

The Sirens of Sensual Romances

January 2009
Newsletter



The Sirens

Mechele Armstrong

Alice Gaines

Treva Harte

Katherine Kingston

Titania Ladley

Lynn LaFleur

Lynn Lorenz

Randi Monroe

Judy Mays

Ruby Storm

Samantha Winston

Welcome to the Sirens of Sensual Romances Newsletter!

It's January - can spring be far behind? Even if you're buried under snow or sizzling in the parts of the world where it's the middle of summer, we can all feel the joy and excitement of a new year filled with opportunities, new loves, new joys, daring new love stories that will make your hearts sing, and even a new look to the Sirens of Sensual Romances Newsletter!

Your darkest desires and deepest dreams are brought to life by the pens of 11 talented authors of erotic fiction. Join them for an exploration of their garden of delights as each month a different author delves into the heart of her fantasies.

As a group the Sirens have written more than 100 novels. Together, we cover a number of genres from historical to futuristic, from scary horror to action/adventure, from erotically sensual to pass-the-fire-extinguisher HOT!

Our newsletter is released around the 15th of each month. We'll always have interesting articles, excerpts, and featured author interviews, 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'd love your comments on the new look of our newsletter. Please send them along to: comments@sensualromances.com. And thank you for subscribing!

A Peek at What's Inside ...

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Diane Lane and Oliver Martinez.
Image courtesy of the internet.



Siren News ~ New Releases ~ Author Appearances

Mechele Armstrong

www.mechelearmstrong.com

Mechele Armstrong is thrilled to announce the release of *Settler's Mine 4: The Wolf* from Loose Id. *The Wolf* is a futuristic shapeshifter with dominance/submission and bondage elements. For more information visit <http://www.mechelearmstrong.com>



Mechele will also be appearing at Marscon in Williamsburg, Virginia on January 16-18, participating in a few panels and sharing an author table with Pam Kinney/Sapphire Phelan. Stop by and say, "Hi!" if you're in the area.

Titania Ladley

www.titaniadley.com



Titania Ladley is thrilled to announce that her August 2008 **Samhain** release, *Kabana Heat*, will release in paperback in June 2009!

It will also remain available in e-book format, and has recently been listed among

Sony's e-reader top 100 in romance.

Lynn Lorenz

www.lynnlorenz.com

Lynn Lorenz has signed contracts for the third in the **Common Powers** series, *Edward, Unconditionally* and also a historical novella, *Pacific Nights*, set during World War II.

Edward, Unconditionally will be released in April, from Loose Id.

Lynn LaFleur

www.lynnlafleur.com

Lynn LaFleur is pleased to announce the sale of not one new book, but THREE!

Ellora's Cave has contracted a series of three novellas about a Celtic goddess who owns a lingerie store. With the help of her hunky Celtic god, who also happens to be her lover, she helps women find the perfect piece of lingerie to make them feel sexy and beautiful, and to entice their men.

The first novella should be released late 2009, with the other two coming out in 2010.

Ruby Storm

www.rubystorm.net



It's that time of year when people are thinking about getting away – somewhere tropical maybe? Ruby has noticed a surge in sales for one of the three of her **Precious Gems** novellas. *Sapphire's Seduction* is a tempting novel about

forbidden pleasures at the tropical paradise Sapphires. Two couples, close friends...who knows exactly what effect sultry winds and white sandy beaches can have on one. But you can bet seduction will be involved.





Meet Siren of the Month Mechele Armstrong

This month, **Titania Ladley** sits down with **Siren Mechele Armstrong** for a candid interview on her prolific writing career.

Titania: Hi, Mechele! Thanks so much for taking the time to answer a few questions. First, tell us a bit about yourself, like family and job, how you got started in writing, how long you've been at it, and what publishers you're writing for.

Mechele: Thanks for having me! It was a dark and stormy night.... Oh, wrong story. *Grins* A few years ago, I was playing at writing and being an administrative assistant at a small construction company. I took some time off to be a stay-at-home mom to both my girls and wound up rediscovering reading romance novels. That led to writing them.

I've been writing forever but got serious about it around 2002. I went to the 2005 RT in St. Louis, pitched a revamped vampire thriller turned romance (*Blood Kiss*) to an editor from Loose Id and things spiraled from there. I primarily write for Loose Id right now.

Titania: So what's a day like in the writing life of Mechele Armstrong?

Mechele: Get everyone out of the house and plop my butt in the chair. I write best when things are quiet. A definite flaw when you have two kids but that's the way I am. I usher everyone out in the mornings and try to write until they come home.

Titania: Oh yum, I see your newest book *Settler's Mine 4: The Wolf* is a werewolf story with strong BDSM elements. Is it available yet? Can we have a short blurb?

Mechele: Yes! It is available from Loose Id.
<http://www.loose-id.com/detail.aspx?ID=857>

When Clyde goes into heat, no one else will do but one of his own secretive race, the Wolftons.

Angelica isn't expecting anyone when she hears a shuttle arrive. To her surprise, it's a virile Wolfton, who asks a single question, "Are you a whore?"

Her answer of "yes" plunges her into an erotic fantasy where her every whim is indulged. With Clyde, she takes the role of submissive to new heights.

Clyde knew he'd find sex to ease his urges, but Angelica's more than a willing body. She's his mate. And with his scent all over her, she's never going to be safe from the bounty hunters after his hide. Now this Wolf will have to outrun his pack to Settler's Mine to claim and keep his mate.

Titania: How was your series *Settler's Mine* born, and what's this interesting world all about?

Mechele: *Settler's Mine* series was born out of thinking about a jewel. I started playing around with how a jewel could be special. What would happen if they picked your mate? And suppose there was this mine where people came to find them? And ménages were common. The idea of *Settler's Mine* was born. Of course, I say this and *The Wolf*...well, it doesn't involve any of that. LOL. Clyde is not a race that needs a heartstone to mate, but as a shapeshifter he has other ways of determining his mate. *The Wolf* is also not a ménage.





(Siren Interview - Continued from Page 3)

Titania: Wow, it looks like you have six books in the Bloodlines vampire series. Can you tell us more about it? Where did you come up with the series idea, are the stories stand-alones, and which one is your favorite?

Mechele: *Blood Kiss* was the first in the series and when I was looking to follow it up, I liked the world so much, I wanted to play more in it. I had another idea about vampires (the story for *Conduit*). I figured why not connect them? The Blood Lines series came out of that. Each story does stand alone. Better understanding is gained reading them in order but nothing says they have to be. *Blood Kiss* is probably my favorite. I love Sarah, the heroine. She's very plucky. And it was a labor of love. I revised *Blood Kiss* umpteen times.

Titania: The Collector series looks like a fabulous multi-author, Loose-Id collaboration. How was this series created, and how are all the books connected? Do the nine books complete the series, or will there be more?

Mechele: This series was created when several Loose Id authors got together and played a round of "What if..." LOL. We had a great time doing it. Each story in The Collector series stands alone and follows a different romantic storyline. The Collector's story arcs across all nine books. The last book ended this series. We toyed with the idea of doing another one but don't know if we ever will.

Titania: You kicked the series off with *The Collector 1: Magical Chances*. What's it about?

Mechele: *Magical Chances* reunites former spouses, Drake and Chloe. The Collector approaches Chloe to find a totem that he wants, which is with Drake. Chloe's in need of money so she goes to her ex but finds herself more intrigued with Drake than what she's supposed to find.

Drake's grateful to have Chloe back in his life so maybe he can share his magical secret, he's a magician who can do real magic. But a rival magician is after his trade secrets and puts them all in danger.

Titania: You also co-write with author Melissa Lopez under the penname Melany Logan. What's the difference in your Melany Logan books as opposed to your Mechele Armstrong ones? What publishers do you write for under that pseudonym, and are there any upcoming books for Melany?

Mechele: The only real difference is that we do co-write and meld our voices. We've written for Ellora's Cave and Loose Id. We are working on a new story set in the futuristic world of Law's Deliverance.

Titania: Do you approach your writing (such as plotting, outlines, edits, etc.) differently when you're in collaboration with your writing partner and/or with authors in a series than when you're writing alone as Mechele Armstrong?

Mechele: The way Melissa and I usually work with Melany is we take a character. Do a few scenes for that character. Send it to the other who does a few scenes from the other character. We both tend to write where we know where we're going but don't always know all the steps to get there. So my approach is pretty similar with Melany and with Mechele.

Titania: Where do you see yourself in the writing world next year? In 5 years? What are your future goals and plans as an author, or do you play each day by ear and just let fate have its way with you? <grin>

Mechele: LOL. I'd like to keep writing. That's my biggest goal. I've been working on spreading my artistic wings a little and I expect that to continue.

(Siren Interview - Continued on Page 5)

(Siren Interview - Continued from Page 4)

Titania: I always love hearing about an author's writing space. What's yours like? Do you have your book covers framed and on the wall? Are there hunky-men calendars nearby and magnets overtaking your filing cabinet? Is your desk a disaster, or are you one of those anal kinda authors where everything's in neat stacks and exactly one point eight inches from the edge of your desk? <snort>

Mechele: My husband made a poster of all my book covers and gave it to me last Christmas. It hangs to the right of my desk. A picture of New York City hangs over my desk. A framed poster of *Sword of Darkness* signed by Sherrilyn Kenyon is on the wall to the right of my desk. One side must be neat when I write. LOL. The left side. The right side of the desk is messy. So no, and I'm snorting with you. Right now I share my "office" with my girls' art/homework/etc room. My back is to the room (LOL) so thankfully I don't see if it's messy. I do have a huge file cabinet covered in magnets (LOL).

Titania: Do you write in an office at a desk, in bed on a laptop, on the sofa with the TV blaring, in total quiet under a forest tree, or just wherever you can find time and space?

Mechele: I usually write at my desk. Occasionally I'll take my laptop outside and write there. I write best in quiet.

Titania: Are you a plot-out-every-detail author, or do you do the fly-by-the-seat kind of writing?

Mechele: I usually know where I'm going. But I don't always know every path my story will take to get there. My characters love to throw in surprises.



Titania: Thanks for your time, Mechele! Is there anything else in parting you'd like to mention to readers, such as providing website links, information on contests or newsletters, or any other upcoming releases or great news we should know about?

Mechele: Thank you so much for having me! I have a release coming up next month as well. *I Heart NY: Body Shots* is part of a multi-author series. I really enjoyed working with the authors involved and love the story!

Also, just a little plug. My newsletter group, [The Crayon Chronicles](http://groups.yahoo.com/group/mechele_armstrong/) has several free reads including a *Blood Lines* story about Nick and Sarah that's not available anywhere else. http://groups.yahoo.com/group/mechele_armstrong/

Titania: Readers, please see Page 7 to enjoy a fabulous excerpt from our Siren of the Month, Mechele Armstrong!





Siren Reviews

CAPSIZED

By Lynn LaFleur

Publisher: Ellora's Cave

ISBN: 97814199119338

Genre: Menage a trois or More/Gay/
Contemporary

Length: Novella

Capsized gets 4.5 Stars from Ecataromance.

"Lynn LaFleur has created a beautiful novel of love and passion that transcends gender and time. The basis of love is friendship and the way this story builds is not only believable but enjoyable as well. While this story may not be for everyone it is actually a classic style love story. There is so much love and lust that flows from page to page that the reader cannot help but to be drawn into the lives of the characters. This is a truly beautiful love story." *Kimberley Spinney, reviewer*



The entire review can be found here:

<http://sensual.ecataromance.com/index.php?p=1356>

RUSH IN THE DARK

By Lynn Lorenz

Publisher: Loose Id

ISBN: 978-1-59632-765-8

Genre: LGBT Paranormal/Contemporary
Length: Novel

Literary Nymphs – 4 Nymphs

"Rush in the Dark is the second book in Ms. Lorenz's new ongoing Common Powers series of otherwise normal men who have something a little otherworldly which makes them special. I have to admit that I like the concept. Too often the paranormal aspect of a character's personality not only defines who that person is, but it also dominates the story. That isn't the case with this intriguing gay romance series. In this series, the power doesn't overwhelm...it only enhances the person." *Mystical Nymph, reviewer*



To read the entire review...

www.literarynymphsreviewonly.blogspot.com/2008/09/common-powers-2-rush-in-dark.htm

Siren Contests and Winners

December Contest Winner

The winner of the December Siren contest prize is Yahoo ID: asensualsexdrive
Congratulations! Please contact our December Sirens of the Month **Randi Monroe, Mechele Armstrong** and **Lynn Lorenz**.

[Asensualsexdrive](http://asensualsexdrive) receives a **Tarot reading** from Randi Monroe which will be given by Arwen Lynch, president of the American Tarot Association; a **bath package** from Mechele, and a choice of one of **Lynn's ebooks** published by Loose Id.

See our previous newsletter for more details on the prizes.

January Contest

Mechele Armstrong will provide a **download** of *Settler's Mine 4: The Wolf* published by Loose Id.
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).



Excerpt from
Settler's Mine 4: The Wolf
By Siren of the Month ~ Mechele Armstrong

SETTLER'S MINE 4: THE WOLF

By Mechele Armstrong

Publisher: Loose ID

ISBN: 978-1-59632-855-6

Genre: Futuristic/Shaper shifter/Paranormal

Clyde paced behind the bar, his long, loping strides taking him in seconds from one side to the other. He grabbed a bottle of Tenaglian whiskey and his fingers fumbled with the glass as he poured it, sweat coating his body. His eyes narrowed as he surveyed the empty bar. Took a hit of the whiskey and let the burn take his throat.

Luckily the amber liquid wouldn't actually burn his throat as it would some other species. Although right now, he almost wouldn't care if it did. It would be better than the all-consuming heat inside of him. Maybe it would give him strength to hang on. To not lose himself.

God, he hated the feeling of not being in control. He prided himself on the careful will he exerted against what he was to stay loose. To be different. This descent always left him frustrated and raging. It made him the same as what he railed against. Hell, he was a wolf, not a sheep. The reason he'd been exiled.

He'd go down to the floor and do push-ups, but that would draw attention from those outside the bar. Last thing he needed was someone in his face. They'd probably come away without a nose. He was feeling too snappish to let anyone that close to him.

He sniffed slightly, letting the scents drift through his nostrils. A blended roll call of things near the bar. Couldn't let himself do a full scan because it would drive him insane. So many odors, he could almost be overwhelmed with the number, but his sensitive nose picked out specific ones to home in on.



Especially a female.

A woman in...her cycle. Right time. Fertile. Ripe for the taking. Ready for the fucking. So easy. He could take her. Ease this thing growing inside of him.

He inhaled more deeply, letting the scent roll across his senses. Reveling in the smell. His erection, a constant these days, solidified into a hardness that took his breath away.

His teeth bared in a sneer before he controlled his lips and brought them back under his control. That action hadn't been one he'd thought about doing. More proof of how far he'd gone down into the animal already.

He was slipping. Too fucking close to losing it.

He shook his head to clear it, more sweat breaking out on his brow. Now the scent of the woman haunted him. Bore into him. His fingers clenched the glass so hard that it shattered in his hand. He cleaned the mess up, ignoring the gash the glass created on his hand. It would heal.

Maybe he should have gone for push-ups. Luckily, the glass hadn't pierced him badly. Or maybe it would have been good if it had. The pain might have bought him some control. Kept his lucidity.

This woman wasn't what he needed. Too fragile. The Quatarians were too delicate for what he had to do. Though it wouldn't be long before that would cease to bother him. Soon enough, he'd take any female. Fragility be damned.

You cut it too close this time, my friend. You need to get out of here. Now.

Visit Mechele at:

<http://www.loose-id.com/detail.aspx?ID=857>

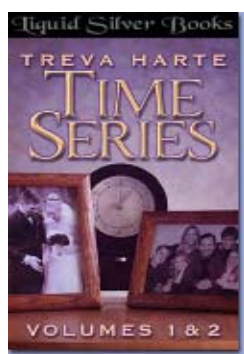
<http://www.mechelearmstrong.com>



Excerpt from
No Time To Dream
From Time Series 1
By Treva Harte

Publisher: Liquid Silver Books
ISBN: 1-59578-138-2
Length: Super Novel

Jen thought she would love Victor all her life. But now she's been told he's dead. Her dreams of a past love seem so real – but so does Jack's love. Are you supposed to fall in love all over again with someone else? Someone who has loved you all of his life?



Excerpt from *No Time To Dream*

"Damn, Jen, you know you can do more than be my paralegal. I could loan – "

"Jack, no. Don't. Haven't I gotten through to you about how I feel about you giving me things?"

He watched her as he passed the little girl over to her. Jennifer nuzzled her face against her baby's neck and smiled at Jack. Sometimes, when his blue eyes went almost dark like that, she wondered what he was thinking.

It was none of her business, of course. They were dear friends and worked together beautifully in the office. No one at work really knew they were friends. The formality in public, the polite deference to each other at work added something – an element of fun.

It was even more of a joke because the rest of the stuffy firm seemed to actually be a little afraid of Jack. Jen didn't understand it. Yes, she had seen Jack's face close down in cold politeness with a legal adversary and she had heard his voice bite when someone mangled a task he had ordered done. But she knew Jack. He didn't mean it. He was just putting on his lawyer pose.

And he was a good lawyer. That part wasn't a pose. It could be enjoyable just to see Jack's mind at work when he was practicing law. No jokes were needed. She respected the fact he was in earlier than any other lawyer in the firm and stayed as late. She was also grateful that he never saw fit to demand she put in the same amount of hours. She'd seen other lawyers carelessly order their subordinates to do that far too often. When Jack asked her to stay late, she did it because she knew he absolutely needed help then.

She only thought it was a pity he had taken up tax law with a little trust and estates law on the side. It seemed too tame for him. She could see him in court instead, maybe doing criminal law like Perry Mason, dressed in those expensive suits that fit him beautifully, his flame red hair a little tousled as he made a point. The female jurors would love him.

"Looks like it's Vicky's bed time." Jennifer hastily changed the subject. "I guess I could use an early night myself. I need to get up earlier tomorrow if I'm going to beat you into the office."

"Try it." Jack was unconcerned as he issued the old challenge. "It hasn't happened yet. But you are welcome to make me coffee if you do get in first."

They shared a smile. The older partners had their secretaries and paralegals wait on them hand and foot. Fetching coffee was just one of the ways the secretaries had to defer to them. Jack had never even hinted she was anything but a professional, with her own work to do. It was one of the things she liked so much about him.

"If I do, be careful about what you find in the cup," she said. "Tomorrow, Jack."

He watched her stroll back next door, Vicky snuggled against her shoulder. Jen's hair was in a long, brown braid down her back. She wore it like that most of the time. He wished it was loose. The sweat had made her T-shirt cling to her long, thin back. He wished the shirt was off. He wished she was alone and walking toward him.

He felt desire hit him in the gut again and braced against it. After all, it was nothing new. He could live with it. Just.

"G'night, Jen."

Visit Treva Harte at:

[http://www.king-cart.com/cgi-bin/
cart.cgi?store=linda018&category=Treva+Harte](http://www.king-cart.com/cgi-bin/cart.cgi?store=linda018&category=Treva+Harte)

Excerpt from
You've Got Irish Male!
By Titania Ladley

*In the Enchanted Rogues Anthology**

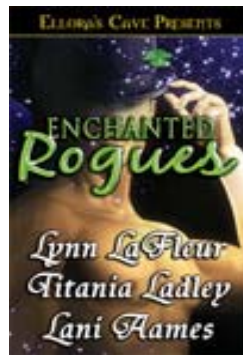
Publisher: Ellora's Cave

ISBN: 1-4199-0108-7

Genre: St. Patrick's Day/Paranormal/
Fantasy/Anthology

Length: 3 Person Anthology

When sex-toy business owner Mischa Roxbury opens a virus-spell E-mail that brings forth a handsome, strapping leprechaun, she becomes lost in his lusty, magical world. Fighting the spell proves futile, for her inhibitions are stripped...along with her clothes. Unable to keep her hands off the Irish rogue, mutant leprechaun Grady O'Donovan, she soon finds out there are only two ways she can have him. Either he has to give up his immortality, or she must forfeit her rewarding career, her beloved computer...and her life!



Excerpt from *You've Got Irish Male!*

The cursor moved over the E-mail line and she thought of Ouiji and how its little prop always scooted itself across the mystical wooden board awakening excitement in its players. Shivers stirred at her roots making her hair stand on end. Her heart did a pleasant flutter behind her breastbone. Mouth now dry as sand, she longed for another swallow of beer. But instead, she licked her lips and inhaled slowly.

And she clicked on the mail.

The music changed tunes. No longer did the jolly melody play over and over. A sensual song of flutes and soft wind poured from the speakers. The mail opened, revealing a page full of shamrocks. They weren't animated, but so real, she reached up to the screen to touch one.

"Ah, I see ye like me gifts."



She shrieked and snatched her hand from the screen just before making contact with it. Her back went ramrod straight.

The voice had come from behind her.

Whirling in her chair, she ignored the wave of dizziness that assailed her. Either she'd had too much beer, or she needed another one, she wasn't sure which. But what she was sure of was that the most gorgeous man she'd ever seen stood tall and proud in the middle of her warehouse apartment. The only light in the entire room was that of her computer monitor and the lunar beams seeping in. Clouds moved across the moon just then, and through the high windows of the building, the filtered moonlight cast him in a bluish glow. He wore a black, felt top hat tipped rakishly over one brow and adorned with a gold buckle. Thick midnight hair was drawn back and fastened away from his arresting face, and she wondered just how long the ponytail was, how far it trailed down that long back. She itched to rise and circle him, to examine every inch of him, but a mixture of fear and astonishment kept her rooted to her seat.

"Holy son of a bitch."

"Nay. Me ma was no bitch. Holy, perhaps, but nay...no' a bitch."

The voice no longer came through the computer speakers but from his vocal chords — vocal chords in a thick, muscular neck atop a broad, *real* man's body. At his words, her eyes riveted to the wide mouth with its full lips. And she determined she no longer thirsted for a beer, but for a kiss. In unison, her pussy and mouth watered, both craving the steely-soft invasion of manly parts

With the brim of the hat obscuring his upper face in a faint shade, she couldn't discern the color of the irises from where she sat. But the dark, eerie tint of them shimmered diamond-like by the scattered beams of light around him. Her gaze scanned his costume — the only word she could think to describe his garb. It was old-fashioned, almost elf-like in style, yet he wore it well, all man. The deep, hunter green suit coat over a red and gold plaid vest emphasized broad, massive shoulders cut to a narrow waist and hips. And beneath that vest, beneath the crisp white ruffled shirt, she couldn't mistake the wide expanse of chest. Mischa flexed her hands. Oh, how she itched to run her palms over

(You've Got Irish Male! Excerpt - Continued from Page 9)

that sculpted wall. Her eyelids grew heavy. She imagined his chest would be hard and unyielding against her breasts. The tender flesh of her nipples would be brought to an instant state of tautness; he'd no doubt be solid and powerful enough to snatch her breath from her lungs.

Mischa slid her gaze slowly downward. His pants were of the same color as the coat, but they ran snug along well-muscled thighs...and cradled an impressive thickness in his crotch. Her breath quickened, as did the snake of desire that coiled between her legs. It seemed to wrap about her clit like a boa constrictor, and flick up and across her breasts bringing her nipples to tight, tingly knots. She forced herself to study every inch of him, coaching her stare away from that delectable bulge. The ankles of the pants were stuffed into the tops of high, black boots with gold buckles along the length of his shins. By the style of his clothes, she thought of an elf again, and yet...he was *way* too large for that.

Unable to remain in her seat, she rose slowly and approached him with her arms crossed over her rib cage. "My, but you weren't kidding, were you? You are quite the prize."

"Kiddin'?" Up into the brim of the hat he arched both eyebrows, two slashes of midnight lightning above ominous, cloudy eyes. "Ye mean about no' regrettin' it? No, ma'am. I would no' do that to ye, that I wouldn't."

Mischa pursed her lips and blew out a long breath as she circled him. Yes, the ponytail was long, almost to the small of his back, just as she'd hoped. And mental images filled her mind of it falling over his thick shoulder onto her naked breast as he took her with animalistic passion. She could just feel it swishing over one nipple, sending a flood of heat to her already soaked pussy.

"Hmm." She raised a hand and tapped a finger on her chin. *This was definitely a hallucination.* "You're...you're a...?"

"Leprechaun," he supplied. But the flush of red to his cheeks and the way his shaded eyes darted away, didn't go unnoticed.

"And that embarrasses you?"

She stopped directly in front of him. His scent smelled so real, so potent. It engulfed her, rugged forest mixed with an ocean breeze. The aroma was pleasing, unique, and it sent her pulse into a new rhythm of need. Though she stood tall herself, she still had to tip her head back to look up into his face.



And wow, what a face! Close up, it was even more striking than it had been from farther away. The strong bone structure and interesting planes and shadows beneath the rim of the hat made her think of a ruthless pirate. The clouds slid away from the moon at that very moment, pouring a flood of soft, blue-white light over him. And small, gold hoops glittered on each of his earlobes dazzling her with the roguish look it lent him.

Under scrutiny, he suddenly swiped the hat from his head, and she saw that those ears were slightly pointed at the top...almost like an elf.

The abrupt movement wiped the shadows from his face, submerging it in the mysterious glow of moonlight. Magnetically, her gaze shot to the eyes. Shamrock-green, they bore into her very soul. Mischa had never seen eyes quite that shade, quite so very stunning before now. It rendered her dizzy and giddy. Unable to remove her stare from his, she pressed her hands upon his chest to steady herself. Heat waves, slow and cozy, permeated her palms and entered her bloodstream. Just as she'd thought, the soft woolen fabric of his vest couldn't disguise the steely hardness of the man beneath it. And that knowledge sent a whiplash of fire to her womb.

He snaked out one arm and wrapped it around her waist to steady her. "Nay, no' embarrassed that I'm a leprechaun," he finally replied, though she'd already forgotten her question. "That I'm no' your typical elf, to be sure. A bloody mutant, as me people call it. Much, much taller, and me hair is no' as fiery as yours is, that's plain to see."

"To be sure." She swayed at the lilt to his voice, at the nearness of it as it filled her ears with its deep timbre. The hard length of him barely touched her from abdomen to knee, yet his warmth eased into her chilled bones. One of his hands came up to comb through her hair, and her eyelids grew heavy and lazy at the adoring touch. But he didn't pet her for long. His hand, large and hot, glided down over her torso and clasped with the other behind her waist.

"To be sure," she repeated, still unable to tear her eyes from his.

"Mischa..." He whispered it, but it came out more as a growl of restraint. "Ye feel so pliant in me arms, so very right. Just as I imagined, just as I knew 'twould be."

(You've Got Irish Male! Excerpt - Concluded on Page 13)

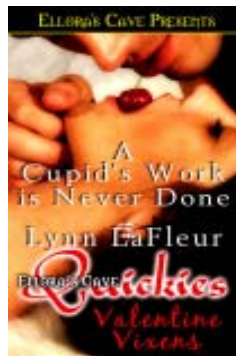


Excerpt from
A Cupid's Work Is Never Done
By Lynn LaFleur

Publisher: Ellora's Cave
ISBN: 97814199119338
Genre: Menage a trios or More/Gay/
Contemporary
Book Length: Novella

Ally Briscoe falls head over heels the first time she sees Bain Duncan, but has no luck in getting the black-haired hunk to notice her. New to the Fort Worth area and now a single man, Bain wants to do his job and be left alone. Getting involved with another woman is at the bottom of his to-do list.

Claudius Ulysses Pervis
Ichabod Derryberry – alias
Cupid – tells Ally the
solution to getting Bain's
attention is simple – she has
to seduce him. And what
better day for that than Valentine's Day?



Excerpt from *A Cupid's Work Is Never Done*

A riot of blonde curls flowed down past her breasts. Those breasts spilled from the deep v-neck of a tight, long-sleeved red dress. The dress ended at the top of her thighs. If she bent over an inch, he could see her ass.

His cock immediately responded to that thought.

Ally sauntered toward him on red high heels that made her legs look incredible. "There's a saying about if Mohammed won't go to the mountain. I've tried subtlety. I've tried a flat-out invitation. That didn't work." She set a bottle of champagne and two glasses on his desk. "I decided it's time for a more...direct approach to show you what you've been missing."

Bain thought himself lucky that his tongue wasn't hanging out of his mouth. "How direct do you plan to get?"

She grasped the arms of his chair and turned him to face her. Propping one knee on the seat between his legs, she leaned forward, her lips a whisper away from his. "Pretty damn direct."

Bain couldn't call this a simple kiss. Ally devoured his mouth, her tongue diving between his lips to duel with his. The heat in that kiss could easily singe his eyebrows. He was tempted to touch those luscious breasts, but fought the temptation. He wanted to see exactly how far Ally would go with this "direct approach".

Her fingers tunneled into his hair and tilted back his head. The kiss deepened, her mouth taking his one way, then another, as her tongue slid across his lips. She tasted of cherries. Bain had never been a fan of cherries, but he loved their flavor mixed with Ally. Parting his lips, he sucked her tongue into his mouth.

Her whimper urged him on. No longer able to resist touching her, he laid his hands on her waist. He slid his hands up and down her sides, enjoying the feel of the soft fabric beneath his palms along with her warmth.

She raised her head, but continued to run her fingers through his hair. "I knew you would be a good kisser," she whispered.

Visit Lynn LaFleur at:

www.lynnlafleur.com

<http://www.jasminejade.com/pm-6389-101-a-cupids-work-is-never-done.aspx>



Excerpt from
Turning Point
By Lynn LaFleur & Randi Monroe

Publisher: Ellora's Cave

ISBN: T.B.A.

Genre: Contemporary

Book Length: Novel

At nineteen, Rico Zanini, a decent kid from the projects, was wrongly accused of rape and attempted murder.

Mary Beth Hunter, a pretty little blue-eyed redhead fresh out of high school, was the youngest juror selected to serve on the panel that judged him.

They forged an unspoken bond during his two-week trial. Rico believed Mary Beth knew he was innocent, and was stunned when the jury returned a unanimous verdict of guilty. In that moment, Rico vowed she would pay for ruining his life.

Ten years later, Rico is exonerated through the efforts of The Innocence Project. Old beyond his years and driven by revenge, he begins his hunt for Mary Beth. It takes him to an alpine village in the Sierra Nevada Mountains of Northern California, and The Tarot Cafe, a local eatery where Tarot readings are served up alongside taste-pleasing entrees and desserts.

What seemed so easy at the start becomes the greatest challenge of Rico's life. He can choose the satisfaction of crushing the woman who ruined his life, or accept the promise of happily ever after.

Excerpt from *Turning Point*
(Unedited Excerpt)

The moment M.B. looked into Rico's eyes, she recognized him.

"Rick?" His name slipped past her lips, part breath, part croa.

She didn't know how, but she managed to keep smiling, never mind that her hand had turned cold and damp in his gloved one. That she had to draw twice for one breath and that the room seemed hotter now than it had when she sat beside the wood stove.

Even after almost eleven years she had no doubt who those almond-shaped dark brown eyes belonged to. She'd know him anywhere, whether across a crowded courtroom or in her kitchen. She'd seen the defiance in the still-young face with ancient eyes staring into a television camera at the media conference the day of his release.

There was no mistaking eyes the color of bittersweet chocolate, with long thick lashes any woman would die for.

Like a whirlpool sucking her in, the years zoomed backward and she was eighteen-year-old Mary Beth Hunter again. A young woman who'd entered the courtroom idealistic and determined to see justice done, but who'd left a crushed and broken child.

Now her knees melted under the hammering of her heart against her ribcage. Much like the last time she saw him. Thank the gods *Rick* still held her hand or she would have ended up a puddle at his feet.

Out of the corner of her eye, Mary Beth saw Leandra stared at them with a mixture of curiosity and amusement. Did Lea think this was some kind of Kodak moment, when two soul mates discovered each other? This was one of the worst moments of her life, one she'd dreaded for more than ten years.

Her mind raced. How had he found her? She remembered Leandra saying they had Googled their new handyman before hiring him. How easy for Rico Anthony Zanini to Google her.

Finally, from wherever it had hidden, Mary Beth found her voice again. "You must be the new maintenance man at the café."

"That's right, *M.B.*" His tone seared her initials.

Do something, say something. If the tension between them thickened, she might explode.

"Where are my manners?" She pulled her hand from his. She took several steps farther into the room. "Lea, Rick, I'm sorry. Dump your boots in there." She pointed to a large plastic tub where two pairs of hers were drying. "And come warm up by the fire. I can make a fresh pot in a minute. The cookies will be coming out of the oven as soon as the timer buzzes." She knew she was rattling on ninety to nothing, but she couldn't stop the words from tumbling out of her mouth.

(Turning Point Excerpt - Continued from Page 12)

"M.B., please!" Leandra took her hand. "We're fine. We came by to make sure you were all right."

"I'm fine, I'm fine."

"Then breathe, for heaven's sake. Your face is as red as your sweatshirt."

Mary Beth's gaze flew back to Rico and then down to the floor and up at Leandra. "Honestly, I'm fine." But she wasn't and they knew it too.

Leandra folded her arms. "This may sound like a dumb question, but do you two know each other?"

Mary Beth and Rico's voices rose together then clashed.

"Yes," Rico said.

"No," Mary Beth insisted.

"Huh?" Leandra looked from Mary Beth to Rico and back again, obviously confused.

Mary Beth hurried to explain her and Rico's conflicting answers. "I-I think I've seen Rick around...town."

"Yeah, maybe me too."

Leandra pushed back the cuff of her jacket sleeve and squinted at her watch. "Sorry to say hi and run, but we need to get the transceiver back to Search & Rescue."

Mary Beth raised her arms then dropped them at her sides. "Are you sure you can't stay a little longer? It doesn't seem to be snowing as hard."

"For now." Leandra zipped her jacket and pulled the ski mask over her face once again. "I wish you'd come with us. I don't like the idea of you staying out here alone in a storm."

"Leandra, we go through this with every storm, every year. I'm fine." Mary Beth cast a loving glance at the kittens, who had been joined by two older cats. "They'll protect me. They always have."

"You're like that little boy who stayed up all night with his finger in the dike, M.B. Somewhere between hero and nut! Rick, come on, we have to get going."

Mary Beth saw no smile on Rico's face. Instead he aimed a look of revulsion in the direction of the cats and something in his eyes, something meant for her—a look that said, *this isn't over*.

The same look that had chilled her the day she filed out of the courtroom so long ago.

Visit Lynn LaFleur at: www.lynnlafleur.com

Visit Randi Monroe at: www.randimonroe.com

Visit The Tarot Cafe at: www.thetarotcafe.com



(You've Got Irish Male! Excerpt - Continued from Page 10)

His gaze moved in a caress over her face and settled on her mouth, which she was sure had to be hanging open to her ribs. She licked her lips, again squelching the urge to kiss him.

"Well, I can't deny that."

She needed to breathe, to think. With great effort, she drew her hands from his chest and stepped out of the circle of his arms. Inhaling, she rolled her head around on her shoulders until she heard the satisfying crack of her neck. This was ridiculous. She had to get away, to reason out just what was happening to her. Crossing to her desk, she lowered herself very slowly into the seat. And her eyes returned to stake some sort of odd claim to this...this *leprechaun*?

He stood there, his arms out as if she'd stunned him with her retreat. "'Tis a mystery, then, ye know, that ye would walk away from me."

"I haven't decided yet how to handle you. It's called a woman's prerogative to make her own decisions."

"Even if..." he said cryptically as he sauntered toward her, "that decision has already been made for ye?"

Visit Titania Ladley at:

<http://www.titaniadley.com>

<http://www.jasiminejade.com/pm-5246-100-enchanted-rogues.aspx>

*Also including hot stories by Lani Aames and Lynn LaFleur - Available now at Ellora's Cave in [e-book](#) and [print!](#)

Excerpt from
Warrior at Heart
By Lynn Lorenz

Publisher: Loose Id
ISBN: 978-1-59632-751-1
Genre: Vampire Paranormal
Length: Novel Plus

What do a 450-year-old vampire in search of redemption, a newly turned vampire determined to live her afterlife on her own terms, an avowed vampire slayer, and a kick-ass virgin in love have in common? And what does an enchanted, wise-cracking lizard have to do with it?

When two couples are caught in the middle of vampire politics and deadly affirmative action, anything can happen, but survival is what *really* matters. Swords swing, heads roll, and love...well, that's another story.

Nic is a warrior sworn to kill vampires and Fiona is a kick-ass virgin. Together they form a partnership of necessity, but he wants it to evolve into more. Ivan is a 450-year-old vampire just looking for peace and quiet, and Annie is a newly converted vampire who's pissed her plans for the rest of her life have been ruined. They're the lone survivors of a hit gone bad.

These four must decide to band together and fight...or kill each other. They're all warriors at heart, but can they be lovers instead of fighters?

Excerpt from *Warrior at Heart*

Nic pulled up to the guard standing at the open gates to the cemetery. After slipping a knife from his boot sheath, he thrust the blade into the guard's chest as he leaned into the window and the vamp disappeared. Nic drove through the gates, down the winding road, and up to a long line of vehicles.



"Town Cars? Vampires in Lincolns?" Nic shook his head.

"Dealer plates. Makes sense."

"I always suspected those dealerships were just a front."

"Sure, the financing there usually sucks."

Nic got out, Cho riding his shoulder, strapped on his sword, and walked toward the crypt. The bare-chested guard, teeth bared, came up to him.

"Hey, man, this is a private party."

Without breaking stride, Nic pulled his sword, decapitated him with a casual swing, and sheathed it. Reaching the door, he pulled it open.

The sound of steel on steel met him.

He paused for a second and then headed down several steps without a sound. No guards were posted at the bottom.

"Time to go to work, Cho."

"On my way, Nic."

The lizard leaped off his shoulder and onto the wall. In moments, Cho had blended into the gray stone walls. He skittered down to the opening and disappeared around the corner.

"Shit! You're not going to believe this, Nic!"

"What's going on?"

"Get down here now! You're not going to believe this."

When Nic got to the bottom of the stairs, he froze.

It was turmoil. Three vampires in togas were attacking a naked, sword-wielding woman. Gloriously naked. She fought like a hellcat, blocking their thrusts, spinning around to attack, her full breasts bouncing with each swing and each block. Her body glistened with a fine sheen of sweat. Her muscles corded as they strained, her dark hair flew wild around her head, and her eyes glowed as if they were on fire.

"God, Cho, I'm in love."

"Forget it she's mine. I saw her first!"

"Out of my way, I have work to do."

"Go get 'em, Nic. That is, if she leaves any for you."

Nic stepped into the room.



(Warrior at Heart Excerpt - Continued from Page 14)

Fiona caught a movement.

Damn, not more of them.

He wasn't wearing a toga or a Roman costume. He was dressed all in black and carried the most righteous broadsword she'd ever seen. As he pulled it from its scabbard, it seemed to take forever to come free. The engravings running down the flat of the steel blade shimmered in the candlelight. Holding it with both hands, he raised it to his shoulder, point forward, took his stance, and leveled his eyes at his quarry.

Fiona felt her entire body tighten. Maybe it was just her nipples, because they definitely ached. She could hear her heartbeat in her ears. Lying to herself, she blamed the adrenaline surging through her, not her reaction to the man. But God, under all that black, she could see the muscles of his thighs ripple as he advanced. Only years of swinging a heavy broadsword built those kinds of muscles in his upper body and arms.

"Son of a bitch! There's more than one! Vlad! Ivan! Romero!" Draco waved his arms about wildly.

Fiona locked her gaze onto the newcomer's face, framed in black unruly hair. He nodded once. It was as if they were so finely tuned to each other they needed only the merest nod, the blink of an eye, or the curl of a lip, to communicate.

Fiona raised her right eyebrow.

He gave her a slow, lopsided, dead-sexy grin.

They began their attack. The two fighters advanced, closing ranks with the three vampires between them. Swords sang as they cut the cold damp air in the crypt. Steel rang with each blocked blow. The three vampires, fighting for their lives, stood back to back in the center of the room, swords swinging and slashing.

These three were a hell of a lot stronger and better trained than the ones she'd sent to hell. Her arms felt each blow of their swords as she blocked them, and her grunts became louder.

The guy in black seemed to be having a good time, almost playing with them. *Cocky bastard*. It was only because of his superior upper-body strength. She renewed her efforts to advance and pin them between her and her new partner.

Visit Lynn Lorenz at:

www.lynnlorenz.com

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Excerpt from
Sapphire's Seduction
Book Two of Ruby's Precious Gems
By Ruby Storm

Publisher: Ellora's Cave

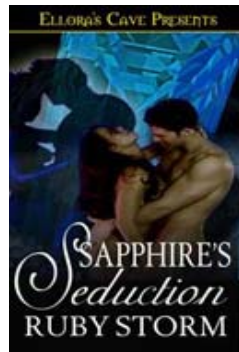
ISBN: 1-4199-0766-2

Genre: Menage a trios or More/

Contemporary

Length: Novella

Two married couples plan a vacation to Jamaica. Destination? An adults only resort called Sapphire's Oceanside Hedonism. No kids, no rules, and clothes optional. Not that Melanie and Dan Ryan and Corrie and Mike Jenson plan to frolic naked in the white sand. It's just that Sapphire's inclusive package has everything they're looking for. Hesitant at first, the women finally agree that they can put up with nude bodies dotting the beach because the price for the trip is within their means. And any outlandish behavior will definitely be observed from afar. They simply want tropical sun, white sand and turquoise water.



Or so they think, until Sapphire's seductive spell of fanciful desire for the extraordinary begins to trifle with the sensuous side of what reality is and what reality can be.

Innocently, Melanie stumbles upon the Jensons in a heated sexual clinch, never realizing that her stunned voyeurism will lead them all into a sexual adventure the likes of which they had never even dreamed.

Note: This book contains sex scenes between consenting married couples.

Excerpt from *Sapphire's Seduction*

"Would you like to talk about last night?"

Melanie's shoulders jerked. She finally looked up and tried to read Corrie's expression, but nothing in the way her friend calmly stared back or the stance of her body relaxing in the chair, gave away her true emotions.

"Yeah, I would." Melanie played with the fringed sleeve of her terry robe before looking up once more. "I'm sorry, Corrie. I didn't mean to spy on you and Mike. I was coming over to get the lotion back that you had borrowed. I guess I was so stunned when I saw the two of you, that I just stood there." Her statement was a bit of a twist of truth, but she didn't know how else to apologize. "Can you forgive me?"

Corrie smiled with a shake of her head. "Forgive you? Oh, no, Melanie. Have you been worrying about me being angry with you?"

"Yes. Most...most of the night."

Corrie's head fell back as she cackled out loud. "You are a hoot, Mel. Why on earth would I be pissed? I've been bouncing around in the nude, or almost nude, since my feet first touched the sand. Plus, you aren't the first to watch Mike and me going at it."

Melanie never moved a muscle. She just sat, totally confused until Corrie reached out a hand and squeezed her fingers.

"Melanie? Hello? Are you in there? Somewhere?"

Melanie shook her head. Her mouth curved upward with a cautious smile. "I'm here. I just can't understand why you're not pissed."

"Honey, I could never be angry with you. It would take a helluva lot more than catching me with Mike to piss me off." She scooted to the edge of her chair and tipped her head as her smile wilted away. "You're my best friend, Melanie. My buddy...my ally against the world. You've stood by my side since grade school. I don't think there's another woman on this planet who can claim that little bit of fame. We're a perfect pair, you and me. You keep me grounded when I get a little nutsy and I help you shed that damn Midwestern consciousness that holds you back at times. So, do you feel better?"

"Oh, Corrie..." Melanie leaned forward and hugged her. "I'm so glad we're okay."



(Sapphire's Seduction Excerpt - Continued from Page 16)

Corrie returned her squeeze. "Of course we are." Sitting back, she watched Melanie blink at the tears in her eyes. "And because we're okay, there's something I want to talk to you about." Her blue gaze stared out across the ocean to where water met the turquoise sky. "This has been the best vacation I've ever been on." She rolled her eyes as her lips formed a pout. "Well, okay, I admit it's the only vacation we've ever taken that wasn't more than four hours from home, but I'm glad we came here together."

"I know. I feel the same. I just feel like we've become closer." Melanie's dark eyes flowed about the lush fauna placed in pots on the balcony. The sun warmed her shoulders as she glanced out at the sparkling blue water. "I wasn't so sure at first that I would enjoy a place like Sapphire's..." Her gaze moved back to her friend's. "But I'm so comfortable with you and Mike. What did you want to speak to me about?"

Corrie stared for a moment longer, ran her fingers through her short, spiked hair, then took a deep breath. "Last night when I looked up and saw you standing there, it did something to me. It's hard to explain, but I enjoyed the fact that you were watching us. Not like the strangers on the beach who I know are taking a quick gander at me or Mike when we're sunbathing in the nude. This was different."

A flash of Mike pounding into Corrie's body ran through Melanie's head. Should she be honest? Of course she should. "I understand the difference. I knew I should have simply turned around and left, but I heard you moaning and I couldn't help myself. I had to see what was going on. I remember thinking at the time how different your face looked. It was as if I experienced the same joy."

"How long were you standing there?"

Melanie flushed a bit. "Longer than you think. I saw you sitting on the bar and Mike...Mike with his head between your legs."

"Did it excite you sexually?"

Melanie tossed her head. "Honestly?"

"Honestly."

"Of course it did. I raced back to my room so totally embarrassed, yet hot to have Dan make love to me."

"Did you get what you wanted?"

Melanie flashed a smile. "Oh, yeah. That and more."

"You know, I talked to Mike about it last night."

Melanie winced and cupped her heated cheeks.

"Oh god, I was afraid of that. I'm so embarrassed."

"Don't be." Corrie grinned. "He was wondering why I was so hot to fuck, so ready to keep going. I told him I'd seen you at the window watching us and the thought excited the hell out of me. He said he just wished he'd known because he would have given you a great show."

Melanie burst out laughing, finally feeling like she and Corrie were back to the way they'd always been with one another.

Corrie joined her. "I know, he's such a lovable idiot at times, isn't he?" She sobered a moment later. "Melanie? We also discussed the possibility of doing it again."

"What?" Mel asked with a snort. "Have a rollicking good time on the bar?" She sipped her coffee and waited for an answer.

"Well, yeah, but with both you and Dan watching us."

"What?" Melanie choked out.

"Hey, I was turned on like crazy. Apparently you were, too. So, we decided that we'd ask you and Dan to come to our room tonight and watch us have sex. Maybe even join in."

"I..." Mel cleared her throat. "I don't know what to say."

"Just say you'll give it some thought. Talk to Dan—that is if Mike hasn't already. He told me that if the opportunity came up, he was going to. It's kinky and sexy and something we'd never ask if we weren't here at the place. It's like Sapphire's is seducing us, daring us to live a fantasy for another day. We're leaving tomorrow. Tonight will be the only chance." She waited, shuttered hope resting in her blue eyes.

Visit Ruby Storm at:

<http://www.rubystorm.net>

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Decadent Delights *By Siren Alice Gaines*

Winter Soups

Now that the holidays are over, we move into the long, long slog through winter to spring. What used to be Jack Frost nipping at your nose is now just cold. This is the time for comfort foods, simple and hearty.

Most of us grew up thinking soup comes in cans. It does, and Messrs. Campbell and Progresso have their places. But too often we ignore the fact that homemade soups are not only truly delicious but easy to make and inexpensive as well. Here are three of my favorites:

Let me start out with the soup of my childhood. Clam "Chowdah". My mother was born in Vermont, and her stepmother, who raised her and raised us after her death, was a Victorian lady from Massachusetts. She could remember people mixing the ingredients for Boston baked beans in the evening and putting the pot into the oven to cook over night. She also remembered the Friends brothers selling beans from the back of a horse-drawn wagon.

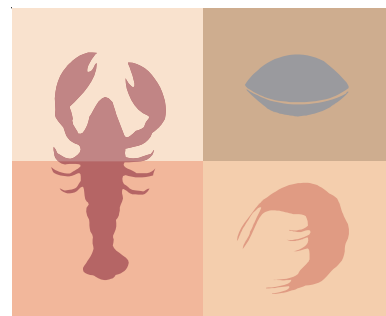
Clam "Chowdah"

2 small or 1 large can of chopped clams
2 slices of bacon
1 Tablespoon butter
1/2 medium onion
1 small baking potato
clam or fish broth, lobster broth, or bottled clam juice or even water
milk, half-and-half, or cream
more butter
salt (if necessary) and pepper

Drain clams, reserving liquid. In heavy pot, cook bacon until crisp. Remove and drain, keeping about 1 Tablespoon of bacon fat in pan. Peel onion and slice thinly. In the bacon fat and a Tablespoon of butter, cook onion until translucent. Peel and cube potato. Add to pot and cover with reserved clam juice from cans and enough broth to cover the vegetables. Cook until potato is tender but still holds the shape of cubes. Add clams and crumbled up bacon. Add milk until it's the right color and flavor. If desired, add a bit more butter. Taste for salt and pepper.

Heat gently until hot but not boiling. Serve.

New Englanders take their chowder seriously, even though there are regional variations within the New England states. Two things - chowder does not have tomatoes in it. No, no, no! That soup they make in Manhattan may be very nice (none has ever passed my lips), but it's not chowder. Proper chowder is made with milk. The second thing - chowder isn't potato soup with a few clams in it. It's not so thick you can stand a spoon in it. In fact, it's not thick at all. Try this, and you'll be eating the real thing.





(Decadent Delights - Continued from Page 18)



Hearty Lentil Soup

3 Tablespoons or more butter
1 small - medium onion, roughly chopped
3 cups homemade chicken broth, canned broth, or broth in a box from the supermarket
2/3 cup lentils
herbs of choice
salt & pepper
cream, milk, or half and half

In a large, heavy sauce pan, melt the butter. Then cook the onions until translucent. Add broth and lentils and bring to a boil. Reduce to a simmer and add herbs, salt and pepper. (If you use canned broth, be very careful with the salt. Canned broth has a lot of salt in it.) Cover partially and cook slowly until lentils are tender (about an hour). Allow to cool some then puree in small batches in a food processor or blender or mash with a potato masher. Return to the pot and warm through. Add enough cream, milk or half and half until it tastes the way you like



Cream of Mushroom Soup

1 lb mushrooms
3 Tablespoons butter
1 c chicken broth (approximately)
2 Tablespoons finely chopped parsley
cream
salt and pepper

Slice 6 - 7 mushrooms. Heat 1.5 Tablespoons butter in frying pan that's 2 inches deep or a Dutch oven or large saucepan. Add sliced mushrooms and cook over medium-high heat until browned. Set aside.

Process the rest of the mushrooms in a food processor or chop them fine. Melt the rest of the butter in the frying pan. Add the mushrooms and cook until they've wilted and given up most of their juices. Add parsley and enough chicken broth to cover the mushrooms. Cook over low heat approximately 20 minutes. Let it simmer but not boil. If the broth threatens to evaporate, add more.

Add the sliced mushrooms. Add cream until you like the flavor and color. Add more butter if you like. Add salt and pepper to taste. Heat through but don't boil.

Stay warm and happy!
Alice

Visit Alice at:
<http://www.authoralicegaines.com>



Contacts and End Notes

For more, please visit our website Sensual Romances at <http://www.sensualromances.com>

For comments or suggestions in general about the *Sensual Romances Newsletter*, please e-mail comments@sensualromances.com

Or we can be reached by writing to:
Sensual Romances Newsletter, PO Box 763, Westerville, OH 43086.

To email individual authors, please visit their websites,
or use the email addresses listed below:

Mechele Armstrong
www.mechelearmstrong.com
mechele@mechelearmstrong.com

Alice Gaines
www.authoralicegaines.com
authoralicegaines@yahoo.com

Treva Harte
<http://www.trevaharte.com>
trevaharte@hotmail.com

Katherine Kingston
<http://www.katherinekingston.com>
katherinekingston@yahoo.com

Titania Ladley
<http://www.titaniadley.com>
titaniadley@yahoo.com

Lynn LaFleur
www.lynnlafleur.com
lynn@lynnlafleur.com

Lynn Lorenz
www.lynnlorenz.com
lynn@lynnlorenz.com

Judy Mays
<http://www.judymays.com>
writermays@yahoo.com

Randi Monroe
www.randimonroe.com
memoriesbyrandi@yahoo.com

Ruby Storm
<http://www.rubystorm.net>
ruby@rubystorm.net

Samantha Winston
<http://www.samanthawinston.com>
Samantha_Winston@hotmail.com

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