

Sizzling Scribblings



Volume 3 – January 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.



Toot the noisemakers and slip on the funny eyeglasses. It's 2011! Happy New Year to all our subscribers. The Scribes are looking forward to bringing you many more books this year.

This issue we feature Diana Hunter. Diana writes erotic romances for Ellora's Cave that include lots of hot BDSM action. And I do mean HOT! Better have a cold drink handy when you dive into one of her books.

Check out all the Scribes' pages to find out about their latest books, and what's coming up next. There's also a special article on RomantiCon with pictures, plus the Scribes recall their favorite or best New Year's Eve/Day.

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 April 1, 2011.



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The Sizzling Scribes

Arianna Hart – Cait Miller
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Featured Sizzling Scribe Diana Hunter

Diana became interested in writing stories with bondage and D/s themes when she found a dearth of them on the web. Nothing she read seemed to have the romantic element she knew was possible in such relationships. Challenged by a friend to write a better one, she wrote her first full-length novel, Secret Submission.

Each book Diana writes contains a kernel of truth or deeply held conviction from her own life, but don't ask her where truth ends and fantasy begins—she'll never tell! When not writing, Diana is at her loom, weaving thread lines of a different sort. Married for over twenty-five years to the same man, she is grateful for all the wonderful encouragement he gives her.

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

I'm a pantser for sure. Part of the fun of writing a book is discovering where the characters are going and what their personalities are like. I wrote a synopsis once before I started the story and got bored halfway through writing it. What was the point of writing it? I already knew how it ended!

Which is first—the plot or the characters?

Characters first. Always characters. I'm far more interested in who they are than in what happens to them, although it's great fun in twisting an event and watching them get out of it.

What is your favorite snack food?

I have a terrible habit I started back in college and never really broke. When I read, I love to have a box of something crunchy beside me (crackers, chips, Chex Mix—key factor is the crunch!). Still one of the best ways to spend a rainy afternoon—all cuddled up under a blanket on the couch with something to munch on and a really good book!

(BTW, I don't include chocolate as a snack food. I LOVE chocolate—but I consider it one of the major food groups, far more superior than a lowly snack food!)

Where is your favorite place to write?

My favorite place to write has changed over the years. When I first started, my children were in all sorts of after-school activities and I played Mommy-Taxi to them both. It never made sense to drop them off, drive home and turn right around ten minutes later to go pick them up, so I got in the habit of bringing my laptop with me, then sitting in the car while they danced, played basketball, baseball or ran cross-country. Got a LOT done since I also didn't have a cell phone in those days!

But kids grow up and both are now in college. Neither has needed the Mommy-Taxi in quite a while, so I lost that quiet alone time. I write at home in any one of several different places (the joy of the mobile laptop!) but often turn off the wireless capability. Otherwise I find the allure of the Internet singing its Siren song and pulling me from writing.

What is your favorite dessert?

Ahhh, now THIS is where chocolate comes in! Deep, dark, delicious chocolate in any form. Yum!

Which actor screams SEXY to you?

It truly depends on my mood—and the movie. Robert Downey, Jr. is quite sexy as Ironman, not so much in several other films he did. Hugh Grant is the huggable, cute type when I'm in my “just want to fool around” mood, and hands down, Colin Firth as Mr. Darcy takes my breath away. Then again, there's Johnny Depp who's sexy in everything he does.

But laugh if you will, my heart will always belong to my first love—Bobby Sherman. As Jeremy in *Here Come the Brides*? Oh yeah. Definitely a very sexy man!





🔥 New Year's Stories 🔥

A new year is a new beginning, but also a chance to look back at years past. The Scribes would like to share their memories of their most special New Year's Eve or New Year's Day.

Arianna Hart

My most memorable New Year's Eve celebration is also the one that has had the most lasting effect on me.

In 1996-97, my husband and I were celebrating our first New Year as a married couple. We'd gotten married in October and decided to save money by staying home instead of going out that year. We were saving for a house and lived in a tiny little apartment.

My husband was (and still is) a volunteer firefighter. That night I made a bunch of food and had the drinks ready for when he came home from work. We'd no sooner snuggled on the couch when he was paged out on a fire call. Seeing as he was staying home that night, he went on the call.

Well, I had nothing to do while he was gone but wait—and drink. He came home an hour or so later and I was feeling a little tipsy, not to mention amorous. Being newlyweds, we did what newlyweds would. (Hey, this is a Sizzling Scribes newsletter!) Not ten minutes after we were back on the couch, he got called out again.

While I waited, I drank a little more. He came home an hour later and we celebrated our newly wedded status again. (See Sizzling Scribes note above.) This happened at least two more times. (Perhaps three, but things got a little fuzzy by then.)

Flashforward six weeks and my husband and I found out I was pregnant. When the nurse scrolled the little fertility cycle wheel, she looked up at me and said, "Someone had a good New Year's!"

You betcha!

My oldest daughter is 13 years old and we still call her our New Year's miracle.

Cait Miller

The following is an excerpt from a diary I wrote following one of my most memorable New Year's Eves. It happened in 2004/5 and was one of the worst and one of the most rewarding.

31 December 2004

2230hrs: A busy night to end the New Year. I think it's safe to say that none of us want to be here. My colleagues and I are trying hard to stay cheerful but it's hard when everyone around you is miserable.

0000hrs: HAPPY NEW YEAR!

0030hrs: Just discovered the lady I took down to delivery suite at 2200hrs has proved me right and had the first New Year baby. Seems I do sometimes know what I'm talking about after all.

0100hrs: I haven't sat down yet, it is so busy! I've just discovered one of the patients who went out for some air just before midnight hasn't come back yet. She is a drug addict and has an admitted history of taking crack cocaine, heroine, methadone and diazepam throughout her pregnancy. She had her baby last night and asked me earlier this evening if she could go out for a few hours and leave her baby with us. I explained to her that the baby is still her responsibility even though she will be going into temporary foster care. She should be trying to make a good impression on the people who will be evaluating her and that wouldn't do it. Obviously she paid attention. I don't really expect her back tonight.

I found the baby in her cot at the bedside, screaming. She is already showing symptoms of withdrawal from the drugs she was exposed to in the womb. At less than 24 hrs old this is a very bad sign. I fully expect her to need morphine treatment in the Special Baby Care Unit by tomorrow.

What an introduction to the new year. . .and I have to do it all again tonight. . .



🔥 New Year's Stories 🔥

Diana Hunter

Okay, so there were these two guys. . .

Don't all New Year's Eve stories start that way? Throughout much of the autumn of 1978 I'd been dating a pretty laid-back guy we'll call Tom. I liked Tom. He didn't much set my world on fire, which, at that point in my life, was a bit of a respite. He was steady, he had a real job with a real paycheck and I could see the little house, the picket fence and 2.5 kids in our future. He asked me out for New Year's Eve a full month before the date; dinner at a swanky fundraiser for the local Philharmonic. Of course I accepted.

But as a senior Theatre student I was also expected to usher the first of two New Year's Eve shows at the college. Not a big deal. The high-class dinner didn't begin until later in the evening anyway, so Tom agreed to pick me up at the theatre and we'd go from there.

Except that two weeks prior to the Big Night I finally stopped running away from my feelings and admitted to myself I'd fallen in love with another guy. His name is Steve. I'd actually fallen in love with him a year and a half earlier but circumstances being what they were I hadn't pursued him. (He'd been in the seminary studying to become a Roman Catholic priest. I'll fight another woman for a guy. Fight God? No way. I know when I'm outclassed.)

But there was this matter of Tom. I still liked Tom. A lot. And there's a lot to be said for stability and picket fences. Steve lived quite a ways away and so I saw no need to break my date with a man who 1) thought ahead, and 2) could be counted on for. . .well, everything.

So the Big Night comes. I'm dressed to the nines, overdressed actually for ushering, but then again, so is the audience so I figure no one will notice. I get to the theatre to do my stint when who shows up? Steve. He decided to surprise me and take me out for New Year's Eve after the shows.

I didn't know whether to be pleased or insulted. Pleased because he wanted to spend New Year's Eve with me or insulted because he thought I'd be all alone. I actually enjoyed telling him, "Sorry, pal. You're on your own. I have

a date tonight. You're just going to have to have midnight champagne with the ushers and box office staff."

Of course, Steve got the last laugh. Two and a half years later? He married me and we've spent all our New Year's Eves together since then. Tom might've gotten me for one beautiful, swanky, sparkly dinner, but Steve got me for the next thirty. . .and counting.

Ruby Storm

Other than the first few years we were married and still at the top of the "amateur" list for dumb drunks, our New Year's has always been with family and friends. In the early days when the kids were little, we'd take turns either hosting at our house or traveling to friends, eating a wonderfully prepared meal and playing cards or Rummy Royal until the wee hours of the morning. Then we'd find a spot in an empty bed or couch and sleep a bit only to wake up for a great big breakfast! Safe and Sound New Year's, we'd call it.

Now that my children are adults, we travel twenty miles to a friend's cabin and stay the night, all tossing in money to enjoy fireworks over the frozen lake and a crab dinner prepared over a roaring fire. One of our group is a fireworks pyrotechnic and he comes up with awesome displays set to music. It's great and so beautiful over the frozen landscape!

Lynn LaFleur

My husband Harry and I weren't party animals. Our idea of a good time was having a nice dinner together, followed by watching something good on TV. We didn't change our plans on New Year's Eve.

It's a Southern tradition to eat black-eyed peas on New Year's Day for good luck for the upcoming year. The New Year's Eve I remember the most was the one when 1999 turned to 2000. Harry cooked the peas that evening after supper. At midnight, while we were watching the world usher in the new year and new millennium on TV, we cuddled on the couch together and ate our peas for good luck. It was an evening I'll always remember.



🔥 New Year's Stories 🔥

Nikki Soarde

My best New Year's Eve memory would have to be 1983-84. That was the night that I met the man I would eventually marry. Then again. . .perhaps "met" isn't the right term. We had actually met about seven months earlier at a church camp retreat. I remembered him as the guy who sat in the back of the bus mooning over the girl who was at the time the love of his life. They were cute—albeit a bit nauseating—and I remember thinking they both seemed like great people and were destined to be together a long time. Hence my shock when he showed up at the Mennonite Youth's regional New Year's Eve skating party. . .ALONE!

She had dumped him. I couldn't believe it. So I decided to ask him about it. We talked, and skated. . .and talked and skated. And the rest. . .as they say. . .is history. That was almost 27 years ago and we're still holding hands as we cruise leisurely around the rink. And now all I have to say to that girl who had such poor judgment all those years ago is, "Nyah-nah-nah-nah-naaaah-naaaaaah!"

Tara Nina

I've given this a lot of thought. I'm not even sure when this "tradition" started or who initiated it. (My dad claims it wasn't his side of the family.) And since my mom passed several years ago, I can't get info about its origins from her.

As a kid, on New Year's Eve we'd all go outside and bury money in the yard. It didn't have to be anything more than a penny, a nickel, dime or a quarter, which my dad always gave us. We were to bury it somewhere that we wouldn't forget and leave it there overnight. Of course, being kids, we sometimes forgot where we buried it. The idea behind this little "tradition" was that if you buried money in the yard on New Year's Eve, you'd have money all year long. I figure it's because you'd forget where you buried it and the money would remain there. LOL

This one particular New Year's stands out in my memories. It was New Year's Day and my siblings and I were outside trying to locate the coins we hid. I found mine right away, but my sister couldn't locate hers. We searched for a long

time before we struck "gold". Instead of finding the money she buried, we found a dime that was worth a few cents more than a dime. It turned out to be an Indian Head dime, which today is worth a few hundred dollars depending on the year and condition of the coin. Wonder what my dad did with that coin. LOL

So if you're feeling broke, give it a try. Hopefully, this odd little family "tradition" will bring you a stroke of good luck in your New Year.

Tielle St. Clare

My friend Sylvia and I have a tradition for New Year's Eve. It follows from a tradition of Sylvia's parents.

The idea is that on New Year's Eve, we gather for a late dinner. Sylvia puts down a white, flat sheet as the tablecloth. After dinner, we sign the tablecloth, typically with something memorable or meaningful about the year. At some point during the year (usually at the last moment naturally), everyone's signatures are embroidered onto the tablecloth and we put it back on the table the next year. Over the years, the signatures combine and it's great to go back each New Year's Eve and read what we wrote.

We first put out the tablecloth in 1996. There were just three of us at dinner—me, Sylvia and her husband. That night, I signed with two things. . . "Silver Dagger" because I had just finished the manuscript a few hours earlier, and a memorial to my dad who had died that year. My dad's inscription began a memorial section on the cloth for loved ones we've lost. Over the years the number of people who attend the dinner varies from a few to many so the tablecloth is becoming quite crowded. Our signatures are getting smaller and we're moving to the corners to find open space.

Some years I write mindless things like "red isn't a color, it's an attitude" and sometimes they are more meaningful. I'm amazed at the memories that can be contained in a few simple words embroidered on a cotton sheet.





🔥 Diana Hunter 🔥

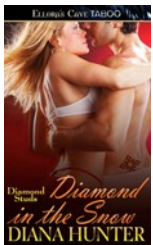
Did you know Diana's been keeping a running list of all the books she read in 2010? In order to keep herself to it, she's been writing short reactions (not reviews, she wouldn't insult reviewers by referring to her little musings as real reviews!) to each book on her blog. Check it out and see if she's read anything you have this year.

She is also hard at work on a new full-length story and hopes to be finished with the first draft by the time this newsletter is published. Keep your fingers crossed!

Follow Diana on Twitter ([dianahunter](#)) or subscribe to her blog at [www.dianahunter.blogspot.com](#) for all the latest information concerning releases and other projects.



Book Reviews



"4 Stars. I thought this book was a good read. I especially loved how the title, **Diamond in the Snow**, is described. A novel worth reading." ~Ursshebear, *Night Owl Reviews*

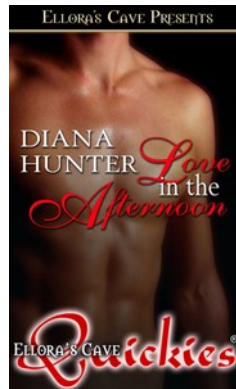
"5 Teacups. **Diamond in the Snow** is a wonderful read. Diana brought two characters to life who didn't want to admit their own secret desires of being what people consider as strange, weird or defiant. I would have loved it to be longer, but Diana wet your appetite and left you wanting to taste a little BDSM yourself." ~Wendy, *Happy Ever After Reviews*



Love in the Afternoon

Publisher: Ellora's Cave

<http://www.jasminejade.com/pm-8565-86-love-in-the-afternoon.aspx>



Naked. Alone. She sits on the floor in quiet meditation, awaiting her lover. He will tie her, dominate her, caress her skin with the stinging thongs of his flogger. She struggles to settle the anticipation that builds with each passing moment. To master the smile that belies her calm facade.

In another room, he prepares the tools of her pleasure. Their pleasure. Though they have done this before, it is new every time. The bindings will chaff her delicate skin. The lash will mark and burn her luscious ass. He will tightly wrap her body in rope, spread her wide and play with her as she hangs helplessly within his control.

Bondage. Passion. And a love that binds more tightly than the strongest of cords.

(Note: This book is a very short Quickie.)

Excerpt

He stood in the door, fresh from his own hour of silence. Her body knelt in the center of the rug in the center of the room, already the center of his attention. Her head had come up when she heard his step, yet she remained relaxed and ready, her soul open. She'd learned well the techniques he'd taught her. Only through meditation could one control the passions, only through finding peace could one move toward true consciousness. It had given him great pleasure to know, as he knelt in the room beside this one, that she had come so far under his tutelage.



🔥 Diana Hunter 🔥

Love in the Afternoon

Excerpt continued from page 6

She had taught him as well. Whether it was her earnestness, her passion for living or her willingness to learn, he had learned that their souls could reach heights far higher if they went together than if they were apart. Only recently had he realized this was the very definition of the new-age term “soul mates.” She was his. But he also belonged to her.

His eyes looked to a different photo, this one on the wall opposite the kneeling submissive. It showed a man and woman, the woman in a similar kneeling position as to the photo opposite. The man stood over her, not in a position of power, but in one of protection. He would give his life defending the woman who gave her soul to him.

Stepping forward, he placed his hand on the top of her head, hearing her contented sigh.

“You are ready?” His words, spoken softly, fell into the silence of the room like soft music to her soul.

“I am.”

“Stand.”

They needed no titles, no terms for each other. Such endearments had their place early on, when they were young and still understanding themselves and how their lives fit together. But those roles were settled now and with the passage of time came commitment and love.

Gracefully she unfolded and stood before him, her long, dark hair unbound and spilling over her shoulders in straight brown blades of beauty. No clothing hid her body, no blemish marked her perfectly cream skin, no tan lines marred the surface. Ageless and beautiful, she faced him in quiet submission, her brown eyes reflecting the calm she'd found in her soul.

A calm he intended to interrupt very soon.

He didn't need to give a command to make her follow, he simply held out his hand and waited as she placed her own within. Such trust deserved the very best he could give her. Turning, he led her to the bedroom he'd prepared for them.

She never knew what she might find when they entered the room that most days served a more prosaic use. But on these special days, the days they'd set aside as time only for them, the everyday bedroom became a place of magic and wonder. While she'd spent the time in meditation, he had taken pains to carefully prepare the setting for their activities as well as to prepare himself for what was to come.

The celery green walls shone with the dim sunlight that filtered in from the drawn blinds, giving the room an odd glow. Their fourposter, currently stripped of its mosquito net covering, stood bare with only a sheet covering the mattress. The bench at the foot of the bed, usually covered with the detritus of living, lay bare but for her cuffs lined up and waiting. Her smile escaped her control as he picked up the first one and gestured for her to put her foot up so he could fasten it around her ankle.

She liked the way the little locks jingled as she moved. Their sound reminded her of her commitment and what it meant to be submissive to the man she loved. Throwing her hair back over her shoulder, she held out her wrists when he was finished with her ankle cuffs and he only smiled gently at her eagerness to put on the trappings of her place.





🔥 Lynn LaFleur 🔥

Lynn's second book in her Men With Tools series—**Irresistible Sin**—is in the hands of her Ellora's Cave editor. She's hoping for a late spring release. She's now hard at work on the third book in the series, **Walking Sin**.

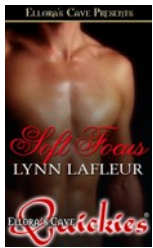
The stories in Lynn's very first book for Ellora's Cave—**Happy Birthday, Baby**—are being released as individual e-books beginning in January. **Unexpected**, a science fiction tale about an alien who crash lands on earth, comes out January 17th. **The Birthday Gift** will be released on February 21st. What does a man give his wife for her birthday? Her fantasy, of course!

The other two books in the collection—**It's In the Cards** and **One Thing to Give**—will be released later in the year.

Lynn is pleased to announce her book, **Business and Pleasure**, has been nominated for a Cupid and Psyche Award for excellence in romantic and erotic fiction. Winners of the CAPAs are announced on Valentine's Day.



Book Reviews



"This short story is a delightful literary diversion. It is one of those love stories that pleases the heart and entices a reader into the world of 'warm fuzzies of the emotions'."
~Judith, *The Book Binge*

"4 Stars. I really liked Daphne and Gerard, and their relationship drew me into **Soft Focus**. All in all, I recommend Lynn LaFleur's **Soft Focus** to anyone who is looking for a quick, sexy read with an artistic bent." ~Ann, *Just Erotic Romance Reviews*

"4 ½ Teacups. **Soft Focus** is a wonderfully written Quickie by Lynn LaFleur. It is a hot, steamy, erotic love story that will rock your socks off." ~LynnMarie, *Happily Ever After Reviews*

Scandal and Sin

Publisher: Ellora's Cave

<http://www.jasminejade.com/ps-8953-50-scandal-and-sin.aspx>



Rye Coleman falls in lust with Alaina May the first time she walks into the office of his construction firm. During the tour of the old house she wants to refurbish, that lust takes over when Alaina falls on a broken step, right into his arms. Sex is hard and fast, and he imagines a lot more of it with Alaina. . .until she tells him she's the sister of the woman who had humiliated him in front of the entire town.

He accepts the remodeling job, but refuses to have anything to do with Alaina until she shows up with a picnic meant to thank him for his hard work. It turns into the first of many nights of lovemaking.

A murder from seventy-five years ago, a ghost in the Victorian, and a modern-day man determined to stop the remodeling threaten the blossoming love between Rye and Alaina. They have to admit their feelings and join together, or the outside forces will tear them apart.

Excerpt

Bull's eye. Alaina had gotten Rye with that question. . .one he obviously didn't know how to answer. He stared at her, his last bite of roll halfway to his mouth as if he'd forgotten he held it.

"You're nice to me when other people are around. But if I get too close to you or accidentally touch you, you skitter away like you've been shocked by a live wire. I promise I'm not poison."

He laid the roll on his empty plate, his eyes downcast. "I know that."



🔥 Lynn LaFleur 🔥

Scandal and Sin

Excerpt continued from page 8

“Whether you believe me or not, I don’t make a habit of having sex with a man the first time I meet him. I know technically I knew you years ago, but you didn’t remember me and I’ve changed a lot in sixteen years.”

“We both have.”

“We were scorching together, Rye. And to be honest with you, I wouldn’t mind it happening again.”

His gaze met hers, but she couldn’t tell his thoughts by his blank expression. “Is that why you brought the picnic, to put me in the mood?”

It hurt that he thought she would try to trick him. Alesia must have trampled his heart into little bits. “No. I brought the picnic to thank you for all your hard work. I know you’ve put in longer hours than anyone else. I wanted to do something nice for you. I obviously made a mistake.”

Alaina began to gather up their items to put in the basket. She hoped she could get out of here before she burst into tears.

Rye’s hand wrapped around her wrist. “The picnic was nice. I appreciate it.”

Not a word of apology for the way he’d treated her. She should finish packing up the basket, get out of here and never come back. He had all her ideas. She wouldn’t have to step inside Stevens House again until the last coat of paint dried.

Deep inside her soul, she knew it hadn’t been simply sex between them. There had been a connection, something she’d never experienced with any other man. He was still a little broken from his relationship with her sister. That shouldn’t keep him from looking for love again.

It was right in front of him if he’d open his eyes and see her.

His hand tightened on her wrist as she reached for the empty wine bottle. “Alaina, I’m sorry.”

The damn tears were almost choking her. She kept her head lowered while she continued to pack the basket so he wouldn’t see them shimmering in her eyes.

“Hey.” He cupped her chin and turned her face toward his. “I didn’t mean to hurt you.”

A tear escaped her eye. Alaina reached up to wipe it away. Rye caught her hand before she could. He sipped the tear from her cheek with his lips.

The sweet gesture melted her heart. She turned her face and touched her lips to his.

He tasted of wine mixed with the flavor of man. His lips were soft and a bit slick from the butter he’d eaten. His mustache felt almost as soft as his lips.

His hand cradled her neck, his thumb brushing the sensitive area beneath her ear. He tilted his head ever so slightly and parted his lips. The tip of his tongue slid along the seam of her mouth, making the kiss even more delicious. Wanting more, Alaina touched his tongue with hers.

It must have been the signal Rye needed. The kiss went from gently exploring to hot and passionate in a heartbeat. His other hand cradled her neck too, holding her head in place while he ravished her mouth.





🔥 Nikki Soarde 🔥

Nikki has been very busy with Christmas, family and work these past few months. But although she has been very preoccupied with more pressing personal matters, she did find time to enjoy RomantiCon in October, followed by a wonderful visit from her good friend Lynn LaFleur. It was Lynn's first trip to Ontario and Nikki thoroughly enjoyed showing her all the sights that Southern Ontario had to offer. . .not to mention the goodies like. . .apple-cinnamon crusted beaver tails, poutine and pure Canadian maple syrup.

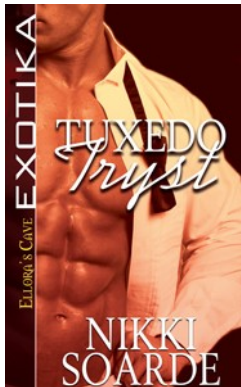
Nikki is continuing to work on **Full Disclosure**, a sequel to **Tuxedo Tryst**, and hopes to have the first draft finished within the next couple of months. In the meantime, enjoy this little tidbit from that M/M Exotica Quickie.



Tuxedo Tryst

Publisher: Ellora's Cave

<http://www.jasminejade.com/pm-4586-149-tuxedo-tryst.aspx>



Evan Valerian, CEO of Valerian Enterprises, has retreated from the noise and gaiety of his company gala to find a quiet moment to read the e-mail he dreads opening. But his exclamation of outrage over his ex-wife's betrayal results in more than a shattered champagne flute. It also draws the attention of Jake Maynard, one of the sexiest young men he's ever laid eyes on.

From the moment the two men meet in the isolated executive suite, the sparks fly. And the tuxedos begin to peel away.

A momentary escape from the stresses of dealing with women is exactly what each man is looking for. A night to remember is what they find.

Excerpt

Evan studied him for a moment, as if trying to discern if he was sincere or not. But apparently he decided Jake was. "Would you like a drink, then? Some Grand Marnier, perhaps? Or sweet vermouth?"

"Sure. Sweet vermouth sounds good. I haven't had it in ages."

Evan headed to the polished oak mini bar that lined one wall. "I grew up with it. Used to drink it with my father all the time. Now I find I reach for it whenever life seems. . . insurmountable."

Jake followed him, chose a seat in one of the wing-backed chairs that faced the bar. "And this is one of those times?"

"Yes. I suppose it is." Evan poured two tumblers and handed one to Jake. They clinked glasses and each took a sip. "I was aiming at my wife."

Jake caught his breath. "Oh. I see."

"You've met her, I know."

Jake's eyebrows arched. "You saw her. . .talking to me."

"I did. And don't worry. I'm sure I know exactly how the conversation went, and it doesn't matter to me one way or the other how it turned out."

"It doesn't?"

He shook his head. "No. It doesn't. Nadine and I have been separated for six months."

"Really? Rheanne never mentioned that."

"Rheanne Wilson is your girlfriend?"

Impressed, Jake clarified. "She's my *date*. I'm afraid she's about to become my *ex-girlfriend*."



🔥 Nikki Soarde 🔥

Tuxedo Tryst

Excerpt continued from page 10

Evan chuckled. “A lot of that going around tonight, it sounds like.”

Jake nodded, waiting.

“So, yes. I’ve been very closed-mouthed about the separation. I didn’t want it getting out to staff until I knew. . .how things would go.”

“I get the feeling you just figured that out.”

“You could say that, yes.”

Evan sipped from his glass, and stared at it, apparently lost in thought. Because Jake sensed that he wanted to talk about it, but needed encouragement, he stood and joined Evan at the bar. He helped himself to a little more vermouth and leaned against the bar facing Evan. “So, did she have an affair?”

“Oh yes. Many of them. But that’s not what I was upset about.”

“Wow.”

Evan shrugged. “The affairs were the tip of the iceberg, and the original reason for the separation. But what I found out tonight. . .” He drained his glass. “What I found out tonight is enough to make a man want to wrap his hands around a woman’s neck and—” He closed his eyes in obvious misery. When he opened them again they were touched with a sadness that wrapped around Jake’s heart. “Don’t worry. I have no designs on my wife’s life.”

“I wasn’t worried.”

Evan nodded. “She stole from me. And has *been* stealing from me almost from the moment we exchanged our vows. It’s not that much, really. Not enough to break me or seriously affect the welfare of the company, but it’s. . .” He shook

his head, crossed to the enormous picture windows behind his desk.

“It’s the betrayal.”

“Yes. That and the fact that I thought *I* was smarter than that. Maybe I’m more angry at myself than her.” He leaned against the glass, stared out into the night. “I don’t know.”

Jake refilled the glass Evan had set down and carried both glasses over to Evan.

Evan accepted it and thanked him as Jake leaned a hip against the desk. Barely a foot separated them.

Jake gave in to impulse and placed a hand on Evan’s arm. “You trusted someone who was supposed to love you. There’s nothing stupid about that.”

“How about marrying your secretary after your first wife runs off with the pool boy? Is that stupid?”

Jake allowed himself a small smile. “No. Cliché, maybe. But not stupid.”

Evan was smiling again, and it surprised Jake how much that pleased him.

Gradually the smiles fell away, however, as the two men continued studying each other. “One thing I’ll say about Nadine,” said Evan at last, his voice soft and strangely hypnotic. “She has good taste. She always picked the best young men out of the crowd to sink her claws into.”

In that moment something passed between them. An unspoken communication that was as clear and vibrant as the winter night beyond the glass.





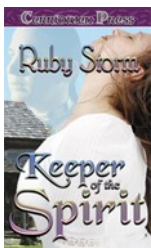
🔥 Ruby Storm 🔥

Ruby would like to announce that her Keeper Series at Cerridwen Press (Ellora's Cave's sister site) will be reproduced under Cerridwen's new name, **Ellora's Cave Blush**, a special line of romance books without the erotic content normally associated with Ellora's Cave. **Blush** debuts today, January 1st. The company hasn't released the new covers as of this writing, but Ruby is excited to see the new format! Please check the new site. Simply go to www.jasminejade.com and link over to **Blush!**

In honor of the Keeper Series moving to "a new room in the house", Ruby would like to spotlight these special historical romance stories. . .three brothers and the women they love. All three books in the series have been listed on numerous **Recommended Read** lists. Here is what one reviewer had to say.

"There has been few family sagas. . .Thorn Birds comes to mind. . .this series tops it simply by the sheer emotion written into it. . ." ~Serena, *Fallen Angel Reviews*

Keeper of the Spirit



Powerful passion and undeniable love. . . Emma Sanders will lead Tyler Wilkins on an unknowing journey to discover peace and love for the second and last time of his life.

Winner of the 2007 Romantic Times Reviewer's Choice Award for Best Small Press Romance!

Honorable Mention Winner of the 2007 Best Western Romance by Loves Western Romances Review Site.

"*Keeper of the Spirit* is an amazing tale that will leave the reader marveling at the wonders of the human spirit and the inner strength one must find to endure a tragedy. Full of fascinating characters, interesting historical ideals, and tales within the story that had me spellbound while I read. . ."

Keeper of the Dream



Can two separate dreams become one? Cole Wilkins meets a proud Sioux woman. Their destiny? To discover the true dream of visions past.

"*Keeper of the Dream*, part of the Keeper Series by Ruby Storm, brought tears to my eyes. As a descendent of a cousin of *Sitting Bull*, this story reached deeply into my heart, not only for the history of the last days of the Sioux Nation, but also for the deep love you could feel between two people of such diverse nationalities. Ruby Storm is a very good writer, showing with words not only that time in history, but the more personal tale of the two lovers and the other wonderful characters in this story.

If you love history, love reading about the Old West, about Native Americans, and most of all, a love story, then this is the book for you. I can promise that after reading this you will find your heart strings tugged, and not just for the lovers either." ~Pamela K. Kinney

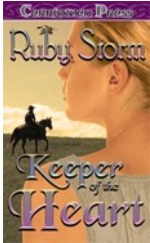
"I rarely ever write an author and tell them how much I liked the book, but this time I had to. I wanted to let you know that I think your book *Keeper of the Dream* is one of the best books that I have read set in South Dakota during the 1890s. Being raised in South Dakota, we had to read many books set in the upper Great Plains area. Your book has made it to the top of any list of books of stories set in South Dakota. Your vividness in the setting of the story made me feel as if I was the one riding the horse across the prairie during a blizzard. I loved this story and I hope you plan on writing more!" ~Comment from ARC reader Diane





🔥 Ruby Storm 🔥

Keeper of the Heart



Trevor Wilkins has everything he desires, that is until Claire Holcomb and her five impish children blindside him. And when Claire runs, he will follow because life without her is unthinkable.

Nominated for the 2007 Romantic Times Reviewer's Choice Award for Best Small Press Romance!

Honorable Mention Winner of the 2007 Best Western Romance by Loves Western Romances Review Site.

“Keeper of the Heart is a tremendous addition to the Keeper series. . . is a beautifully written, emotionally-packed story that draws readers in as if they were experiencing the story as their own.”

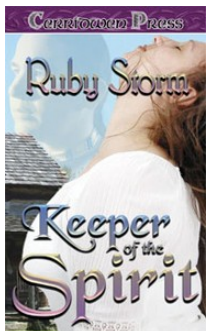
“I cannot say enough about Ms. Storm’s ability to write an emotional and beautiful love story. From the setting to the hardships and the triumphs, she moves the reader to tears both of joy and sorrow.”



Keeper of the Spirit

Publisher: Ellora’s Cave Blush

<http://www.jasminejade.com/p-4177-keeper-of-the-spirit.aspx>



Minnesota lumber baron Tyler Wilkins knew he needed to come to grips with the death of his wife. Little did he understand that his business trip to New York would be the beginning of a journey to find peace within himself and a love that sometimes happens twice in a lifetime.

Excerpt

“You’d better go before somebody hears you.” Her voice came out in a raspy whisper.

He moved another step closer and gazed down into her wide, questioning, incredibly beautiful eyes. To hell with it, his mind screamed. To hell with everything. His features softened and he responded with an equally hoarse voice.

“Ask me to stay. Please, Emma. I want you in my arms. I want to kiss you and never let you go.”

Emma scrambled backward across the bed, ignoring the unsettling thrill that raced down her spine. “You have to get out of here—now!” She said it, but it was the last thing she wanted.

He stood at the edge of the bed, his face a constant plane of changes as he stared down.

“I said *get out of here*, Tyler.”

He closed his eyes, pursed his lips and stood quietly before her. When he looked at her again a moment later, he released a heartfelt sigh of defeat. “Such a beautiful face,” he whispered. “Dear, sweet Emma. I’d love to stay, but know I must leave.”

He turned on unsteady legs and crossed the room. *Don’t look back, just look forward.*

Emma watched his retreating form as it neared the door. Her heart splintered into a thousand pieces. *Isn’t this what I wanted earlier? Didn’t I want him to kiss me, to hold me? The thoughts raced through her mind. No! He wants more! He wants. . .*

She clamped her eyes shut against the conflicting emotions that constricted her chest. It didn’t matter! He wanted her, even if it was only for this one night. She couldn’t let him leave without at least once feeling his arms around her and his kiss upon her lips.



Tara Nina



Tara is overjoyed to announce that Ellora's Cave has accepted her first Naughty Nooner Free Read. She was so inspired when she finished writing *Devilish Delights* that she wrote a follow-up story about a secondary character named Emma Jean. Her story, *Double Dilemma*, led to the Naughty Nooner titled *Tasting Devilish Delights*. Hopefully, she's satisfied these characters enough that she can now concentrate on the third book in the Curse/MacKinnon Brothers series. Those Scottish Lairds need some attention desperately.

If you're in the mood to start your New Year off with a hot romance, please check out *Double Dilemma*. It was released on New Year's Eve. Tara is hoping this is a sign that next year's gonna be a HOT one!



Book Reviews



"5 Angels. Warning! Be prepared to bow over with uncontrollable laughter on numerous occasions all while squirming around in your seat with lustful, heated desire. The sexual encounters between Shelley and Jack were mega hot and very naughty in nature. This book was definitely one scrumptious delight that will leave you screaming for more."

~Contessa, *Fallen Angel Reviews*

"5 Stars. *Night Ranger's Moon* is a sexy blend of suspense, action, romance, and Lykolans! The chemistry between Welyin and Zeva is instant and powerful! Ms. Nina did an excellent job of connecting two characters of such strong wills and making them the perfect mates." ~Missybo103, *Night Owl Reviews*



Double Dilemma

Publisher: Ellora's Cave

<http://www.jasminejade.com/ps-8960-50-double-dilemma.aspx>



Emma Jean Dupree is a woman on the verge of turning forty. Repeated dreams of having sex with two men keep waking her at night. She takes it as a sexual sign and decides to pursue the two gorgeous men in her life.

David Delaney's a police detective with boyish, all-American charm and good looks. But he has a straitlaced sexual nature that needs Emma Jean's experienced hand to undo.

Earl Lightfoot is every woman's Native American dreamboat of a hunk. He has a secret that Emma uncovers with an innocent slap. Earl likes it rough—and wants to be dominated.

Separately, she samples their sexual attributes only to discover she wants them both. Will they comply and fulfill her fantasy? It takes a strong-willed woman to convince two men to love her as much as she loves them.

Two men, two cocks, oh my.

Excerpt

Her morning may have started off rocky, but Emma Jean couldn't believe the swift change in her luck. Right off the bat, that prude's complaint was a blow to her self-esteem. But Earl's response to her not-so-subtle advances lifted her mood immensely. He'd shown interest. In her book, that was all she needed to procure *half* of the present she planned for herself.

The only problem. . .she needed to find out why he backed off so suddenly. He'd used the sound of the door's bell as a means of escape and practically ran to the bathroom. Was he



Tara Nina



Double Dilemma

Excerpt continued from page 14

shy? Maybe he was a virgin. Nah, she decided. Someone as fine as Earl couldn't possibly be a virgin. It had to be something else. But the dilemma that was Earl would have to wait.

The second half of her three-way equation sat perched in the diner booth on the opposite side of the table from her. She liked the fact he didn't balk at her suggestion of eating here when he asked where she'd like to go. Lifting her gaze, she glanced across the top of her menu and studied the man as he researched the selections.

Dark brown hair cut neat and collar length. Thick lashes any girl would envy added to the appeal of his sexy, soft brown eyes. The man had a perfect smile complete with dimples. Emma Jean had to admit sexy dimples were a weakness for her. David Delaney had phenomenal looks, strong shoulders and a body she itched to uncover—inch by glorious inch of his tall six-foot-two frame. She could only imagine the physique she'd find hidden underneath the suit he wore with the finesse of a model.

“Emma Jean, though I'm enjoying the way you're looking at me, I'm not on the menu.” David's gaze met hers across the table and the heated look he sent her warmed her to the core.

She couldn't resist toying with him. She sat upright, snapped her menu and held his gaze as she replied, “Well, sugar, you should be. I'd definitely order a hefty serving of you with a side of warm maple syrup.”

“Wouldn't that burn?” he teased.

Emma Jean liked the arched-eyebrow look he gave her. It made him appear innocent in his questioning though she doubted anything about him was innocent.

Clutching the menu to her chest, she leaned forward and said, “Only in the most pleasurable of ways.”

His lips parted as if he were going to say something, but swallowed it because the waitress arrived to take their order. Emma Jean wished the young blonde had waited a few moments more before popping back to check on them. She was quite curious as to what David's response would have been. As soon as she left, David redirected the conversation.

“Out of all the restaurants available for you to choose from.” David sat back in his seat as he spoke. “I'm curious, why'd you choose the diner. I would have taken you anywhere you wanted. This isn't exactly considered a prime brunch, first-date location.”

He smiled and those dimples deepened. Emma Jean couldn't help but linger for a second on them before she retaliated.

“First, I don't consider this a date. You're not getting off that easy.” She shot him a smile that garnered the reaction she wanted. His smile broadened as he shook his head slightly. Good, he's playful and receptive, just like she hoped he'd be. “Second, my favorite meal is breakfast and this is the only place in town that serves it around the clock. Except for my house.” She lowered her voice to a husky tone, leaned forward and added, “You can check my refrigerator and pantry anytime and find everything for a hearty breakfast, right down to the maple syrup.” She intentionally enunciated the last two words giving them the full effect of her sexual innuendo.

David's smile softened as he leaned forward and gently captured one of her hands in his on top of the table. His face took on an alluring appeal and Emma Jean couldn't pull her gaze away from the mischievous promise she read in those deep brown eyes. It wasn't until something cool and sticky graced the back of her knuckles that she broke eye contact. He dribbled maple syrup from the dispenser on the table onto her hand and trailed it up several of her fingers.





🔥 Tielle St. Clare 🔥

It's been a chilly winter in the Far North. Tielle should be using that time to write but she's been using it to knit Christmas presents for family. . .also a worthy task. So, now that the holidays are done, she's back at her stories. She's within days of finishing a fun alien sex story. This story popped into her head a few years ago but she's just recently gotten back to it. It's a M/M/F ménage. . .so good sexy fun.

After that, she'll probably focus on werewolves or dragons. Can't quite decide.

Also, Ellora's Cave accepted her Naughty Nooner called **After the Ceremony**. If you've read *New Year's Kiss*, you've met Mikhel, Zach and Taylor. Well, it's Taylor and Mik's wedding night. Zach wants them to have this one special night, just the two of them. But they have other plans. No release date yet but Tielle will announce it as soon as she hears.

Tielle hopes you have a wonderful year!



Book Reviews



"Tielle St. Clare brings together lies, deception, forgiveness and finding one's true self all rolled into one book. Max has such a hard time allowing his wolf out and following what nature is telling him is the way things are meant to be. I have a feeling that Jackson's story is not far behind and I for one am looking forward to it." ~Annette Stone, *Para-*

Normal Romance

"4 ½ Headstones. Jackson comes across as a nerdy accountant, but once he finds his mate, you see a whole new side of him that is pure sin on a stick. The sex scenes are extremely hot and leave nothing to the imagination. Can you say Boom?" ~*Bitten by Books*



New Year's Kiss

Publisher: Ellora's Cave

<http://www.jasminejade.com/pm-5758-152-new-years-kiss.aspx>



All Taylor expects out of New Year's Eve is a hangover and a kiss at midnight. When her boyfriend dumps her a week before the holiday, she turns to her friends Mikhel and Zach for comfort, never expecting more than a fun evening and peck on the cheek as the New Year begins.

But as the night progresses, Mikhel and Zach seem different, almost animalistic. Definitely dangerous. And her friends are acting more like lovers. Acting like they both want her.

She knows that the time will come when she has to choose between the two men. When Mikhel offers the option of her taking both men as her lovers, Taylor doesn't know what to do. One thing for sure, no matter what she decides, it's going to be a wild ride.

Excerpt

Taylor blinked both eyes and looked at him, stunned that she could be so immediately naked.

He watched her arm muscles flinch, like she wanted to cover herself but he reached out, snagging her wrists and holding her back.

"No, baby. Let me see you."

She resisted his command—just for an instant—but then the natural submission in her came through and she relaxed, nodding her agreement. Mikhel moved back another step, looking at the luscious form before him. She wasn't model thin by any means but she was delicious, curvy. Her breasts and ass made his palms burn. And that



🔥 Tielle St. Clare 🔥

New Year's Kiss

Excerpt continued from page 16

sweet succulent scent that floated from between her legs made his mouth water to taste her.

His gaze dropped to the dark brown hair that covered her pussy. She squirmed beneath his gaze but Mikhel couldn't force himself to look away. She was tense, stressed and as her lover, he knew he should comfort her, but every instinct in him demanded he dominate, command. He licked his lips.

“Open your legs.” The words dripped from his mouth like fire, unstoppable, never ending. Tension, maybe fear jolted through Taylor's body but he didn't, couldn't find the will to stop. She would be his and she would submit to him.

The edge of his mouth twitched up in a snarl, the animal was seeking its release. His mate.

As he watched, Zach stepped forward, just behind Taylor, not quite touching. The *were* howled its dominance but again Mikhel crushed it. They'd agreed to this. They would share her.

He waited to see what Zach would do. Zach placed his hand on the inside of her thigh and urged her legs open, baring that delectable pussy to Mikhel, flooding the room with her sensual perfume.

Yes, his wolf growled. Mikhel licked his lips, tasting the air. He could see the tiny drips of cunt juice that trailed down her thighs. His little bitch was hungry for it. She was wet and wanted a cock to fill her. *His* cock to fill her.

Zach's hand moved up and Mikhel almost groaned, he knew what a hot tight passage Zach was feeling.

Through the thick layers of his tuxedo trousers, Mikhel grabbed his cock, his shaft was rock hard—after hours of sitting beside Taylor, watching her dance with Zach, watching her kiss Zach. . .and that too-brief time when Mikhel had

touched that delicate flesh between her legs. He rubbed his erection feeling it harden even more as Taylor watched, her eyes locked on his hand, wanting him. God, he could smell her, sense her. He walked forward, grabbing her head and again driving his tongue into her mouth, needing her taste, wanting his body coated in the scent of her pussy. She groaned into his mouth, her tongue twisting around his, capturing his but retreating when he again thrust into her.

“Wait, Mikhel.”

Zach's voice snapped him back. He pulled back and growled. He couldn't stop the response. He needed her, now. He wanted to fuck.

Zach smiled.

“New Year's is a night for toasts and I didn't finish mine.” He held up his glass. With a wicked smile and a wink, Zach tipped the glass, pouring its contents over Taylor's chest—her round breasts, the smooth curve of her stomach, slipping down into the hair that hid her beautiful cunt. Taylor gasped as the cold liquid hit her skin but Zach just laughed. “Shall we drink?”

Even in the weak light Mikhel saw the path of the champagne. It dripped down her breasts, drops clinging to her nipples. Across her skin, into that delicious crease between her thighs and her sex.

He was thirsty, desperate for the taste of her. Mikhel opened his mouth at the base of her neck and licked, catching the sweet liquid with the sweeter flavor of her skin. God, he needed to consume her. He moved down finding drops of fizzy champagne and drinking them, feeling drunk on the tiny sips. He looked at her skin and saw a single drop clinging to one nipple, thick and beading. He bent down and caught it on his tongue, just barely touching her skin as it dripped into his mouth. The round hard peak seemed to tighten even more and Taylor's soft whimper sent a new jolt of need into his cock. He would soothe her pretty breasts and later, he would come on them, smoothing his cum into her skin, marking her with his scent.



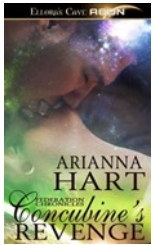
🔥 Arianna Hart 🔥

Just recently Arianna saw a copy of her book on the shelf at a local bookstore. It was all she could do not to sit down right there and giggle. Her writing career has slowed to almost glacial like slowness, but seeing her book on the shelf (even if it was discounted) gave her hope that all is not lost. Sometimes it's just the little things that keep you motivated.

With that in mind, if you are on Facebook, please friend Arianna. (<http://www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=100000513749007>) Hearing from readers is another thing that makes her want to sit down and giggle.



Book Reviews



“4 Stars. Who wouldn't want to capture themselves a stud of a man to use as a sex slave? Space pirate Triona, despite her past as an unwilling concubine, can't resist a bit of revenge when she gets her hands on a Traminian, a male of the race who enslaved her. But her plan to subjugate, backfires when he shows her what passion is. The sex scenes were hot, hot, hot. There was enough storyline as well to keep the pages turning and an intriguing cultural build. This was an enjoyable and spicy read for those who like a little space travel to go with their hot scenes.”
~BusyMom, Night Owl Reviews



Concubine's Revenge

Publisher: Ellora's Cave

<http://www.jasminejade.com/pm-8083-79-concubines-revenge.aspx>



Traminian Captain Drake Cantor can't wait to get to the pleasure planet for his vacation. A week of no-holds-barred sex is exactly what he needs to blow off some steam. Unfortunately his plans go a bit astray when a rundown pirate ship attacks him.

Space pirate Triona Fallon has come a long way from the frightened concubine she used to be. When she manages to grab Drake, a dreaded

Traminian, Triona knows exactly what to do with him.

For Drake and Triona, power plays have never been so carnal or so much fun.

Excerpt

Trapped in the chair with nothing to look at but the ship's console in front of him, Drake tried to get an idea of where in space they were. None of the usual navigational equipment was in sight. In fact, the entire console looked like it had been pieced together from parts of other ships with nothing lining up the right way. The long console had once been white but now looked a rather dismal gray color. The wide vid screen had scratches all over it distorting his view of space and the seat he was strapped into had been patched and repaired several times over.

The restraints seemed to be in working order though.

He was craning his neck to try to get a glimpse of what looked like an Imperial seal on the hyper-drive when boot heels clanked behind him. The tread was slow and deliberate. Whoever this captain was, he was in no rush to get here.



🔥 Arianna Hart 🔥

Concubine's Revenge

Excerpt continued from page 18

“So what do we have here? Smells like Traminian scum to me.” The voice was low and husky but nowhere near manly.

Drake kept his mouth shut. He'd speak with the captain and no one else. With teeth clenched to keep back any hasty retorts, Drake waited for the woman behind him to make her game known.

“What? *Limpa* got your tongue? Don't you have anything to say?” The voice whispered right into his ear, sending a jolt of lust to his cock in spite of the situation.

“I'll say my piece to the captain, not to his doxy,” Drake answered, mad at his traitorous body and the game-playing vixen behind him.

“Then let's hear it, Traminian. I'm Triona Fallon, captain of *The Bunny's Revenge*, and you're my prisoner.”

Drake's mouth dropped open as the captain came into view and leaned against the console in front of him. Short, jet-black hair that jutted out in spikes caught his attention first. The woman he was used to had hair down to their butts. It was almost as if she'd cut her hair as short as possible to remove any traces of her femininity.

If she was trying to look like a man, she failed miserably. Violet eyes stared at him framed by mile-long eyelashes. Her face was as delicate as the porcelain dolls his mother kept locked behind glass. The high cheekbones, slightly upturned nose and stubborn chin didn't mesh with the violent hatred blazing from her eyes.

Her body was more suited for the pleasure houses on Gamoras than flying around in this junk heap. She wore a man's white shirt, long sleeved and laced up tight in front but no amount of male garb could hide the generous breasts under the shirt. Tight black pants drew his eyes to her tiny waist and flared hips, leading down to long legs.

She couldn't have been more than five feet six inches but she had a *feck* of a lot of body packed into those inches. The

laser pointed at his chest was so incongruous with the concubine's body behind it Drake was struck dumb.

“Well? Still have nothing to say?”

“You're a woman?” was all he could utter.

“Very observant. No wonder you made it to Squad Leader.” She twirled the laser in her hands.

“What are you going to do with me?” His libido knew what he wanted her to do with him. His cock stirred even more. *Feck!* That's what had gotten him into this mess in the first place.

“That depends on you. How many credits do you have?” She practically smirked at him.

“I'm a Squad Leader, not a damn counselor. I don't have much.”

“That's too bad,” she shook her head but the smirk stayed in place. “Cause you see, if you can't pay the ransom, you'll have to be spaced.” She didn't seem that upset about the possibility.

“Wait a minute! Maybe there's an alternative here.” Drake's mind spun in circles trying to figure out a way out of this mess. “Maybe I can earn my freedom in trade.”

“That depends on what you have to trade, Traminian.”





🔥 Cait Miller 🔥

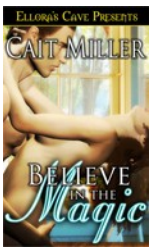
It's at this time of the year Cait always finds herself asking, "What the heck happened?" Every year the time flies by quicker and quicker and Christmas sneaks up on her every time. She swore up and down last year that she would be better prepared, get the Christmas presents sooner. She missed the boat again as she always does, but at least this time she won't be shopping on Christmas Eve an hour before the shops close. Progress!

Cait will be working all through Christmas this year bringing new lives into the world and commiserating with the ones who share the same birthday as she. Won't it be something to deliver the first baby on Christmas Day and be able to say Happy Birthday to her and the baby?

Cait hopes you are all having a happy festive season and she wishes you all a wonderful New Year.



Book Reviews



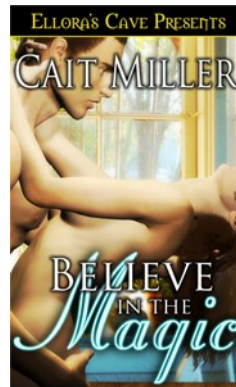
"Ms. Cait Miller has an excellent storyline on her hands. The story is filled with action from beginning to end, and the love scenes were exquisite. I loved the characters, and I could indeed identify with Megan, who seems to be no more ready for romance than two strangers on the street. The setting is idyllic, and I could picture everything in my mind's eye. Reading this tale definitely took me back in time, to when I was trying to deny what I felt for my husband. Ms. Miller has given me the gift of a memory, and that is indeed priceless." ~Sue, *Novelspot*



Believe in the Magic

Publisher: Ellora's Cave

<http://www.jasminejade.com/pm-4754-124-believe-in-the-magic.aspx>



Megan Cartwright thought she had her life figured out. Her job as a waitress paid the rent and left her the free time to do as she pleased. Sure, now and again she might wish for a little excitement to liven things up. But finding a wild animal in her apartment was not what she had in mind. . .

Jack Douglass has entered his mating cycle and he can no longer ignore his body's physical and sexual demands. He needs a mate and he's come to Scotland to claim her.

It should have been simple.

Now with their bond established and a killer targeting them, Jack has to keep both of them alive long enough to convince Megan that she is his. Time is running out and soon Jack could be lost forever.

Excerpt

The transformation made the trip to Megan's apartment a little more difficult than Jack had anticipated. Her scent outside the hotel had been faint, diluted by the oil and fuel scent of her car and the passage of strangers' feet. It made her harder to track and the animal in him wasn't exactly interested in following street signs. It was a miracle he hadn't been spotted. Lost in shadows, the journey through the small town had been both terrifying and fascinating.

As an adult he found that his sense of self was not so completely lost to the stronger personality of the cat. Once he became more accustomed to the new sensations, he regained some of his human perspective—it was sort of like



Cait Miller



Believe in the Magic

Excerpt continued from page 20

sitting in the backseat while someone else was driving. He was aware that his actions and the things he was feeling were not normal, but there was nothing much he could do about it. Jack suspected that in time, if he felt strongly enough, he might be able to overrule the animal, but tonight he had not had much success. He was still more than a little disgusted that he had crept in the open kitchen door of a restaurant and stolen a big chunk of raw meat. He tried to tell himself it was just like eating a rare steak, only bigger. . . He snorted softly to himself. . .might've even worked if he didn't usually prefer his meat well done.

He crouched, unseen, on the fire escape outside his mate's bedroom window. The room was nothing like he expected. Where he had thought she would surround herself with vibrant colors, he discovered that her room was pale lilac with white accents and a polished wood floor. As he watched through her lacy white curtains, she came out of the adjoining bathroom. His heart almost stopped. She was completely naked, her creamy, damp skin slightly flushed. As she reached up to loosen her corkscrew curls from the clip on top of her head, her lush breasts were thrust forward, displaying tempting pink nipples. His fascinated gaze caressed her gently rounded stomach, lingered on the soft dark hair at the apex of her thighs, before continuing down the length of her legs. His searching eyes returned to the spot high up on her left thigh where he knew her birthmark lay, despite the fact that it was out of sight.

She began smoothing lotion onto her hands, arms and shoulders with long strokes. Her nipples puckered to points as she spread it onto her breasts, and his tail twitched from side to side as it dangled over the edge of the platform. She sat on the bed and lifted first one foot, then the other to rub the lotion there, then worked it up her calves and thighs. Her head was tilted back, eyes closed. Finally she relaxed back onto the pillows, dipped her fingers into her moist center and began to slowly tease herself.

Jack felt his claws extending, curling round the metal of the fire escape, as if to physically restrain himself. He focused on Megan's thoughts and saw it was him she fantasized about, and his control slipped another notch. He felt the sighs of pleasure she released and tension grew in his body along with frustration. When she took herself over the peak with his name on her lips, it took all his willpower to prevent himself from crashing through the window to get to her side as instinct demanded.

The doorbell rang, shattering the atmosphere. He growled low in his throat at the interruption. Megan turned to the window, head tilted to one side, a frown creasing her forehead, and he silenced himself abruptly. The bell chimed again and she quickly rose, pulled on a robe, bent to retrieve her purse from the floor and went down the hallway to the door.

Jack snarled when a few moments later she passed the open bedroom door carrying a delivery bag of food. Disappointment and anger swirled through his veins. It made the thick hair bristle on the back of his neck and he battled the cat's desire to roar out its frustration. It didn't want to leave—hell, neither did he—but he couldn't approach Megan in this form anyway. He rose, tension in every line of the cat's lithe body, and started down the fire escape determined to return for her in the morning.





🔥 RomantiCon 2010 🔥

By Ruby Storm

I'm sure most of you have read different blogs and/or websites on information regarding this past October's RomantiCon held in Ohio, home state to Ellora's Cave Publishing Company. Each writer of those stories or blogs had a personal story to tell, an individual snapshot in time, a long weekend when worries and stress drop away for a moment. For me? I guess my daughter summed it up perfectly. As we drove out of the parking lot to begin our fourteen-hour drive home, she smiled and remarked, "Mom, this will always be the best weekend of the year for me."



Ruby and Cait before the Roaring 20s Party

She was right! RomantiCon is totally different from any other conference an author or reader will attend. Why? Because simply put, the attendees are there to celebrate. It doesn't matter what genre a person likes to read or write—authors and aspiring authors, rabid readers and industry reps know that as a group we are rejoicing in the fact that erotic romance, no holds barred, can no longer be denied. We were all there, united in a common goal of shouting to the world that erotica is NOT nasty or even distasteful.

I remember the very first conference/book signing I attended. I won't say where and I won't say what conference but I walked into the hotel simply elated that I'd finally become the author I'd worked so hard to attain. It didn't take long to discover that there were many non-erotic

writers who looked down the length of their long noses with disgust (yet secretly were more than bloodthirsty to learn details such as sales numbers and demographics). Some of the remarks were, "OMG—the word 'fuck' is actually used when your characters are making love??? What? Really?"



*Nikki and Rodney,
one of the Cavemen*

Aren't you embarrassed to write that crap?"



Diana at Bookfair

I was uncomfortable and actually began to think that maybe I'd chosen the wrong publishing company to write for. Um. . . shit—I may have made a huge professional mistake.

Well, I'll tell you something. I began to network with fellow company authors and I have to tell you, these gals are an impressive lot! Talented to say the least, friendly and loving, and the best part is that I began friendships back then that are still going strong. So much so that I know I can always depend on my Sizzling Scribes! We have become a tightly knit working group, ready to watch each others' backs at every turn.



Tara enjoying a little Cavemen attention



🔥 RomantiCon 2010 🔥

Continued from page 22

Oh yeah. RomantiCon. What a wonderful experience! This past year, five of my Sizzling Scribes author buddies were able to attend Ellora's Cave's second annual conference.



Ruby, Tara, Diana, Nikki, Cait, and Lynn giving their group promotion workshop.

Lynn LaFleur, Cait Miller, Tara Nina, Diana Hunter, Nikki Soarde and myself were all able to come together. I so hope that next year Tielle St. Clare and Arianna Hart can join us. Then we'll be complete.

The Sizzling Scribes author group held a workshop regarding the reasons why it is so financially sound to promote as a whole and I have to say it went quite well! Our chairs were filled and lively discussions were held. It was fantastic to speak with everyone who was so interested in Romantica®, a term coined by Ellora's Cave for erotic romance, and be proud of what we write and how well it is done.



Diana, Ruby, Nikki, Lynn, Tara, and Cait

RomantiCon is one conference I will never miss. The intimate, cozy atmosphere and fellowship is something I've never experienced at any other public venue.

So if you haven't ever attended RomantiCon, start thinking about it. You won't be sorry!



Book signing on Sunday. Authors, readers, fans and Cavemen were in attendance.



Calendar

January Book Releases

17—**Unexpected** by **Lynn LaFleur** (Ellora's Cave)

February Book Releases

21—**The Birthday Gift** by **Lynn LaFleur** (Ellora's Cave)

Coming Soon Book Releases

After the Ceremony by **Tielle St. Clare** (Ellora's Cave)

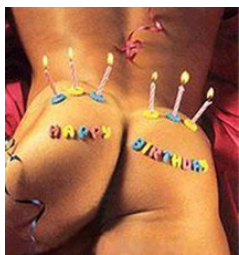
Irresistible Sin by **Lynn LaFleur** (Ellora's Cave)

Tasting Devilish Delights by **Tara Nina** (Ellora's Cave)

It's In the Cards by **Lynn LaFleur** (Ellora's Cave)

One Thing to Give by **Lynn LaFleur** (Ellora's Cave)

Happy Birthday!



January 19--**Diana Hunter**

January 19--**Nikki Soarde**

February 12--**Arianna Hart**

February 13--**Lynn LaFleur**

Contests

Diana Hunter is offering a free download of **Love in the Afternoon**, plus another download of any of her 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 amillard22@yahoo.com! You've won a copy of both of **Cait Miller**'s print books. Please contact Cait at caitmiller@btinternet.com to give her your mailing address.



🔥 The Sizzling Scribes 🔥

Arianna Hart
ariannahart@cox.net

Lynn LaFleur
www.lynnlafleur.com

Ruby Storm
www.rubystorm.net

Cait Miller
www.caitmiller.com

Nikki Soarde
www.nikkisoarde.com

Tara Nina
www.taranina.com

Diana Hunter
www.dianahunter.net

Tielle St. Clare
www.tiellestclare.com

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