
Read Free Blackwing First Ordinance 3 Connie Suttle

Thank you for reading **Blackwing First Ordinance 3 Connie Suttle**. Maybe you have knowledge that, people have search numerous times for their chosen novels like this Blackwing First Ordinance 3 Connie Suttle, but end up in malicious downloads. Rather than reading a good book with a cup of coffee in the afternoon, instead they cope with some infectious virus inside their laptop.

Blackwing First Ordinance 3 Connie Suttle is available in our book collection an online access to it is set as public so you can download it instantly.

Our book servers hosts in multiple countries, allowing you to get the most less latency time to download any of our books like this one. Kindly say, the Blackwing First Ordinance 3 Connie Suttle is universally compatible with any devices to read

KEY=3 - TRISTIAN RIGOBERTO

Blood Royal

SubtleDemon Publishing, LLC "René, what will you do if I kick his ass?" I jerked my head toward Tony. "Nothing, as long as you do not inflict permanent harm," René smiled slightly. I got up to go after Tony, but Wlodek hauled me back. "We will not allow a brawl between our two youngest," he declared and settled me back in my seat. "Now, Tony, where may we find your father and does he have other children?" Nothing less than total destruction is his ultimate objective, beginning with the Vampire Council. After all, much of his elite fighting force was destroyed by Wlodek and his allies on a single night. Now, Xenides must regroup and looks to command the dregs of vampire rogues and human criminals to accomplish his goals.

Finder

SubtleDemon Publishing, LLC A dead god. A dying world. A girl never meant to be sentient. Siriaa is dying. A poison is spreading throughout the planet and none know how to neutralize it. Finder, working in King Tamblin's castle kitchen most of her life, has never spoken. A child of questionable parentage, Finder is an orphan assigned to perform duties nobody else wants. While others plan

intrigue, murder and invasion to escape the poison's effects, Finder watches all in mute acceptance. Will she be the key to Siriaa's salvation, or will it die about her, without knowing why?

Blood Destiny

A Blood Curse Novel

Ghost Pines Publishing LLC He is a lethal vampire, bound by an ancient curse. She is an agent of homeland security, investigating a dangerous cult. Theirs is a Blood Destiny about to unfold... Descended from the progeny of Celestial Gods and humans, Nathaniel Silivasi is handsome, seductive, and powerful beyond measure: a lethal vampire. Belonging to an ancient civilization that sacrificed its females to the verge of extinction, he is also cursed. Like all the sons of Jadon, he is incapable of producing female offspring and required to sacrifice a first born son as atonement for the sins of his forefathers. While he belongs to a modern civilization, he is bound by primeval law. When Jocelyn Levi stumbles upon Nathaniel's pristine mountain valley, she is not prepared for the collision of worlds she is about to encounter. As an agent of the homeland security department, ICE, the beautiful, defiant female has an agenda of her own: to stop the ritualistic slaughter of innocent young women by a human trafficking ring. Little does she know, the evil she seeks is unlike anything she has ever witnessed. She has entered a world of warriors, code, and mystery, where the predators are divided only by degrees of light and shadow, and the dark handsome stranger who has come to her aid is the most dangerous of all. What would you do if the moon turned red, and your life was no longer your own?

Black Rose Queen

SubtleDemon Publishing, LLC If you desire the lightning, you must also prepare for the storm. — Colonel Armon * * * Az-ca's Kings have never invaded the land of their enemy. Will a Queen be so bold? Sherra devises new ways to strike at the Supreme Leader of Ny-nes, only to discover that he is stronger and more devious than she and Kerok could ever imagine. When they inevitably clash, will there be a victor?

MindMaster

SubtleDemon Publishing, LLC ...I considered my goals and what—or who—was preventing me from reaching them. Randl Gage and the CSD were now my biggest enemies. Across both Alliances, I had thousands upon thousands of graveyards, cemeteries and catacombs under my control, waiting for me to set a suitable command system in place before reanimating the dead and turning my father's vision into reality. —V'dar (the Prophet) * * * Randl Gage and the BlackWing Pirates are on a collision course with the Prophet, each determined to destroy the other. Enter an unknown, third player, and the stage is set for the ending of all worlds...

BlackWing

SubtleDemon Publishing, LLC Quin: Finder, healer, student, teacher, lover, pirate— BlackWing "My life in Gungl began a moon-turn later, when I was finally able to pull myself out of bed without crushing grief slamming into me and causing me to collapse. The following day, my plan for revenge against Vardil Cayetes, the man responsible for Siriaa's destruction, began." * * * Siriaa has been destroyed at the command of an enraged criminal. The poison infecting that planet has been flung into the universe, landing upon hapless worlds in its path. The Orb has dropped Quin onto another world five years in the future, where she is compelled to seek revenge against Vardil Cayetes, the one responsible for Siriaa's destruction. From a crumbling, lawless world to one held in the tight fists of a criminal alliance, a disguised Quin searches for her enemy, whose only concern is keeping his life, no matter the cost to others. Quin and another innocent become targets when the enemy learns of the danger they represent. Will Cayetes succeed in his assassination attempts? Not even the gods can predict the outcome.

WhiteWing

SubtleDemon Publishing, LLC Quin is kept busy placing planet-saving spheres on poisoned planets. On an isolated planet, a device has been created to hide anyone or anything from even the most powerful, including the gods. Quin The spheres The device --Vardil Cayetes wants all of those things. Who can stop him, now that he is back and stronger than ever?

MindRogue

SubtleDemon Publishing, LLC We are Or'myr; a secretive, dwindling race of wyrm dragons. For many years, we were without a queen and directionless, until my sister was born. She was loved. Protected. Until the one known as the Prophet stole her away. Our only hope to save our queen—and our race—lies in the hands of a blind man named Randl Gage. A man who is also one of the most wanted criminals in both Alliances...

Blood Double

SubtleDemon Publishing, LLC Breanne's Journal Eleven days. Eleven days it took, for me to become vampire. The beating had revived old nightmares and I only wished to die. I'd shaken my head and muttered "no" through lips so bloodied and swollen it was difficult to say the word. He'd asked me if I wanted to live. I said no. He asked me if I wanted to be strong and live forever. I said no again, with difficulty. "Wrong answer," he whispered and cut into my wrists. * * * In the beginning, the One created the Three. Only the One was more powerful than the Three. They were named Wisdom, Strength and Love. Those Three are more commonly known as the Mighty Mind, the Mighty Hand and the Mighty Heart. Others were made, then, with varying degrees of power, who served under the One and the Three. The worlds were made, both Light and Dark, and those worlds were populated with all manner of races and creatures. One day, the One and the Three discovered that a blight had infected their ranks. Some at many levels of power had banded together and turned against them, seeking to destroy what had been created. The Three were given the task of pursuing the rogues and finding a way to either turn them back to the light or eliminate them. The Three began to choose their armies carefully, as their duty was to seek out and right many wrongs in their pursuit of such pervasive evil. The God Wars have begun.

SpellBreaker

SubtleDemon Publishing, LLC History doesn't always happen as its written. "History is written by the victors. Truth is written by the Larentii." — Nefrigar, Chief Archivist Wylend Arden, Fifth-level warlock and King of Karathia for more than twenty-thousand years, had quite a story to tell. "It began like this," he said, his smile slightly crooked as he lifted his cup of wine to me. "I had an older brother, born to one of my father's legitimate mates. His name was Wellend and he was heir to the Karathian throne. On his sixteenth birthday, my father gifted him with the Heir's Ring, as was proper." After thousands of years, Wylend's niece and nephew are making a bid for

the Karathian throne. All they need, it seems, is a book and a ring to prove their inheritance. It matters not to Deris and Daris Arden whom they murder or which worlds they destroy in their quest to wrestle the throne from seemingly legitimate heirs. If they conquer the Karathian King and take the throne, their greed will demand that the Alliances be next... Unless their spell can be broken.

MindMage

SubtleDemon Publishing, LLC In and out of the Alliances, a new evil is on the rise—an evil whose attacks forced the postponement of the Joint Alliance Conclave nearly a year earlier. During the attacks, some of those who fought the evil saw things that couldn't be explained—things that were considered myth—until now. Sorcery. Necromancy. The wielding of power never seen before. The target? Every world, in or out of the Alliances. The best hope to combat this evil? A blind man, who sees everything. —Private Journal of Bryan Riley News Administrator, Le-Ath Veronis

Demon Lost

SubtleDemon Publishing, LLC The High Demon race is dying, and nothing short of a miracle will save it. Kifirin has promised to provide that miracle, in any way he can. * * * Reah has worked in the kitchens of her family's restaurants since the age of eight. The only daughter among Addah Desh's 27 children from eight wives, Reah has been ignored, belittled and abused all her life. When the conscription notice comes from the Regular Alliance Army, Reah is more than happy to report for duty in order to escape her family. Unfortunately, her liberation is short-lived...

The Rose Mark

SubtleDemon Publishing, LLC Sherra We belong to the King—those of us with the black roses tattooed on our left wrist, directly over our pulse. As if every beat of our hearts reminds us that we are not our own. Those around us know it, too, and are reluctant to come close. Ten gold coins were paid to my father when I was tested young and then tattooed. Another ten will be paid when the vehicle arrives to take me away. That is the full worth of our lives, as short as they will become. In the King's library, The Book of the Rose says to honor the tattooed women. More than anything, I wanted to spit on its pages. Any girl who wears the tattoo is never befriended, as if our deaths are already assured. Yes, there are tales of some who survive, but I'd never seen any of them. That led me to believe that tales were all they were—with no real survivors. All those women who were found with talent—with the fire burning

within them—they were culled and taken to the warriors, to provide more energy. Energy that the warriors would then use to defeat the barbarians from the ocean of sand. Women with black roses on their wrists are emptied of their power by those warriors, who care not that they die a shrunken husk. The King also has no care for these—his subjects who give their lives to repel the vicious hordes in their destructive machines of war. "We fight with what we have," he always says. That means the warriors with the fire within them, who draw more fire from the women who serve them. Until they die. The thought of running away is foolish. The thought of taking a lover before they come for us—also foolish. We must be untouched when they come; else it is a quicker death when they test us again. As for running—there is one thing worse than having a black rose on your wrist. That is for the enemy to find you and see the black rose on your wrist. Your death will be slow and excruciating at their hands.

Blood Queen

SubtleDemon Publishing, LLC "René, what will you do if I kick his ass?" I jerked my head toward Tony. "Nothing, as long as you do not inflict permanent harm," René smiled slightly. I got up to go after Tony, but Wlodek hauled me back. "We will not allow a brawl between our two youngest," he declared and settled me back in my seat. "Now, Tony, where may we find your father and does he have other children?" Nothing less than total destruction is his ultimate objective, beginning with the Vampire Council. After all, much of his elite fighting force was destroyed by Wlodek and his allies on a single night. Now, Xenides must regroup and looks to command the dregs of vampire rogues and human criminals to accomplish his goals.

Blood Sense

SubtleDemon Publishing, LLC Saxom is dead. The vampires know this. Anthony Hancock, Director of the Joint NSA/Homeland Security Department, knows it as well. Tony and the vampires are now on the hunt for Saxom's brood, all of whom are determined to avenge their sire's death. Neither Tony nor the vampires are aware of the other's efforts to search out these rogues, who may number in the hundreds at the very least. Tony holds information the vampires don't—he knows that Xenides, Saxom's eldest vampire child, has allied with terrorists (both foreign and domestic). Tony also neglects to provide vital information to Wlodek when he requests Lissa's help. While struggling to recover from a near-fatal bout with the sun, Lissa fails to understand why Wlodek willingly sends her away on assignment so quickly. With very little information provided to her, Lissa is forced to face an enemy more deadly than anyone can imagine and unravel a plot that could kill millions.

Blood Reunion

SubtleDemon Publishing, LLC Lissa looked up in surprise at Roff's words. His wings rustled after he spoke—he normally didn't involve himself in the politics of Le-Ath Veronis. Not to this extent, anyway. "I know, honey. And now two other children are likely to die as a result. Yes, I know they did this, but I'm not convinced we have all the ones involved in the crime." Toff's life is in danger - someone from the Green Fae village wants him dead. In fact, the entire Fae community has begun to grumble as Kifirin's judgment looms. With only a few exceptions, the Fae focus their anger (and the blame) on Toff, who fails to understand why everyone now seems to be against him.

Blood Recall

SubtleDemon Publishing, LLC A vampire, a werewolf and a Larentii walk into a bar... Lissa, Winkler, Zaria and Breanne are forced into the past to protect the timeline from rogue gods. What seems a simple task at first turns far more sinister and deadly, when the rogues' true goals are discovered. The rogues' objective? To reverse the outcome of the God Wars in their favor...

Dentists

Pebble Open wide! Dentists care for people's teeth. Give readers the inside scoop on what it's like to be a dentist. Readers will learn what dentists do, the tools they use, and how people get this exciting job.

Blood Finale

SubtleDemon Publishing, LLC "We have won, brother. The Three are no more and those who remain have clearly reached a stalemate in combatting the General and his army. All that is left for us to do is take everything and let chaos rule. I only wait for Calhoun to return so we might continue our search for Kiarra. A promise was made to us and I will see it fulfilled." * * * The countdown for the final battle begins.

Blood War

SubtleDemon Publishing, LLC "Perhaps Lissa should raise the topic of Diplomatic Immunity at the Conclave." "That, my friend, would be inadvisable. She is new and many will be waiting, as vultures do when an ox is dying." "I know. At times, I feel the need to cover myself in oil, just to slip through the tripe and garbage of Wylend's court. Lissa will have to contend with five hundred times that when she goes to Conclave." Death has come to Le-Ath Veronis. A would-be assassin, aiming at Lissa, manages to kill someone close to her instead. A price has been placed on Lissa's head by Black Mist, an assassin's guild, who have been paid by a reassembled Solar Red. Throw in a spin-off religion, betrayal, the Five-Year Conclave for the Reth Alliance and a misguided kidnapping, and you have the seeds of war.

Blood Trouble

SubtleDemon Publishing, LLC "Belen?" I blinked up at him. As usual, he was shining brightly, although he'd dampened it so I might look at him. "Lissa, this is certainly the beginning." He gazed around us. At leveled homes and devastated bodies. I understood what he said. All too clearly. It had been my suspicion, but I was too afraid to voice it aloud, as if saying it might make it real. It didn't need my words to make it real. It had already become real. The God Wars were upon us. "It'll only get worse, won't it?" I whispered. "If this is not stopped," Belen lowered his head as if in thought. "Either the opposing forces know something we don't, or evidence we do not have indicates that the Three are now revealed." "You don't know who all Three are, do you?" I shivered. "We know of the Mighty Hand—he has revealed himself to us, but he has placed himself behind a shield only the strongest might breach, and to my knowledge only the One might get past Strength's barrier. One other we have both felt," he nodded slightly to me. Neither of us was willing to speak Breanne's name aloud. She was in enough danger, I think, and I didn't want to add to that. "The other I cannot say, although we have seen evidence," Belen sighed. He hesitated for a moment, as if he wanted to say something else and then thought better of it. "I am afraid to say what I might think about this," Belen murmured instead. "It worries me that even the quietest voice might be heard if I speak my suspicions about this. Lissa, there's something you do not know," Belen continued. "What's that?" "I only removed the mind cloud from your son. The others—it had already been removed when I arrived to do it." "What?" I stared at Belen. "Someone quite powerful arrived before I did. I believe Gavin and Cheedas benefited from a visit from one of the others. At this time, I cannot say—am afraid to say—which it might have been." "I don't understand this," I rubbed my forehead. "Lissa, do not make yourself ill, I beg," Belen knelt next to me. "We must be strong and vigilant in the coming days. It is up to us to do what we can to protect

innocents during these times. As much as we can, for as long as we can. We cannot say if our enemies are destroying these lives, attempting to draw one or more of the Three out. After all, if one of them falls or turns to the other side, all will be lost. More than one destroyed will only hasten our demise." "This is the flaw, isn't it?" I sighed. "Yes. This is the flaw," he agreed. * * * Those among the powerful know the God Wars have begun—except for Breanne. Without suspecting what she really is or that she has been targeted, she has chosen a new home for herself—in Earth's past. When strange events begin to happen around her, Breanne's confusion ramps up considerably. Toss in a handsome stranger and a horrible past, and Breanne seems headed for destruction.

Blood Revolution

SubtleDemon Publishing, LLC "Just because you've never seen it doesn't mean it can't exist," I pointed out. "You just haven't been in the right place or time before." "Being in the right place and time with Sirenali sounds crazy and scary as hell," Jayson breathed. "Why can't it be some of those short, friendly guys?" "There are short, friendly guys, but they don't have any desire to invade somebody else's planet," I said, thinking of the Amterean Dwarves. The only thing they might want to invade was Earth's libraries and information systems. Information was more valuable than precious metals on Amterea. "We're screwed," Jayson muttered. Opal stifled a snicker. * * * Earth has been invaded, and those who have made a difference throughout time are targeted. The enemy's goal? Change things in their favor. The General and his servants still have hopes of finding the Mighty, and luring at least one of them into a trap. Will Love, Strength and Wisdom survive, as they struggle to save those who are important to their cause? Only time will tell.

Blood Wager

CreateSpace "I agree to pay Sergio Velenci one million pounds if the female takes less than nine days to fully turn." Lissa's life as a vampire begins on the day her husband is removed from life support. Turned by rogues who wager her life, Lissa is running from her maker who is determined to kill her, hunted by the Vampire Council who has branded her a rogue and blackmailed by werewolves, who utilize her newly developed talents for their own gain.

Blood Love

SubtleDemon Publishing, LLC "You think maybe Breanne is somewhere else, now, deciding whether it's worth it to come back?" "It's possible," Ashe said, rubbing his forehead. He hadn't had a headache this bad in almost a decade. He'd had this one for four days.

"She may not want to stay here if she wakes up," Trajan sounded troubled. "I know. Sometimes I want to kick my own ass over that." "I'll do it for you." "Look, you're still the better fighter, so no, thanks," Ashe held up a hand. * * * The rogue gods, sure that the Mighty Heart is dead, have stepped up their game. Bill, Hank and the others are concentrating on tracking a human known to have ties with the rogues—Vernon Clark. Vernon has manipulated many things in the past from his website. He was the first to claim that Breanne was a lie created by Rome Enterprises to destroy Joyce Christian's reputation after her death. He has many nefarious contacts, and not just with rogue gods and Sirenali. Hoping to get information and locations on the enemy from their quarry, Bill and his team travel to New Mexico, where Vernon Clark was last seen. Their search for the enemy then leads to other states, where things are beginning to heat up. Wildrif, the quarter-blood Elemaiyan seer, has become an unreliable source of information as he can't see past shields surrounding Bill's group, so Acrimus and Calhoun bring in another seer—one so dangerous even those who resurrect him fail to understand their peril. The God Wars continue.

Blood Rebellion

Blood Destiny

Createspace Independent Publishing Platform "I believe you have visitors," Giff said, setting the coronet on its velvet stand. "I know." I rubbed my forehead, where the pale line showed from wearing the coronet. "People waiting on me and I have hat lines." Lissa expected her life as Queen of Le-Ath Veronis to run smoothly. At least for a little while. Reality has a way of intruding on even the most idyllic of circumstances. Complications arise in the form of creatures created by the Ra'Ak, who now seem bent on destroying the universe, one planet at a time. The former Ra'Ak and Elemaiya who were left on Kifirin are determined to rebel; vampires are clamoring for entertainment and other distractions, and family that Lissa never suspected she had show up - some of them in the most unexpected of ways. Lissa has to juggle the difficulties in her life, all while dealing with the ugliest of betrayals.

Blood Alliance

SubtleDemon Publishing, LLC Zaria "There's a slight problem," Teeg San Geron announced as he appeared next to Ryland. "What's that?" Vik asked. I already knew from reading it in Teeg's face. Irina's body had been found; I recognized her image in Teeg. He still didn't know her identity, but testing on her body revealed that she died of radiation poisoning, and that she was originally from Old

Earth. * * * After his escape from Earth in the past, D'slay appears in the Reth Alliance—in the future. Zaria can only follow D'slay's trail of crimes; something—or someone—prevents her from finding him. Is D'slay the real villain, or is he only a distraction for other, more sinister plans? When it becomes apparent that important hub worlds are in danger, Lissa, Reah, Zaria and many others must form a Blood Alliance to combat the coming chaos. Will their efforts prove effective, or has the plot against them been laid too well?

Demon Revealed

SubtleDemon Publishing, LLC Reah, I know you're not happy with us right now, but we didn't order the firebombing. RAA moved without consulting us. And I'm supposed to believe that? Reah, you're being disrespectful with a superior. I didn't answer him. If he knew how disrespectful I wanted to be—I was staring at Xiri's bones, after all. I sobbed. Reah? Reah, are you still there? You be respectful, Vice-Director, the next time a friend's bones lie beneath your hand. I cut off the communication. Lendill didn't try again.

Blood Redemption

SubtleDemon Publishing, LLC Norian sat inside Gavin's office at the palace, nervously tapping a foot. That in itself irritated Gavin to the point of red-eyed, lengthy-fanged murder. Radomir worked to calm Norian while Gavin looked on, mentally considering the many, painful ways Norian might meet his end.

Blood Domination

SubtleDemon Publishing, LLC To whom are you taking her?" Merrill asked, uncharacteristically curious. "Dragon," Griffin grinned. I stared at Griffin, my mouth surely open in surprise. Dragon? There was somebody named Dragon? That didn't sound promising. Who named their kid Dragon? Xenides has witnessed Lissa's talents first-hand and now he is desperate to find her. After all, under his compulsion, Lissa can topple governments and bring any race to its knees.

Black Zone

SubtleDemon Publishing, LLC Ver'Dak wants Verillium more than any other world... Verillium, a small, Class-M planet, wasn't part of any alliance, had little in the way of technology, nothing in the way of riches and had been at war with itself for centuries. Why, then, had it drawn the interest of the cleverest, wickedest demi-god ever? The only thing standing in Ver'Dak's way is the daughter of a

dead king... and the Black Zone * * * Jessil: Verlin grabbed my hair before I could pull the woman to safety; that's how I ended up being dragged up endless palace steps and thrown onto the floor of Father's study, which Nessil had taken for his own. "Well, Balver won't take her now—not since she's been in the kitchens for three weeks and available to anybody walking in," Nessil's boots came into view as Verlin held me down, my cheek pressed hard against the new rug on the study floor. My eyes watered from the scent of fresh dyes—Nessil had been quite busy removing evidence of Father's rule. Wait—he'd said Balver. Lord Balver. Old, bandy-legged and smelly Balver. Nessil had gone looking for the worst possible place for me to serve as a breeder and broodraiser. "She hid well enough in the kitchens—I say send her back there," Verlin suggested. "No—she liked it there or she wouldn't have stayed," Nessil pretended to be wise. "Let's give her to the army, instead. As a punishment." "Sound decision," Verlin grunted, removing his knee from my back. "Stay down, drone; the tappers are on the way."

Sapphire Flames

A Hidden Legacy Novel

HarperCollins From #1 New York Times bestselling author Ilona Andrews comes an enthralling new trilogy set in the Hidden Legacy world, where magic means power, and family bloodlines are the new currency of society... In a world where magic is the key to power and wealth, Catalina Baylor is a Prime, the highest rank of magic user, and the Head of her House. Catalina has always been afraid to use her unique powers, but when her friend's mother and sister are murdered, Catalina risks her reputation and safety to unravel the mystery. But behind the scenes powerful forces are at work, and one of them is Alessandro Sagredo, the Italian Prime who was once Catalina's teenage crush. Dangerous and unpredictable, Alessandro's true motives are unclear, but he's drawn to Catalina like a moth to a flame. To help her friend, Catalina must test the limits of her extraordinary powers, but doing so may cost her both her House—and her heart.

Worth Your While

SubtleDemon Publishing, LLC I should be dead. All the fire demons who were betrayed and sacrificed before me had certainly died. Will, the wizard who attempted to destroy me, said it was the only way to kill the enemy known as Black Myth. Of all the fire demons led unknowingly to their deaths, how had I survived—and why?

Bumble

SubtleDemon Publishing, LLC "Ashe, no matter how hard he tried, couldn't produce a single scale, feather, talon or patch of fur." In the paranormal community of Cloud Chief, Oklahoma, twelve-year-old Ashe Evans is a failure. Born to a shapeshifting mother and a vampire father, he should be passing his Transformational Arts classes easily. Sadly, Ashe can't seem to become anything other than himself. Principal Billings, a werewolf, is threatening to send Ashe to a human school if he doesn't transform soon. Ashe's personal troubles are soon forgotten when a seventeen-year-old werewolf is found dead behind his rural home. Someone is killing those with ties to the human world and Ashe finds himself a target. Will he solve the mystery of the murders or will he become the killer's latest victim?

The Dragon and Mrs. Muir

SubtleDemon Publishing, LLC It was on every news station in the country—and on many foreign news outlets as well. Attack at Wedding Leaves at Least Fourteen Dead, Many More Injured, the headlines proclaimed. The wedding was an outdoor affair, on a beach with the Gulf of Mexico in the background. In all, seventy-two were injured, and the body count rose to seventeen. Local hospitals were filled with bleeding attendees, and, at one point, the bride, her bloodied white wedding dress cut away and spilling onto the emergency room floor, went into cardiac arrest. Her groom died at the scene. In the room next door, an elderly wedding guest also suffered cardiac arrest—not from a bullet wound but from shock, combined with advanced age and a weak heart. Both souls walked out of their respective rooms. One wanted to live. One did not. * * * Philomena Muir became a widow on her wedding day. Three years later, she found herself bumping into the strangest man she'd ever met--except he wasn't a man. More specifically, he wasn't human. That brief meeting became the catalyst for a brewing war, pitting one human witch against the might of a supernatural race. The cards are stacked, and Philomena needs a winning hand...

Rose and Thorn

SubtleDemon Publishing, LLC Crown Prince Thorn: I felt defeated. Helpless. If Sherra were alive, why didn't she mindspeak to tell me so? Every day, I floundered against that notion—that if she were alive, she'd have contacted me by now. "Don't give up, Thorn," Hunter said softly. "We don't know everything there is to know." "Hunter, every day reminds me of how little we actually do know." * *

* Sherra has not returned to the King. Seven months have passed and Kaakos, Ny-nes' leader, is rebuilding his army. His plan is to unleash an onslaught against Az-ca—in retaliation for the destruction of his troops and weapons. In Az-ca, the King's health is failing, the enemy is on the march and Merrin and his rogues have forged an alliance with enemy infiltrators. Will the Crown Prince be forced to deal with attacks from both sides, without Sherra's help? Will Az-ca survive if Sherra is dead, as so many believe?

Raven, Red

SubtleDemon Publishing, LLC Arianne Leone, a mountain lion shapeshifter, owns an art gallery in Deep Ellum, a popular tourist attraction and haven for musicians for decades. Together, they are charged with guarding the one who bears the Hermit's Stone, an ancient artifact that has held worlds together-and kept them separate-for eons.

A Demon's Work is Never Done

SubtleDemon Publishing, LLC Lexsi: Tears of flame dripped down my cheeks◆tears for Kory and for me. The fire net burned my hands whenever I touched it, but I couldn't let it harm him any more than it already had. Kory's wings, with burn-holes between ribs, beat to help me get the net off him. Kory screamed as the net sunk farther into sections of his back◆it was designed to burn flesh until it had completely passed through its victim. I shook my hands to rid myself of the wad of net I held and reached for the part that was burning Kory so badly. Lexsi: Who is behind the plot to kill us? What do they want? Where are they? Why me? My to-do list is overwhelming... Kordevik: How can I keep my Thifilathi in line, when it wants Lexsi now? How do I keep the werewolves, shifters, vampires and humans around me acting civil toward each other? How can I protect Lexsi and the others, when the enemy wants to destroy all of us? How did I get myself into this mess? A Demon's Work is Never Done...

Cloud Invasion

SubtleDemon Publishing, LLC Ilya The rest of us woke after a few days, when it became apparent we'd survived the drug. Even Corinne woke faster the first time. This time, three weeks had passed. I was grateful for the scans and other tests Dr. Farrell ran, indicating she was alive. Still, I was terrified for her. And for me. I spoke to her often and lately, I begged her to open her eyes. * * * After surviving the drug a second time, Corinne's abilities are put to the test as the enemy steps up his attacks. Will she survive the attempts on her life, as well as betrayal from within? As she struggles to keep the others alive, a new threat arrives—one even the

enemy doesn't see coming.

Hope and Vengeance

The peace treaty between vampires and werewolves is relatively new and extremely fragile. After a werewolf's body turns up in a Texas coastal swamp, drained of blood and with fang marks on its neck, Adam Chessman, the Vampire Council's Chief Enforcer, is dispatched to investigate. The local pack wants Adam dead, in retribution for their loss. The local pack is the least of Adam's worries. With the help of an extremely unusual shapeshifter, Adam is forced to hunt the impossible. It isn't just the peace treaty between paranormal races that's at stake. Ultimately, all of mankind could be destroyed.

Demon's Revenge

"I guess this isn't a good time." Lendill folded into the kitchen. "Here. It has bourbon in it." I pushed my cup of tea toward him and rose from my seat to make another. "Land and sky, Reah, this is strong." Lendill took a sip from my cup. "Yeah. Sit down," I said. "What do you want?" "Is that any way to treat a mate you haven't seen in months?" "You only show up when you want something," I said. "So what is it?" "Bel has disappeared," Lendill swallowed more tea, grimaced and then swallowed more. "Wizard Bel?" I hadn't seen Bel for years, yet I knew he still worked for the ASD. "Yes. I sent him to investigate a problem on Surnath, and he vanished. We can't find him." "What kind of problem?" I asked, sitting down with my freshly poured and spiked tea. I didn't even ask Teeg if he wanted any. I was still pissed at him. "A worker in an electronics factory went crazy and killed twenty of his coworkers after getting his hands on a laser pistol somehow. And then, two weeks later, a secretary at a legal firm kills six people there. The governor of the Realm on Surnath asked us to investigate. We thought it was just a copy crime. Bel was in so he volunteered. Was there for three days before he came up missing." "That's terrible," I said. "And you tried mindspeech and everything?" "Yes. No answer. Bel isn't one to fall easily into a trap. So we're all concerned." "Me, too," I nodded. I'd known Bel when I was a conscript in the Regular Alliance Army. "Norian and I are willing to pay top credit if you'll work a special assignment on this." "Wizard Bel is missing, after investigating two crimes on Surnath. Reah agrees to work this special assignment for the ASD, and discovers that Bel's disappearance is linked to far deeper and much darker crimes. The criminals behind these crimes hold the survival of both Alliances in their grip and it is up to Reah to expose them before their final plans become a reality.