

Sizzling Scribblings



Volume 5 – July 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.



It's summer! Time for family outings, barbecues, water sports, baseball, and reading. Summer is the perfect time to dive into books written by The Sizzling Scribes.

This issue we feature Ruby Storm. Though she and her husband have owned their own pizza business for years, Ruby gave up her other professional job years ago to do what she loves the most—write. Whether historical, contemporary, or set on another planet, Ruby's stories will fascinate and entertain you.

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 October 1, 2011.



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The Fantasy Club



The Sizzling Scribes

Arianna Hart – Cait Miller

Diana Hunter – Lynn LaFleur

Ruby Storm ~ Tara Nina

Tielle St. Clare



Featured Sizzling Scribe Ruby Storm

Picture Ruby with her hair on fire! Yup, that's her every morning when she bounds out of bed and heads for her home office. Ruby loves to write, plain and simple. So much so that she took a leap of faith in herself and quit her "professional" job, stuck her butt in front of a computer, and finally discovered what brings her true happiness in the wilds of Minnesota.

Do you write every day, or when the mood strikes?

I would love to write every day! Sadly, owning your own business most times has to take precedence. In fact, I'm just getting back into writing after a three-year period and I couldn't be happier. Not many days go by now that I don't take some part of the day to pound out something. Even if it's a paragraph or two.

Is there a genre you haven't written but would like to?

Okay, hold onto your pants! I'd love to get into children's books. I know, I know. I'm an erotic writer. My daughter has urged me for years to write for children. I used to tell her bedtime stories where she always had the starring role. She's told me those stories are some of her most cherished memories. And now I've moved onto the next generation. When my granddaughters come to stay the night, there is no way they will go to sleep unless I tell a tale!

Which publishers have you sold to?

Ellora's Cave writing under both the Romantica® and the Blush lines. I will be trying self-publishing this summer. My story is close to being finished. It's a contemporary erotica that I'm absolutely thrilled about!

Where is your favorite place to write?

In my home office. It's like my sanctuary. There is a big eight-foot window that looks out over the back yard. Living in the country, this view offers a lot of different things during the day. I have bird feeders, deer with their fawns coming through, an occasional fox, bears. . .some days are very interesting!

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

I'm 35,000 words into a sequel for **Dragon's Snare**. It's about the next generation set in a new world.

What is your favorite drink?

Love, love cosmos! Although lately I thoroughly enjoy a vodka martini before dinner.

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

As I type this, I'm happy to say I have submitted a book to be included in Ellora's Cave's series of anthologies that will be coming out. I'm also working on a non-erotic woman's story about three friends. I'm so fortunate to have close girlfriends, women who have been part of my life for thirty-five years. We giggle a lot when we're all telling stories because they point their fingers at me and shake their heads. They used to tell me, "this better not end up in one of your books." I always told them about writer's license. LOL! Now they just tell me to make them look good!

What is your favorite movie of all time?

Dances With Wolves. I can't tell you the number of times I've watched it. Whether in its entirety or just parts of it. I'll click on the TV and notice it's on the movie channel and you can bet every set in the house is tuned to that channel. It's real history, it's romance and it's wonderful. In fact it was because how **Dances** touched me that I wrote **Keeper of the Dream**, the second book in my three-book Keeper series.

What do you enjoy reading for pleasure?

Ah, give me a romance, historical in particular. There's just something about a happily-ever-after that warms my heart! And when you can toss in some history, well that just makes the reading sweeter.





🔥 Ruby Storm 🔥

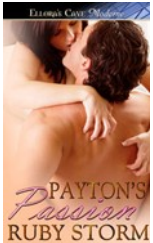
Ruby is proud to announce the June 23rd print release of her story, *Payton's Passion*. *Payton's Passion* has received rave reviews.



Book Reviews

“Wow! *Payton's Passion* is in a word, stunning. Ms. Storm has written a highly sensual novel, balanced with intense emotion and eroticism. Every aspect is vivid and intense; the reader is drawn into Payton and Andy's lives.”

~Sharyn McGinty, *The Library Reviews*



“This is *the* book for a woman who has lost sight of the passion that started her relationship. Storm's evocative storytelling touches the heart and sparks the mind.”

~Ann Leveille, *Sensual Romance Reviews*

“*Payton's Passion* is an extraordinary look at the problems that plague today's working couples. Andy and Payton still love each other, but their jobs and children have started to interfere with their love life. These two are capable of burning the pages of the book when they finally make the commitment to make it work. Ms. Storm has shown us that we must keep the lines of communication and passion open through even the worst of times. This is a wonderful book that will have you searching for your toys, husband and a place just like Sex and Love, Inc. to explore all the fantasies and lust you have lost.” ~Oleta M. Blaylock, *Just Erotic Romance Reviews*



Payton's Passion

Publisher: Ellora's Cave

<http://www.jasminejade.com/p-9428-paytons-passion.aspx>



Payton and Andy Duncan's marriage has changed. Love still burns strong, but family, work, and dreams of the future invade their life that once was filled with a sizzling sexual attraction for each other.

Andy is determined to rekindle Payton's passion by secretly booking them at a couples spa aptly named Sex & Love. Fantasy rooms, bubbling hot tubs, and sexual games are only

the beginning of what is in store for his wife. The weekend of sensual, tortuous pleasure exceeds Andy's expectations. Payton rediscovers her husband's body, her own lustful yearnings, and a burning desire to please her husband beyond belief.

Excerpt

Andy and Payton lounged in the Jacuzzi situated in a romantic corner. Hot bubbling water forced billows of steam up and around their naked bodies. Relaxed and completely satisfied, Payton lifted a slender eyebrow in the direction of her husband and a giggle burst from her throat.

“What?” Andy grinned back as he lounged against the opposite marble side.

“Look at us! What was I thinking the last couple of years?” She shook her wet head in wonder. “This is absolutely fantastic.”

“You were overwhelmed. I'm never going to let it happen to you again.” Effortlessly, he moved through the bubbling water to be closer to her. Andy grasped her hand and pressed a warm kiss against the center of her palm. “Agreeing



🔥 Ruby Storm 🔥

Payton's Passion

Excerpt continued from page 3

to come here without too many questions shows how much you really still loved me.” He slid his lips around one slim finger and sucked gently.

An immediate rush of excitement laced its way through Payton's belly. “You doing that to me is turning me on.”

“Good. . . I'm just getting you ready.”

Her eyes darkened with desire. “Ready for what?”

“You've suddenly turned into my little nympho, haven't you?”

“I want to feel the same way I did earlier. I can't wait to see what you've planned next. Tell me.”

“Uh-uh, Payton.”

She poked his powerful chest with a finger. “Come on. Give me a little hint.”

He shook his head again and droplets of water sprayed lightly around him. “You can't get me to buckle under.”

A sly smile flitted across her lips when he refused to answer even the tiniest of questions. She reached beneath the bubbles, found a firm hairy thigh, and then ran her hand along its length. A second later, she cupped his balls and rolled them gently in her hand.

Andy's breath caught in his throat when she wiggled the fingers of her other hand before his face, and then dropped them beneath the water's surface to encase his cock with her palm at the same time. Even though his penis was limp, she was amazed at how big it was. “Well, I think I could coax you into at least one little hint.”

He grasped her hand beneath the water and ran it up and down the length of his cock that quickly hardened under her tender ministrations. His eyes darkened with passion. “There's something to say about bringing out the inner wanton hidden behind big breasts and a wet pussy.”

Payton locked gazes with him. Courage and complete freedom to ask what she wanted filled her. “Would you fuck me now?”

He silently stood, and the warm water streamed off his muscular build. Andy shook the water from his hair; the simple motion reminded Payton of a wild animal. He grabbed her hand and pulled her up against his full erection.

She was breathless and excited that she had discovered the audacity to make the first move after so long.

Andy kissed her deeply and ran his hands down the length of her back to massage her firm ass. “Do you want to come with me over there,” he nodded in the direction of the bed, “or do you want to fuck right here?”





Tara Nina



The latest news for the readers who love Tara's Curse series, the third book has been contracted. It has a title—**Cursed Laird**—and it is officially a series—Cursed MacKinnons. So hopefully by the next Sizzling Scribes newsletter there will be a cover and a release date. Yeah!

Tara tried a new venture with the encouragement of her Sizzling Scribes Sisters. She self-published a book. But she wasn't the only one. Two other (older, HaHaHa) sisters, Tielle St. Clare and Diana Hunter, led the way into the exciting, yet a bit complicated world of self-publishing. The only thing that made this easier was the fact everyone pulled together to help each other. We worked as a team, editing Tara's first self-pubbed release—**Playing Cowboy**.

Creating the cover was a fun experience for Tara, yet time consuming. Self-publishing may be the latest craze, but it's mind-boggling for someone without a grain of patience (like Tara). She would have pulled her hair out if it wasn't for the wisdom, advice and sharing of information she gained with the help of her Sizzling Scribe Sisters.



Book Reviews



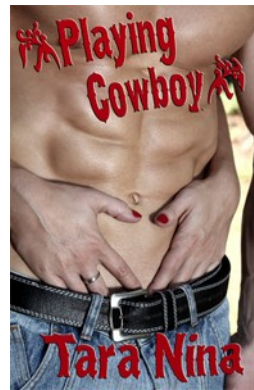
"**Double Dilemma** will take you on a sensual ride as the characters explore their desires and try to come to terms with their unconventional love. Tara Nina has created a delightfully sensual romp that takes readers along on her characters' discovery of their sexual awakening and exploration." ~Claudia, *A Romance Review*



Playing Cowboy

Publisher: Tara Nina

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/Boo4VNV948>



Ruby's ultimate sexual fantasy comes true on a rainy day in Texas. She hungers for an uninhibited sexual adventure with the All-American hero—a cowboy. The sight of a perfect apple-shaped butt in a tight pair of drenched jeans walking down a deserted highway is a temptation she can't deny.

Jaden is willing to do anything to satisfy Ruby, even take on the persona of a bronco-busting cowboy. He releases Ruby's hidden naughty girl nature in an afternoon they'll never forget and fulfills not one, but two fantasies while Playing Cowboy.

Excerpt

Pride nearly burst his zipper. His woman wanted a cowboy. Great, he'd gotten the beginning of his act right. Pure hunger filled her gaze causing him to shift in his seat.

He eased back and ran a hand through his damp locks. Jaden glanced at Ruby. Though she played her part, he read the nervousness, which shimmered beneath her façade. Determination set in. He'd do anything to give her what she wanted. Even if it meant fulfilling a fantasy by playing a role that made her deepest desires come true. Stealing his resolve, he'd be that cowboy and fuck her brains out in the process.

Staring out at the rain, Jaden took a deep breath and concentrated on the cowboy character he portrayed. They were both taking a chance. Over the last few years, the stress factor ruled their sex life and shredded the lace of intimacy. When he saw her car coming in the distance, he'd prayed she'd recognize him and stop. He knew the route she took



Tara Nina



Playing Cowboy

Excerpt continued from page 5

home from work every Friday—every day to be exact. He knew about and loved her predictability.

After hearing her fantasy, he knew the truth behind her traveling this winding back road. She claimed it was because it kept her out of the rush of traffic leaving the city. The fact this road wound through several ranches filled with cowboys was the real reason she took this out-of-the-way route home. She watched the local talent, which secretly fueled her fantasy. And helped him plan how he would fulfill her dream. He smiled inwardly.

The moment she passed him, doubt attempted to sprout in his system. The sight of her taillights brightening and the car pulling over shot a spear of joy to his heart and soul. Without her knowledge, he'd gathered the items he needed to portray the "sexy cowboy" image. There was no denying the erotic gleam in her eyes when she studied him from head to toe.

Pure heat filled his veins knowing she approved of his apparel. Hell, he smiled. The hungry heat in her gaze hardened his cock without her laying a hand on him. It'd been a long time since she'd looked at him with such lust and desire. She had him so horny all he wanted was to fuck her right there. But, instead, he forced himself to remain in character and let her fantasy play out.

"Oh, sounds exciting," she said as she squirmed in her seat and tried to maintain her focus on driving. This pretend stuff had her turned on beyond belief.

Moisture formed in her sex at the thought of him riding those wild bucking broncos. Maybe, a cowboy liked riding more than just horses. She hoped he'd ride her wild and hard like an unbroken horse. Oh God, she swallowed hard. Wicked felt good. She liked the images flipping through her head. Cowboy Jaden, hot, wild and naked. Her nipples pebbled and her mouth watered. Right then and there, she

decided this *act out your fantasy* advice might not be so bad after all.

Ruby looked his way as she said in as seductive a tone as possible, "You like riding wild things."

She saw his gaze heat and the tip of his tongue dampen his lips right before he stated, "Yes, ma'am. The wilder the better."

Ruby snapped her gaze back to the road. Chills coated her skin and she shivered inwardly, not wanting him to see the effect his innuendo had on her. She wanted control of her fantasy. Jaden may have set the ball in motion, but she hungered for the domineering role. It thrilled her to the core to know he'd taken such an interest in her fantasy.

But was sex a possibility with him as they acted as if they didn't know each other? Would it harm their normal relationship? Ruby stiffened. No, she screamed in silence. It would not. They were playing an erotic sex game and she intended to win. If anything, she decided, it would make their love stronger.

She blinked, swallowed, and forced her mind to focus on the thoughts of her character—a sex-crazed, horny woman. Sex with a gorgeous cowboy, the image of Jaden wearing nothing but a cowboy hat sizzled her brain and nearly fried her system.

Out of the corner of her eye, she caught him adjusting himself. Those jeans had to be uncomfortable. Just the thought of his stiff cock in tight jeans made her abdomen clench and her pussy quiver. She wanted him naked and soon.





🔥 Tielle St. Clare 🔥

Book Reviews

“The story moves so well, the detail and dialogue are so well placed and the characters are interesting, dynamic and diverse. The characters of the two heroes are so opposite to start and then their similarities emerge with such imagination. This book contains so much story you can read it twice and not come away with the same thing.” ~*Canterbury Bell, Whipped Cream Reviews*



“***Shadow's Embrace*** is an ultimate romance. The story was well thought out and written. The characters are hot, with plenty of sex scenes between all three main characters. Ms. St. Clare gives an interesting look into pack life, and the training of new werewolves, which I found interesting. There is suspense, a mystery to solve, and revenge to consider, overall the book is a fascinating read.” ~*Gloria, The Romance Readers Connection*

“The characters were well written and believable, and the sex scenes were hot enough to fog up my glasses. The portrayal of dragons was great, and I ended up staying up way past my bedtime to finish this book. I would definitely recommend this book to anyone who likes a good medieval dragon shifter love story.” ~*Carla, Rom Fan Reviews*



“Tielle St. Clare gives us an amazing take on the age-old story of fighting for your true love. I just loved this book and will read anything of Ms. St. Clare's. Anyone that loves dragons and romance will love this book.” ~*Zollyanna, Night Owl Romance*



A Change of Pace

Publisher: Tielle St. Clare
<http://tinyurl.com/4ytrv7u>



Aiden has a few simple goals in life—teach his students well, find a stable lover and stop lusting after the sexy local sheriff. He's pretty sure the guy is straight, after all, his son is one of Aiden's students. It's best for everyone if he keeps his eyes (and hands) to himself.

But Knox has other plans. The prickly little tutor who teaches his son is pretty damn sexy and so easy to tease. When they find themselves alone for the evening, he decides he's only going to get one chance to see if Aiden is always that uptight or if he lets loose when he's in bed.

Excerpt

Aiden dried the last dish and opened the cupboards to find the right home for the casserole dish. It had been a good night. They'd cooked and eaten dinner—Knox hadn't been lying when he'd declared himself great at the barbecue—and then watched a movie. Strange that his collection of movies was almost opposite to Knox's but every DVD he'd picked up had been one he'd meant to see but hadn't gotten around to it.

Aiden had graded Jesse's paper while they'd watched the movie. The evening had been strangely companionable and sexual at the same time. Not that they snuggled together or anything, but they sat close, probably closer than two straight men would normally sit though Aiden would never know that since he wasn't straight. And Knox was right there, easily within touching distance.

He'd learned that Knox had a wicked mind and liked to talk during movies which would have driven Aiden crazy if his



🔥 Tielle St. Clare 🔥

A Change of Pace

Excerpt continued from page 7

comments hadn't been so freakin' funny. And spoken in that sexy voice that made Aiden's cock hard just hearing it.

They'd just started a second movie when the phone rang.

Aiden sat up and looked around like they'd been caught doing something wrong. Knox looked at him, his eyes sparkling with laughter. He patted Aiden on the knee, hit the pause button on the movie and pushed himself out of the couch. Aiden thought he felt a scrape of fingers along his thigh but that was too much.

Deciding to give Knox a little privacy for his phone call, Aiden had slipped into the kitchen and decided to finish the clean-up.

The door swung open.

Knox filled the open space, looking beautiful and hot and so strong that Aiden felt his throat lock up. The light in Knox's eyes flared, looking hungry, like a predator stalking its dinner. The cool, relaxed companion that had chatted through dinner and a movie was gone and something that looked like lust flashed in those green eyes.

"Uhm." Aiden swallowed and tried to clear the lump in his throat. "Was that Jesse?"

"Yeah. Had a great time." Knox let the door swing shut. "He's safe and sound at Nick's house for the night." Knox took a step forward and for the second time in moments Aiden thought about a predator hunting. "Won't be back until morning."

Knox put his hand on the counter next to Aiden's waist, leaning in, practically trapping him except he could escape, if he wanted to move. He just couldn't get his legs to follow the command.

For the first time tonight, it really felt like they were *alone*.

"It's late. Wanna go upstairs?" The rumble in Knox's voice vibrated through Aiden's core, right to his cock. Aiden cleared his brain and focused on the question. Just because he'd spent the night thinking about licking the yummy sheriff from top to bottom didn't mean anything. It wasn't an invitation to sex. It was just a way to say it was late. And Knox had a lot to do tomorrow what with thirty people coming over. "What do you think, professor?" Knox's voice dropped low. "Is it time to go to bed?"

Aiden licked his lips and tried to think of some kind of response, some reaction. Words crisscrossed through his brain but he couldn't seem to make them form into coherent phrases. *Knox. Sex. Bad idea. Yummy. Holy shit. Yes!*

In the end, it didn't matter. Knox flashed another arrogant half-smile and leaned closer, tipping his head. Aiden had plenty of time to retreat. . .the time but not the inclination. He froze, determined to meet the challenge in Knox's eyes. The corners of that wicked mouth curled up in a half smile seconds before his lips touched Aiden's.

For such a big man, he had soft lips. Time hung still for a moment, lips just brushing across one another. Slowly, it changed from just touches to a kiss, soft and slow, seducing Aiden to move closer. His hands fluttered a bit then he reached up and grabbed Knox's arms, holding him in place. The kiss was nothing like he would have expected from a big man. It didn't overwhelm, didn't demand. It teased and tempted until Aiden opened his mouth, wanting to taste.





🔥 Arianna Hart 🔥

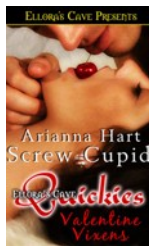
Book Reviews

“**Charming Annie** is a fast paced adrenaline ride! From the first page you see the drama unfold and the characters being caught up in a terrorist attempt on Walter Reed. The realism in which Arianna Hart writes has you wondering if this really happened in real life. How the author manages to weave romance into such a thriller is a true test of her talents.” ~Suzie Housley, *Blue Ribbon Reviews*



“Together Mace and Annie were great and the action in the background was awesome. You have so much adrenaline going through it's a wonder how you will survive. Arianna Hart did an excellent job in creating two people so desperate for love they sparkle throughout the whole book. Loved it.” ~Melinda, *Night Owl Romances*

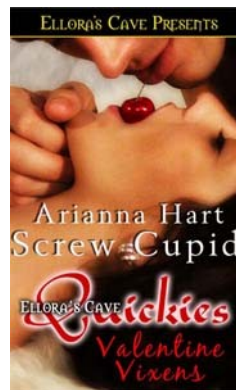
“This is one steamy read! Reannah and Kiefer are adorable as they make their way in trying to get this new road in the relationship smoothed over. I liked how Reannah unleashed her inner vixen and really went after what she wanted. Anyone who likes erotic settings of people enjoying lustful, carnal delights will enjoy this story as I did.” ~TJ, *The Romance Studio*



Screw Cupid

Publisher: Ellora's Cave

<http://www.jasminejade.com/p-6399-screw-cupid.aspx>



When Reannah Mason receives a mysterious invitation to a Valentine's Day party at the House of Eros, she thinks it's a joke. After all, no one knows about her secret fantasies. The party promises to satisfy her every wish and desire. Unfortunately, it can't possibly know her deepest yearning—to be loved by the charming Kiefer Brown.

Kiefer has been trying to get Reannah to go out with him for months but she won't mix business with pleasure. When he spies an invitation to a Valentine's Day orgy on her computer he knows he has to go. With any luck, if he can seduce her body, her heart won't be far behind.

Excerpt

“A lovely lady like yourself shouldn't be alone,” he whispered in her ear with his best Irish accent. “Can I offer my services as an escort?”

Her eyes widened under her mask as she looked him over from the tip of his wide-brimmed hat to the points of his heeled boots. He held his breath in anticipation. This was the moment of truth, would she see through his disguise and send him away or not?

“You look more like a highwayman than an escort.” She smiled coily at him and didn't move away.

Kiefer released his pent-up breath as quietly as possible.

Step one, done.

“I'm not sure if I'm supposed to be a highwayman or a rock star. Do highwaymen wear leather pants?”



🔥 Arianna Hart 🔥

Screw Cupid

Excerpt continued from page 9

“Maybe. I’ve never met one before, although I’ve had some definite fantasies about them. . .”

His cock tightened and his body tensed as she trailed off. “Then I’m most definitely a highwayman. A masked avenger in the night. I steal from the rich and give to the poor and make free with the ladies.”

“Isn’t that Robin Hood?”

“Who cares? As long as I get the ladies, or lady, I’m not particular about the details.”

“And who says you’re going to get the lady? I don’t recall you asking?”

“I’m a rogue scoundrel, I don’t ask.” And with that he scooped her up in his arms and threw her over his shoulder.

Cheers rang as he carried her up the curving staircase to the private rooms above. Her hips were over his shoulder and he could smell her feminine arousal. The musky scent shot through him with all the effect of a bullet, destroying his composure and shredding his control.

He’d wanted her for so long and now he had his chance.

Please, Cupid, don’t let me screw this up.

It took him three tries before he found an unlocked door and an unoccupied room but when he kicked open the door he knew he’d found the jackpot. Leather cuffs dangled from the headboard of the brass bed and various implements of delight littered the floor.

When he spied the whipping post in the corner near the balcony his brain almost caught fire. The image of Reannah’s rounded ass sticking up while she knelt with her hands tied to the post danced through his head, tempting him mercilessly.

A little snicker sounded over his shoulder and brought him out of his lustful dreams.

“Do you think this is funny, wench? You won’t be laughing when I have my way with you.”

“Oh no, don’t hurt me. I’ll do anything you say.” The effect of her plea was ruined by the laughter in her voice.

“You’re damn right you will.” He dropped her on the gold lamé bedspread and gasped as her breasts almost bounced out of her shirt.

“What do you want me to do, Mr. Highwayman?”

“Take off your cape and let me look at you.”

She climbed off the bed and waited until he lay back on the pillows. Once he was settled she unfastened the ties at her throat and let the heavy material fall to the floor.

Without the shielding of the wrap he got the full impact of her outfit and was dumbstruck. The blouse left her shoulders bare and the corset cinched her waist impossibly tight. She looked demure yet tempting as sin. His mouth watered at the thought of what she hid under the long skirt.





Cait Miller



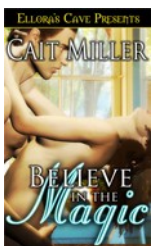
Welcome to summer in Scotland. You'll find it looks much like spring in Scotland, so don't get your hopes up. The last time Cait spoke with you she was about to go to California for the Romantic Times Convention. She did and it was fantastic! She loved San Francisco just as everyone told her she would and she would go back there in an instant. She loved L.A. too, for different reasons. She immersed herself in TV and movie magic and it was great. She saw Johnny Depp and Penelope Cruz! Favorite thing of the whole trip: Alcatraz. She took the nighttime tour and it was hands down the best thing she's ever done. If you want to see the thousands of pictures she took (and she means that literally) you can see them here: <http://www.flickr.com/photos/caitmiller>.

The Romantic Times Convention was also amazing. Cait loves going because she gets to meet up with friends that she doesn't see all year as well as meet her favorite authors. This year she met Dean Koontz and only gushed a little as he autographed her book. She also achieved the holy grail and signed up with a literary agent so she's excited to see where that takes her.

The big news from Cait is that *Trusting the Magic*—Nick's story—has been accepted for publication by Ellora's Cave. *Island Affair*, her first venture into the M/M genre, has also been accepted. She'll get details to you as she finds them out. In the next few months she hopes to be able to share some other exciting news with you too.



Book Reviews

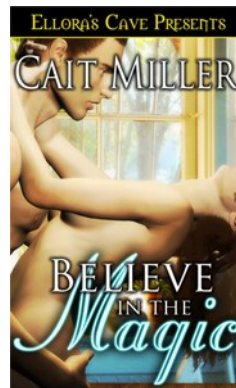


"4 Stars. A wonderful first effort by Ms. Miller. The book is set up with a mystery that doesn't really make sense until the middle of the book. Then, like a good puzzle, the pieces start to fit together." ~Ann Lee, *Just Erotic Romance Reviews*

Believe in the Magic

Publisher: Ellora's Cave

<http://www.jasminejade.com/p-4754-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

Megan paced the kitchen floor restlessly. What was it about Jack that she couldn't seem to resist? One kiss and she had practically jumped on the man. Even now she was aware of parts of her body that she wasn't normally conscious of. Her nipples were peaked under the soft fabric of her T-shirt and bra. Her clitoris pulsed with every beat of her heart. She had already washed the few dishes that she and Jayne had used and put Jack's clothes in the dryer—she was running out of distractions. Down the hall the shower started and her imagination immediately provided her with an image of Jack naked. Hot water coursing over his golden skin and down his muscular torso, following the trail of dark hair over his flat stomach to. . . *Aargh! No! No! No!* With a curse she turned on her heel to resume pacing and caught sight of



Cait Miller



Believe in the Magic

Excerpt continued from page 11

the kitchen waste bin. It needed to be emptied. It wasn't her favorite job but it would definitely take her mind off of Jack. What could be less sexy than emptying a bin?

Pleased with her restraint but mind nevertheless still filled with fantasies about her naked shapeshifter, she carried the bag of rubbish down through the quiet building. The back of the flats—where the dumpster for the residents' rubbish sat—was usually lit by a floodlight above the back door. The door had swung shut behind her before she noticed that the light was out. The night air was cool and damp from the earlier storm, and a few gardens away she could hear a dog barking furiously.

Feeling a bit like a character in a horror movie, she stood in the patch of yellow light that shone through the window in the door and stared into the inky blackness. She knew that the dumpster was only about twenty feet away, she could just make out the outline of it as her eyes began to adjust. The hair rose on the back of her neck, reminding her that the characters who went off into the dark alone in horrors usually got killed first. *It's a good thing this isn't a horror movie then, isn't it?* Megan thought, with uneasy amusement. She weighed the bag of rubbish in her hand, took a slow breath to calm her jittery nerves and walked quickly to the large rubbish container. In one movement she tossed the bag into the top, turned, and dashed back towards the door.

About halfway across the yard she began to feel ridiculous and forced herself to slow to a walk despite the frantic racing of her heart. She reached for the handle of the door and a callused palm suddenly closed over her mouth, hauling her against a large, hard body. Her scream of fright was muffled as he swung around so that his back was to the wall by the door and she was facing the darkness. She began to struggle, kicking at his shins with her heels and thrusting her elbows back towards his stomach, trying to break the bruising grip he had on her mouth. Something sharp pricked

the skin of her throat. A knife. Her eyes widened in fear and she tried again to shout.

"Be still!" he whispered harshly, and there was a sharp sting as he pressed the blade more firmly to her neck. Breathless from her exertions, Megan froze. She thought of Jack bleeding on Jayne's floor just a few hours ago. It seemed she might be next. She fought back her rising panic locking the knees that threatened to buckle under her. *This neighborhood is really going downhill.*

The man behind her sniggered nastily in her ear. "Ah telt him it was worth watching the back door as well as the front." The stubble of his jaw pricked against her cheek and the sour stench of old sweat and tobacco clung to him. "Where is your friend? Ah could'a swore ah got him but unless you've got his body hidden in there somewhere ah must'a missed." It took several seconds for the meaning of his words to become clear to her, this was one of the men who had mugged Jack. *They know who I am and they must have been watching the flat all evening. Why?*

"Ah bet you if we just wait here for a wee while he'll be right down. Then ah can kill twa birds with wan stane." He was right. Any moment now Jack would get out of the shower, find her missing and come looking for her. At the thought of Jack being hurt again by this man, anger swept through her, clearing the fog of fear from her brain. "You are a feisty wee bitch thought. . .maybe we could have a bit of fun. After ah take care of your man."

Megan began looking for ways she could stop this, or at least warn Jack. Obliging her brain supplied the image of her letting herself go suddenly limp, breaking her captor's hold. Unfortunately the knife pressed firmly against her throat dampened her enthusiasm for that move. From the corner of her eye she saw the door open a tiny crack and she knew time had just run out.

Jack was here.





🔥 Diana Hunter 🔥

Diana has a list of projects for the summer, all of which will keep her plenty busy!

For those of you who think chivalry is dead, John McAllen in **Services Rendered** will change your mind completely. He wants nothing more than to tie Lauren Carr to his bed and make love to her all night long, but is unwilling to do so until she's ready. Will she be worth his wait? Oh, yeah. . .

This book is in final edits and doesn't yet have a release date. Watch for it! And if you'd like a taste, Diana has included an excerpt for you—as well as a sneak peek at the magnificent cover!

Also on Diana's to-do list is a book that is a complete departure from her normal genre. **Hardship and Hardtack** tells the story of Richard Bassett and his brother Erasmus. Both sign up for the same regiment on the same day, both intent on keeping the Union intact. The novel is based on the letters the real Richard Bassett sent home to his wife and is a tale of devotion and dedication to duty, no matter what the cost. Because it's a historical novel (with romantic elements, but wouldn't be classified as a romance), Diana may choose to release this title under a different name. Drop her a line and let her know if she should have a different name for a different genre.

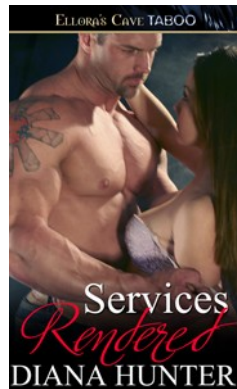
On the home front, Diana's cabin is coming along nicely. Her husband just built her a bumped-out bay window deep enough to nap in! It's a great place to curl up with a good book. . .or to lie against the cushions when it's raining out and write the afternoon away. He even put in a skylight so at night she can sit and count the stars.

Play safe!



Services Rendered

Coming Soon From Ellora's Cave



Home from Iraq only three months, Lauren Carr watches the Civil War battle re-enactment with a mixture of anger and disgust. How dare these men play at war when real soldiers are dying on the other side of the world? Yet when one of these “play” soldiers is wounded for real, Lauren's training as a former Army nurse kicks in and she works to save his life.

If there are lessons to be learned from participating in battle re-enactments, John McAllen has learned first, don't die too early, and second, anything can happen. When a fellow re-enactor breaks his leg and the paramedics are out on another call, John knows it's up to him to keep the man from bleeding to death. What he doesn't suspect is that the pretty woman who helps him will end up saving more than the man with the broken leg.

Excerpt

The vendor came with their ice cream cones and Lauren took a good, long lick, letting the mint settle deep inside her. A slow smile spread across her face. “Is there anything better for the soul than mint chocolate chip?” she commented.

“I can think of a few things,” John answered her, taking a long lick of ice cream, twisting the cone around in his fingers. Yet his eyes never left hers, reading her body language far more easily than she read his. He had to. Lauren knew she was no good at hiding her emotions after the crisis had passed. Right now she felt safe, secure. . .and sexy in his eyes. She lifted her chin and took him up on his offer.

“Oh, really? Name one.”

“Tying a woman down and making love to her all night long.”



🔥 Diana Hunter 🔥

Services Rendered

Excerpt continued from page 13

Lauren choked on her ice cream. Of all the answers she'd been expecting from years of bad pick-up lines, John's answer came out of the blue and smacked her right in the pussy. She felt herself grow warm all over despite the ice cream she tried desperately to swallow.

And it didn't help to have him stand there, looking nonchalant, gallantly offering her a paper napkin as if they were discussing the weather. Her eyes watering from swallowing too much ice cream too fast, she tried to look up at him, but the sun was behind him.

"No fair. Can't see you," she muttered and pushed him to her other side so she could give him the glare he deserved.

Except he took one look at her and laughed out loud. A good, hearty, infectious chuckle. When her glare turned to puzzlement, he reached over with his own napkin and wiped the green ice cream off the tip of her nose. She rolled her eyes and relented.

"Okay, so your answer wasn't quite what I expected. . ." she started.

"But you're intrigued enough that you'll go out to dinner with me tomorrow night," he finished.

Lauren opened her mouth to demure, but Beth's voice superimposed itself over hers. "Of course she is, and she'd love to. What time?"

"Beth, I can arrange my own calendar. . ."

"Seven o'clock." John spoke directly to Beth. The conversation continued as if she wasn't there.

"Here's her address. I took the liberty of writing it down for you."

"That was kind of you, ma'am. I appreciate it."

"Casual dress? Or something a little fancier?"

John paused and gave Lauren a once-over. She took the opportunity to interject her own thoughts on the matter. "I'm right here you know. You can talk to me and. . ."

"A little fancier."

"Perfect. I know just the outfit she should wear. It was nice meeting you, John."

"Nice to meet you too, Beth." He shook the hand Beth offered and once again tousled Ian's hair. "And you too, young man. You make sure these ladies get home safe now, you hear?"

"Yes, sir!" Ian snapped a salute and Lauren couldn't help smiling. His arm was all akimbo and his fingers at the wrong angle, but his posture was straight and his grin infectious.

"Dismissed, soldier!"

"Come on, Aunt Lauren. Beth says it's time to go home." He took her hand and pulled her toward the exit.

"Just a minute, Ian. . ." She turned to talk to John, but he'd already moved away. Instead, she took her frustration out on her best friend. "Beth, how could you? We don't know anything about him."

"And if we did things your way, it would stay that way."





🔥 Lynn LaFleur 🔥

Lynn is happy to announce the release of the third book in her Men With Tools series. **Walking Sin** is available in ebook from Ellora's Cave.

She's now working on a novella for Ellora's Cave entitled **What Are Friends For?** Erin's relationships with men always fizzle after the first sex session. She is desperate to know what she's doing wrong. Who better to ask for help than her best friend, Luke?

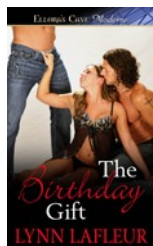
Also look for Lynn's book, **Anything Goes**, later this summer at Amazon and other online retailers.

Lots of Lynn's Kindle books are on sale at Amazon for only \$1.19! Check them out [here](#).



Book Reviews

"4½ Siren Stones. **The Birthday Gift** is a quick short story that will leave you very satisfied. Lynn LaFleur gifted all of her readers with a wonderful *ménage a trois*." ~Stacy Krug, *Siren Book Reviews*



"For such a short story, **The Birthday Gift** is an incredibly steamy read. The characters are well described, so the imagery is not lost and their personalities shine through quite easily. If you haven't tried a Lynn LaFleur story, might I suggest this sensually stimulating read." ~Yadkny, *Night Owl Reviews*

"**Scandal and Sin** is fast paced and a great romance. Her characters work so well together, you just want to cheer them on. This is a great book to add to your summer reading list." ~Kathy F., *The Romance Studio*



Walking Sin

Publisher: Ellora's Cave

<http://www.jasminejade.com/p-9415-walking-sin.aspx>



Dax Coleman has it all—money in the bank, a job he loves, and an address book filled with women's names who only want a good time. He's never had a problem charming a woman into his bed.

He meets his match when Kelcey Ewing comes to Lanville. A former roommate of his brothers' girlfriends, Kelcey is as serious as Dax is carefree.

He considers it his personal goal to make sure Kelcey has fun, preferably in his bed.

An unforgettable incident in her life has left Kelcey wary of men. Unwilling to risk a broken heart with a man she considers walking sin, Kelcey tells Dax she doesn't want to get involved with him. Now it's up to Dax to prove to Kelcey his love for her is real, and will last the rest of his life.

Excerpt

The door flew open. Kelcey jumped and jerked up her head as Dax hit the light switch to turn on the lamps. He ran to the bed and grabbed her upper arms.

"Are you all right?"

He looked like a wild man. His eyes were wide and full of fear. His loose hair fell around his shoulders. His chest heaved as if he'd run five miles instead of only a few yards.

Her gaze dropped a little lower. She swallowed when she saw he was naked.

Sitting beside her, he squeezed her arms. "Kelcey, answer me. Are you all right?"



🔥 Lynn LaFleur 🔥

Walking Sin

Excerpt continued from page 15

She had to swallow again before her voice returned. “Yes, I’m fine. I just. . .” She stopped when she realized she didn’t know how he knew she was upset. “Why are you here?”

“Walker woke me. He was frantic that I follow him. Then I heard you scream.”

His statement made Kelcey realize the dog no longer lay on her bed, but sat at Dax’s feet. “How did he get out of here?”

“He can push down on the lever and open the door.” He ran his hands slowly up and down her arms. “Bad dream?”

Kelcey nodded.

“I’m sorry. Can I get you anything?”

“No.” Her voice came out raspy from the lump of tears still in her throat. . .tears she didn’t want to shed in front of Dax.

“Are you sure I can’t get you a glass of water or something?”

His kindness and soft tone made the dam burst. Kelcey crossed her arms over her stomach and hung her head as her tears flowed.

“Hey.” Dax pulled her into his arms. “It was just a dream. You’re okay.”

I’m not okay! I’ll never be okay!

Now that the tears had started, Kelcey couldn’t stop them. She clutched Dax’s waist and laid her head on his shoulder. It felt so good to be held, to touch his warm skin with her palms. His hands slid over her back in a soothing caress.

“Shh. Don’t cry. I won’t let anyone hurt you.”

His low voice seeped into her consciousness, easing her fear. Her tears slowed. She lifted her head and peered into his eyes. She saw kindness and concern.

“Better?”

“Yes. Thank you.”

Dax smiled. “No problem.”

He drew her back into his arms and held her close. Kelcey enjoyed his body pressed to hers, his hair tickling the back of her fingers. She couldn’t resist rubbing a tendril between her thumb and forefinger. So soft and silky.

This time when he looked at her, the concern in his eyes had been replaced with desire. Her heart skittered in her chest, yet from a different emotion. Heat swirled low in her belly, the same way it had earlier when he’d stood so close to her while they’d admired his photographs on the walls. His hands still stroked her back, but slower now. . .exploring instead of comforting.

“Kelcey,” he whispered.

His head dipped closer. Kelcey parted her lips in anticipation of his kiss. He didn’t disappoint her. His lips touched hers in a fleeting caress, a gentle hello.

Kelcey dug her fingernails into his back. She thought she heard Dax groan, but she was too wrapped up in her feelings to be sure. She tilted her head when he deepened the kiss, parted her lips even more for the sweep of his tongue.





Calendar

Appearances

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

Waking Up by **Arianna Hart** (Ellora's Cave)

Trusting the Magic by **Cait Miller** (Ellora's Cave)

Island Affair by **Cait Miller** (Ellora's Cave)

Sahara Heat by **Diana Hunter** (Ellora's Cave)

Services Rendered by **Diana Hunter** (Ellora's Cave)

What Are Friends For? by **Lynn LaFleur**
(Ellora's Cave)

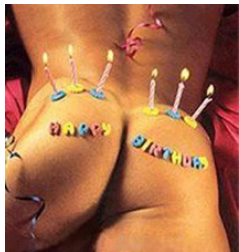
The Mating Ritual by **Ruby Storm** (Ellora's Cave)

Cursed Laird by **Tara Nina** (Ellora's Cave)

Silken Seduction by **Tara Nina** (Ellora's Cave)

November Book Releases

29—**The Right Number** by **Lynn LaFleur** (in the Kensington Aphrodisia *NightShift* anthology)



Happy Birthday!

July 26—**Tara Nina**

September 23—**Tielle St. Clare**

Contests

Ruby Storm is offering a signed print copy of **Cracked: Prelude to Passion**. 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 cmcray@cfw.com! You've won your choice of any two of **Lynn LaFleur's** print books. (Find her complete print collection [here](#).) Please contact Lynn at lynn@lynnlafleur.com 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 🔥

Arianna Hart
www.ariannahart.com

Cait Miller
www.caitmiller.com

Diana Hunter
www.dianahunter.net

Lynn LaFleur
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Ruby Storm
www.rubystorm.net

Tara Nina
www.taranina.com

Tielle St. Clare
www.tiellestclare.com

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