

This comment wins some “awws” from the audience, and James makes an annoyed face.

“OK. What happened then?” he asks.

“Then she asked me why I’d come by ...” Paulina says, mysteriously.

“And what did you say? ‘Your son is a crazy stalker?’” James jokes.

“Of course not.” Paulina smiles. “I came prepared. I’d brought one of my signed pictures as a gift for him and told her I wanted to deliver it personally as we’d met before. The lady was very trusting and, honestly, I think she was a little lonely, as we just seemed to keep talking. Eventually, she was giving me a tour of the house, including L’s room, but I didn’t find anything which screamed *danger*. It was all ordinary really.”

“Paulina, how on earth do you end up in such bizarre situations?” James asks with a bemused look on his face.

Paulina chortles, “God, James, I wish I knew! But there I was, in the house of my possible stalker.”

They both laugh at the absurdity of the statement. Paulina continues to explain how L’s mother had told her that her son was an incredibly hard worker and even had his own studio, which Paulina persuaded the woman into showing her.

“So, what was in the studio?” James asks, eyes wide.

“You’d never guess.” Paulina teases, her eyes animated. “She led me to his work room, in the basement of their home, and it was full of pictures ... pictures of me. Everywhere I looked there was *my* face or *my* body with *his* face pasted onto it ... I was pretty creeped out, to be honest.”

“That is rather alarming!” James gasps. “I’m getting goosebumps thinking about it.”

“There’s more,” Paulina continues. “There was fabric everywhere from where he’d been working on outfits, I assumed. And piles of Magic Makeup products and a dress that looked scarily familiar to one I own. You remember, James? The red one, with the massive feathers?”



James nods enthusiastically.

“Yes, that one!” Paulina says, pointing at the screen. “It was spooky. I looked for a way out, to get out of that place and call the police before I got horribly murdered, or dissected like an animal to be stuffed or something. But then, L arrived home.”

“Oh my God, Paulina.” James claps a hand over his mouth and looks at the camera with an expression of horror in his eyes.

Paulina crosses her legs confidently, before continuing. “He was obviously shocked and confused. I thought he could sense I was equally disturbed by the situation, so he decided to explain himself to me. He walked over to this big wardrobe and opened it up and ... inside was full of exquisite dresses and wigs!” Her voice shoots up a few notches. “And in the back of the wardrobe there was a poster of L in full drag, promoting a local drag show in London.”

“How extraordinary!” interjects James.

Paulina nods in agreement. “It was! So, L explained that he had an alter ego, as a drag queen, known as *Longoria*.”

The audience roars with laughter.

Paulina goes on. “He told me how usually he was very shy, but when he was in drag, he became so much more confident, fierce and alive. L explained that he’d been studying me because he admired me so much and wanted to emulate my style and personality in his drag performances!”

Now a chorus of “oohs” can be heard from the audience.

“I have to admit, that is kind of cute,” James says, placing a hand on his heart.

“Right? I was touched. It felt like such an honour for L

to have based his drag queen on me. The highest form of flattery and admiration, truly.”

“Wow, Paulina, that was a dramatic turn of events if I ever heard one. Fan, turned friend, turned stalker, turned drag queen! What an intriguing tale.” He sits back in his chair and laughs, then turns to the camera. “I’m sure everyone at home agrees that was one rollercoaster of a story.”

The audience clap in agreement and Paulina joins in. “That’s one way of putting it!” She laughs.

“Now, another break! And when we get back, Paulina will have a massive surprise for us, in case you were thinking about going anywhere else!”



I rub my hands together; they are clammy with nerves and anticipation.

I glance in the mirror again, adjusting my wig and fixing my lashes, which have become slightly misaligned. I take a deep breath in.

The television screen is positioned on the centre back wall of the generously sized VIP room, and I glance back to it as the host reintroduces the audience.

James and Paulina’s voices blur together into an incoherent mumble, and I lose focus, my thoughts racing as I try to prepare myself.

I’m not only nervous. I am *excited* too. Very excited, actually. This is my first time “on-air”. My first time introducing myself to the world like this. To everyone.

My classmates.

My friends.

My mother.

I breathe in again. I can feel my heartbeat slowly

regulating again, as my nerves become gradually replaced with excited anticipation.

I can do this.

“A truly captivating story, darling,” James is speaking now. “But that’s not all yet! Paulina—over to you ...” he says with a smile, as he gestures to his guest.

My eyes are peeled to the screen now. I glance up and see one of the producers gesturing for me to follow them.

“You’re up!” They call me.

I look at my reflection one last time. I reapply my red lipstick and wink to the mirror.

*You’ve got this, girl,* I think to myself.

The producer beckons me again, so I begin walking towards the door.

My eyes are still fixed on the television screen, and I hear Paulina say, “Ladies and gentlemen. Doing her first live debut on TV, I present to you ... Longoria Dieckman!”

I feel myself blushing both with overwhelming happiness and nerves.

This is my moment.

The door opens and I walk through, onto the studio floor.

I’m almost instantly met with an encore of clapping and cheering. I glance up at the audience to smile, but the bright studio lights impair my vision. Regardless, I smile as wide as I can and do a little wave, before walking over to the vacant chair which is sitting beside Paulina. She’s beaming. James looks equally happy, throwing me one of his large, iconic smiles, and outstretching his hand.

“Longoria, we finally meet. What an absolute pleasure!” James shakes my hand warmly, and I feel myself blushing again.

“The pleasure is all mine, truly,” I reply, using the Longoria voice I’d rehearsed thousands of times before at

home, a gentle yet flirtatious tone.

“You look divine!” Paulina says, as she reaches for my hand. “Doesn’t she?”

The audience cheers in agreement.

“Oh Paulina, that means the world coming from you,” I say, batting my eyelashes for an effect, as I’ve seen her do it during the interview.

James leans forward on his seat. “Now, Longoria, that was one crazy story we just heard about you. But as I understand it, you are both the infamous L and Longoria, correct?”

I nod and smile. “Right.”

“Amazing,” James replies. “This must be a dream moment for you?”

“It truly is ...” I find myself stumbling for words, still in disbelief that this is my reality, “... I honestly can’t describe how amazing this all is.” I gesture to the studio and the audience. “This is everything I’ve ever dreamt about and more! And to be seated next to someone as incredible as Paulina ...” I glance over to her with a massive smile plastered on my face. “It’s just magical.”

James smiles back at me warmly. “I can’t think of a better person to idolise than our darling Paulina,” he emphasises. “But as I understand it, you are actually friends now?” He raises an eyebrow and leans forward in his seat, his fingers interlocked.

Paulina answers first. “We sure are,” she glances over to me and throws me one of her effortlessly beautiful smiles. “It was perhaps a bit of a weird beginning.” She laughs and I join her, feeling myself blush slightly. “But now we have a lovely friendship.”

I nod in agreement. “To call Paulina my friend goes beyond my wildest dreams. If I can be just half the woman that she is, I’ll be happy.”

“Oh, you sweetheart!” Paulina says dramatically, looking over at me with her adoring, chocolate brown eyes, and she squeezes my hand.

“You certainly *look* half the woman that she is,” James says with a teasing smile. “Longoria, you two look almost exactly alike!” He gestures between myself and Paulina. “Was that deliberate?”

“Of course,” I chuckle. “I want Longoria to be the most stunning and unforgettable drag queen the world has ever known. So, who better to base my look off of than Paulina.”

We all laugh in unison. Paulina shoots me another smile and I sense myself relaxing into the setting, my nerves easing away.

“Well,” says Paulina, clasping her hands together and turning to James. Her beautiful eyes twinkling under the studio lights. “I have an exciting announcement for you and everyone else.” She gestures to the audience.

James responds with raised eyebrows. “Do tell!” he says eagerly, evidently revelling in all the drama and exclusive news scoops.

“Longoria will be competing in the next season of Qween LaDivah!” Paulina announces animatedly. She turns to face me and begins clapping.

The audience joins in and I feel myself blushing with pride.

“This is amazing news,” James says enthusiastically. “Congratulations, Longoria!”

“Thanks,” I say humbly.

“For those who have been living under a rock,” James speaks to the camera, “LaDivah hosts the brilliant British show which is all about finding the fiercest drag queen in the UK. It’s a superb watch! If you haven’t binged the first season already, I highly recommend you do.”

He turns back to face me. “You must be thrilled?”

I nod. "It's literally a dream come true. I am so excited to introduce Longoria to the world and see where this journey takes her," I reply.

James laughs and claps his hands together. "Well, I'm looking forward to seeing you rock the runway, Longoria!" He glances at the clock and repositions himself so he is facing the audience whilst looking into the camera. "And with that, we are drawing to a close. Let's give it up for Paulina and Longoria!" He gestures to me and Paulina and we are met with a roar of clapping and cheering.

I blow a kiss to the audience, and James gestures for me to stand up.

"Before we go, Longoria, give us your best walk. Sashay for us, please!"

I smile and nod, rising from my seat, not as nervous as before.

I perform one of my iconic "Longoria walks" strutting in my heels down the length of the studio, my hips popping from side to side. I pause for a second and flash a seductive smile before turning around.

Paulina stands up, clapping and cheering me on. "Yes honey!" she shouts, laughing.

I look up to the audience and address them. "Thank you so much everyone!" I blow them another kiss. "And thanks, *mama*," I say to Paulina.

James draws the show to a close with a goodbye message, and we all wave one last time at the camera.

"That's that!" James announces. "Thanks so much darling for coming on the show," he says to Paulina, taking her hand. "We always have such a great time together." He smiles fondly; then he turns to me. "And thank *you* Longoria. Or should I call you Logan?" He winks.

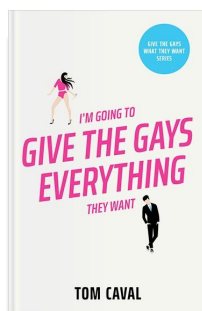
"Definitely Longoria." I laugh, gesturing to my attire with a flourish and, as if it was planned, I toss my hair back at

the exact same time and in the same way as Paulina does.

“Like mother, like daughter!” James exclaims, as I turn to look at Paulina and see a twinkle of pride in her eyes.

## ***I'm Going to Give the Gays Everything They Want***

Harry and his friends are back with more fun, romance, over the top situations ... and a very special guest!



### **Every gay needs his Diva**

British Latin superstar Paulina is preparing for her big comeback when a humiliating live TV appearance causes her to hit rock bottom. Her gay fanbase turns its back on her and everything is riding on her new album, if only she could escape her past.

Saved from having a public meltdown by Matteo, makeup artist extraordinaire and a huge fan, Paulina flees from the limelight to lick her wounds. But she is not alone. Matteo enlists the help of his friends to help get this Diva back on track.

Paulina soon realises that she is not the only one who needs help. Her new friends' lives are in chaos. But will she be able to give all the gays what they want most—or is her diva personality too far beyond saving?

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Here is the third book in the *Give the Gays What They Want* series, with new characters, more crazy humour, and many other surprises!



### **It's a good time to be gay!**

Back from a successful book tour, Harry expects a happy homecoming in London. What else could it be? Being a bestselling writer, awaited by the ones he loves, Harry has all that he ever wanted: success, love, and friends ... right?

But for Harry, things are never quite as great as they seem. As it turns out, critics are lining up to pan his book, his boyfriend doesn't seem to have forgiven him for his minor infidelity, and his friends seem to have moved on to the new flavour of the month.

A chance for redemption comes when a silent menace to the LGBTQ community rises in the form of Troy Ashton, the hottest gaynfluencer who is now running for mayor of London. Only Harry seems to see through Troy's act, and if he can expose this fraud's real intentions, he'll be a hero, proving to everybody that he's on top of his game.

There's just a tiny little problem—Harry is a hot mess.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Tom Caval is the author of the *Give the Gays What They Want* series. This Sophie Kinsella and Candance Bushnell die-hard fan is on a mission to add something new to the gay fiction scene through quirky, sparkling and humour-laden stories. When he's not getting his characters into trouble, you can find this spontaneous bookworm immersed in big city life or going on epic dates.

Tom's next novel is currently in the works—stay tuned!

Meanwhile, connect with Tom on these platforms:

Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/tomcavalpage>

Instagram: <https://www.instagram.com/tomcavalauthor>

Goodreads: <https://www.goodreads.com/tomcaval>

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Tom Caval". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a large initial 'T' and 'C'.