

# *The Sirens of Sensual Romances*

*February 2009  
Newsletter*



## *The Sirens*

*Mechele Armstrong*

*Alice Gaines*

*Treva Harte*

*Katherine Kingston*

*Lynn LaFleur*

*Lynn Lorenz*

*Randi Monroe*

*Judy Mays*

*Ruby Storm*

*Samantha Winston*

## *Welcome to the Sirens of Sensual Romances Newsletter!*

It's February, the most romantic month of the year! Although the 14th is the day when Cupid officially comes calling, February gives us twenty-eight fabulous opportunities to shower our special ones with treats that tickle their palates, fragrances that tingle their senses, and novels of erotic love that bring to life their fondest dreams and most forbidden desires. What better way to open the gates to your garden of delights than by curling up with your honey and reading a book together, a novel written by one of the Sirens of Sensual Romances.

As a group the Sirens of Sensual Romances have written more than 100 novels, spanning genres from historical to futuristic, from scary horror to action/adventure, from erotically sensual to pass-the-fire-extinguisher HOT!

As a special Valentine's treat, this month the Sirens share their most romantic moments. Look for them on Pages 3 and 4.

Our newsletter is released around the 15th of each month. We'll always have interesting articles, excerpts, as well as recipes, reviews, and answers to any of your questions about our books and your favorite characters. Each month we'll also have a contest with lots of good things to give away to our wonderful newsletter members.

We love reading your comments. Please keep sending them to:  
**[comments@sensualromances.com](mailto:comments@sensualromances.com)**. And thank you for subscribing!



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## *Siren News ~ New Releases*

### **Katherine Kingston**

<http://www.katherinekingston.com>

Katherine's novel, *Kyle's Bargain*, has been accepted by her editor at **Ellora's Cave** and is now in the editing process. *Kyle's Bargain* is a loose sequel to her Quickie from last spring, *Charming the Masters*, but Kyle demanded a full-length novel to tell his story. No release date available yet. You can read the unedited first chapter at Katherine's web site and a sneak peek at a hotter scene is included in the newsletter.

About **Kyle's Bargain**: In a desperate attempt to save the small strip shopping center that houses her own bookstore and a few other small retailers, Meg Travis tries to blackmail developer Kyle Harrison into going with her to talk to the people his project is about to displace. He offers her a bargain. He'll give her two hours of his time if she'll agree to spend a night with him in his bed, and he won't press charges if she'll accept the punishment he proposes. He refuses to tell her what that penalty would be. Both honor their promises, but neither is prepared for the attraction that blazes between them in the process, turning duty into joy and punishment into pleasure.



### **Lynn LaFleur**

[www.lynnlafleur.com](http://www.lynnlafleur.com)

Lynn LaFleur is pleased to announce her latest book release from **Ellora's Cave**. *Almost Perfection*, the third book in the **Coopers' Companions** series, will be released on March 18th.



Want to read the latest about Lynn? Sign up for her newsletter! Find out about Lynn's writing, plus interviews with authors, excerpts, recipes, and other goodies. Everyone registered to receive the newsletter is automatically entered in a drawing for prizes. Drop Lynn a line at [lynn@lynnlafleur.com](mailto:lynn@lynnlafleur.com) to sign up for Lynn's Latest. Please include your full name and email address.

### **Lynn Lorenz**

[www.lynnlorenz.com](http://www.lynnlorenz.com)

**Lynn Lorenz** has been invited to publish with **Amber Quill Press**, an invitation only e-publisher.

Her first book with them will be *David's Dilemma*, a contemporary gay romance about friendship, love, and dealing with Alzheimer's, released in May on the **Amber Allure** line.

Also being released in May, is *The Avalon Patrol*, a witch/detective paranormal set in a world where majik rules and evil threatens everyone.

For more info about Lynn and her books go to [www.lynnlorenz.com](http://www.lynnlorenz.com)



## Most Romantic Moments

To celebrate February as the Most Romantic Month of the Year several of the Sirens share their most romantic moments or memories.

### Mechele Armstrong

When we first got together, my now husband and I held hands a lot. I always loved to look down and see my hand in his. It still gives me a thrill to look down and see our hands entwined.



and couldn't get our blood tests. (Yes, we did blood tests and everything.) Since we'd broken tradition in Arizona, we stopped getting remarried every year.

We were together 29 years until his death in 2004.

### Alice Gaines



You won't believe this, but very little romantic has ever happened to me. I even got engaged to my husband over the phone.

### Lynn Lorenz

Okay, I'm going to confess. Before I thought about it, I would have said "Romance? You're kidding. I'm married to Mr. Unromantic."

We've been married over twenty years and as I sit here trying to think of something I've got to tell you, I'm coming up dry.

Then I remembered the time I said I wanted roses. I waited all day for the call from the receptionist saying, "You've got flowers" but, no call. All around me co-workers were coming back carrying huge bouquets of flowers, candy hearts, even one of those fruit baskets and giving me those superior looks laced with pity. I could hear them whispering and at one low point during the day, I thought about sneaking out to order the damn flowers myself. I never did, because with my luck, someone would have found out and that would have been worse. My desk remained bare, unadorned by any display of romance.

*Flowerless.*

At the end of the day, he showed up at home with three plastic wrapped rose bushes from Wal-Mart. You know the kind - with the picture of the flower on the plastic around the roots. No flowers, just roots and a bare, thorn covered stalk. Excited that he'd gotten the perfect gift for me, he explained that they were for my garden. I smiled, kissed him, and thanked him for being so thoughtful. I planted the bushes that weekend.

Over the years, two of them have died. The third one is still outside my kitchen window. Every winter I see its bright red rose hips and every spring and summer I see its big yellow roses, a constant reminder that romance, like beauty, lies in the eyes of the beholder.

It's all in how you choose to behold.

### Treva Harte

My husband is the sentimental one of the two of us. He burst into tears when he saw me in my wedding gown because "I was so beautiful." One of the things that makes me happiest is when he sees me in a crowd and his face lights up.

### Katherine Kingston

On Valentine's Day a few years ago, my husband took me out to dinner and surprised me with a jeweler's box gift. Inside was the solitaire diamond engagement ring he hadn't been able to afford to get me twenty-five years ago, before we got married.

### Lynn LaFleur

On our first anniversary, Harry made arrangements for us to be married again. We were originally married in Texas; then we lived in Washington. Every year for the next six years, we traveled to a different state to be remarried, including Oregon, Idaho, California, Nevada, and Oklahoma. We tried in Arizona but weren't aware of the time change



(Siren Romantic Moments - Continued from Page 3)



### Randi Monroe

We'd been married about three years and had just moved into a new condo. I came home early from work because we were going out for a special Valentine's dinner. My husband was already home, which was unusual. I walked in the door to find one of my husband's co-workers, a gorgeous gal named Sandy, sitting in the living room watching TV and wearing my robe!

Before I could say anything, my husband came rushing down the steps from the bedroom shouting, "I can explain!" Seconds later, the most precious young cat, about nine months old, followed behind him. Turns out Sandy volunteered at a pet shelter. My husband knew I loved cats and had asked her to help him find the perfect cat as a Valentine's present since we now owned our own place. Unfortunately, the poor kitty had become so frightened on the way to our condo from the shelter, she wet right through the little cardboard carrier and onto Sandy's lap. My husband had given Sandy my robe to wear while she waited for her skirt to dry after she washed out my new kitty's puddle.

We laughed about that day for years. I loved that little kitty with all my heart and thought that was one of the most romantic things my husband ever thought to do.



*In most parts of the world chocolate is associated with romance, and not without good reason. It was viewed as an aphrodisiac by the Aztecs who thought it invigorated men and made women less inhibited. So when it was first introduced to Europe, it was only natural that chocolate quickly became the ideal gift for a woman to receive from an admirer or a loved one, and of course, vice versa.*

Chocolate's reputation as an Aphrodisiac originated in South America over one thousand five hundred years ago, where it is known that it was thought to have mystical and aphrodisiac qualities by both the Mayan and Aztec cultures. The Aztec emperor, Monteczuma, drank fifty golden goblets of chocolate a day to enhance his sexual prowess. So when chocolate was discovered by the Spanish Conquistadors and introduced to Europe by Cortez, it was natural that the Spanish, and eventually, the rest of the world, continued to associate it with love. The reasons for this can be seen in the observed effects of chocolate on human behavior.

### Ruby Storm

This happened when I had just taken a new job after twenty years. I knew no one, the job was totally different from anything I'd ever done and by the third day I was wondering if I'd made a terribly huge mistake in leaving my old job. That Wednesday night my husband and I went for a walk and I burst out crying because of the stress. I told him my fears, told him I missed having lunch with my old work buddies. He comforted me and reminded me that I always say just give it a month and everything will be fine.

The next day he called me ten minutes before my lunch break and said he was in the parking lot waiting for me and to come outside. He had made lunch for the two of us. We walked across the highway to the small park at the lake's edge, sat on a bench and enjoyed the sun while we munched on sandwiches, chips, potato salad and coke. THAT was the most romantic meal I've ever had with him simply because he did it out of love and respect for what I was going through. To this day I think how sweet it was for him to rearrange his work schedule so I would know how much he loved me and how much he supported me.



### Chocolate, An Aphrodisiac?

By: Janet Vine

Aphrodite Handmade Chocolate

[www.aphrodite-chocolates.co.uk](http://www.aphrodite-chocolates.co.uk)



## Siren Reviews

### SETTLER'S MINE, BOOK 4 THE WOLF

By Mechele Armstrong

Publisher: Loose Id

Publisher URL: <http://www.loose-id.net/>

ISBN: 978-1-59632-855-6

Genre: Futuristic Shape-shifter Paranormal



*Settler's Mine 4 the Wolf*  
received 4/5 Stars & Heat level:  
O from JERR!

"I really enjoyed *Settler's Mine 4: The Wolf*... The sex scenes were amazing – lengthy, well-written and very arousing. They include anal, toys, and light bondage. Ms. Armstrong has created a fascinating world with the Wolftons and their unique characteristics and I hope to read more about them after enjoying *Settler's Mine 4: The Wolf* so much."

– Laura Scott JERR

*Settler's Mine 4: The Wolf* received 4 nymphs!

"Ms. Armstrong brings us action and sex hot enough to border on illegally erotic. It was hard to pick a favorite part, but I'll have to admit my favorite part was the fight with the local Alpha."

– Scandalous Minx

<http://literarynymphsreviewsonly.blogspot.com/2009/01/settlers-mine-4-wolf.html>

### SETTLER'S MINE, BOOK 3 THE WOMAN

By Mechele Armstrong

Publisher: Loose Id

Publisher URL: <http://www.loose-id.net/>

ISBN: 978-1-59632-688-0

Genre: Polyamorous Futuristic

I was rooting for Tam and Jax the whole time I was reading *The Woman*. Tam was immediately accepting of Kiann as their third but Jax was having a really hard time with it. Change is not easy for some people and that came through loud and clear with Jax. I just wanted Jax to deal with his conflicts and be happy. And Tam, bless his heart, loved them both from the start and was pulled in two directions trying to make everything work for them. Kiann's hidden strength made for one very kickass heroine. I really enjoyed the way the tensions and conflicting emotions come together to create a provocative and engrossing romance. – Reviewed by Willow

<http://www.joyfullyreviewed.com/reviews/Oct08/thewoman.MA.html>



### SETTLER'S MINE, BOOK 3 THE SIXTH CURSED HALLOWEEN

By Mechele Armstrong

Publisher: Loose Id

Publisher URL: <http://www.loose-id.net/>

ISBN: 978-1-59632-688-0

Genre: Polyamorous  
Futuristic

Reviewed by Willow



*The Sixth Cursed Halloween*  
reminds me a lot of  
Shakespeare's *The Taming of the Shrew*.

"This is a well-characterized, thoroughly developed tale that won't disappoint its reader. Sharp-tongued Deidre isn't the most sympathetic character, and Brad walks a fine line between being metrosexually gay and brutish, but hey, opposites attract and judging by Brad's wet dreams and the couple's eventual sexual escapades, it works for this pair. I'm just glad my houseplants can't talk; they'd curse me. Perfect for a snowy afternoon, this slow-paced novella builds to a happily-ever-after climax. Enjoy!" – Chris

<http://www.joyfullyreviewed.com/reviews/Dec08/thesixthcursedhalloween.MA.html>



## Siren Reviews

### SEXATION

By Alice Gaines

Publisher: Changeling Press  
Publisher URL: [Changeling Press](http://Changeling Press)  
ISBN: 978-1-60521-089-6  
Genre: Humor, Sci-Fi, BDSM

*Nymph Rating: 5 Nymphs*

"You need a spew warning for this book. It, Carly and Randall have awesome ménage sex that is everything from sex in the water to light BDSM. The language barriers make for interesting conversation between It and the Osborns. "Take me to your vibrator," is classic. I about choked on my drink while reading it. The story itself was great as well. *Sexation* shows the conflicts of a normal marriage and how the alien helped Carly and Randall remember the more passionate side to life. Great Job!!!" - *Literary Nymphs Reviewer: Silver Minx*



[Literary Nymphs](#)  
[Sexation by Alice Gaines](#)

### CAPSIZED

By Lynn LaFleur

Publisher: [Ellora's Cave](http://Ellora's Cave)  
ISBN: 97814199119338  
Genre: Menage a trois or More/Gay/Contemporary  
Length: Novella

*5 Stars and an O Heat Level!*

"*Capsized* is a heartfelt, highly passionate, intriguing, intense and romantic tale about three people's self discovery with each other which changes their relationships. Ms. LaFleur did a marvelous job at making me feel each character's self discovery and awareness to their sexuality and most importantly, enjoy the experience. My only complaint is that this story had to end but on the brighter side, I'll be on the lookout for more wonderful stories from this talented author." - *Review by Tallyn Porter, Just Erotic Romance Reviews*



### SECOND MOON

By Lynn Lorenz

Publisher: [Liquid Silver](http://Liquid Silver)  
ISBN: 978-1-59578-499-5  
Publication date: 2008  
Genre: Shapeshifter

*Two Lips Reviews - 4 Lips*

"*Second Moon* will have you turning the pages wanting to know what is next and I loved how Duke is so romantic! Get *Second Moon* when you want a beautifully written paranormal love story with a sexy romantic werewolf in it." - *Reviewer: Tina*



[http://www.twolipsreviews.com/content/index.php?option=com\\_content&task=view&id=3685&Itemid=36](http://www.twolipsreviews.com/content/index.php?option=com_content&task=view&id=3685&Itemid=36)

*Romance Junkies - 4 Blue Ribbons*

"*Second Moon* is a tale of second chances and acceptance. Lynn Lorenz has written this book in such a way that I found myself believing that supernatural creatures, werewolves, could actually exist." *By Romance Junkies Reviewer - Natasha Smith*

[http://romancejunkiesreviews.com/artman/publish/paranormal/Second\\_Moon\\_LynnL.shtml](http://romancejunkiesreviews.com/artman/publish/paranormal/Second_Moon_LynnL.shtml)



## Siren Reviews

### HEAT BOOK 1: PERFUMED HEAT

By Judy Mays

Publisher: Ellora's Cave

Available at: [www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com)

ISBN: 1-84360-742-5

Publishing Date: January 2004

Genre: Romance: Erotic/Werewolf

#### *In The Library Reviews -*

"Judy's *Heat Book 1: Perfumed Heat* moves at break-neck speed and is like hair-trigger dynamite. The combination of an alpha male and an alpha female is breathtaking. The passionate encounters will surely make you squirm in your seat. The story has the perfect amount of emotion and passion to make it extremely intriguing and provocative. It is amazing how Judy has created a full story with developed characters in a 45-page quickie.

"*Perfumed Heat* has a delightful wolfsbane scent, which everyone should savour at least once!" – Reviewer: Dee Herga



<http://inthelibraryreviews.net/MaysJudy.htm>

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### Chocolate, An Aphrodisiac

*(Continued from Page 4)*

Chocolate is a very complex food source, so complex in fact that scientists are only now beginning to unlock its secrets. Among its many other constituents, chocolate has been found to contain substances called phenylethylamine and serotonin, both of which (put simply), are mood lifting agents. Both occur naturally in the human brain and are released by the brain into the nervous system when we are happy and also when we are experiencing feelings of love, passion and/or (dare I say it?) lust. This causes a rapid mood change, a rise in blood pressure, increasing the heart rate and inducing those feelings of well being, bordering on euphoria usually associated with being in love.

Eating chocolate also releases phenylethylamine and serotonin into the system, producing those same euphoric effects. This phenomenon has been scientifically observed, so it's not unreasonable to assume that it's probably these effects which gave rise to chocolate's reputation as an aphrodisiac. Both these substances can also be mildly addictive, explaining why chocoholics are chocoholics. Plus eating chocolate gives an immediate and substantial energy boost thus increasing stamina.

Although the famous lover, Casanova, is said to have consumed chocolate for its aphrodisiac qualities before frolicking with his conquests, recent research suggests that women are more susceptible to the effects of phenylethylamine and serotonin than men. Casanova obviously didn't know this as there's no mention of him sharing his chocolate with the ladies, or maybe he thought his charms alone were enough to guarantee success.

So there you have it, calling chocolate an aphrodisiac may be stretching it a bit, but eating chocolate does make you feel good and may even induce or mimic the feelings of being in love. Aphrodisiac or not, if you want to ensure your loved one's devotion, a gift of chocolate is the way to do it and you can't do better than a gift of Janet's chocolates, handmade in the English countryside, specially for a loved one!

Visit Aphrodite Handmade Chocolates at [www.aphrodite-chocolates.co.uk](http://www.aphrodite-chocolates.co.uk)



## Enticing Excerpts

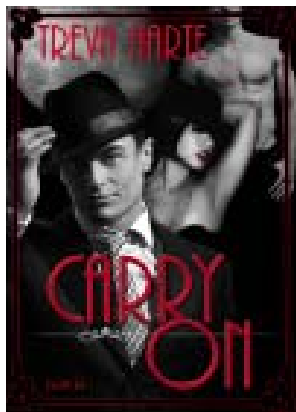
### Excerpt from **CARRY ON** By Treva Harte

Publisher: Loose Id

[http://www.loose-id.net/prod-Carry\\_On-694.aspx](http://www.loose-id.net/prod-Carry_On-694.aspx)

ISBN: 978-1-59632-669-9

Genre: Erotic Menage Historical Mystery



"You're insane."  
Ned didn't stop looking outside, staring straight ahead and away from danger. "You don't even know the worst about me. Hell, you don't know anything about me except I killed my last lover."

"Well, plenty of experts have already said I'm crazy. But what you told me is that you think

you killed your lover. You don't know. I've killed people before. I knew I did it and I knew they were dead. I made sure of it. Could be you need to stick around me so you get more practice."

Ned thought Frank sounded amused. Amused? Ned turned and realized Frank was smiling. Smiling right at him.

"I don't understand."

"What's to understand?" Frank shrugged dismissively and tapped out another cigarette.

Ned watched, fascinated, as Frank's lips wrapped around it and he inhaled. Exhaled.

"You don't know anything about me, either. What the hell difference does that make? I invited you up for a reason and I don't usually get distracted from what I plan to do. Do you want to fuck or not?"

Fuck. Ned swallowed and watched as Frank tilted his head, as if to get the last drag of smoke. What would he do with a cock?

"Aren't you afraid of me?" Ned wasn't sure if he was annoyed or overjoyed.

"I'm not afraid of much, Ned. There's not much to be afraid of when you're a dead man. Besides, I'm not as convinced as you that you killed anyone. But you haven't answered my question. Let me try again. You seemed to like what you saw before. You still interested?"

Not a killer? How could he not be?

There were so many questions tonight, boiling up inside. But thank God, he finally knew the answer to Frank's last one.

"Hell, yes, I'm interested." Ned knocked a nearby chair over as he leaped toward the man.

The cigarette went flying next. Ned thought he heard Frank laugh – a real, honest-to-God laugh – but he didn't have time to wonder if he was hallucinating. He concentrated on unbuttoning Frank's fancy tailored shirt, growling with frustration at the wait.

Frank's skin was different from Sam's. Intriguingly different. It was pale and nearly hairless, except for that mysterious line that led down to his belt buckle and disappeared behind pants. Ned snarled and began on the buckle next. His fingers wouldn't work. Not as fast as he wanted them to. He wanted, no, he *needed*, to find out what lay under Frank's tailored clothing.

Frank grabbed his hands, twisted them behind Ned's back. Ned panted, staring down at him. He was taller, stronger and weighed more. How the hell had Frank managed to keep him from moving?

However Frank's pants had slid down so that Ned could take a good look at what had hidden behind the cloth. Very good indeed. Hard and nicely packaged. Ned licked his lips and thought about breaking free.

Frank grinned. "Slow down. I want to enjoy my first taste of you, kid."

The animal inside Ned protested. He usually kept it quiet. He'd been safe with Sam. Sam had been gentle, kind. He made it easy for Ned to be the same way. But Frank was different. Frank wouldn't mind a beast...

Visit Treva Harte at:  
[www.trevaharte.com](http://www.trevaharte.com)

## Enticing Excerpts



### Excerpt from **KYLE'S BARGAIN** By Katherine Kingston

Publisher: **Ellora's Cave**  
<http://www.ellorasave.com>  
Release Date: TBA

In a desperate attempt to save the small strip shopping center that houses her own bookstore and a few other small retailers, Meg Travis tries to blackmail developer Kyle Harrison into going with her to talk to the people his project is about to displace. He offers her a bargain. He'll give her two hours of his time if she'll agree to spend a night with him in his bed, and he won't press charges if she'll accept the punishment he proposes. He refuses to tell her what that penalty would be. Both honor their promises, but neither is prepared for the attraction that blazes between them in the process, turning duty into joy and punishment into pleasure.

#### Excerpt from *Kyle's Bargain*

*(In this scene Kyle is showing Meg how to give a massage so she can return the favor.)*

"Off with the clothes," he told her when they got back to the bedroom. Watching her slide his tee shirt over her head made him so hard the jeans became painfully tight. Her breasts weren't large, but they were perfectly shaped, with the sweetest pink nipples. He wanted to get his hands and mouth on them. Again. Now.

And then she slid his boxers down her legs and features down lower distracted him. "On the bed," he ordered. "Face down." If she didn't do it quickly, he'd grab her and take her again and the hell with massages.

But lying down gave him a glorious view of her beautiful ass and that was just as distracting as her breasts and pussy. *Down boy*, he told his cock, which had just one thought. *Take her. Now.* His brain tried to regain control. *Don't look at her rear end. Shoulders only, for now.*

"Start around the neck area," he said, putting his palms on the joint where her neck met her shoulders. God, but her skin felt good. Warm, sleek and soft. "Most people are pretty tight here, so rub in circles, pushing the tips of your fingers into the muscle to help release it." He suited the action to

the description, pressing his hands down around the base of her neck and along her shoulders.

As he worked down her back, he continued the instructions on how to press and knead and stroke. When he ran his hands down either side of her spine, stroking out to the side, she twitched and let out a long, satisfied sigh. "That feels fabulous," she murmured.

"Don't get too relaxed," he warned. "You're going to be returning the favor shortly."

"I'm looking forward to it." She said it with so much conviction it pierced him like a dagger.

"Me too." He worked his way down her back to her buttocks, but skipped over them to go to her thighs. Even that was risky. He noted in passing that the skin of her bottom was smooth and creamy again, showing no sign of the spanking earlier. It really had been a pretty light dose of punishment. How would she react to harder versions?

That thought brought up a host of other issues. What would she think when he told her about his play sessions at the club? Or that – through their amazing generosity – he often shared his best friend's fiancée. Did he even have to tell her?

Yeah, he did if he wanted to continue seeing her. And he was pretty sure he would want to see more of her. He'd have to tell her. Eventually. Even more than that. He'd like to invite her to join them.

Would she be appalled? Hell, she might be horrified by the whole dungeon scene and the games of mastery they played. He hoped not. He'd like to introduce her to Rick and Lindy. He'd love to see her submitting to both him and Rick. But if the whole idea turned her off?

Her moans were turning from just relaxation to arousal, which meant he'd better stop. For the fun of it, he smacked her bottom before he said, "Time to switch places."

She turned her head toward him. "What if I don't feel like it?"

"I might just have to spank you again."

"Ooh, that's tempting." Her lips curved in a wicked grin. "But I did agree to the massage." She sighed, rolled over and sat up. "Your turn to strip, baby."

He lowered the zipper on his jeans carefully before pushing them down and off. He watched her as he stepped out. Her gaze went straight to his erection and stayed there. When she licked her lips

(Kyle's Bargain Excerpt - Continued on Page 10)

## Enticing Excerpts



### KYLE'S BARGAIN

By Katherine Kingston

(Continued from Page 9)

and swallowed hard, he almost came on the spot. Instead he dove face down onto the bed, hoping he could hold it in a while longer. She laid her hands on his shoulders, right around his neck, and began rubbing. "Harder," he suggested. "Push harder and dig your fingers into the muscle."

The pressure on his shoulders increased. Her circular motions got stronger. Kyle hadn't realized how tense he still was, even after the great sex of earlier, until she began loosening those muscles with her efforts. It felt incredible.

Then she ran her hands down his spine and stroked his buttocks a few times. Relaxation ended abruptly when she brushed down his lower spine, continuing until she approached his balls. She skipped over them to get to his thighs, but that was nearly as bad. It felt wonderful having her knead the heavy muscles there. Too good. And too close to ground zero.

He tolerated it as long as he could hold out before he rolled over abruptly and pulled her down on top of him.

She laughed and straddled him, crushing his cock under her cunt. God help him.

"Oh, good. I get to be on top this time."

Hell, why not?

She moved her hips backward and forward, stroking him with her pussy lips. Lightning exploded inside, sending flashes all over him. Her smile widened when he groaned. Nothing had ever felt so good. He wished it could last, but he also wanted to be inside her, driving upward, pumping into her until...

She shifted again, positioning herself with the head of his cock just at the opening. When he tried to lunge upward into her, she drew back, teasing him with the nearness.

"Woman," he growled, "you're asking for that spanking."

Visit Katherine Kingston at:

<http://www.katherinekingston.com/>

Excerpt from

### UNEXPECTED

from the book *Happy Birthday, Baby*

By Lynn LaFleur

Publisher: **Ellora's Cave**

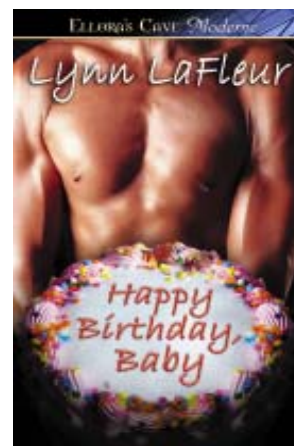
ISBN: 9781843608912

Genre: Contemporary/Paranormal

Book Length: Plus Novel

Finding a spaceship with a little purple alien inside wasn't on Linc Carter's birthday wish list. Holding that alien in his arms is the best present he ever received.

Chandra knows nothing about this strange world, its language or customs. She knows how she feels when she's in Linc's arms and she doesn't want that to change. Maybe crashing on this planet hadn't been a mistake after all...



#### Excerpt from *Unexpected*

Chandra stepped through the doorway and stopped. A being knelt before a large rock framework that held fire. He stood and turned toward her.

"Whoa!"

Chandra frowned, unable to understand what the being said. Her frown deepened when she realized she'd thought of this being as "he." She had no way to know if he actually was male, but instinctively knew it.

She watched his gaze travel over her body. His body was covered while hers was not. Travelers had never worn covering. They would transform once they reached their destination and then the covering might not fit or be inappropriate for that planet. As time passed, more and more of To'Ar's inhabitants had picked up the Travelers' way, until few of them bothered with any type of covering. The year-round

(Unexpected Excerpt - Continued on Page 11)

## Enticing Excerpts



### UNEXPECTED

By Lynn LaFleur

(Continued from Page 10)

mild climate of To'Ar made it unnecessary.

The being moved toward her. The closer he got, the more aware she became of her body. The nubs on her chest hardened. The protrusion between her legs began to throb. The creamy wetness formed inside her and trickled out to dampen her thighs. She didn't understand what was happening to her, but somehow knew this male could help her end the raging torment in her body.

Instinct guided her. When he was close enough to touch, she laid her hands on his chest. The soft covering pleased her, as did the faded blue and gray colors. The warmth underneath the covering pleased her also. She ran her hands over his chest and shoulders, down his arms, and back again to his chest.

The throbbing between her thighs grew stronger.

"Who are you? Can you tell me your name?"

Chandra shook her head, trying to tell him without words that she couldn't understand him. Speaking would be useless for he wouldn't be able to understand her either. She didn't want to talk anyway; she wanted to continue touching him.

She wanted him to touch her.

She let her hands drift farther down his body. A bulge between his legs drew her attention. She laid one hand over it. Bliss engulfed her in a rush.

He took her wrist and pulled her hand away from him. "Hold it, lady. Let's not get carried away here."

Everything he said sounded like gibberish to her. Frustrated, Chandra jerked her wrist away from him. Slipping her arms around his neck, she pulled down his head and covered his lips with hers.

Chandra had never touched a male's lips with her own. She had no idea why she felt such a strong urge to do so, nor why it gave her so much pleasure.

She loved it, but she needed more.

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Excerpt from

### SECOND MOON

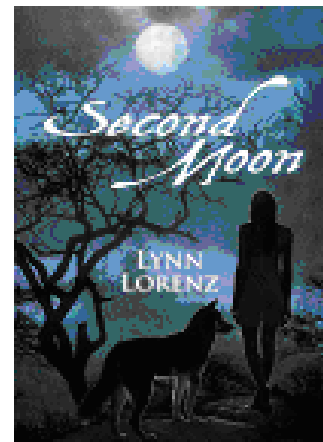
By Lynn Lorenz

Publisher: [Liquid Silver](#)

ISBN: 978-1-59578-499-5

Publication date: 2008

Genre: Shapeshifter



Excerpt from *Second  
Moon*

"How cool is that? It's Halloween eve and there's a full moon." Samantha looked up at the night sky as she stepped out of the rural Mississippi restaurant. The moon had always fascinated her, even as a young girl.

"Wow, that's rare." Her younger sister Jane stood next to her looking up.

"What do you mean?"

"That's the second full moon in one month and tomorrow's Halloween. In the old days, it was a powerful omen." Jane's brow furrowed.

Samantha chuckled. "You're so full of it, sis. What do you know about the old days or omens?"

"I told you, Sam, I'm really getting into this Wicca stuff. And if you'd just accept your heritage, you'd be into it, too." Jane pointed at her. "It's in our blood."

"Just because we had a crazy grandmother doesn't mean we're witches." Sam rolled her eyes. If it wasn't Wicca, it was something else. Jane had always been the one searching for something to believe in and Sam had been the reasonable, calm, steady one. As far as she was concerned, feelings and hunches about people were not supernatural.

Just good intuition.

"Sam. She had dreams that predicted the future." Jane put her fists on her hips and glared at her sister. "You don't get any more witchy than that."

"She used her so-called powers to pick horses at the track, for God sake," Sam shot back. All Sam's gift ever did for her was give her a sense of who people were inside and even that had failed her monumentally. She had the unused wedding dress to prove it.

(Second Moon Excerpt - Continued on Page 12)

## Enticing Excerpts



### SECOND MOON

By Lynn Lorenz

(Continued from Page 11)

"Well, Grandma always won, didn't she? Besides, who says witches can't do that?" Jane laughed. "If I could, I'd dream the lotto numbers and win the big jackpot!"

They reached Jane's car. Jane leaned over, gave Sam a kiss on the cheek and a quick hug goodbye. This was their halfway place between their homes, splitting the distance between Alabama and Louisiana, where she lived. Both had a long drive ahead of them. Jane would drive straight through, but Sam had gotten a motel room nearby.

"Same time, next month?" Sam asked.

"Same bat time, same bat channel." Jane laughed, got into her car and gave a last wave as she pulled away.

Turning to her car in the deserted lot, Sam hit her remote and slid inside. As her lights came on, a man stood against the wall of the building, illuminated by her headlights. Her mouth went as dry as cotton and her chest tightened as she hit the door locks and fumbled to insert the key, afraid to take her eyes off him.

He gave her a jack-o-lantern smile, and her alarm bells clanged. In one long, heart-stopping glance, she took in long scraggly hair, old t-shirt, dirty blue jeans and the skull tattoo on his bare arm.

All he was missing was a chain saw and a hockey mask.

She half-expected the car to not start, but it fired up and relief flooded through her.

He raised his hand in a salute and her stomach dropped.

Throwing the car in reverse, she stomped on the gas, slinging gravel. The man shuffled over to a motorcycle as if he had all the time in the world, swung one leg over, and sat.

Shifting into drive, she whipped the car around, her head swiveling from side to side as she checked the highway for traffic. She pulled onto the quiet rural blacktop and accelerated towards her motel on the outskirts of Meridian, Mississippi, twenty miles away.

Glancing in her mirror, only darkness filled the rear window.

No motorcycle.

Exhaling, she took a deep calming breath, shook out the tension in her shoulders and punched in a CD selection. Soft classical music filled the cabin of the car, and Sam relaxed back into the seat, easing her foot off the gas pedal.

Really. The guy had just waved at her, not tried to kill her.

She'd over-reacted. Instead of being the calm, confident woman she'd once been, she'd felt vulnerable, unsure and on edge.

Damn Robert. It was all his fault. After two years of dating, he'd finally admitted right before their wedding that he'd had a vasectomy without her knowledge and that he never wanted to have children. He'd known how much she wanted kids. Her eyes burned with her fury and hurt. Betrayed by the one person she'd trusted most, she'd almost gone crazy wondering what else he'd lied to her about.

Where the hell had her powers been then?

As she drove down the dark two-lane highway, her teary gaze flicked to the mirror. As if she'd been injected with ice water, the blood in her veins went cold.

A single headlight followed her.

Visit Lynn Lorenz at:

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Second Moon is available at

Liquid Silver Books

[www.liquidsilverbooks.com](http://www.liquidsilverbooks.com)



## Enticing Excerpts



### Excerpt from **HEAT BOOK 1: PERFUMED HEAT**

By Judy Mays

Publisher: **Ellora's Cave**

Available at:

[www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com)

ISBN: 1-84360-742-5

Publishing Date: January 2004

Genre: Romance: Erotic/  
Werewolf



#### Excerpt from *Perfumed Heat*

Soft light illuminated the inside of the limousine, as Moira settled back against the buttery-soft, leather cushions. The opaque window separating the driver from the passengers was closed.

Artemis slid into the limo, pulling the door shut behind him.

Brendan and Belle did not join them.

Moira's glance leaped from the closed door to Artemis. She was alone with him, and he was staring at her with that same intense expression that had been on his face earlier.

Trying not to seem too obvious, Moira inched across the seat away from him.

A predatory glint appeared in Artemis's hooded eyes.

Moira's breath caught in her throat. *Okay, what have I gotten myself into now?* "Where are Brendan and Belle?"

He leaned closer. "They're taking a cab."

Her back against the opposite side of the limo, Moira swallowed. "Oh. Ahhh, thank you for getting me away from Sylvia. You don't really have to take me to dinner."

Artemis stretched his arm out along the back of the seat behind her. "I know."

Lifting his other hand, Artemis rubbed his knuckles against her cheek. "Your skin is as soft as it looks." His fingers slipped behind her neck. Gentle pressure pulled her towards him. He bent closer. "You are a very lovely young woman." Then his mouth was on hers, his lips moving in a gentle, searching manner.

At first, Moira stiffened, but his kiss was so gentle and undemanding, she relaxed. Her lips softened and moved under his. Her hands drifted up to his shoulders. She sighed and inhaled his scent.

The fragrance of Artemis's cologne began to weave its spell again, enveloping Moira, seeping into her senses, tightening its hold on her psyche. How could cologne be so - seductive?

Pulling her lips from his, Moira asked, "What's the cologne you're wearing? It smells like Artemis Gray, yet it's different, somehow. The bottle I bought doesn't have the same ingredients."

Artemis's hand remained on her neck. He slipped his fingers into the hair at the nape of her neck and began to trace delicate circles on her sensitive skin.

Her pulse beat erratically.

He caressed her cheek with his thumb. "It's a special blend for my personal use."

Breathless, Moira stared up into his eyes. Why was he so irresistible? "The audacity, to name a cologne after yourself."

"I'm an audacious man. I see what I want, and I take it."

Moira noticed flecks of gold in the irises of his gray eyes. Butterflies danced in her stomach. "What do you want?"

His stormy gaze was even more intense than it had been before. "You, Moira. I want you. Do you want me?"

Instead of answering, Moira inhaled. She'd been mixing scents since she was a girl but had never encountered anything like this blend of Artemis's cologne. Its uncanny fragrance was pure sexual stimulation, titillating and promising at the same time, an eclectic mixture of pine, sandalwood, cedar, and something else, something more subtle. Who would have ever thought those diverse scents could be melded into one compelling fragrance.

Opening her mouth, Moira inhaled and swallowed, using taste as well as smell to analyze the elusive ingredient in his cologne. Her eyes widened. "Aconite," she murmured. "Wolfsbane. That's your base. That's why I'm so attracted..."

As Artemis planted light kisses on Moira's neck and throat, her scent and taste settled around him like a warm blanket. The urge to mate grew stronger. "Why?" he murmured. "Why is aconite so appealing to you?"



## Enticing Excerpts

### PERFUMED HEAT

By Judy Mays

(Continued from Page 13)

Sighing, Moira closed her eyes and bent her head to the side, giving Artemis greater access. "Aconite is a base ingredient of the perfume I'm wearing now."

Artemis lifted his head from Moira's neck and stared down into her face. No wonder his reaction to her had been so strong. Aconite, wolfsbane, just a whiff of its pungent aroma had the werewolf in him howling for dominance. He should have known since he used it himself. Now he recognized the subtle scent enhancing the lily of the valley bouquet of her perfume, could isolate its sharp bite on his tongue from kissing her neck. The arid bite of the aconite based perfume combined with the earthy smell of Moira's own sexual heat was an enticement impossible for Artemis to resist. Lust surged through his blood. His balls contracted, and his cock expanded and stretched to its full size. His body demanded that he mate - *now*.

Sweat broke out on Artemis's forehead as he struggled to control the urge to tear Moira's clothing from her body, to pull her beneath him and plunge his cock in and out of her as hard and deeply as possible. He cupped Moira's face in both hands. "I want you, Moira," he repeated. "Do you want me?"

Moira opened her eyes and stared into his. Why fight fate? She'd wanted him since she first saw him stalking across the room. "Yes, Artemis, I want you." Lifting her head, she melded her lips to his.

Groaning, Artemis pulled Moira onto his lap, his left arm curled around her shoulders while he slid his right hand down her silk clad back and hip and thigh. He bunched her dress in his hand, pulling it up until he touched skin. When his hand slipped back up her thigh, her dress went with it. The combination of the cool skin whispering against her thigh followed by his warm, rough fingers had her shivering with anticipation. She wanted this man more than any she'd ever met.

Blood pounding in his ears, Artemis sucked Moira's tongue into his mouth. Still, he had his werewolf soul firmly under control. He wanted more than just a quick mating. He wanted to play first, to have Moira fall apart in his arms so he could watch her face as she came. Then he would take his pleasure - and bring her to climax again.

Repositioning Moira on his lap, he pushed her dress to the top of her thighs and slid his fingers between her legs. When his fingers reached her wispy, silk panties, he tore them away.

She was so very, very wet.

His cock strained against his trousers. He needed her to touch him.

Pulling his hand away from her thighs, Artemis jerked his pants open unmindful of the button that flew across the limo. He ripped his silk boxers and allowed his cock to spring free. Capturing one of Moira's hands in his, he guided it to his erection, shuddering when her fingers first teased its length - dancing and stroking down one side and up the other.

As her tongue mated with his, Moira gripped Artemis's cock and, slowly at first, then faster and faster, pumped it, her fingers squeezing, relaxing their grip, then squeezing harder again. Artemis groaned into her mouth when she rubbed his first drops over the head over his cock. His balls tightened even more. The urge to explode built higher and higher.

"Easy, love. Not yet. You have to come for me first."

She didn't fight him when Artemis pulled her hand from his cock and slipped his between her thighs. He slid his fingers into her wet slit.

Moira moaned and spread her legs. Yes. This was what she wanted, what she needed. She stabbed her tongue into his mouth, mating it to his. When he slid first one finger then the second inside of her, she sobbed and thrust her hips against his hand.

"More, please, more."

Moira tilted her head back when Artemis's mouth left hers to trail kisses down her neck to her silk covered breasts.

The sound of ripping cloth filled the limo as Artemis used his teeth to tear her dress and bra from her breasts. He sucked first one then the other nipple into his hot mouth, fingers sliding around and around her clit.

Moaning into his mouth, she thrust against his hand again.

He raised his head from her breast and stared into her face. "What do you want, Moira?"



## Enticing Excerpts

### PERFUMED HEAT

By Judy Mays

(Continued from Page 14)

Moira gripped his shoulders with both hands, straining against the fingers that swirled and danced between her thighs. "You," she sobbed. "Please, I need you inside of me."

Artemis's breathing grew harsher. "Like this?" He thrust two fingers into her.

A low keening moan escaped from Moira's throat as she arched into his fingers, her internal muscles clutching at the slippery digits as she ground her hips against his pumping fingers. The combined scents of Artemis's cologne, her own perfume, and musty aroma of sex swirled and wafted around them, flooding Moira's senses. Her arousal spiraled.

Artemis sucked her nipple into his mouth and slid a third finger inside.

Her stomach muscles clenched, and her thighs shuddered. "Oh God, oh God, oh God."

Artemis lifted his head from her breasts and looked into her eyes. "Now, love, come for me now."

She shattered.

Before Moira stopped shuddering from her orgasm, Artemis sat up and settled back against the seat and pulled Moira onto his lap facing him. He had to be inside of her. Now! "Put your legs around my waist, love."

After she complied, he shoved her dress up around her waist, lifted her up, and dropped her onto to his cock, thrusting into her deeply as he could.

"By all the gods, you're tight," he groaned. He buried his face in her neck, gripped her ass, and pulled her towards him as he began to pump.

Moira's hand slid down his shirt, bunching it in her fists. Buttons flew as she jerked it open and threaded her fingers through the hair on his chest. She pinched a nipple.

Artemis gritted his teeth as his balls burned. He didn't think his dick could get as hard and achy as it felt now. Still he fought against the pressure. His cock hadn't been inside of a woman for more years than he cared to remember so he was going to fight the urge to come and keep burying himself into Moira as long as he possibly could, allowing her

slick muscles to grasp, clench, and squeeze him until she milked him of every drop of resistance. Only then would he allow himself his release.

Moaning, Moira arched her breasts towards Artemis's mouth as he impaled her on his cock. He was so very hot, so very, very hard. Her muscles stretched to accommodate his length then tightened to suck him further inside.

Sitting on Artemis's thighs with her legs around his waist, Moira shuddered as he stretched and filled her more than any other man ever had. She wiggled, and he slid deeper. She caught his rhythm, pulling him deeper and deeper with each thrust.

He lifted his face from her neck, lowered his head, suckled a nipple then nipped it.

A bolt of electricity seemed to jolt from her nipple to her groin. He suckled again and gyrated his hips, pushing his cock deeper.

Moira gyrated her hips and strained against him, pulling his cock even deeper. She felt hot, so damn hot! Pressure built. She threw back her head and screamed as another orgasm ripped through her.

This final tightening of her muscles was too much for Artemis. He slammed his cock into Moira as he felt his cum erupt through his cock all the way from his balls.

Gasping for breath, tears rolling down her cheeks, Moira collapsed against Artemis's chest, inhaling the combination of cologne and male that comprised Artemis's unique scent. Never had she experienced such wild, uninhibited sex. At the moment, she didn't think she could even lift her head. Nuzzling his neck, she caught a bead of sweat on her tongue.

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## *Decadent Delights*

*By Siren Alice Gaines*



February is the month for lovers...and chocolate! I reworked a couple of recipes and came up with chocolate mousse pie with Oreo crust. And a couple of friends contributed recipes for chocolate truffles and fudge brownies.

We're all used to big, elaborate truffles with various fillings. The original was a little, irregular bite of intense chocolate rolled in cocoa powder or other coatings. Lucinda's recipe is that kind, and it's very simple to make. Claire says you have to let her brownies cool completely before you eat them. Not easy to do but worth it!

### **Chocolate mousse pie with Oreo crust**

*For crust:*

4 Tbs butter, melted  
18 regular Oreo cookies

*Pie Filling:*

1-1/3 cups mini marshmallows  
1/2 cup milk  
4 oz semi-sweet chocolate chips  
1-1/2 tsp vanilla extract  
1 cup heavy cream or whipping cream  
chocolate sprinkles or a few extra crushed Oreos



Break the Oreos into chunks and pulverize them in a food processor. You can also crush them by putting them in a plastic bag and using a rolling pin. Do the best you can to get tiny pieces. The crust may still have some larger chunks, but the chunks will taste really good. Mix the cookie crumbs with the butter. Press into a 9" pie plate, pushing up the sides. Refrigerate for an hour.

In a small, heavy-bottomed pan, heat the marshmallows, milk, and chocolate chips. Stir constantly over medium-low heat until marshmallows are melted and mixture is smooth. Off heat, mix in vanilla. Put into a medium-sized bowl and refrigerate for half an hour or until somewhat thick.

Beat cream until it holds soft peaks. Fold cream into chocolate mixture until no streaks remain. Deflate the cream as little as possible. Pour into pie crust. Spread chocolate sprinkles over pie to desired amount. Alternatively, crush a few more Oreos and spread the crumbs over the pie.

Freeze the pie solid. Half an hour to 45 minutes before serving, remove the pie from the freezer and let sit at room temperature until it's easy to cut. Serve.



(Decadent Delights - Continued from Page 16)

## *Truffles from my friend, Lucinda*

1 pound Hershey's Special Dark Chocolate (or other dark, sweet chocolate)  
1 cup heavy whipping cream  
1 tablespoon coffee  
1/2 teaspoon vanilla



And:  
(Ground coffee, cocoa powder, powdered sugar, etc. for coating)

Chop chocolate. Heat cream until just about to boil. Pour cream over chocolate and stir until melted. Stir in Vanilla and Coffee. Cover loosely with plastic wrap and refrigerate approximately 1 hour to allow the ganache to get firm.

Using 2 teaspoons, put blobs on waxed paper or parchment paper. Roll into balls and then roll in your choice of coating.

### *NOTES & Variations -*

Form balls around nuts, espresso beans, etc.

Chop espresso beans, chocolate chips, nuts, etc. and stir into ganache after flavorings.

Coat with chopped nuts, white or dark chocolate, toasted coconut, shavings, powdered sugar, cocoa, etc.

Refrigerate for up to 3 weeks...serve at room temperature.

## **My friend Claire's recipe for fudgy brownies**

The Hershey's special dark makes amazing brownies. And it's inexpensive.

2 oz unsweetened baking chocolate  
1 stick butter  
2 cups sugar  
2 eggs  
3/4 tsp salt  
1/2 cup flour  
1 tsp vanilla extract  
1 cup chopped nuts (optional)



Preheat oven to 350 degrees F. In a bowl over a pot of boiling water, melt the chocolate and butter together. Stir in the sugar and stir over heat for 30-45 seconds. Set aside to cool slightly.

Lightly beat the eggs with the salt. Beat in the chocolate mixture. Beat in the flour. Add the vanilla and stir. Fold in the nuts.

Pour into a greased 8 or 9 inch pan and bake 20 minutes. Check them at 15 minutes in case they baked too fast. The 9 inch pan bakes quicker because it is thinner in the middle.

Now you have to let them cool. This is the hard part <g>. If they are too warm when you cut them they fall apart.

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## *Siren Contests and Winners*

### *January Contest Winner*

The winner of the January Siren contest prize is  
Yahoo ID: **patience2virtue**

Congratulations! Please contact our January Siren of the Month, **Mechele Armstrong**. **patience2virtue** receives a download of *Settler's Mine 4: The Wolf* published by Loose Id.

### *February Contest*

**Jennifer Macaire/Samantha Winston** will provide downloads of a copy of three e-books: *Zombie Jack*, *Darla's Valentine*, and *My Fair Pixie*. Good luck to all subscribers!

- ♥ **Subscribers, please note our contest rules:** Winners must contact the Siren/author of the month named in each issue to redeem prizes. The author must be contacted by the winner before the publication of the following month's newsletter to be eligible to win, or forfeit prize(s).

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We hope you enjoyed this issue of the *Sirens of Sensual Romances Newsletter*!  
Our next issue will go out in mid-March 2009.