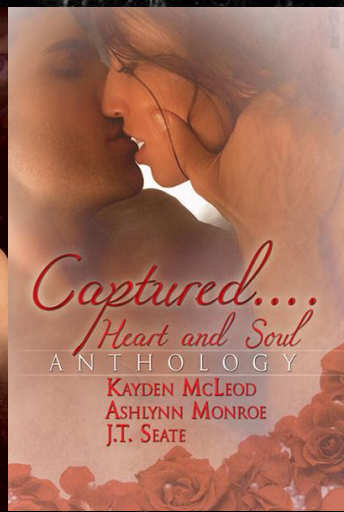
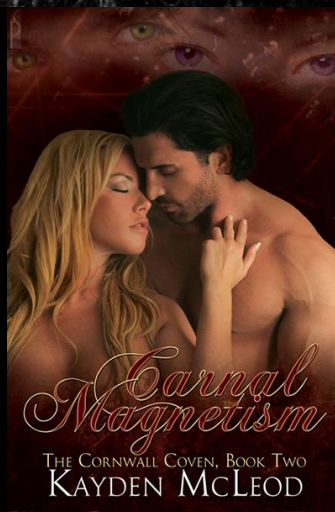
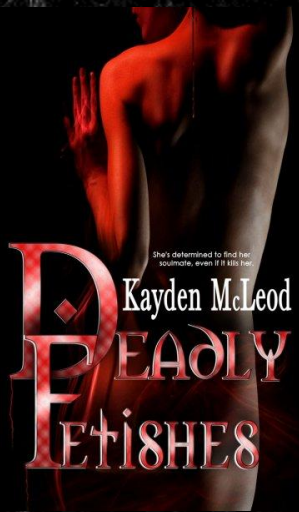
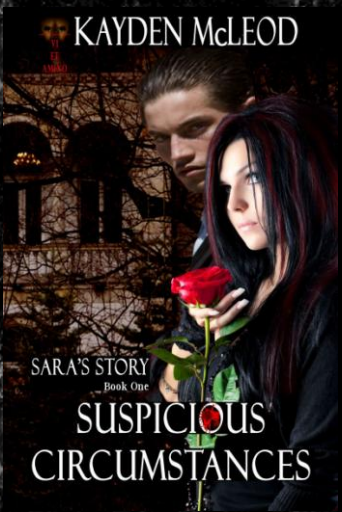




Kayden McLeod

Paranormal romance with a bite

WWW.KAYDENMCLEOD.COM



March 2011 Newsletters

Kayden McLeod

Paranormal Romance With A Bite

Paranormal Author of

Erotica, Romance, Horror and Science Fiction

Everyday, ignorant humans walk among many different kinds of people that look just like them, speak and act just like the way mankind expects them to. Most of these beings take extreme measures to ensure all of us continue to foolishly believe that.

But some don't. Some of them don't care about you or anyone else not their own. We are cattle to a lot of the other races that share this earth with us, but even those vampire Rogues who cannot obey the most basic laws of their kind have to face an opposing force.

Their government rises to unimaginable proportions, named simply the Council. They're the ultimate establishment, overrun with corruption and greed, but even then, there are the good ones who believe in the old customs.

They feel the need to keep humanity ignorant and safe. And these true dealers of justice will always stand behind humanity and keep them as whole as they possibly can.

In this regard, some of you are unknowingly lucky and should get down on your knees and thank those who saved your lives. They're the only ones standing between us and complete bloodshed so severe WW3 would never compete with it.

For these vampires are not quite what you've read about in any book. Discard most of your popular beliefs, for not even garlic and crosses will deter them, not if they have you in their sight, and they're hungry.

But never forget, there are even scarier things out there than just an everyday vampire.

He obviously doesn't want her...so how can she be his mate?



Cassie's Awakening

Brigit Aine

Publisher: Eternal Press

Price: \$ 3.95

Genre: Erotic Romance

Summary:

Cassie's talent is dampening the emotions of others. This has been a very useful way of keeping peace around her, but has proven harmful in learning about passion and love. After all, none of the men she has ever dated have been able to profess or show the true depth of their feelings.

www.brigitworld.com/

What's In This Issue

Page 4... Excerpt of Carnal Magnetism

Page 8... Excerpt of Demonic Pandemonium

Page 13... Denyse Bridger's Royal Consort

Page 17... Brigit Aine, Writer's Block

Page 18... Kayden's Other Books



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An Excerpt from *Carnal Magnetism*

NOW RELEASED

"For the past few decades, I've not been allowed out of my room, except to serve my Coven in some minimal way, or if I snuck out and escaped. Sometimes it was only to buy something, and other times, to run away, like now," Catalym answered quietly, once again staring at the floor.

Though I already knew this, the statement raged a renewed fire in my mind, a need for blood so strong, it was difficult to think past it.

In a race of energy, Catalym spoke to him, but I couldn't hear. Kev's eyes never changed or moved, but I knew he spoke back. Long, absolutely silent and still, minutes passed before their eyes warmed.

"Think of something more pleasant," Catalym whispered, and Kev shook his head. Then she laughed softly. "I'm *still* in your mind."

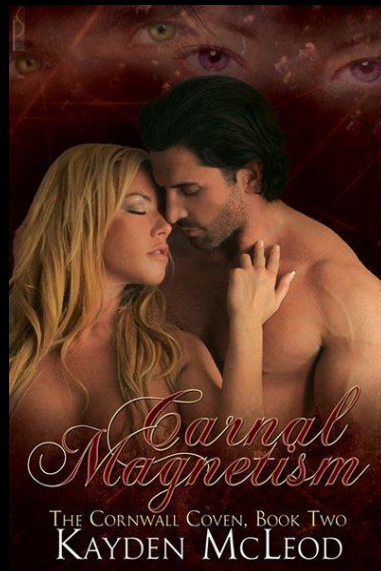
"I know," Kev replied, and his slight smile widened. "Lightened the mood though, didn't it?"

"You want to know what happened to the last guy who pictured me naked." Catalym's arms crossed over her chest.

Then Kev's eyes slid to me.

"The guy *before* him."

I chuckled to myself, having pictured her naked a time or two.



Carnal Magnetism

Book Two of The Cornwall Coven Trilogy

Genre: Erotic Paranormal Romance

Publisher: Silver Publishing

The RedLine is the perfect haven for a man of Ryder's extensive desires and tastes. He uses the women of the club, much like they do him, with little care to know anything more than their names, sometimes even less than that. His reputation for open-minded, tantalizing sex is renowned, and willing victims for this particular vampire are never at a shortage. At least until Catalym comes crashing into his life, taking over from the moment they meet. And it isn't long before her past life's tribulations follow her, including a dangerous ex-boyfriend who is hiding far more than Ryder or his friends can ever guess.

BUY-LINK:

http://silverpublishing.info/product_book_info/male-female-paranormal-c-52_67/carnal-magnetism-p-160

"You've pictured me naked three times since we woke up."

"Isn't that a good thing?"

"With you, more than likely."

Damn, now I was thinking about it. Naked, wet flesh beneath me, wanting and in need as much as I was. In fact, begging me to take her. Those deeply red lips parting as I pleased her in any way that randomly crossed my mind.

Her head turned to me and flashed me a brilliant smile. "Oh!"

"What?"

"Kev has an imagination on him," Catalym said in a slightly hoarse voice.

Kev just continued to grin. "Thought so."

He looked absolutely triumphant, but Catalym looked calculative. She leaned forward, her fingertip trailing down his chin. Kev's mouth fell open, and I smiled when he received a really good dose of her power. His body began to shake, his eyes boring into hers. A soft moan escaped his parted lips.

"And that's just the beginning," she whispered.

"Fuck." He blinked in a daze and looked at me. "You're one lucky son of a bitch."

My smile widened, and I rose. "Boy, get out. Have to get my woman dressed." I ran through the math on how long there was before we had to be at work and the likelihood of finding that couch. "Do I want to know?"

"Probably not." Catalym giggled.

"All right then." I nodded and let it go.

She seemed to listen for something right before a loud bellow of laughter sounded from the direction of the kitchen.

"I'm serious, man! You have fluorescent pink hair!" Gene yelled.

"Catalym!"

"Oops. Did I do that?"

Gene's footsteps could be heard running away from the hallway and down the stairs, paying for my woman's antics, I was sure, "What the hell! I didn't do it."

"Again, do I want to know?"

"Figured if I repeated what I had actually done to the last guy, Kev wouldn't be up for work tonight," Catalym said with a still amused gleam in her eyes at the memory. "I was having a really bad day."

I could imagine.

A frustrated shriek burst from behind me, and I turned back to her, "Umm, wow."

With pure male fascination at her latest attire, I had to wonder why this thought hadn't crossed my mind. I would have to thank Kevlar later.

Her feet were encased in pink-satin, heeled slippers with something rather puffy that sort of looked like feathers, but not quite. Pink tinted hose worked up to a pink lace garter belt over satin panties and a bra.

This was what Kevlar had thought about?

"This is just so *wrong*." Catalym blew her long bangs from her face, the glistening strands glowing in the dying sunlight, shining from the window beyond. "Even though they say revenge is best served cold... I will settle for mine being warm"

"Oh no, baby, really, it looks..." I raked her entire, luscious body before continuing, "good." She just rolled her eyes and tried to walk by me, but I caught her into my arms.

"I mean really, really good. Tasty, addicting, beautiful are just small words." I led her hand to my cock, and her fingers closed around it. "Let me think on the *big* words."

"Very big. But just let me do one thing?" she pleaded, clearly worried about upsetting me.

My teeth gritted by the way she expected me to deny her something, anything. As if I would want to control her, like the others before me. The ones who had become...

"Addicted." Catalym escaped my grasp, with my consent.

Her eyes narrowed in good-humoured challenge before she rushed out of the door with me close at her heels just in time to see Kev run down the hallway to the stairs.

Catalym flicked a finger just as he hit the last step, whispering under her breath so rapidly and fluidly it was like second nature. She didn't hesitate in her words, something almost all vampires did in spell-work. Her flow of prose made the air shimmer around her as if it were *alive*.

"Oh, I'm going to get revenge so sweet, they haven't even created a name for it yet," Kev said in exasperation.

Kev stopped dead, in the middle of the foyer when he felt the cold breeze against his legs. He gaped down at himself with the utmost wounded, appalled expression I'd ever seen.

She'd clothed him in a silk pink nightgown that rode high on his ass, trimmed in pink feathers. His hair was still bright pink, tinged with darker tips now.

"What did I do to you?" He touched the soft material and curtsied with narrowing eyes.

"Still reading your thoughts and I'm *far* more flexible than that." Catalym flicked her hand again.

Kev stumbled as terrifyingly high, pink-feathered stiletto-slippers matching her own appeared. When his face went blank, she burst out into laughter.

"I am teaching you a lesson on being a girl, since you seem to know so much about the

concept."

He started forward, a mock-threatening growl emitting from his throat. She squealed and disappeared.

"Coward," he yelled at the ceiling. A long pink wig appeared on his head, the curls trailing in a cloud of cotton candy.

"I think I need to start getting danger pay for looking out for her. She's worse than Sara and Kelly put together times three," he grumbled, before he tried to zap the offending clothes but failed miserably.

He grunted in disgust.

"Can't remove them, can you?" I grinned evilly at my friend's obvious plight.

"Nope. She's a lot older than I am, and her magic is resistant. But no worries, I will get her back for this." His heels clicked on the tiles, as his feet stumbled around trying to gain ground.

I headed into the kitchen through the foyer, shaking my head.

"That's a good look for you, Kevlar," Kelly needled from Marcus's lap. Sara dramatically high-fived her in passing and then doubled over with more laughter.

"It's good we have another woman in our midst to even the scales a bit," Sara said gleefully while getting a soda from the fridge.



An Excerpt from

Demonic Pandemonium

NOW RELEASED

Corrine and Max sat in two chairs near the centre of the room, with Kane standing close to them, glaring from beside his four brothers; Samuel, Dante, Ryder, and Holly.

"Well, aren't you going to say anything to explain yourself?" Kane challenged.

And unlike Kane, several vampires stared not at me, but at Kevlar. Animosity and curiosity gawked back from several faces, as they observed the changes in him, and me.

"About what?" Max questioned, though everyone knew exactly what he demanded to know

"That Kevlar *isn't* a vampire anymore? Or the fact that his demon slut..."

Kev leapt toward him. I grabbed his hand and ran my thumb over his jumping pulse, the act freezing him in place. I had enough rage for the both of us. No reason for him to cut any more of his ties with this group, especially since I had none to begin with.

Some suspected me of who knew what, but they certainly didn't have a clue to the true reality of it. Perhaps, it was time they had a valid reason to be leery of me; I just had to debate the best way to do that.



Demonic Pandemonium

Book Three of The Cornwall Coven Trilogy

Genre: Erotic Paranormal Romance

Publisher: Silver Publishing

Pandora is a half-demon, alone in the world and good as abandoned, with a mother who barely tolerates her and a father who is unable to be with her nearly often enough for her tastes. She keeps to herself, and tries not to associate with others often, lest they discover her secret--until she meets Kevlar Cornwall.

The two collide in ignorance of one another, but the sexual-attraction is indisputable and cannot be ignored, growing more profound with every passing moment. It blinds them to the lurking danger hiding just around the corner, out to end both their lives and everyone either of them have ever known or loved.

BUY-LINK:

http://silverpublishing.info/index/book_authors_id/51/typefilter/book_authors

I hissed at Kane as my skin flashed a deep red—and the imbecile's eyes widened at the hint of what I had in store for him. Kev turned to me, his flickering red eyes looking morbidly satisfied.

"Kane, watch your mouth, or I will remove it," Corrine said in a quiet, deadly voice.

"I've thought a lot about this," I spoke directly to her. "Coren should be no more than an annoying fly to me—to be swatted and smashed—yet he isn't. He is more, and we're all assuming he is a normal, everyday vampire. But what if he isn't? The facts we know hint that he could be something else, an entity with more power than usual. By every right, I should be able to track him and kill him. Yet I can't, and neither can any of you."

"I see what you're saying. And I agree it's possible. Could he be a demon, do you think?" Max asked.

I shook my head, but then thought about it. "I suppose that could be it, though I highly doubt it. I would like to think I'd know. I have come to believe that there is far more at work here than we've accounted for."

Over and above all of the schizophrenia and related events Kevlar and I had experienced.

"This is bullshit! There is no way in hell that woman is more powerful than I am," Kane snapped, which set my teeth on edge. "She doesn't have as good of a chance of finding him as we do."

"Out of everything I just said, you zero in on *that*?" I snapped, and his violet eyes raked over me distastefully, shrugging me off like I was nothing. "I am getting damned tired of your self-serving arrogance."

So my tolerance snapped, the effect swallowing me whole. My sense of right and wrong began to blur. That was always a dangerous thing.

"What are you doing to do about it, half-breed? You're not even a full demon, or vampire. So don't preach to us about the pecking order. I could eat you for breakfast." Kane sneered.

"Shut the..." Then Kev stopped, just then noticing I'd lost my fragile hold on my sanity. He glanced at me cautiously. The war in his eyes showed he debated whether to attempt calming me, or just say 'fuck it, let Pandora cause all-holy-terror amongst his brethren.'

His more sadistic side won out, and he made a show of taking a half-step back, and mouthed; "Go for it."

"Are you so sure about that, Kane?" I asked, a hollow ring to my demonic tone. "Are you willing

to stake your life on it?" I thought about the fact that Kev didn't even know his new potential. Maybe it was time I showed him what he'd be capable of now. And out of respect for Kev's Leaders, I'd ask permission first. Don't get me wrong, I bowed to no one, but I would bend to someone who showed me the same respect and courtesy. "Corrine, Max, would it be alright with you if I *mostly* harmlessly proved my point?"

"Umm— sure?" Corrine looked at Max, but I could hear the intrigue in her voice.

"And just what are *you* going to do?" Kane laughed along with his brother Dante, but the others just watched me with a distant expression. They didn't believe, but they didn't want to be part of the fight either.

"I'm going to show you why even vampires should have nightmares," I told him, but there was only a flicker of apprehension in his eyes. "You fear the Council, but I fear *no one*."

"There isn't a damned thing you can do..."

My eyes never left Kane's, as I stood up straight. I knew my eyes had faded to full ebony. My fingernails soon followed. It had begun, and I would let it finish. It had been a long time since I had allowed such a thing and my body already felt the sense of relief, freedom.

My spine tightened and lengthened at the same moment my skin darkened to a burnt sienna with a blood red undertone. I cracked my neck. The sound echoed throughout the now silent and attentive room. My teeth sharpened, and I smiled to show them to him. "Kane, you should learn a healthy dose of fear."

"I would never fear you." But his flinch testified differently.

Each vertebra individually snapped and disconnected. The pain of the transformation was continuous but manageable. I was long since used to it. My skin turned elastic, accommodating my growing form. I took a step forward, and by the time I'd completed the action my size was doubled, tripled, my muscles screaming from the torture.

Kane staggered back from me, but I kept coming.

Corrine gave a cry of delight and clapped her hands like this was a magic show. "Completely unbelievable!" She stared up at me without even a flicker of fear.

I looked at Max who grinned like a fool. "Impressive, Pandora. I'd wondered if your form would be different due to not being a full-blood, but you are no less formidable."

"Thank you." I grinned back, and it looked morbidly comical. Then I turned back to my "pupil," wondering if he'd learned yet that looks could be deceiving. "And what do you think now, Kane? Or should I give you a real demonstration of what actually makes us different? I could crush your skull, just by looking at you the wrong way and invoking my own brand of power, which yours could never touch. Do you think we should find out? Especially since your mother can put you back together again. Just like Humpty Dumpty."

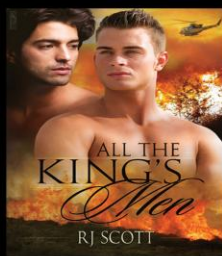
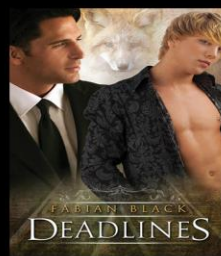
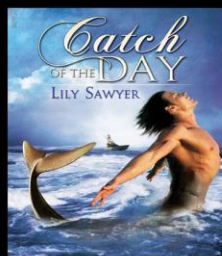
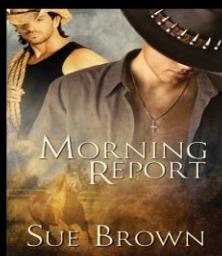
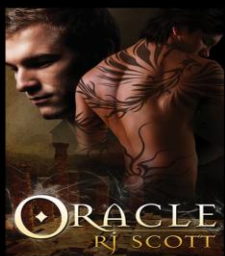
Just when I thought Kane couldn't go any paler, he did.

"Come on Kane. Where's all the self-confidence? The arrogant he-man attitude that will get you killed by a better person than *my* woman?" Kev demanded. He sounded *proud* of me. I blinked, looking down at him. No one had ever spoken about me in such a tone before, except for my dad. If I hadn't been so damned pissed off, I suspect I'd have cried from the love I felt for him at that moment.

"So Kane, have you had enough?" Max glowered.

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Coming May 2011



The Foxworth Coven, Book One, Death Of Innocence

Kayden McLeod

The Foxworth family has blazed a trail through human and vampire history alike, changing the ways of both races in Canada for all time. The Council has demanded a full report for the long and twisted tale of how the Surrey Coven had come to be the most powerful and feared; an assemblage that anyone would question before coming up against.

The Leader of the Surrey Coven, Canya recalls how her family came to be. A story filled with pain and heartache, until she meets Gregory Foxworth: a debonair CEO to the family shipping company. Gregory remembers taking her away from a life that shocks him, hoping to shelter and love her. But little does he know all he has done, was make her a target for a sadistically warped man. One who will have her and his own personal brand of vengeance. Sometimes, a grudge is *forever*.

*Even unconditional love cannot
always banish an eternal nightmare*

ROYAL CONSORT

Denysé Bridger

Publisher: Solstice Publishing:

Blurb:

On the fantasy world of Foress, the daughter of the world's last remaining god is challenged to locate one of the ancient swords that were forged as the Triad of Power among the once-powerful gods. Sherindal is a skilled warrior, but a woman with many conflicts in her heart. She has spent her life in the service of her father, the god M'Har, yet it is not she who will wield the most powerful of the swords. Diviner is to be her brother's destiny, even though she is certain the legacy should be hers. Sherindal carries another of the three ancient weapons, Huntor. The final part of the triad is to be held by the hands of men, and her lover, the Prince of Ember City, is the guardian of Predator.



Excerpt From Royal Consort

By Denyse Bridger

“You are behaving foolishly, Sherindal, daughter of M’Har.”

“I don’t recall asking for company,” she spat, more furious at herself than at her unexpected visitor.

“Conil is not what he appears to be.”

Sherindal leaned back and looked closer at her new companion. Standing he would be as tall as Rienn, but fairer. Short, cropped hair was the color of sand, and the stranger’s eyes were vivid blue. He was not handsome, but attractive nonetheless. His mouth, curved into a mocking smile just now, was wide and full. His long-fingered hands were scarred and their strength apparent in the fine muscles

that fleshed out their broad palms. She had never seen him before, yet her heart responded to him as to Rienn, something else that unnerved her deeply.

“Leave,” she asked softly.

He shook his head.

“I am Danelin,” he told her. “Your father is known to me. We once fought together.”

“You are not old enough to have fought in his wars.”

“Not all his wars are ancient, little one,” Danelin replied, his deep voice resonant and gentle. “I thought you had learned that with Argon’s passing.”

She shuddered, sensed great pain, and greater loss.

“Please leave?” she asked again, and again he denied her isolation.

“You have attracted too much attention tonight, Lady,” Gerith’s voice pulled her eyes from the mesmeric stare of Danelin. “The locals are not happy that you receive strangers at your table but you drive them away.”

Sherindal was about to toss him an appropriately scathing evaluation of that observance when Danelin’s fingers clamped on her wrist and jarred her with the depth of pain she experienced.

“Have you lost your mind?” she hissed at him.

Danelin nodded toward the restless crowd that was inching toward them, and she groaned softly.

“Shall we leave?” she suggested, and rose. In the same motion she drew *Huntor*, and held it in both hands as she faced the men of Loremor.

“There is no need to die,” she told them, her smile as lethal as her tone was sweet.

“You don’t belong here,” one of the drunker fools decreed. “Consorting with wizards and demons.”

Conil was the wizard; Sherindal assumed that made Danelin the demon. She shook her head, tossed long blonde locks away from her face so she would not be distracted by the flowing mane. She should have tied it back.

The man who had spoken lunged, not at Sherindal, or Danelin, but at the unfortunate Gerith. Sherindal heard the grunt of shocked pain and surprise when the young man was flung back against the stone wall, and nearly suffocated beneath his attacker’s weight.

She glared at Danelin, silently blamed the entire mess on him, then launched at the men who were now openly confronting them. She used the hilt of the sword to strike, never once turning the blade upon the men. She did not want blood spilled; she simply wanted to escape the house. Danelin, like her, struck out, but did not inflict fatal injury. Gerith had recovered and she was pleased to see that he was fighting admirably. Bloodied noses might be the worst injury incurred by the men.

They had very nearly gained the door when a burst of piercing noise shattered the relative calm that had returned to the alehouse. She staggered, felt Danelin's arms catch her, and *Huntor* fell from her grasp. She groaned in rejection as the sizzle of magic seared the air, and shrieks of horror and agony grew louder with each passing heartbeat. She clung to Danelin.

Denysé Bridger

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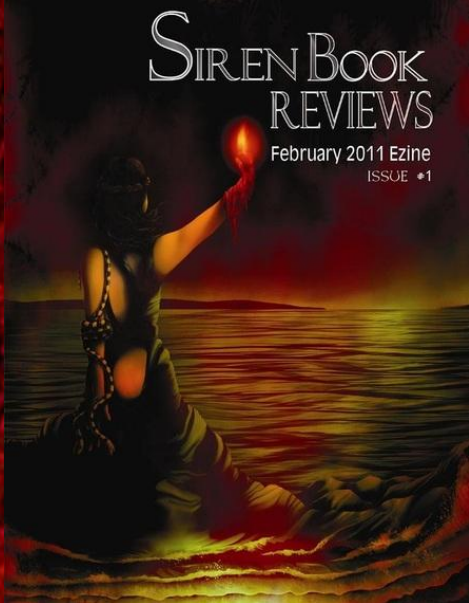
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Siren Book Reviews



What Appears In The February 2011 Issue

Interviews:

Edward Kendrick
D.C. Juris

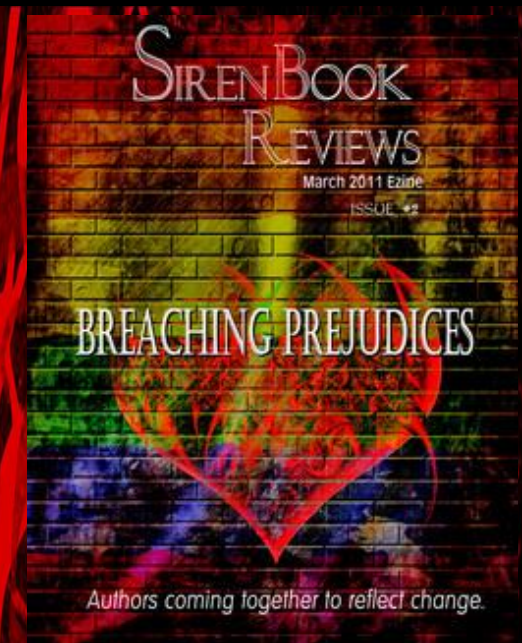
Articles By:

Chris Burton
Heather Kuehl

Stories:

Heather Kuehl
Cindy Jacks

Siren's Best Books of
2010



What Appears In The March 2011 Issue

Interviews:

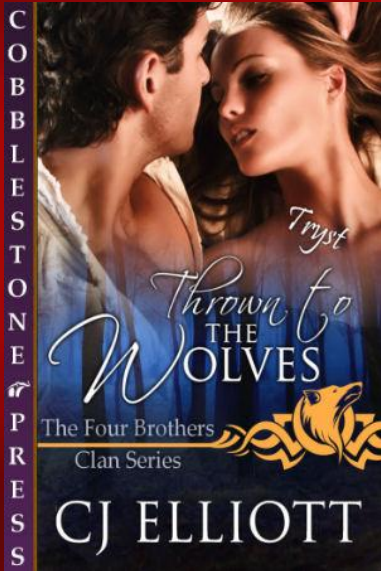
Gabrielle Evans
John

Articles By:

Ethan Day
Dawne Dominique

Stories:

Anon
Takiya
Cindy Jacks
DC Juris
Kayden McLeod



<http://cindyjacks.com>

The second installment of this series introduces Sébastien des Quatre-Frères, the oldest of the loups garoux brothers. Set against the lush backdrop of the Florida Everglades, the brothers unite to battle an unknown threat terrorizing Sébastien's subjects. But secrets and lies abound in his territory—star-crossed romance, a dangerous invader, and a union that pits brother against brother.

Writer's Block, By Brigit Aine

I am supposed to be writing something witty for the newsletter, but my mind has blanked. So what now? I have an article to write, something catchy, funny, and earth shattering. Unfortunately I don't see that happening. So, as I seem to have Writer's Block, it might be the thing to talk about. That way I might have something interesting to say by the time I am done writing.

Writer's Block happens to everyone; don't let them tell you it doesn't. You are sitting there working on a story and all of a sudden the voices stop talking to you, the muse takes a trip to Vegas and leaves you sitting at the computer staring at the paper, wondering what is supposed to happen next.

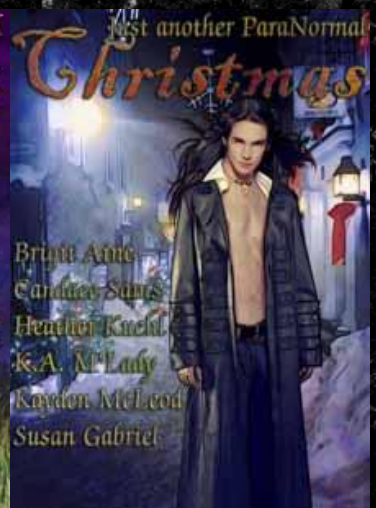
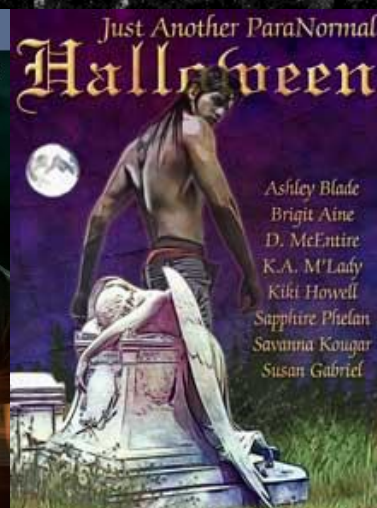
Oftentimes authors will have two or three, or sometimes more, projects going at once for this exact reason. Just because you are blocked on one story doesn't mean you are blocked on another. However, when you are supposed to write an article, well that makes it tough with "the Block".

Authors take different approaches to fixing Writer's Block. Some will, as I said, work on a different project, others will walk away entirely for a bit, still other may list words, or do a stream of consciousness page, or...or...or... There are so many different ways to try and get around Writer's Block that there is no way I can list them all. Sometimes, though, the best way to get around the Writer's Block, is to write about it.

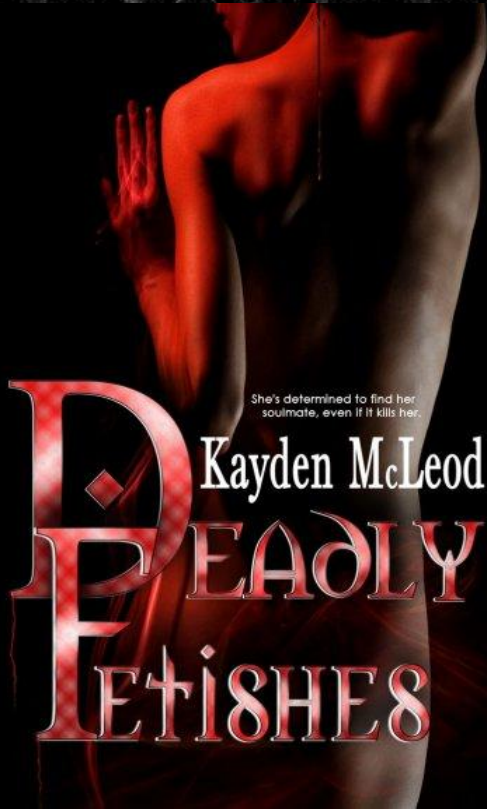
Like I figured, now that I have gotten to the end of my small piece, I have something to talk about, Character Development. How it is that the voices in my head take shape on the paper....ahhh...that might have to wait. though as they are all clamoring to tell their side of how that happens.

Enjoy Kayden's newsletter, come back often to see what she has going on, and take a peek into our crazy world.

Brigit Aine



Kayden's Other Books



Publisher: Eternal Pres

If you could have immortality, would you take it?

Running in fear of her life and that of her best friend's, Kelly would definitely say no to such an age-old question. Kelly is a quiet conservative woman who is prone to panic attacks; Marcus is a walking manual on sexual pleasure that just happens to work in a fetish club and takes full advantage of every perk of his job. He is captivating and dangerous and knows exactly what he wants. With a single-minded purpose, he scoops Kelly up from her abnormal, disillusioned life and shows her the pleasure immortality has to offer, if one knows where to look for it. His obsession and desire for her body knows no limits and only burns hotter every time he touches her. He is never sated, and she drives him insane with blinding need to hear her scream his name with absolute abandon.

BUY-LINK

<http://www.eternalpress.biz/book.php?isbn=9781770650312>

KAYDEN McLEOD SARA'S STORY



Free Story On My Website

Sara has led a hard life; her past plaguing her in ways a rational mind can barely conceive of--and this woman is by no stretch of the imagination balanced. She does the best she can with what she has, but fate just keeps throwing her hardballs. Learning that *Suspicious*

Circumstances surround the men she's allowed in her life, Sara has to rethink everything she's ever believed. She gets involved with a vampire of another Lower Mainland Coven, Loren Foxworth, who takes her to *Unknown Worlds*. Loren shows her the ways vampires of old follow, and Sara finds that she doesn't care for them.

She will go against powers far greater than her for what she feels is right. Sara seeks her own way in life, only to find that despite what she may do or which way she turns, some people will always *Breach Loyalty*.

WEBSITE: <http://kaydenmcleod.com/freebies.php>

A Silver Halloween Treat



Publisher: Silver Publishing

What lies behind the façade isn't always what it seems

Abigail claimed the land of North Vancouver as her own, sharing it only with a clan of vampires, the Jericho Coven, who accepted the werewolf into their territory without qualm. Within their numbers is one, Cyrus Jericho; a suave, brooding vampire who isn't quite as he appeared. He declares Abigail for his own the moment they meet, despite the fact that another werewolf pack is in British Columbia looking to claim Abigail into their midst, no matter what they must do to see that goal complete.

BUY-LINK:

http://silverpublishing.info/product_book_info/male-female-paranormal-c-52_67/masquerade-p-95

Publisher: Eternal Press

When one decision can unlock your deepest, darkest fantasies

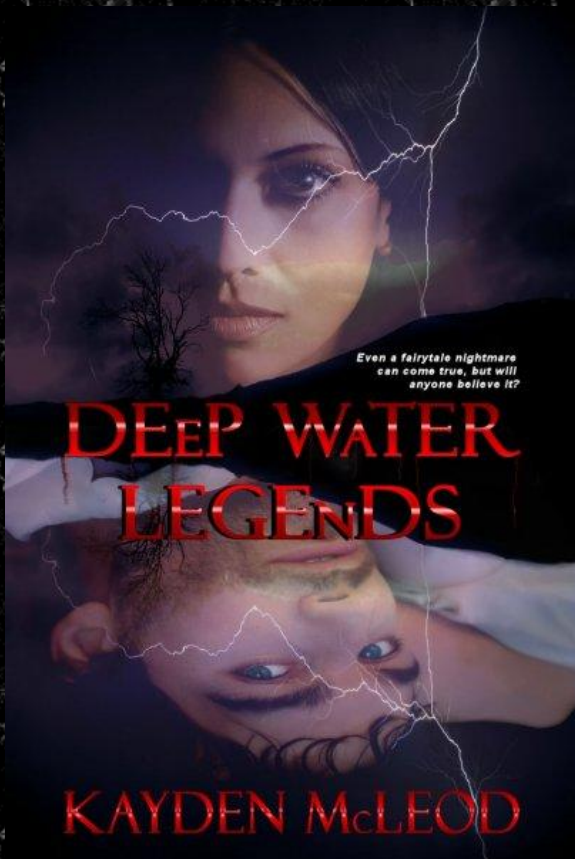
Jezebel has a new job, writing a sex column article for a small specialty interest paper in Vancouver British Columbia, and has decided to join her best friend Jade in attending a very specialized party...a sex party in fact, where she meets two of the most tempting men she could've ever imagined. And to make it that much more tempting for her, they're vampires, Jezebel's one weakness.

BUY-LINK:

<http://www.eternalpress.biz/book.php?isbn=9781770650015>

KAYDEN McLEOD
JEZEBEL'S
ARTICLE

When one decision can unleash your deepest, darkest, erotic fantasies.

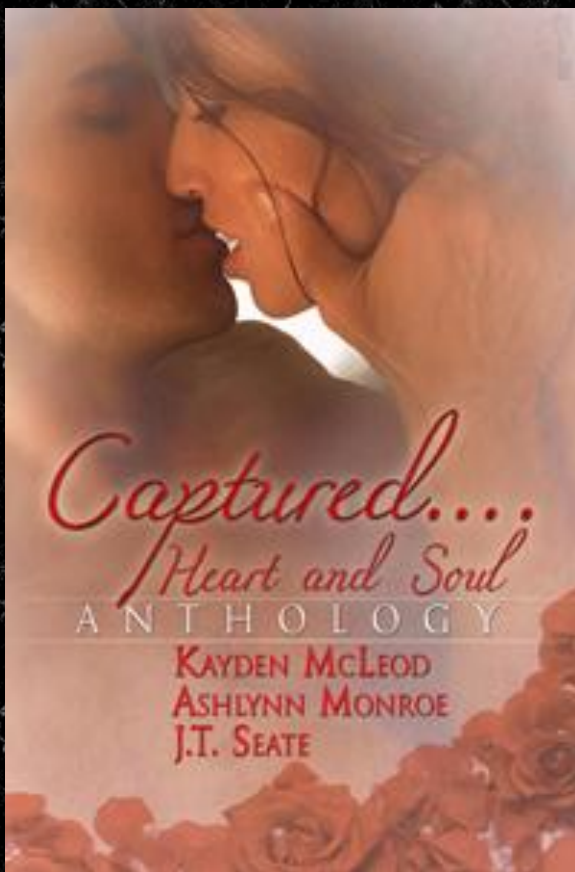


Publisher: Moongypsy Press

Even a fairytale nightmare can come true, but will anyone believe it?

The ruling body of vampires have let loose their top Hunters to get back an artifact. Their mission: retrieve the Dragon Stone, exterminate the Rogue and rescue the innocent human witch. Once a mission has been sanctioned, there isn't a way to go back. Fernando is a Council employee and researcher who has stumbled upon a document suggesting a whole other race exists out there somewhere. He's tired of getting laughed at for what he sincerely believes in. No matter what risk lies ahead of him, he will prove his findings real. For his time on earth is ticking. Daphne is a human witch, kidnapped by an eccentric vampire. Scared, trapped in the wilds of Mount Robson, she knows there is danger afoot--and she's at centre of it.

BUY-LINK: <http://www.moongypsypress.com/mcleod.php>



Publisher: Silver Publishing

A love that spans through the ages

In the times of the Roman Empire, it is declared that no soldier would marry to distract them from battle, and their duties to their Emperor, Claudius Gothicus. Jacobus de Voragine hears these orders, but does not heed them. He seeks out a priest who would wed him and his love, Petronia. And that one decision of devotion causes them both unimaginable adversities. But there are some forces in this world, not even the Emperor can circumvent. The priest, Valentio sees the good in the hearts of men, especially Jacobus. And gives him a chance of a lifetime: to love purely and freely, no matter who tells him he can't.

BUY-LINK:

http://silverpublishing.info/product_book_info/new-release-c-1/captured-heart-and-soul-anthology-p-202