

Sizzling Scribblings



Volume 6 – October 2011

Step back in time...

Leap into the future...

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

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



It's autumn, with the changing colors, the cooler temperatures, and the upcoming holidays. It's the perfect time to make a cup of hot tea, throw an afghan over your legs, and dive into books written by The Sizzling Scribes.

This issue we feature the tantalizing Tara Nina. Tara's books include her Cursed MacKinnons series, books about sexy gargoyles and the women who win their hearts. Yum!

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 in January, 2012.

Sizzling Scribes

Enter our world...see the difference

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The Sizzling Scribes

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Featured Sizzling Scribe Tara Nina

Tara is a southern transplant living in a quiet corner of New Jersey. People think of New Jersey as the armpit of the nation. But, believe it or not, black bears, deer, gorgeous hawks and other fantastic wildlife manage to sneak by her three dogs at least once or twice a week.

If she's lucky, she actually takes a moment to enjoy the beauty of nature before tackling the task of mother to her two teenagers and wife to her husband (who she considers to be her third child). When asked what she does for a living. . . "I'm a romance novelist trapped in the body of an MRI technologist."

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

I'm proud to say that I'm a pantser. I don't like writing to a structured synopsis. It doesn't work for me. If I have to mold my characters into a situation solely because it was plotted in a synopsis, the characters revolt and the creative flow stalls.

Which is first—the plot or the characters?

Characters always come first. The plot follows their actions, ideas and choices. I believe in creating character driven stories. Most readers like to connect with a character. If it's a lovable character and a great story, they will read it till the end to see what happens to their favorite character.

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

I try to write every day even if it's only a sentence or two. Writing relaxes me and helps clear my head of the character voices trying to rule my day.

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

I'm writing several series of stories. The main one is the Cursed MacKinnons series for Ellora's Cave Publishing. It's about seven brothers in 1740 Scotland who were cursed to stone, who are being set free in today's time by the women they were destined to be with. I also hope to continue the regency era shapeshifter series I started with the novel *Night Prey*.

Where is your favorite place to write?

My favorite place to write is on my back deck on a sunny day, sitting under an umbrella. It's peaceful and the fresh air and sunshine invigorates the mind and soul.

Who would you love to have lunch with?

President Obama. I'd love the opportunity to sit down with this individual and let him know from a working class family's point of view as to what needs to be done. I'm not politically oriented, but I've heard so many things about special tax cuts for the rich and politicians have the perfect health care and retirement plan, that if even one statement has an ounce of truth then there really are ways to fix things. But the rich and the greedy politicians ain't gonna like it. LOL

What is your favorite quote?

"The Only Easy Day was Yesterday." It's the Navy SEALs motto. It makes me believe that you can only take one day at a time, that no day is truly easy and to get what you want in life, you've got to work to achieve it.

What do you enjoy reading for pleasure?

I'll read just about anything written by one of my fellow Sizzling Scribes Sisters. They are a tremendous gathering of talent that creates wonderful reads. I also enjoy Sherrilyn Kenyon. The Dark Hunter series had me at *Fantasy Lover*.

What is your favorite drink?

Guinness.

Which actor screams SEXY to you?

I'm a huge Hugh Jackman fan. He's got a sensual swagger all his own. And lately, I've taken notice of Jason Statham. Nice abs.





Tara Nina



For those fantastic fans of the Cursed MacKinnons series, book three, **Cursed Laird**, released on August 24th. Diving for treasure, Caledonia finds the statue of a hot Scottish laird. When a lovelorn ghost delivers a sad tale and an anti-curse, Caledonia's life takes a spin toward the implausible. Especially when nightfall comes and a gorgeous hunk emerges right before her eyes. Find out more information [here](#).

Tara is pleased to announce that her first venture into the world of ménage, **Double Dilemma**, is now available in print as well as e-book with Ellora's Cave. Two men, two cocks, oh my! Click on cover to buy.



Her short novella, **Sinful Seductions**, was accepted as a part of Ellora's Cave's latest anthology, *Something Wicked This Way Comes, Volume III*. The day Scott walked into Cammie's specialty lingerie shop, Sinful Treasures, her entire body responded. But Scott was a man totally out of her league. At least that's what she thought until he asked her to give him a private lingerie show after closing.

The release date is not yet set, but she will keep you posted.



Book Reviews

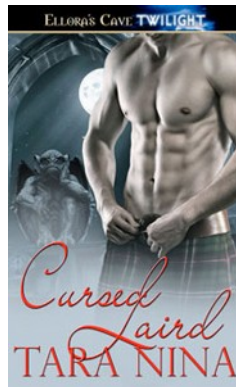


"4 Siren Stones. **Double Dilemma** is a hot erotic story with very hot men and may even involve a tortured soul, but with the right kind of loving, things may have a way of redeeming the ones who least expect it. This is a great read, and definitely a story I will choose to read again and again." ~Yvette, *Siren Book Reviews*

Cursed Laird

Publisher: Ellora's Cave

<http://www.jasminejade.com/p-9524-cursed-laird.aspx>



While diving for treasure, Caledonia uncovers a statue of a hot Scottish laird. When a lovelorn ghost appears with a sad tale and anti-curse, Caledonia's life takes a spin toward the implausible. Especially when nightfall comes and the statue transforms into a gorgeous hunk right before her eyes. Her need to help turns into uncontrollable lust that a one-time, mind-blowing sexual adventure in his arms cannot sate.

Struan MacKinnon wakes to learn over two hundred years have passed. He lands in the arms of a lass with a sexual drive that matches, if not surpasses, his own. The little wildcat ignites his lust and warms his heart in a way he has never experienced. But he is not free to love her.

Imprisoned by a curse, he's man by night, stone by day. Caledonia has her work cut out for her. She must win his heart in order to save his soul.

Excerpt

She stared out over the loch. In the distance she saw two fishing boats bobbing on the water. She knew her parents were in one of those boats, spending the late afternoon into the early evening, spinning tales and drowning bait with some of their lifelong pals. Poppa always said Momma was a true one of a kind when he met her. On their first date, they went fishing and still routinely fished the loch together.

Caledonia knew her mother planned this sudden fishing afternoon to get Poppa out of the way. In case the curse were true, Aileen had whispered to her right before they left. She also knew the tradition of their fishing jaunts ended by docking at The Thistle Pub for drinks and dinner.



Tara Nina



Cursed Laird

Excerpt continued from page 3

Those two wouldn't be back until long after the sun went down.

A half-smile twisted her lips as she shook her head and released a soft sigh. It was good to be home, doing what she enjoyed with the people she loved. She turned on her heel and couldn't help but level her gaze on the statue. From where she stood, it looked like a heap of stone, its features undistinguishable in the growing shadows of the fading day.

Earlier, after the final clearing of the statue, the men took the afternoon off and left her alone. Poppa and the O'Reillys hadn't understood her desire to wait a day or two before contacting the press. But they'd respected her wishes. Hell, she didn't even understand why she held off. If she were Kip. . .

She hugged herself tight against that thought, knowing she wasn't like Kip. He'd have plastered his find on the antiquities websites, notified an auction house and scoured the world for the highest bidder. Finding relics was a joy to be shared as a part of history, not hidden in some rich man's collection. Caledonia shivered though there was no wind.

"It is almost time." Mary's whisper came across her right shoulder and made her jump. She should have known the spirit was near when she felt a chill and shivered. But she'd been preoccupied. She shook Kip from her thoughts and faced Mary.

Through the spirit's transparency, she saw the sun sink low on the horizon. She was an eerily beautiful picture, a vision from the past in all her elegance highlighted by the vibrant colors of the fading sun. Caledonia simply stared. Soon the last rays of light would disappear and they would learn if she'd spoken the anti-curse correctly. If such an event should happen. Caledonia released a heavy breath and turned to walk to the shed.

"No reason for anyone to see this," Caledonia said as she grabbed one of the large doors to close it. If anything actually happened. Doubt taunted her system and chilled the blood in her veins. What if she'd wasted a day because of some spirit with a misguided conception of love?

After she closed the other door, Caledonia switched on the lights just as the last stream of sunlight disappeared. Seconds passed and nothing happened.

"Say it again," Mary whispered. Caledonia couldn't believe she was doing this. Nothing happened. It was just a statue, not a cursed man. Seeing the anxious look in Mary's eyes, Caledonia cleared her throat and tried again just to appease a ghost.

"Ceum saor de clach. Be ye biast air duine. Tis gaol dara slighe. Ge ye be mèinne. Dh'oidche mur dh'là."

The last word barely left her lips when the floor shook, causing her to step backward. A low rumble reverberated from the statue. A sizzle hissed through the air and static electricity lifted the few loose strands of hair from her braid. The heat level rose around her, but she refused to budge. Instead, she regained her balance and closed the short distance between her and the rock. Without checking, she knew Mary's eyes were locked on the statue.

A huge crack appeared. Bright light shot from the inside and she used her forearm as a shield and squinted. The statue shattered and crumbled into pieces at her feet, leaving behind a very disoriented man. Her jaw dropped and her eyes widened as she lowered her arm to her side. This couldn't have happened.

Before she moved, angered words spoken on a thick Scottish brogue in ancient Gaelic heated her cheeks as he sprang at her.





🔥 Tielle St. Clare 🔥

It's been a year of travels (which is great) but that cuts down on the writing (not so great). Since January Tielle has been to Reno, NV; Boise, ID; Victoria, BC; Kalamazoo, MI; New York, NY, and spent two weeks in the UK. Lots of story ideas running through her head including a group of werewolves based out of a Welsh Pub. Book 1 of this new series will be out before the end of October. Watch her Facebook page for more information (titles, dates, etc.).

In May Tielle released *A Change of Pace* (m/m contemporary romance on Amazon and *Collective Memory* (m/m/f alien sex tale) came out from Ellora's Cave. *Collective Memory* is fast becoming one of her favorite stories (sexy and funny).



And for dragon fans, Tielle is working on the yet untitled fifth book in the series and she's hoping to have that to her editor before the end of the year.

To keep up with everything going on, "like" her Facebook page Tielle St. Clare (<http://on.fb.me/nwWjB3>).

Have fun!



Book Reviews



"4½ Hearts. While reading this book, I alternated between laughing and blushing. The author moves from a funny scene to one of extreme sensuality with an ease that I've never read before. Add the talent to write, charismatic characters and an original story and *Collective Memory* was a wonderful reading." ~Zollyanna, *Night Owl Romance*

Collective Memory

Publisher: Ellora's Cave

<http://www.jasminejade.com/p-9384-collective-memory.aspx>



For Cayl, coming to Earth and taking on an Earthly form is less than convenient. These human senses are distracting and clearly the reason human-kind hasn't progressed.

For Devin, escorting Cayl through his first day on Earth is just part of the job. . .until she discovers the bad guy they are chasing is hiding out in a notorious sex club.

Enter Mace. . .he's willing to help out and allow them access to the club. After all, Devin and Cayl are two of the sexiest people he's met, even if Cayl does sound like a Sci-Fi Convention reject. Mace is more than willing to play along with Cayl's "innocent" act.

But there's a dangerous alien on the loose and Cayl's re-thinking his opinion on human senses. Suddenly he finds it quite intriguing to see, taste. . .and touch.

Excerpt

Fuck. Devin crushed the curse in her throat. She'd gotten herself into this, taunting Mace. Now she couldn't brush it off, not without breaking their cover. And it had been her command that they blend.

"Bend over, hands on the table." Mace's low, penetrating voice filled her core and made her pussy clench.

She swallowed but it made no difference to the lump in her throat. A quick glance toward Cayl did nothing to calm her. He stood a few feet away, observing, his clever mind obviously recording everything. God, please don't let him ask questions.



🔥 Tielle St. Clare 🔥

Collective Memory

Excerpt continued from page 5

Taking a breath, she leaned forward and placed her palms on the table. She lifted her head and met Mace's stare. The challenge in his eyes shot through her body. She could handle this. It was just a simple spanking. Or at least that's what she thought he had in mind. Vanessa hummed softly, the sound mocking. Whether it was directed at Mace or Devin, she didn't know. Didn't matter. She wasn't going to let some Elvira wannabe laugh at her or Mace.

Devin took the noise inside her and used it to power her resolve. She pushed her ass out and lowered her eyes.

"Please, Sir."

"Very good." Mace accompanied the words with a slow caress to her ass, his fingers measuring the curve. "Nice," he said, his voice low, intimate. "I'm just going to warm your ass a bit, then finish when we get home. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Sir."

Her fingers curled against the wood despite the fact that she couldn't grip the smooth surface. She wasn't afraid of being physically hurt. She didn't think Mace would actually beat her and her skirt would protect her from the sting but still the thought of being spanked, in public, made her heart race.

She waited, the anticipation almost too much before she felt the first strike. As she'd expected, the material of her skirt muted the sensation. She could do this. He'd smack her ass a couple of times and then they'd move on.

"Mace, Sir. . ." Cayl's voice broke through Devin's calm. "If I understand physical punishment, there should be some discomfort. Would it not be better to strike her bare skin?"

Her gasp resonated against the wood desk.

"Why, Cayl, I believe you're right."

No, no, no. He couldn't be serious.

"Help me pull her skirt up." Two sets of hands tugged on the hem of her skirt. Cool air rushed across her skin as they pulled the material high, forcing her to shift to draw it up to her waist. She did a mental flip through her morning and tried to remember what underwear she'd put on. *Please don't let it be the cotton granny panties. Not the granny panties.* She remembered having them in her hand but couldn't remember if she'd actually put them on or—

"Ooh, our slut is showing off for us today."

Damn, the fluorescent-pink bikinis.

She shivered as warmth slid across her skin, Mace's large hand cupping her butt cheek. He gave it a little squeeze. The heat in his hand sank into her pussy and it was all she could do not to press back against him. No, this wasn't good. She had to—a faint hum, high, like a question, filtered through the air. And another hand settled on her ass, covering her other cheek, testing, following the curve.

"Nice?" Mace asked, giving her backside another squeeze.

"Yes." Cayl mirrored the action. "Again, strangely compelling. Similar physical reaction to the sight of her bare breasts."

His hand slid down, fingers dipping between her legs. Devin crushed a yelp. His fingertips traced the line of her panties, a breath away from her pussy. Her mind raced with the fact that she was wet, really wet and if he touched her he would know. And he would probably announce it to the world.





🔥 Arianna Hart 🔥

Arianna has been busy this summer! After a four-year hiatus, she is back to writing and will have a new release from Samhain Publishing in 2012. Keep your eyes on her Facebook page or the Sizzling Scribes blog for more information.

If you haven't "friended" Arianna on Facebook, check out her page now. Just search for Arianna Hart and you'll get up-to-date news and photos.

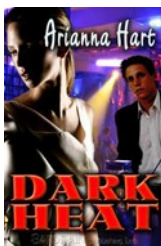


Book Reviews



"4 Stars. I enjoyed Connor and Samara. They had really good chemistry, and developed a strong bond that was refreshing. Well-developed and well-written characters made this a must read! This story will keep you on the edge until the very end." ~Kelly, *The Sinfully Sensuous*

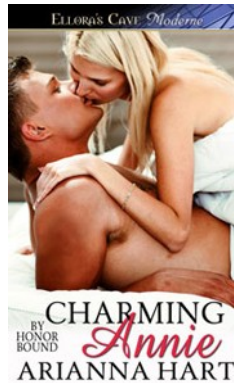
"I enjoyed **Dark Heat**. Finn and Talia were both appealing and unique characters who drew me into their story. I found Talia's empath abilities extremely interesting and the difficulties they have caused her made her very real to me." ~Sandra, *Reviews by Sandra Paquet*



Charming Annie

Publisher: Ellora's Cave

<http://www.jasminejade.com/p-8031-charming-annie.aspx>



As Major Annie Forbes heads home from her shift as a nurse at Walter Reed Army Medical Center, the last thing she expects is to be running for her life.

With the help of Mason "Mace" O'Keefe, an injured helicopter pilot, Annie must find a way to save the hospital from being blown up by a fanatic terrorist group. As the danger heats up, so does the attraction between Mace and Annie.

Now they just have to survive long enough to see if their smoldering attraction is just adrenaline or something more.

Excerpt

Taking the stairs in the parking garage at midnight probably wasn't the smartest thing to do, but Major Annie Forbes had an aversion to elevators that went back to the days when her brother would lock her in the closet as a joke. Blayne had thought it was funny to hold the door closed while she screamed and kicked. She didn't find it all that amusing. To this day, being stuck inside a small, enclosed space bothered her to no end.

Annie had just about made it to the floor where her car was parked when the ground quivered and shook beneath her feet, knocking her down the last two steps.

"What the hell was that?" Annie rubbed the spot where her head thumped against the door and cautiously opened it.

To a scene out of a nightmare.

A car had exploded and smoke was blanketing the garage. Several men in black clothes with ski masks over their faces



🔥 Arianna Hart 🔥

Charming Annie

Excerpt continued from page 7

were poised at the elevators with assault rifles. Annie saw one civilian nurse bleeding from a head wound, and several other people crying and whimpering as they were hauled off the elevator. Fire alarms blared, and the noise echoed against the cement walls adding to the chaos.

Her brain had gone on hold, flashbacks to her tour as a field nurse in Iraq raced through her head. Visions of bearded men with fanatical eyes and gleaming knives assaulted her as the smell of smoke and gasoline washed over her. Annie was caught in a vicious film loop of pain and destruction that played over and over again.

She couldn't move. Her fingers froze on the door handle, immobile and helpless. A small voice in the back of her brain screamed at her to shut the door and run for help, but her body wouldn't move. Fire, smoke, the screams of the injured and the shouts of the attackers mixed together until she couldn't tell what was real and what were memories.

A hooded head started to turn, and Annie watched it in slow motion. Suddenly, a hand covered her mouth, and an arm pulled her away from the door. Panic clawed in her belly as she slammed into a hard, male chest.

No! She wouldn't go down without a struggle. Turning her head she tried to bite the hand that held her. Annie fought back using her training, but her captor was too strong.

"Lady, I'm on your side! Calm down, we gotta get out of here." Annie stopped struggling.

As soon as she calmed down, the hand dropped from her mouth and she turned around. And saw the best-looking man she'd ever laid eyes on.

"Come on, we need to go before they decide to start checking the stairwells." Her sexy savior gave her a quick once-over, pausing briefly at her breasts.

"Who're they? And who are you?"

"Later! We don't have time for twenty questions now." He grabbed her arm and dragged her up the stairs behind him.

Annie's brain started working again, and she raced to keep up with the man yanking her arm out of its socket. He was barefoot, wearing pajama pants and a johnny, and she could see the tape from his dressing over his ribs.

Some Army nurse she turned out to be, getting saved by a patient. "Could you at least tell me your name?" Annie asked between gulps of air. How many flights had they already gone up?

"Mace. Mason O'Keefe, Captain, Aviation."

"Major Annie Forbes, Medical." Like her hospital whites didn't clue him in on that. "Where are we going?"

"To the roof. If we can reach the roof before they secure it, we can get out of here and get help. Do you always talk so much?"

Annie shut up and saved her air for the effort of climbing. She'd lost count of how many stairs she'd gone up, but if this hotshot could keep going, barefoot and injured, then she could too.

They were rounding yet another landing when the door above them opened. A scrawny figure in black aimed a rifle in their direction and fired.





Cait Miller



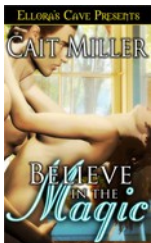
Hope you all had an amazing summer! September and October brings the busiest time of the year for midwives so Cait is mostly just keeping her head down and catching babies. Why September and October you ask? Well, what were you doing nine months ago? Chances are some of you were attending some amazing Christmas and New Year's parties. Alcohol was probably also involved and suddenly that guy or girl you've been eyeing all year is easier to approach. . .

There's also the fact that last winter Britain was in the grip of the worst winter in decades and no one could get out of the house. Boredom is the mother of all creation and all that. On that note, Cait asks that when you are. . .er. . .celebrating this year, you please spare a thought for the poor overworked midwives.

On the book front, Cait is excited to announce that book 3 of the Shifting Magic series, **Trusting the Magic**, will be released on October 7th. There is a snippet of the book in this newsletter. Until next time, may your autumn be fruitful and your winter less so!



Book Reviews



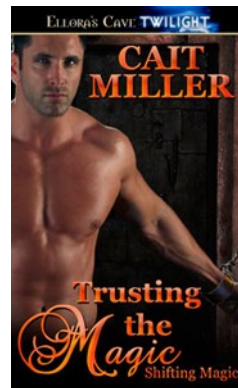
"5 Coffee Cups. I thoroughly enjoyed this book. It was such an adventurous, romantic read, which had me sighing upon the final page. I loved the quick seduction, which drew my attention by the time I hit chapter two."
~Suz, *Coffee Time Romance*

"Well-written and engaging. **Believe in the Magic** is a fun romp through Ms. Miller's paranormal world." ~Joletta Hill, *The Road to Romance*

Trusting the Magic

Publisher: Ellora's Cave

<http://www.jasminejade.com/p-9624-trusting-the-magic.aspx>



Shapeshifter Nick Douglass flew to Scotland to help a friend but very quickly found that he was the one in need of rescue. Imprisoned and tortured by a man who'll stop at nothing to gain the secrets of his people, Nick's only hope for salvation lies in the hands of one of his captors.

All her life, Abby has done as she's told, even when she hates it. . .until Nick. The shockingly erotic dreams that they share draw them together, but Nick can't risk revealing the secrets that he's fought so hard to protect. Failing to mate with Abby might cost him his humanity, but mating with her might come at the expense of shifters everywhere.

Excerpt

The cool morning air of the Scottish summertime rushed through the half-open window of the rental car and helped to blow most of Nick's cobwebs away. The rolling green hills around him helped to dispel the lingering annoyance that he had to drive in the first place. His friend Cameron Murray, who was Nick's whole reason for taking this trip, had failed to pick him up. Instead, Nick had been paged at the airport and given a message that he would have to make his own way to Murray House, since it wasn't Cameron's idea that he visit in the first place. The girl on the courtesy phone had even apologized and explained that Mr. Cameron had asked her to write it down exactly.

Nick sighed. What had he expected? If it had been that easy to get Cam out of his lair, Nick wouldn't have had to come here. He was worried about Cameron, who was becoming more and more of a recluse, believing he could hide from



Cait Miller



Trusting the Magic

Excerpt continued from page 9

their heritage by shutting himself away in his remote mansion like some fairy-tale monster. Nick wondered if his own brother would end up like Cam in a few years.

Personally, Nick embraced his true nature. After all, who wouldn't love the benefits? Increased healing, senses and speed—what wasn't to like? And when the time came to find his mate, if he was lucky enough, he could have a bond like no other with her and he could gift her with the same abilities he would have. But no, his brother Jack was too much of a control freak to give in to his animal nature and Cameron. . .well, Cameron had his own reasons. Nick wasn't going to allow him to just throw away his life though, so here he was. Delivering software from his father's company was enough of a reason to come and check on his friend.

He focused his attention back on the winding country road. He was almost there and it was a good thing—jet lag was beginning to catch up with him. He squinted against the bright morning light. He slipped on his sunglasses and rolled the window down further. Nick reached to turn up the radio and changed his mind as he saw a sign announcing that there was a vehicle inspection point ahead. Sure enough, he rounded another bend and saw the yellow high-visibility jacket of a British police officer up ahead.

The man waved him into a large parking place at the side of the road where several more police officers clustered around a small white trailer and a van. Nick groaned at the delay and rolled his window down as one of the officers approached. He was also wearing the luminous yellow jacket with a police patch in blue and gray on the back and a smaller one over his heart. His radio was clipped to the jacket and Nick glimpsed his black uniform through his open collar. He had his hat in his hand but pulled it into place as he walked over.

“Beautiful morning, isn't it?” Nick said.

The man bent to the open window and assessed Nick with cold eyes, lips tightening beneath his mustache. He smelled of onions over some god-awful aftershave and Nick resisted the urge to wrinkle his nose.

“License and registration please, sir,” the officer replied.

The Scottish accent was clipped and impatient. *Okaaay, no small talk.* Nick refrained from rolling his eyes, unclipped his seat belt and bent over to reach into the glove compartment for the rental papers.

“I have them in here somewhere. It's a rental.”

He was searching for them among the pile of maps he had picked up at the airport when he felt a sharp sting in his side followed by a spreading cold.

“What the fuck!”

He sat up and reached for his side in time to see the cop stand back up, syringe in his hand. Instinctively, Nick reached for the keys to start the car only to find the ignition empty. He looked back at his assailant to find the man grinning back nastily, the keys to the car dangling from his fingers.

“I'm afraid I'm going to have to detain you, sir.”





🔥 Diana Hunter 🔥

Table for Four was Diana's second book. When it was first published, it pushed the envelope by asking the question: what happens to a happily-married couple when they realize their sexual desires don't match up? Their answer surprised many.

Unavailable for a brief space, **Table for Four** has now been re-released and is available on the Kindle for the first time. It is, of course, available in all other ebook formats as well. Check out Diana's blog [here](#) to find all the links.

Diana had a busy summer! Besides re-releasing a set of short stories and re-releasing **Table for Four**, she also released a historical novel under a different pen name. *Hardship and Hardtack* is based on the real-life letters a Union soldier sent home to his wife during the Civil War. You can read an excerpt and find purchasing information on her "other" blog [here](#).



Book Reviews



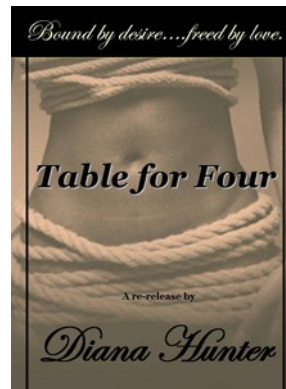
"4 Hearts. **Services Rendered** is a great book that has in-depth characters. Some of the characters are just learning about BDSM and various kinks, others know more. **Services Rendered** shows us the journey and introduction to these bedroom secrets in a very good light. It takes a fresh approach on introducing the BDSM style in a very relaxed and friendly manner." ~Stacey, *Sizzling Hot Books*



Table for Four

Publisher: Diana Hunter

Available at [Amazon](#), [Barnes & Noble](#), and [Smashwords](#)



David and Lissa Patterson have the perfect marriage, except when it comes to their sex life. David prefers to snuggle, but Lissa longs for a dominant alpha male. The two settle on a compromise that leaves neither of them totally satisfied. Until one night, when a tall Gypsy King and his Beautiful Lady walk into their lives. . .

Excerpt

Lissa sipped the Rkatsiteli to cover the awkward silence stretching between them. She savored the rich, sweet taste of the exotic wine as she thought of and discarded several conversation starters. Master Richard leaned against the rail of the deck; light from the dining room spilled out through the sheer curtains giving his features an erotic, romantic cast. How did one begin a conversation with a man she was considering giving her total submission to?

Richard said nothing, only patting the railing beside him. With trepidation, Lissa obeyed his silent invitation, moving forward to stand next to him in the dim light. Was this what submissives did?

The woman's very uncertainty intrigued him. The husband had been easy to read; he wore his desires on his face and in his eyes. But the woman before him guarded her secrets, secrets he knew how to unlock.

"You are a very beautiful woman, Melissa."

Her formal name. Somehow it sounded sexy when he said it. His baritone voice; soft, intense, powerful, seductive, pulled her body, and she took a half-step nearer.



🔥 Diana Hunter 🔥

Table for Four

Excerpt continued from page 11

“You love your husband and yet you yearn for a different embrace.”

Her whisper on the warm night air barely breathed her desire. “Yes.”

“Tell me, Melissa Patterson, what is it you want above all else?”

His eyes sank into her soul, plumbing the depths of her yearnings; she let him plunge. Power emanated from every cell of his Roma blood; her desires were stripped away, one by one, until the core of her being stood naked before his gaze. He knew what she wanted even as she could not admit her conflicted desires; his power penetrated her defenses. Her mouth opened, but she could only shake her head.

“You are silent because you do not truly know what it is you need. You are afraid to face the darkest parts of your desire.”

Richard’s fingers traced the line of her cheekbone and Lissa turned her face into his hand, ashamed and afraid even as she sought comfort.

“You have read of sexual slavery?”

Lissa’s breath caught and she nodded.

“But you do not know where the line is between the submissiveness you wish to give and the slavery your heart fears.”

Lissa pulled away, making an attempt at reassembling her wits. Turning away from him, she took several deep breaths and managed to put some semblance of her guard back in place. Online, she had read of Master/slave relationships; many had rules the slave was expected to follow and punishments for even the smallest infraction. That wasn’t what

she was looking for—at all. Her voice was strong when she turned to answer him. “I am not a slave.”

“No, you are not.”

“And I don’t think I want to be one.”

“It is too early to tell if you could manage it. There are many steps for you to explore first. Such a decision would be a long way off yet.”

Richard did not move from his position: casually leaning against the railing, making an occasional gesture with his wineglass. Where Lissa fidgeted and paced over the small deck, he remained a still constant while the storm whirled around him.

“I do like bondage.” Lissa turned away from him, making her admittance to the backyard.

“Yes.”

“And I don’t want choices. I don’t want someone constantly saying, ‘How are you doing?’ That drives me nuts. I know you need to check, but you’ll need to find a different way to say it.” She didn’t even notice the pronoun change. No longer did she address a mythical Master, but the one who stood beside her.

“Because you don’t want me to really care how you are doing.”

“Exactly! I mean, I want you to care, but I don’t want to know that you care.” She stamped her foot in frustration. “This isn’t making any sense.”

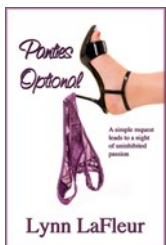
“Sit down, woman.”





🔥 Lynn LaFleur 🔥

Lynn has submitted her newest book to her Ellora's Cave editor. Tentatively titled *There's Always Room for Four*, it is the sequel to *The Birthday Gift*, which was the first book she ever wrote for Ellora's Cave. *There's Always Room for Four* will be her 26th book for Ellora's Cave and her 33rd published book.

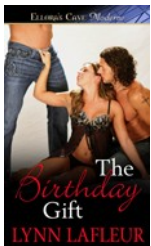


Once she takes a few days to read and scrapbook to recharge her brain, she'll start on her next book, *Panties Optional*. Here's a sneak peek at the cover Lynn created for that book.

Lynn's book from Avon Red, *Forbidden Fantasies*, is currently on sale at Barnes & Noble for only \$2.99 for the print version. Check it out [here](#). Lynn doesn't know how long the sale will last, so snatch up the book while you can at the reduced price!

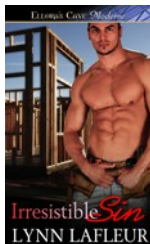


Book Reviews



"4 Cherries. This story had the perfect start and wasted no time letting us know what was ahead. The scenes leading up to the ménage are well paced and sexy. If you're looking for a quick read, like a story that keeps you hanging on and some steamy ménage, I recommend this story to you." ~Stephanotis, *Whipped Cream Reviews*

"*Irresistible Sin* is well written, well paced and a fully rounded, complete story. It has a marvelously poignant beginning and the ending was nicely fulfilling" ~Brooke, *Rom Fan Reviews*



What Are Friends For?

Publisher: Lynn LaFleur

Available at [Amazon](#), [Barnes & Noble](#), and [Smashwords](#)



Erin Snyder decides to ask her best friend Luke Duvall to help her figure out what she's doing wrong in bed. Not wanting to hurt their friendship, Luke refuses at first, but he finally pushes aside his reservations and makes love with Erin. Now he wonders if their friendship has been destroyed, or has become something more precious.

Excerpt

He knew exactly how Erin felt with wanting to share her life with someone. He felt the same way. He'd definitely enjoyed his single life, but now he wanted more. Turning thirty had made him think of the future—a future he wanted to spend with the love of his life.

He wished she'd cooperate and let him find her.

"Woohoo!"

Luke smiled at Erin's usual greeting. "Back here!"

She came through the wooden gate into the backyard, carrying what Luke called her pool tote. Embroidered with a colorful image of palm trees and the beach, it held her swimsuit, sunscreen, a pair of shorts, a tank top, flip flops and a gold visor to match her swimsuit. It probably had other girly things in it that didn't make sense to a man but a woman had to have with her.

Smiling broadly, she gave him a friendly wave. "Hi!"

"Hi. I was beginning to think you stood me up."

"Nope. Just did a little shopping."



🔥 Lynn LaFleur 🔥

What Are Friends For?

Excerpt continued from page 13

“Why does that not surprise me?”

She sat on the side of the lounge next to him. “I had to get the wine.” She removed a bottle of cabernet sauvignon from her tote. “How’s this?”

“Great. I have a bottle of merlot too, so you can pick which one you want.”

“Deal.”

“Did you buy anything else?”

Erin nodded. “I decided I needed a new swimsuit.”

“I like the gold one.”

“Why?”

Bobbing his eyebrows, he playfully leered at her breasts. “It shows off your tits.”

Luke ducked when she swung the tote at him. “You’re such a man!”

“I certainly hope so.”

“You can give me your honest opinion after I change.”

“Even if I don’t like it?”

“*Especially* if you don’t like it.”

“Okay.”

He watched her walk toward the pool house, admiring the gentle sway of her hips in her dress. Her breasts weren’t the only thing he liked to see when she wore her swimsuit. Although average in height, her legs seemed to go on forever.

She had a small birthmark behind her left knee. He’d often fantasized about running his tongue over it.

Just because she was his friend didn’t mean he never had sexual fantasies about her. Or erotic dreams.

She shut the louvered door to the pool house and closed the mini blinds so he couldn’t see her. Damn it. “I stocked the fridge in there with wine coolers for you.”

“Thanks. I’ll get one after I change. Do you want another beer?”

“I’m good for now. When do you want to eat?”

“Not for a while. Let’s swim first. I need to cool off.”

She opened the door and walked out of the pool house. Luke froze with his beer raised halfway to his mouth. Cooling off would not be an option for him, not with Erin wearing that tiny green bikini. The three little triangles barely covered her nipples and pussy. Her apple-sized breasts bulged around the sides of the cups, ready to fall into a man’s hands. Or mouth.

She turned so he saw her back. *Holy shit.* A tiny piece of green fabric divided her perfect ass cheeks. Luke almost swallowed his tongue. He’d never seen a woman look sexier.

His cock liked Erin’s appearance too. It gave a happy twitch inside his swimsuit.

“What do you think?” she asked, facing him again.

Luke had to clear his throat before he could speak. “Nice.”

Disappointment covered her face. “*Nice?* That’s all?”

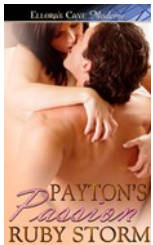
Hell, no, that wasn’t all. She looked like a goddess, a siren, every man’s sexual fantasy. She looked like a woman he wanted to drag to his bed and ravish the rest of the night.



🔥 Ruby Storm 🔥

It's writing season for Ruby! She's already experienced the first snowfall of the 2011/2012 winter season! Yup, September 14th brought wind, rain, and then snow to northern Minnesota. Good weather to simply stay inside and dream up tales!

One Chance, Ruby's first self-published ebook, is on sale now at Amazon, Barnes & Noble, and Smashwords!



And don't forget to check out **Payton's Passion**, just released this summer in print! Also her ebook, **Diamond in the Rough**. Just a tidbit here of what one reviewer had to say. "Storm shows why she should be considered among the grand dames of romantic erotica. . ."



Ruby is busy finishing up her sequel to **Dragon's Snare**, an Ellora's Cave Publication. This story of the next generation in Ruby's future world is about Shala, daughter of King Renae and Queen Jana. **Dragon: Kiss of Fire** will be a self publication and as soon as it's ready to go, an announcement will be made! Coverart is completed and yes, it's a hot, hot cover!



Book Reviews



"Ms. Storm has written a winner. Two people find their way back together after drifting apart in their marriage. Ms. Storm has included her usual very hot sex, but there's also a tender love story in this book. I loved every word of it." ~B.L. Woodward, Amazon Reviews

One Chance

Publisher: Ruby Storm

Available at [Amazon](#), [Barnes & Noble](#), and [Smashwords](#)



Olivia and Westin Saleen get a chance of a lifetime. One minute they're on the road to divorce, the next their fate takes an astounding turn when they find a bottle washed ashore. Inside, a crumpled piece of paper grants them a chance to rekindle a shared love and reignite the hot passion they'd thought was lost.

Excerpt

Olivia Saleen stood transfixed as she stared out across the rolling sea. The water was a constant, the waves always nipping at the sandy shoreline whether the hot July sun brandished sparkles across its surface or if they crashed tempestuously as they did now. She shivered, wishing that warm summer rays heated her cheeks instead of October's cold salty spray that dampened the air. The chilly wind of the impending winter whipped her hair into a frenzied mass of waves before calming a bit. She brushed aside strands from her cheeks with a heavy sigh.

Mentally shaking herself, she glanced over her shoulder and settled her gaze on her husband. Westin stood further down the beach facing the morning sun, his broad shoulders squared as the cold wind blew past him. How many times over the years had she seen him in this very stance when hurrying across the wet sand to join him as the sun rose higher and higher over the water?

Tossing the thought away, she turned to glance up at their home on the rise. The structure was a bulwark against the harshest storms of winter, a safe haven as the wind rattled the glass panes, a place to stay warm within her husband's arms as he made passionate love to her. *Well, it used to be*, she thought as her misty eyes followed the roofline.



🔥 Ruby Storm 🔥

One Chance

Excerpt continued from page 15

Great sadness welled in her chest.

Finally.

She stood stalwart and waited for the grief to appear, expecting it to slash through her body to render her helpless with remorse as it had always done. That wasn't the case however. The emotion wasn't as crippling as she was sure it would be. It was more a sadness created out of inevitability than futility. Her gaze moved back to Westin as water washed over his booted feet. Unmindful of his wife just yards down the beach, he bent to pick up a bottle tossed up on the shore by a particularly strong wave.

She sighed and stuffed her hands into jacket pockets. How does it happen that suddenly hopes and dreams are pushed aside only to be replaced by a sense of finality? At one time it was she and Westin against the world. Yet only moments ago they'd made a mutual decision to end it, to quit making one another miserable. After months of bickering and verbal assaults and finally the move into separate bedrooms, they'd actually bundled in warm coats earlier and walked the beach together. Strange, that decision to walk this morning to decide their fate was the first time in a long time they'd actually agreed upon something without sniping at one another or pointing accusatory fingers. Her lips pursed and she mentally winced, trying to understand how they'd gotten to this point.

Her eyes narrowed against the sun's rays when Westin turned and strode in her direction. The bottle he'd retrieved only moments earlier, hung loosely in his grasp. Some things never changed, she mused. Westin was always finding something or other on the beach for them to inspect together. It hit her that it had been months since they'd shared something like this.

She waited silently until he stopped before her, then struggled to at least appear interested. "Find another treasure?"

He had the grace to at least try and smile. Holding up the bottle, he shrugged. "Maybe it's a genie who will grant us three wishes."

Her gaze swept over his unshaven cheeks, wondering when just the sight of his square jaw had ceased to make her heart pound a bit harder. But she forced a smile anyway. "What would you wish for?"

He shrugged again, glanced out over the ocean with squinted green eyes and shook his head. "Too many things," he sighed sullenly. "Three wishes would never be enough."

She eyed the bottle closer in an effort to ignore the flippant tone of his voice. Leaning in closer, she tipped her head and glanced up at him. "There's a piece of paper inside." This wasn't the first time the two had found something like this. "Amazing how people write things down then toss those thoughts into the ocean."

"May as well take a look." He used the corner of his sweat-shirt to grasp the rusted cover and after two tries it loosened. Tipping the bottle upside down, he rapped it against his open palm until the paper slipped down the neck. Grasping the edge, he managed to slip it out.

Handing the bottle to Olivia, he unrolled the paper and silently read.

"What does it say?" she asked.

He let out a rueful chuckle. "This is your one chance. . ." His voice trailed off.





🔥 Where Do You Get Your Ideas? 🔥
by Diana Hunter

Shortly after I published my second novel, a friend asked, “How long do you think you can keep this up?” I must’ve stared at her rather blankly because she clarified, “The stories. How many stories do you have?”

The question stumped me. My head is full of stories and characters and what ifs but apparently she thought of writing as a finite venture. It really pointed out to me just what a concrete thinker she is (for the record, she’s a successful businesswoman in a field I couldn’t begin to comprehend).

The entire incident made me understand the puzzled befuddlement I get from many people when I tell them I’m a writer. She may have been the first, but she certainly hasn’t been the last.

“Where do you get your ideas for your stories?” is the most common question I get asked by readers and it’s one for which I don’t have a pat answer. I wish I did because that’s really what people who ask that question are looking for. A quick, measurable, easy-to-understand answer. And I don’t have it.

I know many want the answer, “I get my ideas from my real life, from personal experiences.” They want to believe I live the same exciting life that all my heroines have. While it is true that pieces of my books are based on real life, most are not. We all have fantasies—writers just make stories out of them.

Others want me to say, “A Muse visits me and I get a flash of inspiration.” This makes writing mystical and above the

average person. It makes me someone special that the gods have visited with special powers. Unfortunately it’s as true as the first answer. Writing is hard work. Sometimes there’s a surge when it’s all coming together, but more often it’s taking the time to visualize the scene and then applying effort and skill to making it come alive on paper. You know . . .work.



Once I recovered from my surprise that day, the day my friend asked me about running out of stories, I laughed right out loud and answered, “How long can I keep this up? Forever. There are always stories in my head. Hundreds of them. Thousands. I’m limited only by the time it takes to write them.”

Will they all get told? No. There is not enough time in the day/week/years to tell them all. I will write as many as I can and in whatever genre the story demands. Erotic romance, historical fiction, sweet short stories, fantasy, mystery, even science fiction! They’re all started on my computer and lack only my attention to finish them off.

So next time you ask a writer, “Where do you get your ideas for your stories?” and get a blank look in response, please know it isn’t because she (or he) doesn’t have an answer, it’s that we just can’t imagine NOT having ideas. Our heads are populated by amazing people, fun adventure and poignant moments. All we need is the time to write them down for you.





Calendar

Coming Soon Book Releases

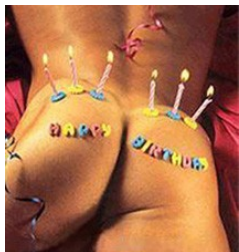
- Waking Up** by **Arianna Hart** (Samhain Publishing)
Island Affair by **Cait Miller** (Ellora's Cave)
Sahara Heat by **Diana Hunter** (Ellora's Cave)
Panties Optional by **Lynn LaFleur** (Lynn LaFleur)
There's Always Room for Four by **Lynn LaFleur**
(Ellora's Cave)
Dragon: Kiss of Fire by **Ruby Storm** (Ruby Storm)
The Mating Ritual by **Ruby Storm** (Ellora's Cave)
Silken Seductions by **Tara Nina** (Ellora's Cave)
On Being Wicked by **Tielle St. Clare** (Ellora's Cave)

October Book Releases

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

November Book Releases

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



Happy Birthday!

December 25—**Cait Miller**

Contests

Tara Nina is offering the winner a choice of either **Double Dilemma** or **Cursed Laird** in e-book. 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 sabo1313@yahoo.com! You've won a signed print copy of **Payton's Passion** by **Ruby Storm**. Please contact Ruby at ruby@rubystorm.net to claim your prize.

A Gift For Our Readers

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

The Sizzling Scribes

Arianna Hart
www.ariannahart.com

Cait Miller
www.caitmiller.com

Diana Hunter
www.dianahunter.net

Lynn LaFleur
www.lynnlafleur.com

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 in January, 2012. See you then!