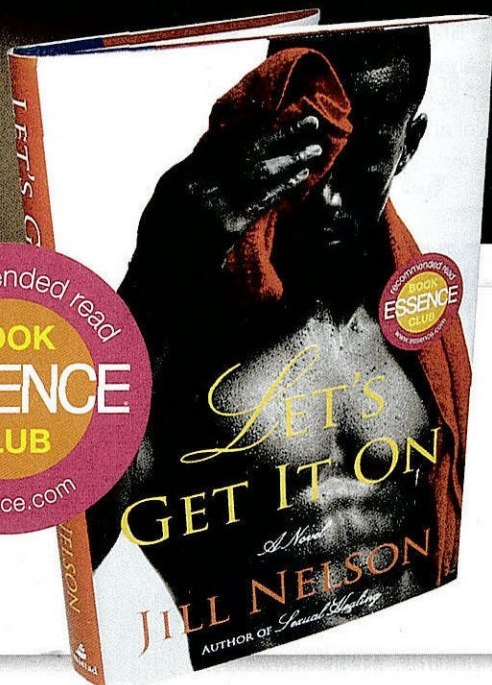


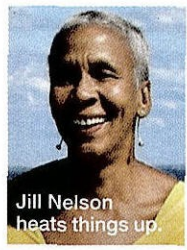
CULTURE | books

# Some Like It Hot

Jill Nelson's spicy follow-up to her 2003 hit, *Sexual Healing*, takes readers between the sheets with the owners of a notorious sex spa



**W**e know journalist Jill Nelson tells it like it is. When observing issues of race, sex and class in her essays and articles, she serves up the truth with a capital T. Her fiction cuts just as close to the bone, especially the funny one. **Let's Get It On** (Amistad, \$24.99), her second novel, artfully flips the script on the world's oldest profession when the lead characters, friends as well as business partners, redefine "full-service spa" treatments. Their packages of seaweed wraps and massages come with a complete range of safe-sex offerings from fine men. In the sequel, new patrons in Oak Bluffs, the largely African-American niche on Massachusetts' Martha's Vineyard, soon discover the spa's charms. *Let's Get It On* brings us up to date with the wily characters Nelson first gave us in 2003's *Sexual Healing*. Street-smart CFO LaShaWanda P. Marshall is still looking to balance her life as well as she can a spreadsheet. Sexually insatiable Lydia Beaucoup hasn't cooled her heels. Preacher's daughter Acey Allen's biological clock is ringing louder than the spa's cash register. And while the novel lives up to its name, at its core this is the story of friends having one another's backs. "I want Black women to see ourselves as we really are," says Nelson, 57. "We support each other. We are winners. And most important, we love and we want to be loved." —YLONDA GAULT CAVINESS



Jill Nelson heats things up.

## 30-SECOND BOOK EXCERPT

In this exclusive passage from *Let's Get It On*, A Sister's Spa trainer Odell makes a romantic move on Acey during a massage session: "She sighs, wiggles under my hands as if shaking off tension. The deepness of her breathing tells me she is relaxing. The lines on her forehead and around her mouth begin to ease. Her full lips, painted a creamy orange red, open slightly and she sighs, shifts under my fingers. My chest tightens, and I feel the rhythm of my heartbeat speed up. I bend down toward her lips. I close my eyes as I lower myself those last few inches to kiss her."