

Sizzling Scribblings



Volume 4 – April 2011

Step back in time...

Leap into the future...

Discover realms of fantasy and delight, or reshape the present with unforgettable characters.

Whether dragons or mere mortals, our heroes and heroines are sure to captivate you.



Welcome to Spring! As we shake off winter and say hi to spring, let the Scribes make you even warmer as you dive into one (or more) of their books.

This issue we feature Lynn LaFleur. Lynn has written erotic romances for Ellora's Cave and Avon Red, and will soon have her first novella with Kensington Aphrodisia published. She writes contemporary stories with a little touch of paranormal.

Check out all the Scribes' pages to find out about their latest books, and what's coming up next. And don't forget the calendar on the last page that lists upcoming book releases and appearances.

As a group, The Sizzling Scribes have published over 125 books. When you're looking for that special story to read, look no further than a book from one of The Sizzling Scribes!

Our newsletter is released once a quarter. Look for our next issue on July 1, 2011.



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The Sizzling Scribes

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Diana Hunter – Lynn LaFleur

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Featured Sizzling Scribe Lynn LaFleur

Lynn was born and raised in a small town in Texas close to the Dallas/Fort Worth area. Writing has been in her blood since she was twelve years old and wrote her first story for an English assignment.

After living on the West Coast for 21 years, Lynn now lives 17 miles from her hometown. She's a romantic at heart and can't imagine ever writing anything but romances. A full-time writer, she spends her days creating stories of people who find their happily-ever-after, sometimes with the help of an alien or psychic or vampire.

What is your writing process? Or you a plotter or a "pantser"?

I'm a pantser all the way. I get the germ of an idea and then let my characters take over. I learn about them as I write the book. Sometimes they really surprise me!

Which is first—the plot or the characters?

That's hard to answer, because they go together. If I have to choose one, I'll say I usually figure out the characters first.

Is there a genre you can't see yourself ever writing?

Young Adult. I enjoy reading it, but I don't have the voice to write young adult. I would never even attempt it because I know I can't do it.

Which publishers have you sold to?

I have books published with Ellora's Cave and Avon Red.

What's coming up next for you in your writing?

My agent has recently sold a novella to Kensington Aphrodisia, tentatively titled **The Right Number**. It's a wolf shapeshifter story of revenge, tradition, and finding the one meant just for you. It will be in an anthology (titled *Nightshift*) with authors Kate Douglas and Crystal Jordan. The book is set for release on November 29th. I'm currently working on book number three—**Walking Sin**—in my Men With Tools series for Ellora's Cave.

Do you have any sequels planned for any of your books?

I want to write a fourth Coopers' Companions book and tell Breanna's story. I've received wonderful emails from readers requesting her book. Also, I want to tell Patrick's story. He was introduced in my book *The Birthday Gift*. He deserves his happily ever after too.

Do you write every day or when the mood strikes?

I try my best to write Monday through Friday. Sometimes life interferes with that schedule, so I'll write a bit on the weekend to catch up. I have a word limit I've set for myself and I'm determined to make that every week.

What is your favorite season?

Autumn. I live in North Texas where summers are hot and humid. That first cool autumn breeze is always very welcome.

What is your favorite dessert?

Is there anything besides chocolate?

What is your favorite movie of all time?

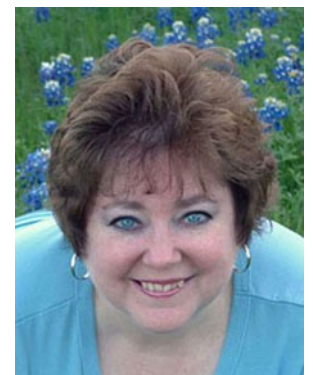
The American President with Michael Douglas and Annette Bening. It's such a wonderful romance. *It's a Wonderful Life* runs a close second. I watch it every December on TV, even though I have the DVD.

What do you enjoy reading for pleasure?

As long as it's a romance, I'm a happy camper. Whether sweet or scorching hot, I want a book with a happy ending. A romance always has one.

Which actor screams SEXY to you?

Hugh Jackman. Handsome, great body, and that yummy accent. Wow.





🔥 Lynn LaFleur 🔥

New sale! Lynn is pleased to announce she has sold a wolf shapeshifter novella to Kensington Aphrodisia. The novella, tentatively titled **The Right Number**, will be one of three novellas in the *Nightshift* anthology with authors Kate Douglas and Crystal Jordan. Look for the book on November 29th.

Lynn is now working on the third book in her Men With Tools series, **Walking Sin**. She plans to have it finished and to her Ellora's Cave editor by May 1st for a late summer/early autumn release.

The stories in Lynn's very first book for Ellora's Cave—**Happy Birthday, Baby**—have been released as individual e-books. **It's In the Cards** is now available, along with **The Birthday Gift** and **Unexpected**, and **One Thing to Give** was released on March 31st.



Book Reviews



“What a gripping read. I enjoyed this book between Rye and Alaina; they can make you laugh and make you hot. With their misunderstandings and Rye sticking his foot in his mouth a few times things come together for a fun read. The sex is hot and steamy along with the rest of the story line.”

~Barbara, *The Pen and Muse*

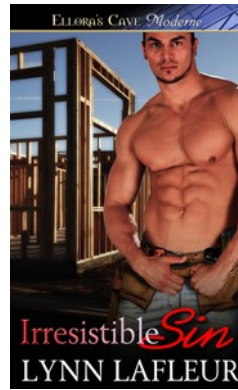
“I thoroughly enjoyed this story. The characters were so believable and the storyline was so engrossing that I just couldn't put the book down. I would highly recommend this book to other readers.” ~Diana Coyle, *Night Owl Reviews*



Irresistible Sin

Publisher: Ellora's Cave

<http://www.jasminejade.com/p-9103-irresistible-sin.aspx>



Griff Coleman used to be the happiest man in the world, until a doped-up kid killed his wife in a bank robbery. Now he does his job during the day and spends the rest of the time alone.

Emma Keeton, a five-foot-three package of energy, comes barreling into his life. They're thrown together when Griff is put in charge of building a restaurant where Emma will be chef. Emma oozes sex appeal,

an appeal Griff finds irresistible.

Emma has never been interested in anything long-term with a man. Her feelings change as she and Griff spend so many hours together. Sex with him is the best she's ever had, but soon only sex isn't enough. Griff has to let go of the past and accept her as part of his future. Only then will he heal and love her as much as she loves him.

Excerpt

She was so different from Jana.

Griff's gaze returned to Emma time and time again as everyone enjoyed Dolly's cooking. She was very attractive, no doubt about that. Her short curly hair, big blue eyes and creamy complexion drew a man's attention and held it. Her curvy body did the same. Jana had been a couple of inches taller than Emma with long, straight, dark brown hair. She'd been slim with barely any breasts or hips. Her lack of curves hadn't mattered to Griff. His wife had been sweet and kind and shy, and everyone had loved her.

He didn't think there was a shy bone anywhere in Emma's body.



🔥 Lynn LaFleur 🔥

Inesistible Sin

Excerpt continued from page 3

He wasn't sure why he'd decided to come to Boot Scootin'. Another long, lonely night hadn't appealed to him at all. He'd thought about what Dax said about Jana wanting him to be happy. Deep in his heart, he knew that. His problem was knowing how to let her go.

Griff's gaze swung back to Emma. Her tight T-shirt was short enough to expose a sliver of her tummy. Seeing that strip of skin, along with the hint of nipples, made a man think of pushing her shirt up and pulling her jeans down to expose more enticing flesh.

Putting a halt to that kind of thought, Griff reached for another French fry on his plate. It shocked him to see his empty plate. He'd eaten every bite of his cheeseburger and fries. He hadn't cleaned his plate since Jana died.

Lana came back to the table and began to gather up the empty plates. "Who wants peach cobbler?"

"I do," Rye and Dax said at the same time.

Alaina looked at Emma. "Dolly's peach cobbler is delicious, but huge. Want to split one?"

"Sure," Emma said.

Lana picked up Griff's empty plate. "How about you, Griff?"

Another shock. He wasn't full. "Yeah, I'll go for that. With ice cream."

"I knew that part." She grinned. "Be right back."

Dax leaned forward in his chair. "Okay, bro, time to fess up. You let Emma win, didn't you?"

Griff looked at Emma. She watched him while she sipped her beer. He couldn't lie and say that he hadn't let her win,

or tell the truth and admit he had. He elected to fudge his answer a little. "You saw my last shot. I missed it."

"Yeah, but did you purposely miss it?"

Emma's eyes narrowed. "Don't you *dare* say you let me win."

He wanted to laugh. Griff hadn't felt like laughing in ten months. He wasn't sure if he could smile anymore without his face cracking. "You won't hear it from me."

"But you did, didn't you?" Emma's bottle made a loud *thunk* when she set it back on the table. "You drew up on that shot so the ball wouldn't go in the pocket."

"Here you go." Lana arrived with her tray loaded with bowls of peach cobbler and vanilla ice cream.

Saved by the dessert, Griff thought. He dug into his cobbler, but made the mistake of glancing at Emma again. She glared at him.

"I want a rematch, Coleman."

"Rye has a pool table," Alaina said. "Y'all could play at his house."

"You and me," Emma said, pointing her spoon at Griff. "Tomorrow night. No holding back."

"I'll bring the beer," Dax said, grinning.

"I'll pick up barbecue." Rye also grinned. "Should be an interesting evening."





🔥 Ruby Storm 🔥

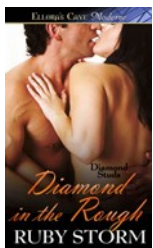
Ruby is just settling in for what hopefully is the last snow storm of the year in her part of the country. It's almost the end of March, but you know the old adage. . .comes in like a lion and out like a lamb. She's keeping her fingers crossed that the wooly little lamb shows up asap!

Ah, Spring. . .Ruby loves this time of the year. New birth, rebirth, and a feeling of anticipation. She's anticipating getting into some heavy duty writing. She has so many books in the queue that she simply needs to pick one and finish it! She finds herself jumping from one story to another because she wants to complete all of them so badly.

This month Ruby is spotlighting the last two books in her Keeper series. . .and contemplating writing a fourth. She can't give you any kind of synopsis because that would give away the ending of ***Keeper of the Heart***, but if what she sees in her mind ever gets written, she's willing to bet it'll be one of the best of the series!



Book Reviews



"Cupid assigns the case of the festively named Claire Holiday and Brian Valentine to fairies in training, Larry L'Amour and Rosebud Kisses. Their mission? To help these two lonely people find love. This is a lovely romance about the real fact that everyone needs to be loved." ~LynnMarie, *Happily Ever After Reviews*



Keeper of the Dream

Publisher: Ellora's Cave Blush

<http://www.jasminejade.com/p-4175-keeper-of-the-dream.aspx>



Cole Wilkins leaves the family ranch in northern Minnesota and meets a young Indian woman—one who tries to steal from him, who tests his patience to the extreme. A woman who is the mysterious figure that haunts his darkest dreams. Cole finds himself not only in the midst of a nationwide battle to assimilate her people, but also discovers love as he begins to understand his fateful dream.

Excerpt

The boy's elbow jettisoned backward and rammed into Cole's abdomen before he could even defend himself. Cole staggered back and the rifle hit the ground with a soft thump.

The boy was off and running. Cole muttered a curse, ignored the burning pain in his gut and tore off after him. Fortunately, the young Indian brave stumbled over a protruding root a moment later. He pitched forward into the dirt and, as he attempted to scramble to his feet, Cole launched himself through the air and caught the thief around the middle with both arms. They both hit the ground with Cole ducking to miss a flailing elbow aimed at his face.

"You little son of a bitch." Cole's anger roared through his veins as he flipped the boy onto his back, straddled his narrow hips and pinned his arms. Still, the wiry youngster's struggle continued.

"Knock it off, you little savage! I'm not going to hurt you—" His words ended in a pain-filled wheeze when the struggling



🔥 Ruby Storm 🔥

Keeper of the Dream

Excerpt continued from page 5

Indian viciously brought a knee up. Cole grunted and slammed his eyes shut at the pain, but still refused to relinquish his hold.

Tightening his hold, he waited for the ache between his legs to disappear, then finally opened his eyes again. His teary gaze lowered to the heaving chest of the person beneath him—a heaving chest that was decidedly female.

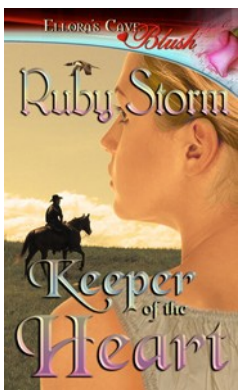
“What the hell—”

The two panting combatants locked stares. Cole’s face mirrored his shock. The last thing he’d expected was to find a woman beneath him.

Keeper of the Heart

Publisher: Ellora’s Cave Blush

<http://www.jasminejade.com/p-4176-keeper-of-the-heart.aspx>



A confirmed bachelor at the age of thirty-nine, Trevor Wilkins has everything he needs or desires. He will leave married life to his two brothers. That is, until Claire Holcomb and her five wonderfully impish children blind-side him. □

Claire will never trust another man, and never give her heart away again. Penniless and widowed with five hungry children, she is determined to

meet life on her own terms no matter how hard the journey becomes. Trevor doesn’t think so. And when she runs, he follows her, because suddenly a life with Claire and her five urchins is the only thing that will make his world complete.

Excerpt

Claire hugged her knees to her chest. Her swollen eyes blinked, causing a tear on each side of her face to trickle down.

Trevor shook open the blanket. Without permission, he draped it around her trembling shoulders. “Are you sure you don’t want to go in the house and warm up?”

Her head shook as she clutched the blanket. “I can’t,” she whispered hoarsely. Claire couldn’t face the responsibilities she would find there.

“Well, then we’ll sit out here together until you’re ready to go in.” Trevor leaned against the wooden slates behind him, rested his forearms across his knees and watched the lantern’s reflection shimmer across the straw-covered floor. Hearing another quiet hiccup of despair come from her throat, he turned his head and hoped he wasn’t pushing her too soon. “You want to talk about it?”

Claire lowered her face to her raised knees. A sudden, hoarse sob echoed in the barn. Trevor waited patiently by her side, stunned though by the complete despair he witnessed as the sob turned into one wretched moan after another. Without thought, he lifted his arm, wrapped it around her heaving shoulders and pressed her head against his shoulder.

Claire came willingly. She needed a strong shoulder. She needed someone to make the horrible pain in her life disappear. She was only vaguely aware of the strong, warm hand that stroked the outline of her arm beneath the woolen blanket as she sobbed against his broad chest.





Tara Nina



Tara is diligently working on the third book in her Curse/MacKinnon brothers series for Ellora's Cave. Hopefully, the manuscript will be completed this month and in the wonderful hands of her editor for consideration. (Fingers crossed she likes it.) Also, she had the good fortune to be approached and picked up by an agent. Eric Ruben of The Ruben Agency has added her to his menagerie of creative artists.

For a hot new read, try Tara's first Naughty Nooner, **Tasting Devilish Delights**, a FREE read available at Ellora's Cave. If you like this story, try one of the books that inspired its conception—**Devilish Delights** or **Double Dilemma**.



Book Reviews



"There is something for every fetish in this book, whether you enjoy a good 'foot job', phone sex or anal beads, you'll find yourself fantasizing in ways you may have never thought about it. **Double Dilemma** completely delivers the lusty story that readers of erotic romance will enjoy." ~Silla Beaumont, *Just Erotic Romance Reviews*

"**Double Dilemma** is a compelling story that has a unique twist on the *ménage* plot line. A sizzling read." ~Sensual Reads.com

"4 Hoots. Ms. Nina adds a unique twist to the legend of the Black Knight. **Night Prey** is an intoxicating feline delight that I highly recommend." ~Victoria, *Nocturne Romance Reads*



Tasting Devilish Delights

Publisher: Ellora's Cave

<http://www.jasminejade.com/p-9043-tasting-devilish-delights.aspx>



When Antonio promises a fifth year anniversary present she'll never forget, Livia's imagination takes flight. With this hot younger man in her life, she knows sex happens anywhere, anytime. Blindfolded, she awaits their next erotic adventure with high expectations. Upon arrival to their destination, Antonio uncovers her eyes. A world of wonderful toys and adventure meets her gaze as she stands in the middle of Devilish Delights, a sex

toy shop.

He gives her free rein to choose her present and lead this latest sensuous game of pleasure. He knows she loves having sex in public. She knows he loves hot, sexy lingerie. Spotting the perfect item, she takes it into the dressing room. Dressed for sex in a gorgeous black bustier with silky ruffles and a pair of spiked-heel stilettos, she opens the door, lets him in and doesn't resist the invitation in his smile. The dressing room will never be the same after Livia and Antonio taste devilish delights in the form of an erotic anniversary escapade.

Excerpt

"I'm not so sure I like being blindfolded."

Heat brushed her skin, letting her know he stood near, though they did not touch. His breath tickled her ear. "It's part of the surprise."

"Umm, I like surprises," she purred. Livia loved his thick Latin accent.

"I know." The ominous tone of his teasing added to the mystery and made her insides tingle. "Trust me, Livia?"



Tara Nina



Tasting Devilish Delights

Excerpt continued from page 7

“Yes,” she answered breathlessly.

She sensed his hand move before he cupped her elbow and led her away from the car. *Always the gentleman.* It was one of the many reasons she loved him. That and the way he rocked her world on a daily basis. Livia smiled, still lingering in the afterglow of the quickie they’d had before they left the house.

Antonio promised her an anniversary gift she’d never forget and she knew he wouldn’t let her down. He never did. When he’d blindfolded her the moment they got in the car, her imagination roared to life. Where was he taking her? Curiosity upped the anticipation brewing in her core. He had a way of making *everything* special.

A bell jingled and the scent of lavender filled her nose. Coolness coated her and she knew they’d entered an air-conditioned place. His lips brushed her ear as he untied the blindfold.

“We’re here, my love. Choose your gift.”

She blinked for a moment, adjusting her eyes. Soft lights glowed, giving the place a romantic appeal. Hues of purple shaded the store. Glancing around, excitement warmed her throughout at the sight of all the shelves and rows filled with sexual gadgets and gifts. A woman and man stood behind the counter helping another customer. Gorgeous hot-and-naughty apparel lined one side of the room. Floggers, paddles and assorted BDSM devices hung on racks along the back wall to the right of a closed door. So many wonderful items, she couldn’t decide in which direction to walk first.

How? Where? When his job relocated them to this Southern town smack dab in the middle of the Bible belt, she doubted they’d find a new playground for their sexual needs. But somehow Antonio accomplished the impossible.

Livia turned, tiptoed and captured his mouth in a quick, passionate kiss. Her heart pounded when she held his face in her hands and asked on a whisper, “How did you find this place?”

“For you, my love, I would have built one myself. But as luck would have it,” he said as he gathered her hands in his, “I didn’t have to. Sexual desire is everywhere.”

She didn’t miss his meaning when he pressed his pelvis tightly to her lower abdomen. The solid cock in his jeans let her know this little adventure had him turned-on and she didn’t plan to fail at pleasing him. Not in their five years together had she refused him anything and she wasn’t about to start now.

He turned her in his arms and subtly rubbed his cock in the groove of her lower back. Instant moisture formed in her pussy and a tremor shimmied up her spine to pearl her nipples. He had a way of igniting her libido with just a touch, a look or a well-spoken word. It’s what landed her in the bed of this younger man. “Umm. . .” she sighed under her breath. She may be twelve years his senior, but there wasn’t a day that went by that he didn’t teach her a new sexual trick.





🔥 Tielle St. Clare 🔥

Spring is on the way. It will be another couple of months before there will be green grass in Alaska but the warmer temperatures have been nice for Tielle. The snow is beginning to melt.

Lots going on in Tielle's writing world. Her Ellora's Cave editor recently accepted her "alien story". It's a fun (hopefully funny) tale about an alien who comes to earth to catch a bad guy and ends up "discovering" sex. She's awaiting title confirmation and a release date so that will be news for later.

The big news. . .Tielle has begun the next dragon book. This will be Book 5 in the Shadow of the Dragon series. She's excited about the new story and by next newsletter time should have word about whether her editor likes it as much as she does.

Other news (not ready to announce) is coming soon. To keep up to date, join Tielle's fan page on Facebook. She's almost out of "friend" space so the fan page is the best place to find her!



Book Reviews



"4 ½ Hearts. **Shadow's Embrace** is a very compelling story. I was engrossed almost from the first page. Mr. St. Clare writes some of the best erotic werewolf romances out there and this is no exception." ~Maura Frankman, *The Romance Studio*

"5 Hunky Guys. This book has great bantering, character depth and interaction, and I will definitely look for more from Tielle St. Clare, because this is the fourth book I've read of hers and I'm hooked." ~Carla, *RomFan Reviews*



Dragon's Rise

Publisher: Ellora's Cave

<http://www.jasminejade.com/p-6038-dragons-rise.aspx>



(Since I'm working on the next dragon book, I thought I'd take us back a few years to **Dragon's Rise**. These characters appear in *Dragon #5*. Enjoy!)

As a child, Prince Bren of Xicanth saw the devastation created when a dragon is rejected by its mate...and vowed he would never unleash that kind of horror and suffering on a woman. The promise is simple to maintain until Tynan, the dragon who shares his existence, chooses a mate and demands to claim her as only a dragon can. Bren's own needs make it almost impossible to deny his dragon the taste of her flesh that the beast so desires. But even as Bren unwillingly succumbs to the lure of the dragon's mate, he realizes something isn't right. A dragon can have only one mate. . .yet Tynan has claimed two. . .no, three different women.

Excerpt

Remembering Cissa and the lesson from the afternoon—and her own feeling that there had to be more—Keene ignored the sensible voice in her head that screamed she should free herself. Instead, she placed her hand over the still-expanding bulge beneath the fine woolen hose.

"I would be pleased to. . .to take you in my mouth." Her words came out breathless and hesitant but a strange eagerness rumbled in her chest. She wanted to feel this man's cock moving between her lips, feel him slide inside her mouth—all the images Cissa had left in her head.

For a moment, she thought he would refuse. His hands curled into fists on the cushions next to his thighs as if he were fighting the urge to reach for her—or push her away.



Tielle St. Clare



Dragon's Rise

Excerpt continued from page 9

The tight clench of his jaw made her teeth ache in sympathy. Poor baby, she thought. He was battling some internal demon she didn't understand. Just when she was about to give up hope, he nodded. Once. Sharply.

She almost moaned as relief sparked through her chest. She didn't want to lose her chance now.

With his silent permission, she reached up under the tails of his overshirt and grasped the waistband of his hose, pulling them down. The thick, full cock sprang free as she tugged the material clear.

"Oh my Goddesses," she whispered, unable to stop herself. She knew it was a very uncourtesan-like comment but his cock was bigger than she'd expected. Bigger than the phallus she'd practiced on. Definitely thicker.

Unable to bring herself to look up at him, she focused on the erect shaft presented to her. *You can do this. Don't embarrass Cissa.*

Then she remembered Cissa's first rule of cocksucking—*you have to want to do it.*

Keene licked her lips. She definitely wanted this.

Relying on her one meager lesson, she leaned forward and placed a light, delicate kiss on the head, greeting it, getting a hint of the heady masculine flavor.

He was so different from the wooden phallus Cissa had trained her on. This was alive and hot and hard. A flash through her brain told her that this wasn't right. That Prince Bren didn't get hard or allow the pleasure workers to suck his cock but none of the warnings settled into her head. She inhaled, breathing in the hot male scent.

Cissa's instructions returned, silently guiding Keene's mouth. Flicking her tongue out, she learned the warmth, the flavor of his skin, slowly moving down the shaft, interspersing licks with soft kisses. He was fire beneath her lips and Keene felt the warmth radiate through her own sex. The tiny glimmer of moisture she'd felt before flowed freely now and began to trickle down the inside of her thigh.

She shifted on the couch to get a better angle. Flattening her tongue against the underside of his cock, she slowly stroked up, and up, until she reached the tip. Cissa's silent guidance matched Keene's desires and she opened her mouth wide to take the thick head inside. The prince's hips convulsed up, as if he was resisting the need to thrust.

One of her ponytails fell forward. She brushed her long blonde hair back and looked up, watching him watch her. Keeping her eyes on him, she swallowed him, allowing his cock to invade her mouth. His girth didn't allow her to take much but what she received, she loved. She rubbed her tongue across the bottom of his shaft, massaging the sensitive place just below the head.

Bren groaned. His eyes glittered as he stared at her and Keene knew they'd made a mistake in coming here tonight. Whatever information they'd received was wrong. The lust that emanated from this man's eyes was not going to be satisfied by one cocksucking, or even a single fuck.

The power of his stare bore into her and Keene dropped her eyes. *Focus on his pleasure. Focus on sucking him off. Then get him a drink and get this done.*





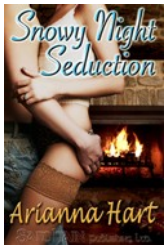
🔥 Arianna Hart 🔥

Arianna is hoping and praying for spring and looking forward to going outside without wearing multiple layers. A recent spring snowstorm has her thinking about her book ***Snowy Night Seduction*** and re-thinking her decision to live in New England.

Come visit her on Facebook or email her at ariannahart@cox.net.



Book Reviews



Snowy Night Seduction was enjoyable to read. Full of human doubts and fears, I quickly became enmeshed in the plot. ***Snowy Night Seduction*** left me with feelings of contentment that all was well.” ~Talia, *Joyfully Reviewed*

“This reviewer found this a perfect read to wile away her cares for a couple of hours. It is well written with the right balance of story and sex. You can almost feel the chilling winds and sexual heat between Jake and Sera as their story unfolds within the pages. Anyway you look at it, this is a good read.” ~Janalee Ruschhaupt, *The Road to Romance*

“This is a beautifully written story of love lost and found again. Jake hurt Sera terribly, but regretted it almost immediately, only to find that it was too late. Her return enabled him to right a wrong. The author gives the reader two people with deep hurts and insecurities with a very happy ending.” ~Maura Frankman, *The Romance Studio*



Snowy Night Seduction

Publisher: Samhain

<http://store.samhainpublishing.com/snowy-night-seduction-p-1342.html>



Empath Seraphina Mason has returned to the mountains of New Hampshire to put her past behind her and move on with her life. She fully intends to forgive and forget the mess she made with her ex-lover Sheriff Jake Candellori.

When Sera’s empathic powers overwhelmed Jake during an intimate moment, he took off running. Now that he sees her again he has no intention of letting her go—ever.

Excerpt

Jake hadn’t moved from where she had left him. Carefully she dabbed at the blood streaking his face. More worry lines had formed around his eyes since the last time she’d seen him, she noted absently. There might be a few more gray streaks in his black hair, too, but that was it. He still looked more handsome than any man had a right to.

The blood came away easily. There wasn’t as much of it as she’d first thought. When his face was clean, she realized he only had a tiny cut on his forehead. He wouldn’t even need stitches, and she’d been afraid he’d been shot.

Yeah, because people get shot all the time, here in the back end of nowhere.

He may not be shot but his skin felt frightfully cold. The real danger was freezing to death, not bleeding to death. She needed to get him out of his wet clothes in a hurry.

Oh Lord, how the hell was she going to do that? He was twice her size and completely unconscious.



🔥 Arianna Hart 🔥

Snowy Night Seduction

Excerpt continued from page 11

Why should she even bother? He'd left her cold and alone when she'd shared her deepest feelings with him. Why shouldn't she leave him wet and cold now?

Because she wasn't like that, damn it. As much as she hated him—disliked him—she couldn't leave any human being in this condition when she was in a position to help.

"You're lucky I'm a forgiving woman, Jake Candellori."

She yanked and tugged and pulled until she managed to get him undressed down to his boxers. They were only slightly damp so she didn't think he'd mind if she left them on. There was no way she was stripping him completely. This was a mission of mercy, not a peep show!

Still, he was a fine specimen of male perfection. Long, muscular legs led up to nicely rounded buns and a tapered waist. More muscles rippled along his back to his mountainous shoulders and ropey arms. A little flutter of appreciation ran through her as she looked at all that bronze skin in the firelight.

It was almost a shame to cover him but goose bumps the size of golf balls had formed on his skin. Sera pulled the blanket off the couch and draped it over him. Shouldn't he be waking up soon? How long had he been out in that mess? She wrung her hands together nervously. Could he be faking this to avoid dealing with her?

She let her shields drop the tiniest bit and probed his emotions. Nothing. There was a big black pit where Jake should be. He was so unconscious he wasn't even dreaming. That couldn't be good.

Sera ran to the bedroom and got every blanket she could carry and piled them on top of Jake's shivering body. She added a couple more logs to the fire while she was at it. In minutes, she was dripping with sweat but Jake's lips were still blue and violent shudders shook his frame.

Crap, crap, crap! She wasn't a healer—what the hell was she supposed to do now? What would Denali do? All she had to do was touch a person and she could tell what ailed them.

Touch! Body heat. Lord knew she was sweating bullets. She'd share her heat with Jake.

Sudden fear made her pause in the act of pulling her sweat-shirt off. Could she really get almost naked and crawl under the blankets with Jake Candellori? What if he woke up and wondered what the heck she was doing? What if he thought she was trying to get back together with him?

Oh get over it, she scolded herself and finished stripping down. She wouldn't hesitate to do what was necessary to save a total stranger; she shouldn't balk at helping a former lover. "The things I do for good karma," she muttered as she slipped under the covers.





Cait Miller



Welcome to spring! Well, almost. Don't know about you guys, but Cait has yet to see much evidence of it. Luckily though, she is about to leave for California where she hopes to find some sunshine and by the time she comes back spring should have sprung in the U.K.

She'll be spending time in San Francisco and Los Angeles before attending the Romantic Times Convention from the 6th to the 10th of April. If you want to stay updated on her travels, then Twitter is the best place. You can find her here: <http://twitter.com/caitmiller>. She hopes to see some of you at the convention. Don't be afraid to come and say hello.

In other news, Cait has FINALLY finished her 3rd Shifting Magic book and Nick's story is currently submitted for consideration at her publisher. Keep your fingers crossed for her please!



Book Reviews



"The action in *Finding the Magic* is plentiful, and I was biting my nails at some points. I truly loved *Finding the Magic*, and I'm waiting impatiently for the next book in Ms. Miller's series." ~Marlene Breakfield, *Para Normal Romance Reviews*

"A Recommended Read. Wow! What an amazing, emotional, witty, fast-paced ride. I could not get enough of the characters or the story. The ending was wonderfully crafted. I am hoping that in the near future this will turn into a series based on other characters from her book." ~Amanda H, *Fallen Angels Reviews*



Finding the Magic

Publisher: Ellora's Cave

<http://www.jasminejade.com/p-5312-finding-the-magic.aspx>



All her life Jayne Davis had believed in magic, but sometimes just believing isn't enough. When first her mother and then her father died Jayne retreated from life, taking the first job she was offered and leaving her dreams behind. Nowadays the only place she looks for magic is in the books she reads. But all that is about to change when a man who might be more than he seems brings the magic to her.

Cameron Murray believes in the magic too. He believes it ruins lives and he believes it has brought danger to Jayne's doorstep. It's up to him to keep her safe and make sure magic isn't the end of them both. . .and guard his heart from the one woman who could take it from him.

Excerpt

Jayne shifted in the seat of the hunter green four-wheel drive and studied the man beside her. Those magnificent amber colored eyes of his were hidden behind the sunglasses he had donned as soon as they had got in the car. Shielding his eyes from the winter sun which sat low in the sky and glittered off of the wet road surface with eye watering intensity. He had told her only that it would take about three hours to get to Murray House. Then he had clammed up and had remained stubbornly silent, refusing to be drawn into conversation. Jayne had been left to study the passing scenery. It was a while before she had noticed that the man beside her was paying just as much attention to their surroundings. The realization that he was checking to see if they were being followed had once again reinforced how serious he was about the threat to her.



Cait Miller



Finding the Magic

Excerpt continued from page 13

They had left the motorway behind about forty minutes ago and joined a narrow country road that wound its way into the hills. Patchy snow and slush had given way to a layer of white crystals over the fields surrounding them. The road was wet and slippery in places, forcing Cam to slow down or risk them skidding off the road. Her whole body tensed every time they rounded one of the sharp bends in the road. After the deaths of Megan's and her own parents she had never really been comfortable in cars. He handled the large vehicle with a confidence that she admired, but it didn't make her feel any better.

Cameron looked relaxed but a sudden tension in his shoulders caused her to glance at the road ahead of them. A temporary road sign stood just by the road side and a bit further on a policeman stood at the entrance to a small parking place. A vehicle checkpoint. The police often set them up on these small roads where it was easier to control the traffic. They were looking for cars without the right documents and checking they were road-worthy. Jayne sighed. This car was brand new and there was no way this man would be trying to dodge paying his road tax. Why should he? He could afford it. It still meant at least a twenty minute delay while they checked it out though.

They were directed into a space behind a white transit van and he opened the window to talk to the officer who had waved them off the road. There was another uniformed officer kneeling by the front tire of the van. In front of that there were a couple of cars and a white mobile office with police markings. A set of metal steps led up to a door in the back and she could see a corkboard with papers pinned on it through the grilled window. Her attention was drawn back to the man who was now looking at the van's rear tire. Something about him bothered her. Vaguely she was aware of Cameron gathering the vehicle documents from the glove compartment and opening the door. He had just stood up out of the car when it clicked.

Trainers.

He was wearing black trainers.

What policeman wore trainers when in uniform?

She turned to tell Cameron and saw him scuffling with the policeman. The man was leaning against the door, trapping him and restricting his ability to fight back. She scrambled over the gearshift to help as Cam gave a guttural grunt and cursed viciously. The man with the trainers was coming to his feet and she suspected it was only a matter of time before others followed him. The door flew open as she threw her weight against it. Caught off guard the man stumbled backwards and fell onto the gravel surface. Only her grasp of the steering wheel prevented Jayne from falling out after him. Hastily, she climbed back to her seat as Cameron jumped in behind her.

The well-tuned engine roared to life and he floored the accelerator. The car bounded forward throwing her off balance. Her head hit the door with a resounding thump and she bit her tongue. She found herself sprawling on the floor in front of the passenger seat, the coppery taste of blood filled her mouth. Tires squealed on concrete as Cameron threw them recklessly around corners. She braced herself, suddenly glad she couldn't see where they were going.

“Are they following us?” she asked.





🔥 Diana Hunter 🔥

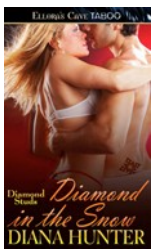
Over the winter months, Diana has been hard at work on her next novel and is very glad to welcome both Spring and the finish of that novel. Tentatively titled **Services Rendered**, she hopes for a summer or early fall release, so watch for more information in the next Scribes newsletter.

Spring brings many new projects for Diana, including some planned changes to her website. She's not only updating the author links page, but also hopes to have some free, downloadable goodies for her readers soon. Keep your fingers crossed that the website reconstruction goes well!

And on the home front, Diana's looking forward to getting away to the mountain cabin she and her husband have been rebuilding these past three years. It's finally fit for human habitation, although they'll still have to haul water as it looks like the well will need to wait one more year. She and her husband are putting in a wall of windows instead to let in light and air. She'll post pictures to her blog when they get it done, so keep an eye out!



Book Reviews



"This is a sweet romance with Dominance and submissive sexual preferences. I like how the title, **Diamond in the Snow**, becomes meaningful. Both Carolyn and Paul have a vulnerability in them that make them likable and you just root for everything to become great between them because they fit so perfectly." ~Pam, *Romance Writers Reviews*



Remembered Love

Publisher: Ellora's Cave

<http://www.jasminejade.com/p-8796-remembered-love.aspx>



Val knew all her husband's moves—and that was the problem. After five years of marriage they'd fallen into a rut. Sex with Gary had become. . . mundane.

Until Gary suggested adding a little kink to their sex life and Valerie discovered a whole new side of her husband. In the middle of the ropes and playing, they both. . . Remembered

Love.

Excerpt

"Do you know what I saw today?" Val frowned at the memory, her eyes flashing with indignation as she spoke. "I saw an older couple—I don't know how old, but older than us. They got out of the car at the supermarket and he just marched right into the store without waiting for her. Not that she made any attempt to catch up to him.

"And it wasn't just them. I sat there, amazed. Couple after couple went by, him in front, her behind every time. One woman even took these little running steps to keep up with her husband. But she was the only one who seemed to care.

"I wanted to say, 'That's not us. We'd never be like that.' Except we are. We did become like that. When's the last time we walked together from the car into the store?"

Gary nodded, a thoughtful look on his face. "But it's not because I don't care, it's just that we're usually in a hurry. I go along and get what I need, you go your way and get your stuff and then we're done. Efficient."



🔥 Diana Hunter 🔥

Remembered Love

Excerpt continued from page 15

“But not together.” She bit her lip and Gary knew she had more. He tilted up her chin and she confessed it all. “There was another couple. An older man and woman. Probably in their late seventies, I’m guessing. Neither one could walk very fast but his legs were longer than hers. Do you know what he did?”

“What?”

“He was about two paces in front of her and when he realized it, he stopped and waited for her. And when she got next to him, he held out his arm and she slipped her hand into the crook of his arm. Then they went in together, side by side. Gary, they looked so in love.”

“They were in love. Just like us.”

“Are we?”

He pulled back at the wistful tone in her voice. “What?”

“I know you love me but are you still *in* love with me?”

For a moment, he didn’t understand the difference. But then he remembered Alex that morning and the way he had nearly glowed when talking about picking out living room curtains. Alex and Amy not only loved each other, but after seven years of marriage, they were still *in* love. Gary grinned down at his wife.

“Yes, Valerie Marie Woodard, I am still in love with you. Will you marry me?”

She laughed and thought of the old couple in the parking lot. “Yes, Gary Michael Woodard, I will marry you. Again, and again, and again.”

“You know what our problem is?” He cocked his head and narrowed his eyes as he thought. Val knew that look, although she hadn’t seen it in a very long time. It meant mischief and she slowly smiled.

“What is our problem?”

“We’ve gotten stale. Not only in our daily routine but. . .” he paused and his look turned from mischievous to devious.

“But. . .” Thrilled as she was to realize he’d come to understand what she’d been struggling to put into words these past few months, she knew him well enough to know the thoughts going on behind that beautiful face with his wide brown eyes and boyish look meant she might have awakened a sleeping tiger.

“I think it’s high time that you, young lady, were tied up and ravished.”

She laughed aloud at the outlandishness, but when he only raised an eyebrow, she realized he meant it. Her pussy creamed at the thought and she had to swallow hard to keep her knees from buckling at the very idea.

“You’re joking.”

He shook his head. “We’re in a rut, Valerie Marie. And there’s nothing like a little kink to get us out of it.”





🔥 *Memoirs of a Lovestruck Fool* 🔥
by Tara Nina

Ever think back to your first love?

Mine happened in sixth grade. It all began when he gave me the cutest, sparkly lion head pin. It didn't matter it was costume jewelry or that one of its green eyes was missing. It was love, true love. Of course, it didn't last. He moved on to someone better in the school playground, who gave him a bag of marbles and asked him to go steady, leaving me behind. I felt like such a fool for love, thus beginning that long journey looking for my one-and-only Prince Charming. The one who wouldn't trade me for a bag of marbles.

In my high school years, I learned that boys were definitely the in things. Unfortunately, I was not. Being a gawky book-nerd, the only boys who spoke with me were the ones who wanted to play chess in the library or needed homework help. I remember my first high school heartache.

He wasn't the star football player or even the Homecoming King. Nope, he was just an average, cute young man, who stole my heart. But he didn't know I existed in the female form. He only had eyes for my then best friend. She was lean where I was plump. She had breasts where, at the time, I did not. He and I were "buddies" (that dreaded phrase no young girl wants to hear).

To show I was a true "buddy", I introduced them and the rest was history. Last I heard, they got married after high school, had a passel of kids. Though I'm not sure of this, I hope they found their happily-ever-after. Thus said, my first venture at high school love was not a rewarding one for me.

College brought a whole new challenge in the world of love in the form of a tall, chestnut haired, big brown-eyed gorgeous hunk in my Radiology class. The class size was limited

to less than twenty, which leveled the playing field in my eyes. But he was out of my league. He came from money, where I had to work to help pay my way through school. While my classmates partied, I worked and struggled to keep my grades at B level. The one time I thought I had a chance, he got plastered and I simply tucked him in my bed and I slept on the couch. Go figure, the woman was chivalrous instead of the man. Besides, as many of us know, it usually isn't worth the effort when the male party is too drunk. He gets the "I think I cans" and the woman receives nothing but slobbery kisses and a limp noodle. LOL



That guy ended up dating a girl in the younger class and married her after they both graduated. Yippy. Again, I felt like such a fool for love.

But life went on. Dating, bad relationships, and a trail of foolish acts happened until I finally met my Prince Charming. And I've got to tell you, it was the most foolish I'd ever felt in the history of my love life.

I worked at a hospital in Virginia Beach. He was stationed there while in the Navy. I worked every hour possible and took tremendous amounts of call just to keep my head above water. At the time, I had an English Springer Spaniel named Lance. He was the love of my life. Cute and cuddly, full of life and he asked nothing from me except that I pet him, feed him and give him love. The perfect relationship for a woman who'd had her fill of men by then.

At a point in time, the hospital made you take a few days off when you reached call overload. I reached that point and planned to spend the weekend with Lance. Perfect, except for one flaw. The ladies I worked with had other plans for me. They had the perfect man for me, when I wanted nothing



🔥 *Memoirs of a Lovestruck Fool* 🔥
by Tara Nina

Continued from page 17

to do with another relationship at that time. They talked me into coming to a party one of them was hosting at the house she and her roommates rented on a private beach. Pets were allowed so there went my argument for not going. I couldn't not take Lance for a day at the beach. It just wouldn't be fair.

There were Navy men everywhere. OHMYGOD! Bare chests, ripped muscles, short high-and-tight haircuts, uhm, uhm, uhm. And you wouldn't believe it, but they were playing volleyball in the sand court beside the house. (Think *Top Gun*.) Dog tags glittered on their sweat-covered skin. I thought I'd died and gone to heaven.

Needless to say, Lance got all the attention. Every one of them came over to talk to me and pet my dog. Except one. He took the standoffish approach. At first, it didn't bother me until I saw his eyes. The sexiest set of blue eyes I'd ever seen. But I didn't make a move to talk to him, since he wasn't talking to me. Instead, I hung out with the ladies, watched the volleyball game, enjoyed the sweaty hunky bodies, drank Matilda Bay wine coolers all afternoon, and played with Lance.

The day gave way to night. Couples disappeared. People went home. And still he didn't talk to me. So, I went upstairs to the kitchen, got the last wine cooler from the fridge and planned to leave as soon as it was done. But I couldn't get it open. I was so intent on trying to get the screw top off, I walked right into him. I bumped into him so hard, that if he hadn't caught me, I would've landed on my ass. Unable to think straight (not sure if it had anything to do with all the alcohol I imbibed that day), I blurted the first thing that came out of my mouth.

"You think you could open this for me."

My heart sank and I knew I'd just made myself into the biggest fool ever.

Thankfully, he laughed and opened the wine cooler. We sat outside under the stars talking for a while, before I left to meet one of my girlfriends at a bar in town called "Bottoms". We weren't there long before he walked in and the rest is true love history.

This July we celebrate being married for twenty-two years.

I'm blessed that after all my ventures into the mad world of being a Fool-for-Love, I found my Prince Charming. Don't ever be discouraged by the foolish things we do. Love will flourish from the ashes and a flower of true love will bloom.





Calendar

Appearances

April 6-10—Look for **Cait Miller** at the Romantic Times Conference in Los Angeles

June 28-July 1—Have a drink with **Tara Nina** and **Tielle St. Clare** at the New York Marriott Marquis on Broadway during the RWA Conference

September 18—**Tara Nina** will be at the Brooklyn Book Festival

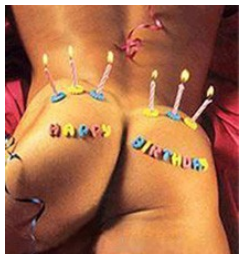
September 30-October 2—**Tara Nina** will be at RomantiCon in Akron, Ohio

Coming Soon Book Releases

Collective Memory by **Tielle St. Clare** (Ellora's Cave)

November Book Releases

29—**The Right Number** by **Lynn LaFleur** (in the Kensington Aphrosidia *Nightshift* anthology)



Happy Birthday!

April 3--**Ruby Storm**

Contests

Lynn LaFleur is offering the winner's choice of any two of her print books. The winner will be announced in our next newsletter. Good luck!

(Contest rules: Winner must contact the featured Scribe of the month to redeem prizes. Featured Scribe must be contacted before the publication of our next newsletter to be eligible to win, or forfeit prizes.)

Last Issue's Winner:

Congratulations to **tarusgirl2001**! You've won a download of **Diana Hunter's** *Love in the Afternoon*, plus another download of any of her books. Please contact Diana at diana@dianahunter.net to claim your prize.

A Gift For Our Readers

Sizzling Nibblings, a collection of some of our characters' favorite recipes. Click [here](#) for your free download.

🔥 The Sizzling Scribes 🔥

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Questions? Comments? Write to sizzlingscribes@yahoo.com.
Our next issue will come out July 1, 2011. See you then!