

# SHEA SWAIN



## The Pulse of Provocative Romance

### About the Author

Shea is a woman in love with the idea of love so it's no wonder she writes romance novels. The East Coast native is a romantic to her core and reads and watches anything with a love story. She also enjoys binge watching ID Discovery Channel and anime.

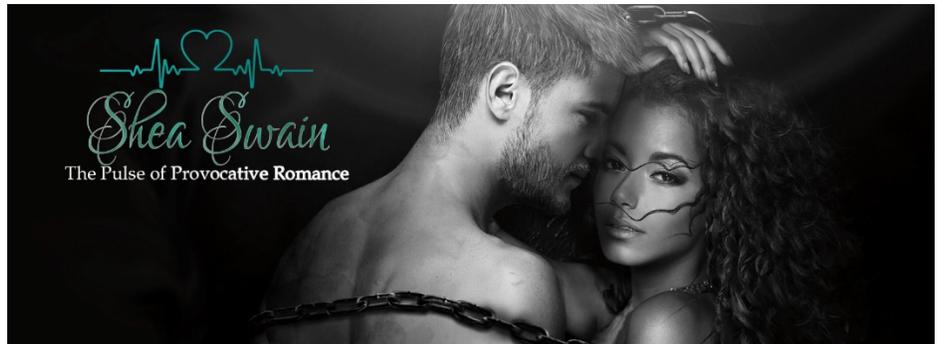
She started writing her first book at her desk while at work. That first story she named The Binding of the Halo. Shea build on that story and it was released as a four-book series about ten years later.

Shea enjoys meeting people and chatting, collecting Barbie dolls, toys, and is addicted to The Sims games. She also loves music and has mentioned that she writes better when she has movie scores playing as white noise in the background. Shea writes multi-ethnic, multi-genre adult romance.

### LOGO



### Banner



### Connect with Shea Swain

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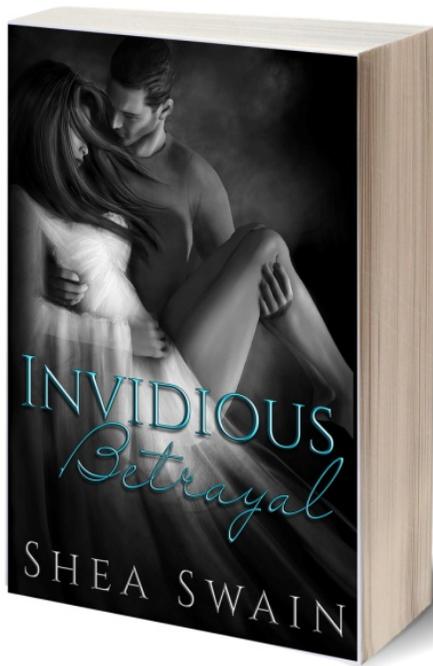
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# INVIDIOUS *Betrayal*



## links

Universal Buy Link: <http://books2read.com/InvidiousBetrayal>

## BLURB

When Aria Cole turned eighteen, she wanted nothing more than to trade childish balloons and sugary confetti cake for Dirty Martinis and dancing all night. Determined to shed her Perfect Princess image and surround herself with guys who didn't know she was the daughter of an overly protective small town Sheriff, Aria decided a fun-filled night in the big city was the answer.

Being assaulted and marked for death was not what Aria had envisioned.

At twenty-one, former child prodigy Ian Howl finally agreed to work for his uncle at Howl Industries. Independently wealthy, he needed a change from his idle playboy lifestyle and wanted a challenge. To celebrate his new position, a lavish party was thrown in his honor.

However, Ian's version of fun didn't include being drugged and mixed up in a murder plot.

A chance meeting had brought Aria and Ian together but what they endured that evening linked them forever. Ian wanted answers and revenge. Aria wanted to forget that awful night. But forgetting is not an option when you know too much.

Hunted and terrified, Aria must rely on and trust a stranger with her life. Haunted by guilt, Ian's primary concern was Aria's safety and if he had to unleash hell to achieve it, then so be it. Neither of them could have anticipated the events that brought them together but once their mutual passion and power is realized...many lives are forever changed.

## Excerpt

### Invidious Betrayal

By: Shea Swain

## Prologue

April 8<sup>th</sup>, 2012

Ian Howl cradled the delicate, unconscious, girl in his arms as he swiftly made his way through the maze of a mansion to get to the garage. Her head rested on his chest and his arms supported her back and legs as he held her close. The swell of her feminine curves against his body felt all too consuming; the warmth of her skin was like a sweet yet biting burn. Tapping down on his ill-placed desires, Ian forced himself to focus on the present: their escape.

He ignored the hulking guard that sat in the security room who called to him as he rushed by. Turning a corner, Ian glanced over his shoulder to see if he was being followed. He hoped for a confrontation-free getaway, but the odds were against them.

Gently, he lowered the arm that cradled the girl's legs so that they slowly slide down his body until he balanced her on the balls of her feet. Holding her close to his chest, he placed his thumb to the security scanner on the wall. He vaguely thought of her bare feet touching the cold floor, but it was something he couldn't help right now. He needed to get her out of there and a chill was the least of his worries.

Three heartbeats later, the door that lead to the massive garage swung open with an air-locked *swoosh* that brought his hope soaring to new heights. They were almost free.

Ian noticed his car was blocked in, so he grabbed a random set of car keys from the wall hook and pressed the door unlock button. The headlights of a beautiful Porsche flashed, but the vehicle was in the rear of the garage and several cars surrounded it. The third set of keys he tried unlocked a luxury sedan that wasn't blocked in and was close to the garage doors. Ian had eased the girl into the passenger seat of the sedan and was securing the seatbelt around her when he felt a heavy hand on his shoulder.

"Where do you think you're taking that car, kid?"

Ian turned his head around to see Brad... Or was it Brent? He didn't remember the guard's name, but Ian knew the guy was built like a defensive tackle. Striking first would surprise Brad/ Brent. So he grabbed the hand on his shoulder and pulled the guard into his elbow, targeting his large, beefy face. The guard stepped back, holding his gushing nose. Ian spun around; he thrust the base of his palm upward into the man's shocked, bloody, face causing him to stumble back again then fall to the floor. The guard didn't get back up.

"Please," the girl whispered.

Ian whipped his head around to see that she was still unconscious and strapped in the car. Rushing to the driver's side of the commandeered vehicle, he hopped inside and started the engine. The automatic doors to the parking garage opened when the car tripped the underground sensor and they barreled down the path toward the front gate of the property. Luckily there were still party guests inside because usually those sensors only allowed vehicles with an installed security plate placed under the hood to pass through without human intervention.

Again, the underground sensor allowed the vehicle to pass through. The large main gates had opened, but they were not in the clear yet.

Ian didn't floor the gas pedal until he was clear of his uncle's property. He wasn't being followed, but he continued to check the rearview mirror, knowing their absence would soon be reported.

The girl moaned, pulling his gaze from the road.

Her long dark brown hair was matted to her head, practically covering her delicate face, so he brushed some of it away. Bruises covered her body but her dry lips, puffy red eyes, and the darkening hand prints on her throat were the most obvious. She was in bad shape, and Ian feared that the thin sheet wasn't enough to keep her naked body warm.

"Help me," she moaned.

"I'm taking you to a hospital," Ian told her. He fought the bile that rose from his stomach. Disgust and shame assailed him, but right now he couldn't think of his role in what had happened to her. He had to get her medical help, but he didn't know Howard County, Maryland, all that well. The only time he even came to this part of Maryland was when he visited his uncle.

Ian brushed the back of his hand over her bruised cheek and was about to place it back on the steering wheel when her eyes popped open, jarring him a little.

She didn't move right away. She just looked at him with a hollowed gaze as if her mind had to reboot. Then those chestnut-brown orbs changed from confused to feral in a flash. Before he could react, she was screaming, "No hospital! No cops!" over and over as she kicked at him and pushed at the passenger door with her hands. Ian grabbed at her feet, but his hand slipped and she nailed him hard on the side of his head with her foot.

"All right, no hospitals!" Ian yelled her as he slammed his foot on the brake, causing the car to skid along the nearly empty road. The force of the sudden stop propelled her forward and the side of her head collided with the dashboard. Her body went limp.

"Shit!" he yelled as he slammed his hands on the steering wheel. Ian pulled the car off to the side of the road, took his cell phone out, and dialed his father's cell. The phone rang several times, then the voicemail picked up. He listened to his father's commanding voice, but he disconnected before the taped greeting ended.

"Damn it, Dad, this is important!"

Ian glanced up at the rearview mirror, peering out into the quiet darkness, lost in thought. The weight of his cell phone in his hand made him find his focus again. He turned the phone over in his hand twice before shutting off the power. Ian stared at the cell phone in his hand for a long moment as he unconsciously rubbed at a spot under his armpit.

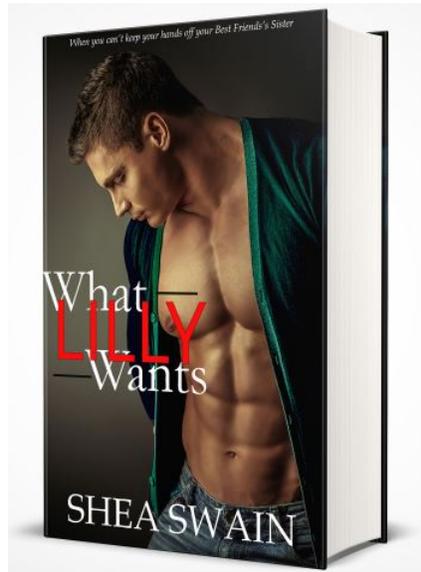
"They will be looking for me, us."

He glanced at the girl then felt under his arm again. As long as she was with him, they would find her.

SHEA SWAIN  
INVIDIOUS  
*Betrayal*



# What Lilly Want an Erotic Novella formally known as Lascivious



## Blurb

Reece has every intention of keeping his hands off of Lilly, his deceased best friend's sister. But Lilly's unintended seduction has him skating the very edge of his self-control. And after, one accidental yet red-hot slip-up, Reece can't help conjuring images of them together. For Lilly, the slip-up is an awakening that confirms her buried desires.

She wants more.

How can he resist Lilly now?

**This book was formally released as LASCIVIOUS**

**Warning:** Mature content and language. Intended for audience 18 years or older. All characters are over 18 years of age.

## Links

Universal: <https://books2read.com/WhatLillyWants>

Smashwords: <http://bit.ly/2b11ZzA>

## Excerpt

Lilly Miles barreled down the hallway at full speed, slowing only when she turned the corner that led to the kitchen. The ripped V-neck of her loose-fitting half shirt hung low in the front, exposing one perfect mound of her firm breasts.

“Don’t press play yet,” she called, as she grabbed the popcorn from the breakfast bar and the chilled bottle of water next to it. Her run became a fast walk when she entered the living room. She set the large metal bowl and bottled water on the table in front of the sofa, then flopped down next to Reece. He sighed but scooted over, giving her ample room on the sofa to sit comfortably. “I’m sorry,” she winced, “Brenda saw Heath with Cindy Middleton and she wanted to tell me.”

“I don’t like that boy, Lilly. He’s probably dating that chick,” Reece said, as he pushed play on the remote.

Lilly ignored the space he offered her and sat Indian style so close to him that her long smooth leg rubbed up against his knee. “Heath and I aren’t exclusive Reece. He can date who he wants. If you give him a chance,” she started, scooting back on the sofa, “I’ll promise to never be late for movie night again.”

Reece settled back on the sofa and tried to give his full attention to the movie. But he was in a foul mood and it wasn’t about that little punk Heath, although the little bastard did grind his fucking gears.

His problem was Lilly. She was an eighteen-year-old fucking wet dream walking and she didn’t have a damn clue. If she did, she wouldn’t be parading around the house in those barely-there gym shorts. Shorts like those should be outlawed. If he had practiced law instead of becoming a cop, then those damn shorts would be the first on his list of things to rally against. The way they rode up her toned, tan thighs was going to be the death of him.

Reece had asked her a hundred times to wear clothing more suitable around the house but, as usual, Lilly ignored him. If her parents hadn’t passed away when she was just thirteen years old maybe she would know better than to prance around like this.

He glanced over at his ward. Her long dark hair was pulled into a loose knot at the top of her head. Several shorter strands fell from the mass, making it look sort of messy yet sexy. Her youthful skin was surprisingly clear and soft, as if puberty had no adverse effects on her. Those hazel eyes were a gift from her mother and so were her extra-long dark lashes, full pouty lips, and her shapely body. Reece had never seen her breasts uncovered but he was certain that they were perfect.

"Fuck", he thought, as he took her in. Just before he looked away, Lilly luscious lips spread into an innocent smile. God, her smile was going to be his undoing. Reece threw his head back and silently prayed, asking God to forgive his thoughts. What the hell was wrong with him? In his defense, he’d never imagined having Lilly under him but looking at her and cataloguing her attributes was dangerously close to the act.

Reece reached forward and grabbed a handful of popcorn out of their shared bowl on the table. He munched as he tried to focus on the movie and shut down his thoughts about Lilly. He made a mental note to talk with her about her clothing again.

After the movie was over, Reece stretched his legs and tried to raise his arms above his head but Lilly’s head and upper body were resting on his side. She had fallen asleep. So much for movie night, he thought, as he slowly slid from under her and stood without waking her.

For a few seconds, Reece just watched her. Lilly was so beautiful and the way she was laid out on the couch made her so tempting. His eyes moved over her lovely face, her lips, and down her neck. He tensed when he saw that her shirt had fallen open.

Reece had full view of one of Lilly's perfectly round—what looked to be a B cup—breasts. Her dark nipple looked firm and the image of sucking it into his mouth flashed in his mind. He tried to shake the thought from his head.

*Oh shit!* Reece almost came undone when he looked away from her breasts to find her trimmed pubic hair and the smooth pink lips of her sprawled out pussy staring up at him. The shorts she wore were loose around her thighs and with no panties on, Lilly's sweetness was fully exposed. She was still sitting Indian style but her upper body had fallen over when he had moved, causing the striking scene before him.

*Shit, shit, shit...* his cock was as hard as granite. "Shit," he whispered. He was hard because Lilly's perfect little pink pussy was winking at him. Reece turned away and paced the length of the sofa a few times. He couldn't stop the thoughts that ran through his head. His cock flexed when the image of him on his knees licking her cunt dry, popped into his head.

*Fuck!* Reece backed away nervously. His breathing grew ragged as he rubbed his wet palms over his thighs. This was stupid. "Just pick her up and put her in her bed like usual", he told himself, but didn't move.

"Move asshole," he whispered to himself, after turning around to see her pussy glistening in the light of the television. Reece sucked in his bottom lip and bit down hard enough to taste his own blood. God, he wanted to taste her. "You're fucking sick," he whispered. "Fucking sick," he said again. *Move!* The sooner she was in her bed; the sooner he could get those damn images out of his head.

Reece bent over and place one arm under Lilly's upper back and other under her legs then lifted her up in his arms. He couldn't resist rubbing his cheek over her head but once he realized what he was doing he stopped.

Walking down the hall as fast as he could, Reece pushed open her bedroom door and hurried to her bed. The grey and white room didn't scream eighteen-year-old teenager. It kind of whispered it. There were no posters of shirtless actors or music stars. No brightly colored patterns or art work tacked on the walls. Clean lines, framed art, and a neatly arranged closet greeted him as he entered.

Reece gently started to place Lilly on the bed, he froze when Lilly shifted in his arms. When he attempted to lay her down, she rolled and he fumbled to catch her legs as her lower body hit the bed. That's when he felt it. Warm moisture covered his two fingers that had slipped between her thighs. Reece kept his hand and fingers perfectly still as he lowered Lilly's upper body onto the bed.

He kept his hand in place as he slowly dropped to his knees. Reece looked at his fingers that were inside the folds of Lilly's slick hot pussy. He didn't want to remove them. He wanted to play, taste, and suck on her core until she screamed with delight.

Reese shook his head. *It's not right.*

Yet when he attempted to pull his fingers free, Lilly moved. Reece stilled again, determined not to wake her. No way was he going to get caught with his hand in the cookie jar. Another shift

caused his fingers to slide over her little nub and she moaned. Reece's cock throbbed and jerked so hard that he felt it was going to burst.

She moved her hips again and more of her wetness coated his fingers. Reece wasn't sure what made him do it but he slid his fingers slowly around the outside of her slit, crossing over her clit twice. His actions didn't wake her but he couldn't keep silent. Reece moaned softly and his cock jerked several more times as he played with her pussy. His hips involuntarily rocked forward. When he realized what he was doing, he abruptly pulled his fingers free.

*Damn.*

Reece pulled the sheet that sat at the foot of the bed over her with his clean hand then hurried to his room. He closed his bedroom door and went straight to his bathroom. He hurried to the second door to his bathroom that led into the hallway and locked it. Reece went to the sink and turned on the hot water to wash his hands. He reached for the soap but stopped before he pressed the pump.

It dawned on Reece that he wasn't breathing so he took a deep breath. He closed the toilet seat and sat down then scrubbed his hand over his face but froze again. *Fuck...* it was the hand that had been in Lilly's sweet pussy. He could smell her innocence on them and she smelled so good he almost came in his shorts.

He moved his fingers under his nose and took a deep sniff. Her pussy smelled so good that his cock jumped repeatedly like a bird pecking at corn. Without thinking about what he was doing, Reece placed the two fingers on the tip of his tongue.

He moaned as he pulled his aching cock free of his shorts. While he kept his coated fingers on the tip of his tongue he let his hardness go long enough to pump some lotion that sat on the bathroom sink into his palm.

He smoothed the lotion over his aching cock and started pumping up and down. A guttural rumble rose from his chest and came out as a heady moan when he allowed his lips to close over his fragrant fingers. Reece pumped his hardness with more vigor. Lilly's taste was blinding and his head spun as he savored it. Moaning over his fingers again, he savored her alluring smell that was under his nose and in his mouth...and he loved it.

Reece growled and pumped faster. Her taste was almost gone from his fingers so he started to lick them greedily, wanting—needing more. He wished his face was buried between her thighs and that he was licking her sweet twat. He strained, panted. He was close, so close.... *God, I'm so damn close!* His head fell back and he growled as he squirted stream after stream of cum into the air. His hand continued to pump until he was drained completely.

# Chained to the Devil's Son

A Full-Length Contemporary Novel



## Links

Universal Link: <http://books2read.com/ChainedToTheDevilsSon>

## Blurb

It was supposed to be the start of a new chapter in their lives. What it turned out to be was a life worse than death.

When Evelyn Jones' family made a wrong turn onto the property of one of the most racist men in the South, she discovered that Hell is definitely a place on Earth. She had few memories of the loving life her parents' provided. Constant fear replaced her free-spirited youth, and the person responsible was the Devil himself. That's who young Evelyn thought the man who took her family captive, to suffer under his sadistic rule and hateful tongue, was.

Junior Shaw was the only one who had to endure his father's torture, and then they arrived.

No one understood survival of the fittest like Junior. The strong stomped on the weak, and the weaker were stomped on repeatedly. Twelve-year-old Junior was the weak according to his father. To be raised under evil's hoof was hell, but when his father turned his hatred on others, Junior adopted the role of protector. However, who will protect him?

Two children must mature under horrid circumstances and soul-crushing abuse. This standalone full-length novel is a tale of uncompromising hate and unending love and devotion. Delve into the darkness of Chained to the Devil's Son.

## Excerpt

They were driving to Alabama. Had been driving for a long time when Evelyn's mother, Pearl, asked her father, Harland, to stop at a motel they were approaching. Only her father didn't stop. He continued driving so long after her mother's request that even the signs to direct them to food and fuel grew scarce. With nothing to occupy her mind, Eve fell asleep.

When Eve woke, her mother was urging her father not to pull onto a dirt road that looked deserted but for the beat-up mailbox that stood out like a beacon off the main road. They were just going to ask for directions or maybe use the phone; at least that was what her father said.

Eve listened quietly as her parents' debated what to do. Whether to knock on the rundown farmhouse door or to chance driving further because they were clearly lost. Her mother spoke of her unease. Having been raised in the South, she warned them that they needed to be ever cautious.

Harland was of a different breed. He had been raised among gentler white folk who seemed more apt to spear you with words rather than a sharp knife. He believed in the power of words, wholeheartedly. Harland Jones also believed that most people were well-meaning organisms who when given the facts were reprogrammable, at least that's what he often said.

Eve's father ended up winning the debate on whether to knock on the old farmhouse door or not. Eve fought a grin when she saw the handsome smile he always flashed when he won an argument. It was rare for her father to win one against her mother, who was a thinker by trade. He even offered Eve a wink as he gracefully slid from their vehicle and climbed the cracked stairs. He walked with that same grace before knocking on the tattered screen door.

Eve could barely see the girl who opened the door, and for a moment, it seemed as if the girl was going to allow her father to use their phone. Then, Eve heard someone yelling from inside the house. She tensed when a fuming man with stringy dark hair shoved the girl out of the way and pulled the screen door open wider. The man began yelling at Eve's father, who held up his hands in defense and seemed to speak calmly, which was his way.

Eve couldn't make out what was being said, so she rolled down the car window. The word 'nigger' was said a number of times by the man. She heard that word before, but it didn't have the sting it had on this man's lips. Eve's father must have felt the same because instead of arguing with the crazy-eyed man, he just shook his head and turned around.

Eve didn't even hear when her mother got out of the car, but she did and was ushering her husband down the porch stairs and toward the car. Her parents' slow trek back to the car didn't hold Eve's attention. Instead, she looked back to the door of the house, only to find that the angry man had disappeared back inside.

Eve settled back in her seat but kept her eyes on the dark house. She wanted her parents to move faster. She had a bad feeling in the pit of her stomach and wanted to get away from this house as fast as they could. Her heart sped up as she silently willed them to move faster, to run if possible. The walkway wasn't paved and her mother was wearing heels. So, while they tried to maneuver over the pebbles, neither her father nor her mother saw the angry man stepping back into the doorway with the long gun in his hands.

Eve did, and she screamed for her parents to turn around. She screamed for them to run, but there was no time for either of them to react before the man took aim. Eve watched in horror as her father's chest exploded outward. She held her breath as her father slowly dropped to his knees. She saw the shock on his face and the sorrow in his gaze as he locked eyes with her briefly before falling to his back.

*Mommy!* Eve's panicked gaze immediately sought out her mother as she prayed that what she was witnessing from her family's car was just a nightmare.

Eve's ears rang from the loud blast, but she heard her mother scream as she frantically tried to stop the bleeding from her husband's chest wound. Wide-eyed with terror, Eve's young mind tried to process why this was happening. Shaking with fear, Eve watched through teary eyes as the girl from the house came to the doorway again. The girl was screaming and pointing when a boy rushed out of the darkened doorway and ran toward the man who now towered over her mother with the gun still in his hands.

"Mommy!" Eve shouted to her mother. Her mother didn't answer as she cried out for him, her father. Eve watched helplessly as the man raised the gun and slammed the handle down on her mother's head.

Jason Ray Shaw, aka Junior, tried to ignore being shaken awake, but it was useless because Sadie Shaw was determined. He groaned then rolled over and opened his eyes to see his sister's beautiful but worried face looking down at him. Though she was five years older at seventeen, she relied on him for a good deal of support. Clearly his sister needed him right now. She was crying, her brows were pinched, she looked freaked, and she was shaking him as if he was still asleep.

"Wake up, Junior. Dad...doing bad, bad," she said as she continued to shake him.

With a curse that would make a saint's ears bleed, Junior moved Sadie aside, slid out of bed, and pulled on his worn jeans then his socks as best he could. Sadie said a bunch of words but she wasn't making any sense, her crying jumbled everything. *God, my life is shit.* Not because of Sadie. She was his special girl. The doctors said retarded, but to him she was just plain special and he loved her just the way she was.

*No*, Sadie wasn't the problem.

As Junior followed Sadie out of his room he heard the tell-tale signs that his father was drunk again. The sounds of shotgun blasts were a constant here at home sweet home. The neighbor's dog was probably on their property again, and his sauced father was trying to shoot the damned thing... again. Seeing no reason to rush but wide awake now, Junior ranked Sadie's frantic pulls and urging low as he made his way through the hallway and down the stairs to the first floor of the house. It was only when he heard screams that he stopped dead in his tracks.

"Help them," Sadie cried as she pulled at his arm.

A second later, Junior was shoving Sadie behind him and running for the front door with no idea what awaited him. He pushed through the open doorway and stopped to take in the scene before him.

He saw... Junior blinked then blinked again. "What have you done?" Junior yelled. Cefus Shaw swung around with the gun aimed at him. Junior held up his hands and took a step back. "Pop?" Junior said softly.

Cefus' eyes were absent of any recognition or humanity. Junior saw this side of his father before. He endured many beatings that followed his father's drinking and this, what he saw, was that look. Junior gazed pleadingly into those hard, unsympathetic eyes enough in his short life to know that there would be no compassion. Would this be the night the old man ended it all for him? As he did often in times like this, Junior thought of his sweet, innocent sister.

Sadie was the only person in this world that Junior cared about. If he took anything his father ever said to heart it was, 'Blood boy'; the old coot would say 'it's all you got in this world.'

“Pop,” Junior said again, cautiously.

As if jarred awake, Cefus lowered the shotgun a few inches, now aiming at Junior’s chest instead of his head. Recognition flashed in Cefus’ light glazed-over eyes before he blinked. “What the hell you doing sneaking up on me, boy,” Cefus hissed before turning back around. With his father’s focus away from him, Junior took a calming breath then looked past his father.

A woman was lying beside a man who had a huge hole in his chest. Junior immediately felt sick as pain and empathy slammed into him for the strangers. *Cefus done did it now*, he thought as he took a measured step closer. Junior was turning his gaze on Cefus when he saw *her* out the corner of his eye.

In a station wagon that had one of those wheeled storage moving containers attached to it was a girl. Her face was streaked with tears. Her eyes were pinned on the man and woman lying unmoving on the ground. Her mouth was wide as her screams filled the night. He hadn’t heard her until now.

*How did he not hear her?*

Cefus heard her, and he was about to shut her up, permanently.

Junior moved; later he would wonder what propelled him to do it, but there was no time to dissect his actions now. He ran down the gravel walk as fast as he could, blocking Cefus’ view and the barrel of the shotgun that he aimed at the car window where the girl was howling.

“Get the fuck out of the way, boy, for I fill you with holes.” Cefus’ words were slow but not slurred. That bastard wasn’t as drunk as Junior originally thought. His father was a hell of a shot which explained why he actually was able to hit that man dead center in the first place. Cefus being sober...

“You need to think right now, Pop,” Junior said. He shook his head when he noticed Sadie coming out of the front door. Sadie understood and quickly went back inside. “If you shoot that shotgun one more time, the Wilsons will have the law out here again. How you gone explain this,” Junior motioned to the dead man. He only heard one shot so he assumed the woman may still be alive. “These aren’t dogs, Pop.”

“The hell they ain’t,” Cefus said, motioning with the barrel for Junior to move out of the way. “Niggers and dogs are one in the same. Now move your ass, boy.”

“Sheriff Gifford won’t be able to sweep this under his hat if you harm the girl. She’s not a man, Pop. They won’t see her as a threat like they might her parents’.” Junior realized the girl had gone silent, but he couldn’t check on her just yet. He was trying to reason with a man of many faces, and both their lives were on the line. The drunk, the punisher, the racist, on rare occasions the apologetic father, and now the murderer was staring at Junior as if he were a stranger.

Junior heard the gun cock. *Will he really shoot me?* The thought to appeal to the father in Cefus, the father he had never been, popped in Junior’s head. “I’m your son, your blood.” Cefus actually grinned, and that grin said none of that mattered. “You say that’s all we got is each other, Pop.”

That got Cefus to slowly lower the shotgun with a sigh. He stood there with his eyes on the girl in the car then he looked down at the woman lying at his feet. Cefus seemed to think for a moment then his eyes lit up. Junior’s stomach churned because that look was one of his father’s scariest, and by the way, Cefus was peering down at the woman’s thighs, exposed by the rising hem of the dress she wore...

Junior could almost see the cogs in Cefus’ depraved head turning. It was then that Junior realized that he should have let Cefus kill the woman and the terrified girl. That would have been more humane because now he and Sadie weren’t the only prisoners of Cefus Shaw.



# Winter's Icy Heart

A Contemporary Short



Universal Link: <http://books2read.com/WintersIcyHeart>

## Blurb

Winter Stratton convinced herself that love was like lightning and it only struck once. She found the love of her life and lost him. Yet, even when she felt nothing romantic for the friend who helped her through hard times, a sense of obligation pressed her to give him a chance. Winter didn't expect her 'friend turned lover' might just be the death of her.

When Cord Kesso decided to step in and rescue Winter and her daughter from what looked like a bad situation during a snow storm, he felt an instant attraction to the pixie of a woman. Offering her a place to wait out the storm through the holidays was the gentlemanly thing to do. If they made a connection, even better. When Cord saw something he wanted, he went all in. Fighting Winter's doubts was one thing. Fighting for their lives...a whole other thing entirely.

## Excerpt of Winter's Icy Heart

December 20

The cab driver swerved to avoid a collision with the sedan that followed. He maneuvered the cab expertly, missed the curb on their left, but spun out in the parking lot of a lone convenient store. A scream caught in Winter's throat as the cab skidded sideways across the snow-slicked road then came to a stop inches away from

a bright yellow crash post. She clutched her daughter, Andrea, to her chest as she thanked God that they didn't crash.

"Get out of the cab, Winter." His harsh tone was loud and promised pain.

Winter closed her eyes and took several deep breaths. Only, there was no time to get herself together. Her eyes popped just as the passenger door of the cab was pulled open. Cold air and snow overcame the warmth inside the cab almost immediately.

"Leave us alone, Terry," Winter told him.

Terry grabbed Winter by the arm; his fingers dug into her skin as he pulled her across the leather backseat. Winter struggled to keep hold of her daughter as she was yanked out of the cab. Her foot slipped on the snow and she would have gone down but Terry jerked her arm above her head. She had to tighten her free arm around her daughter as she danced on her tiptoes to gain traction.

"Get her fucking bags out of the truck, cabbie," Terry yelled to her driver.

The cab driver looked at Winter with imploring eyes. He stood by the driver's side door with one fist on the hood and the other on the door of his cab. It was clear that he wasn't sure if he should help. This wasn't his fight and Winter had no desire to involve him in her mess. No one else should have to suffer for her choices.

Winter nodded her snow-covered head to convey to the cab driver that it was alright to take her things out of the trunk. Only, the cab driver stayed in place.

"Get. Her. Shit," Terry yelled again.

Winter looked the cab driver over. He was an older gentleman with a studious demeanor about him. There was no way he could win a physical confrontation with Terry, and she hoped he knew that. She was certain he'd get hurt.

"Can you get my things out of the trunk, please?" Winter told the cab driver.

"Are you sure miss?" The man looked torn.

"She's sure," Terry answered for her.

Winter stared into Terry's hard blue eyes for several heartbeats then nodded. The cab driver went to the rear of his cab and took out her two suitcases, then Andrea's little character case and placed them next to Terry's car.

With the luggage out of the cab, Terry relaxed his hold on her. Winter tried to pull her arm free of his grasp but he squeezed tighter then gave her a threatening look before letting her arm go.

Unrestricted, Winter was able to support Andrea's small body better. She used her body to cover her daughter as best she could as she took in her surroundings. They were in front of a 24-hour convenient store that was decked out with red and green Holiday décor. The store and the parking lot were brightly lit but Winter saw no one inside. What she did see was a huge black dog that sat under the awning in front of the store's door. Dogs usually frightened Winter but Terry owned the rights to her fear these days.

"Put the kid in the car, Winter," Terry said from behind her.

Winter turned her attention back to the thorn in her side. He stood there as if he were a King and that all the world should bow to his will as snow fell over him. He picked up one of her suitcases that sat on the ground and held the back door of his car open.

If I put Andrea in that car seat, we will never be free.

The chill she felt was nothing compared to the fear that pulsed through her body. On shaky legs, Winter took a careful step back, then two more. The snow seemed to pick up the moment she made her decision. If that was a good or bad sign, she didn't know, but Winter prayed for the storm to be in her favor. Her name was Winter after all.

"I swear to God, Winter," Terry yelled, "You're pissing me the fuck off."

"Leave the lady alone," the cabbie called out. He sounded scared but he did speak up for her.

That gave Winter a bit of needed strength. She took a few more steps back when Terry whipped his head around to stare at the cabbie.

"Shut the fuck up old man, before I shut you up." Terry turned his angered attention back on her.

Winter backed away from Terry until the heel of one of her feet met the curb's edge. She kept her eyes on Terry and used her foot to feel her way onto the sidewalk that led to the door of the store. If she could just get

inside, maybe the clerk had protection hidden in the store?

When she took another step back, something large stepped into her path, and effectively shielded her from Terry.



# ABSOLVE

A Contemporary Short



## Links

Universal Link: <https://books2read.com/AbsolveSheaSwain>

## Blurb

Nisa Dithers was left broken when her younger brother was involved in a tragic accident. Affected by the tragedy more than she cares to admit, her life became an echo of what she'd planned it to be. Her dismal existence is interrupted when a man she doesn't even know, steals a kiss.

Trent has done everything in his power to right the wrongs he's done in his life, but he'll never atone in his eyes. Yet, just a moment in Nisa's presence had him dismissing his failures. Stealing a kiss was just the beginning. For the first time in a long time, Trent was looking forward to tomorrow.

Absolve is a short story of living with the pain of loss and accepting the beauty of forgiveness. For adults 18 years and older.

## Excerpt from ABSOLVE

A Single Moment

### Her

Nisandra Dithers couldn't help smiling at her family and friends seated around the long table at Stackers, a nice family restaurant where she once waitressed. She and her former coworkers had joined together four regular tables to accommodate everyone in her party. Fondly looking at them, she found herself thinking that they were a nice group, the kind of customers Nisa would enjoy serving if she were waiting tables tonight.

“Well, I for one don’t like the idea of her going to a college so far away.”

“We all know you’re old Fritz; you don’t need to open your mouth with nonsense to prove it.” Aunt Helena teased him as she winked at Nisa from a few seats away.

Nisa looked over at her mother, who sat just to the left of her. She knew it was going to be hard for the both of them when she left for college in the fall. They were so close; tied at the hip everyone always said. Nisa didn’t think she’d ever gone a full day without seeing her mom’s beautiful smile. That same smile comforted her now as her mother gave her hand a gentle squeeze under the table.

“Nisa will be just fine, Fritz. We’ve raised a very smart young lady,” her father, Eric, said from his seat to her right.

Nisa had to squeeze her eyes shut and take a deep breath before she started to tear up again. Her family was amazing. All of them were, even her great-uncle Fritz, who was definitely stuck in the seventies with his hair styled in an afro; and wearing an old leather ankle length coat and a Dashiki. Uncle Fritz was a bit of an acquired taste and still called her white girl from time to time, even though he swears to the one drop rule.

She opened her eyes, watching and waiting for his next comment. He was a bit rough around the edges and during his visits he managed to offend everyone before driving the half day’s distance back to his home. She often wondered why he drove so far just to bicker with his family.

“Well, its cause she’s a Dithers,” Fritz said, as he looked at Nisa.

Nisa smiled but held her breath. There was no telling what Uncle Fritz would say next.

“It’s a good thing we’re built strong. Can’t say much about her other half though,” Fritz said, in a matter-of-fact tone as he forked some pie into his mouth.

And...*there it goes*, she thought. She looked around the table, but no one gave Uncle Fritz's comments a second thought. Even Spencer, who usually loved to verbally spar with her Uncle, said nothing. It seemed that everyone had decided to overlook Fritz’s nonsense today.

“Are you crying again?” A set of hands appeared from behind her and arms wrapped around her shoulders.

“No, I’m not crying again Derek.” Nisa rubbed her little brother’s arm as he rocked them. “I’m just happy, that’s all.”

“I’d be happy if I was leaving too. You’ll get to stay up all night and eat what you want,” Derek pouted.

Nisa laughed and so did everyone within earshot at the table. She patted Derek on the arm before he moved away asked for their father’s keys. “Where do you two think you’re going?” Nisa questioned as she watched Derek and her cousin Walter move away from the table.

Walter sighed. “Geez Nisa, we’re done dessert. Derek’s just gonna show me the game you bought him.”

Her cousin Walter was a pain in the butt as cousins went and he often told her that she was a nosey fun-dimmer but he and Derek were as thick as thieves. Her mother’s sister, Aunt Helena and her husband, lived around the corner from them so that meant Walter, their son, was around all day and most nights.

*Living away from home is going to be awesome*, she thought with a smile.

“We’re nine years old,” Walter whined.

“Yeah,” Derek frowned, “we’re not babies.”

“Let them go,” one of her relatives at the table called out.

Nisa wasn't sure who had spoken, out of the dozen or so relatives but she gave the boys a slight nod. She watched the boys jogged through the isle and past their waitress toward the entrance.

“How we doing?” Their waitress, a girl Nisa just met on her last day a week ago, asked.

“We're about done,” Nisa's father replied.

Nisa watched the waitress as she smiled then turned to get their check. Staring at the girl was a way for Nisa to avoid Spencer, her boyfriend, who was watching and waiting. She hadn't given him an answer yet and he would be fishing for one as soon as he got her alone. Her only defense was avoidance, for as long as she could manage. So, she turned to her mother to discuss...anything.

A good fifteen minutes later, Spencer had managed to corral Nisa as her entire party gathered near the doors to leave. “Did you think about it?” he asked, as he pulled her closer and kissed her on the cheek.

Nisa appreciated his discretion in front of her family because a full kiss with them around, especially when she was about to deliver bad news, would be a bit awkward. She placed her hand lightly on Spencer's chest and was about to tell him her answer when all hell broke loose.

It was the sound of the screeching tires that Nisa heard first. The abrasive tone raised above all the other sounds around her. The echo of their ending celebration, the low hum of the music, the laughter and cheer that spilled out of the restaurant, it all faded under that horrifying screech.

The crash seemed to shake the entire building. Though Nisa couldn't see it, the sound was unmistakable. Her family and friends were gathered in the restaurant's all glass windowed enclosed lobby, blocking any view of what happened. Everyone was focused on what was most likely a nasty accident by the sound of it.

Nisa instinctively whirled around, searching for her little brother. He was her responsibility, hers to care for. *Derek*. “Derek,” she whispered, as she pushed through the unmoving crowd. Someone screamed. Another scream filled the night and it sounded like her aunt.

“Derek,” Nisa called out.

*Where is he?* He hadn't returned with Walter after going to the car. That was over ten minutes ago. Nisa continued to push through her family and out onto the paved walk. *Surely he was back by now.*

Outside, her view was hindered but she saw part of a black sports car flipped over, partially on top of another car. A red sedan that looked... The crushed sedan looked like her parent's car.

*Did Derek and Walter move away in time? Were they sitting inside the crushed sedan?*

“Derek,” Nisa screamed out this time. “Oh God...” Hands, Nisa felt hands pulling at her. They were preventing her from getting Derek. He lay still on the ground. He'd fallen, that's all.

*Why would they stop her from going to him?*

“He needs me. Derek, get up. Derek?”



# The Binding of the Halo Series

A four book Paranormal Romance



## SERIES BLURB

**Can** you resist the man you love to keep him safe when he persistently pursues you?

If being with the woman you love means **you** suffering, experiencing pain, and your possible death...do you **brave** it all for love?

Witness Cianne's and Tristan's journey to love. Experience the unpredictable path of **their** lives as they **struggle** with loss, betrayal, and the supernatural.

Discover each epic moment of  
The Binding of the Halo Series

## Buy Links

The Binding of the Halo Book I

[books2read.com/TheBindingoftheHalo1](http://books2read.com/TheBindingoftheHalo1)

## Blurb

By keeping to herself and alienating her peers, Cianne Baxter manages to keep her visions and the horrifying physical changes they force upon her a secret for years. All she has to do is survive her last year of high school and resist HIM, then she can disappear into a life of self-imposed solitude.

Tristan Bertram knows this is his last opportunity to convince Cianne to give him a chance. Over the past few years, he's come to realize that not only is she beautiful and intelligent, Cianne seems to calm his inner demons. He will have her, because his determination is far stronger than her resolve.

When Tristan discovers that Cianne is much more than the star of his dreams, he is prepared to be her everything. But a hidden past, jealousy, and hate threaten to *end* them before they even get started. Tristan must decide if having Cianne's heart is worth his life; while Cianne has to rely on the very abilities she is fighting so hard to hide to save herself.

## Short Blurb

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### The Awakening of the Halo Book II

[books2read.com/TheAwakeningoftheHalo2](http://books2read.com/TheAwakeningoftheHalo2)

#### Blurb

Destined lovers, Cianne's and Tristan's, lives are forever changed when the Coesen arrive to claim their Halo. Though Cianne remains reluctant to accept her Awakening, Tristan embraces the clandestine race of powerful Supernaturals with a tenacity that can't be explained. Determined to accomplish whatever is required of him, Tristan takes on the Maatii, a brutal test of strength and survival, to prove he is the right man for Cianne and their unborn child.

While Tristan is hurled into a world which existence he never dreamed, his anger for the men who wronged him festers into an uncontrollable hate over the recent months. A line has been crossed and Tristan is determined to make them pay. With his training to be the Halo's Protector and his own revenge scheme, Tristan can't see that he *is* the hunter being hunted, in the Awakening of the Halo.

#### Short Blurb

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### The Descent of the Halo Book III

[books2read.com/TheDescentoftheHalo3](http://books2read.com/TheDescentoftheHalo3)

#### Blurb

*Caleb is here...and he has a story to tell.  
A century of life, and he remembers EVERYTHING.*

With her family shattered, Cianne clings to the people left in her circle. That includes Caleb Scott, the father she never knew. She is aware that he and the Coesen share a terrible past but he *is* her father. She won't thank him for his help by turning him away. Not with all the people around her dead or dying.

Caleb had several lifetimes to get it right. A death dealer in every way, he won't shy away from doing what he knows is best for Cianne. Even if that means threatening what she holds dear and testing the fragile threads of her sanity.

In order to prevent Cianne's DESCENT into madness, Caleb comes out of hiding. Undeterred by the Coesen threat and unchallenged, he won't let the mistakes he's made over his century of life interfere with his plans for his daughter. Those in his way will either bend or break.

#### Short Blurb

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### The Battle of the Halo IIII

[books2read.com/TheBattlefortheHalo4](http://books2read.com/TheBattlefortheHalo4)

#### Blurb

Enduring nightmares and unexplained loss of time, Cianne is sinking deeper into madness. With her marriage to Whodai looming, she can't help questioning if she is making the right decision by becoming his wife. No matter how handsome or nice Whodai seems to be, she doesn't love him. But the Guardian is devoted to her and her family. All she needs to do is say...yes, one more time.

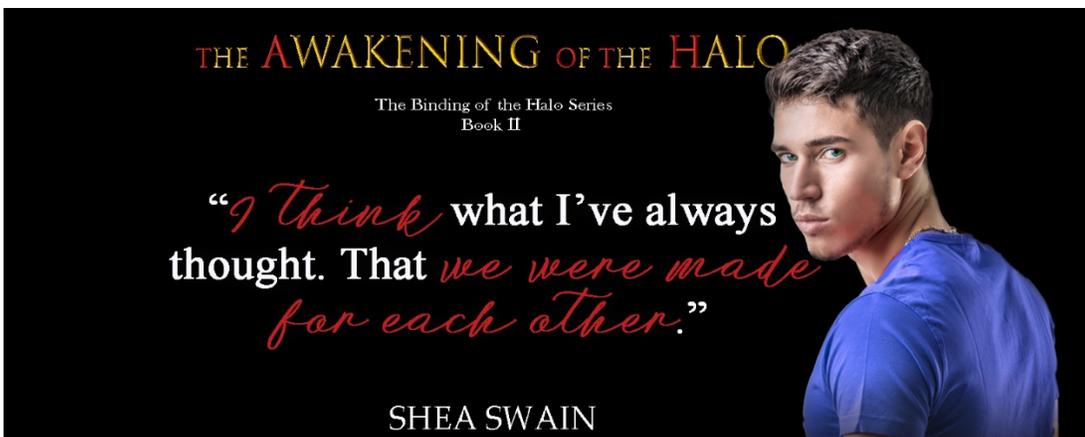
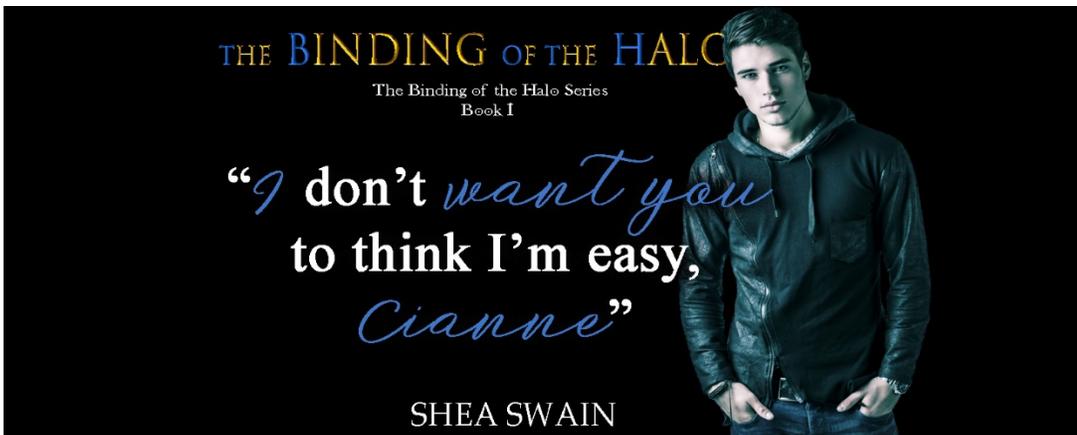
Whodai wants Cianne dependent but not broken. He has worked too hard to gain her trust and he refuses to let anyone, including his mother or the twins, ruin his happily ever after with his Queen. But tying up loose ends and silencing those who might threaten his end game must be handled properly.

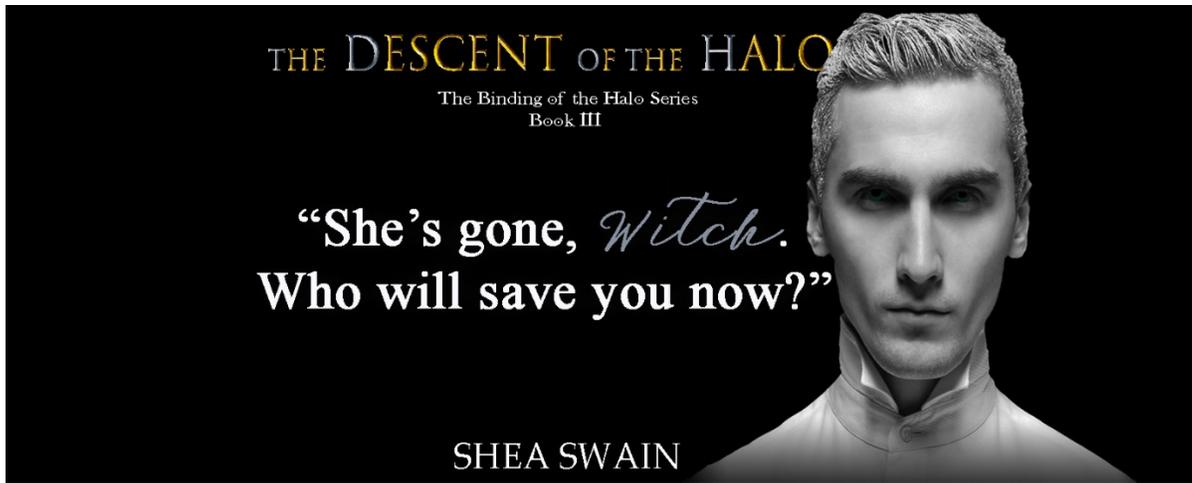
A union of convenience, threats of a civil war, and failed attempts on her life are weights Cianne must bear. Justifiably paranoid, and with no one left to confide in, her only companion is the unholy disembodied voice who taunts her every move, in the Battle for the Halo.

#### Short Blurb

Enduring nightmares and unexplained loss of time, Cianne is sinking deeper into madness. With her marriage to Whodai looming, she can't help questioning if she is making the right decision by becoming his wife. No matter how handsome or nice Whodai seems to be, she doesn't love him. But the Guardian is devoted to her and her family. All she needs to do is say...yes, one more time.







# Heaven on Hell Island



## Blurb

If Bleu St. James relied on her first impression of Chris, she might have let him drown. But there is something about him that inexplicably draws her in. Maybe it was something she saw when she stared at his calm face as the plane they were on fell from the sky. Now stranded on a mysterious deserted island, Bleu must not only contend with the elements, she must depend on a survivalist who also happens to be a hate-filled extremist.

Chris Stokes can't keep his eyes off the well-dressed woman, even though he was taught that her kind is beneath him. Her very presence makes him feel inadequate in every way. Yet, Bleu saved his life and he owes her. That means doing his damndest to keep her alive. Only, Chris can't deny how alluring Bleu is or how badly he wants her to see *him*, and not the man he no longer wants to be.

This book contains some views and language that may be uncomfortable for some. This story is about change, growth, and is for adults 18 years and older. Readers discretion advise.

Universal Link: <http://books2read.com/HeavenOnHellIsland>

## Short Blurb

Bleu must not only contend with the elements and find a way to get home, she must depend on Chris, a survivalist who also happens to be a hate-filled extremist.

This book contains some views and language that may be uncomfortable for some. This story is about change, growth, and is for adults 18 years and older. Readers discretion advise.

## Alternate blurb

A beautiful black debutant.

A racist with survivalist training.

And a mysterious deserted island.

Have I caught your attention?

#FightingHateWithLove one book at a time

This book contains some views and language that may be uncomfortable for some. This story is about change, growth, and is for adults 18 years and older. Readers discretion advise.

## Excerpt

The plane shook violently, jostling the passengers from side to side. Several overhead compartments burst open, spilling luggage onto the passengers beneath it. Bleu glared at the Fasten Seatbelts sign that flashed above her head. She leaned over to see the two flight attendants who were strapped in their seats, look at each other before undoing their seat belts and rush to assist a few who were bombarded with the luggage.

*Were they insane, getting out of their seat like that?*

The fact that the women looked exactly how Bleu felt was unsettling. The sheer panic expressed on their faces shocked Bleu into a silent prayer. She almost felt guilty for not going to church more but that feeling passed with the next series of brutal and shifts.

The plane suddenly dipped. One of the attends grabbed hold of a passenger, the other flew up, crashed into the roof, then fell to the floor. She looked unconscious.

“Carla,” the attendant’s voice bellowed above the screaming.

Bleu closed her eyes. Her fingers ached from the death clutch she had on the armrest. Her rigid posture was the only tell that she was scared to death. Her breathing was steady and if she had a mirror she knew it would reflect her calm expression. She had been trained her entire life to put her best face forward, to never let ‘them’ know what she felt or thought.

*What was she thinking right now?* That she and every passenger on this plane were going to die. It was that simple.

Bleu had flown a million times so she knew that this was different. The other passengers knew it too. She could tell as her hollow gaze met their frightened ones. In that moment, she had the silliest of thoughts. *You don’t know any of these people you’re about to die with.* With her stoic mask on, because her coping was key, Bleu couldn’t help her perusal of the passengers.

They were all strangers and she knew nothing about them, except that she was definitely going to die among them. Bleu ignored the calls for help and the shouts to God as she looked over her shoulder to her left, to the pair across the aisle and one row behind hers. Why she looked there first, she didn’t know.

Two men sat there. Both had an air of danger to them but with Bleu’s sheltered upbringing, the postman seemed a bit nefarious to her. She grasped on to the fact that these men weren’t complete strangers and maybe that’s why she chose to seek them out first. Bleu recalled the brief yet annoying encounter she had with them right

before boarding the plane.

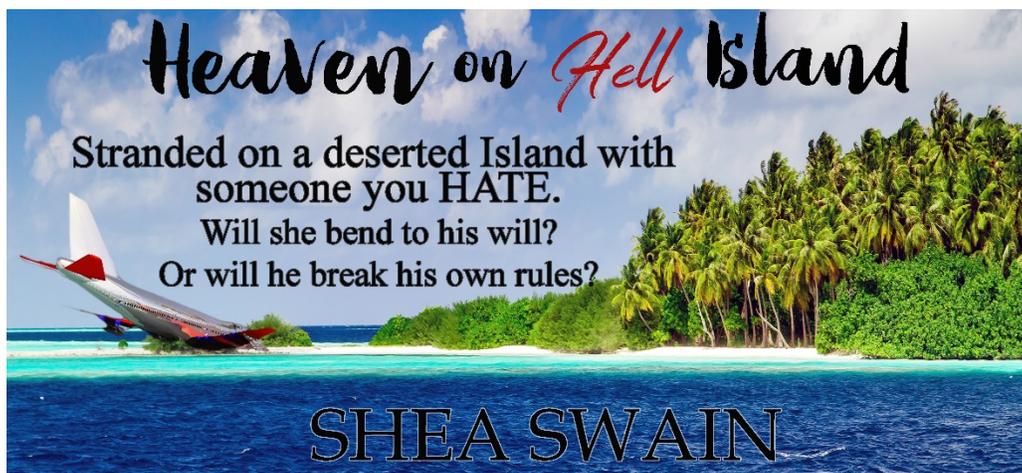
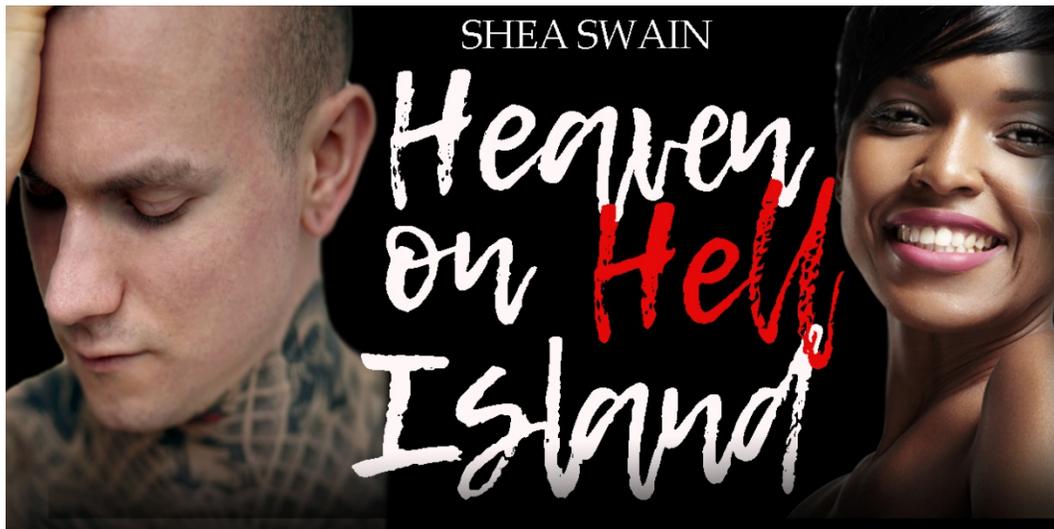
*Now I'm going to die with these Neanderthals.*

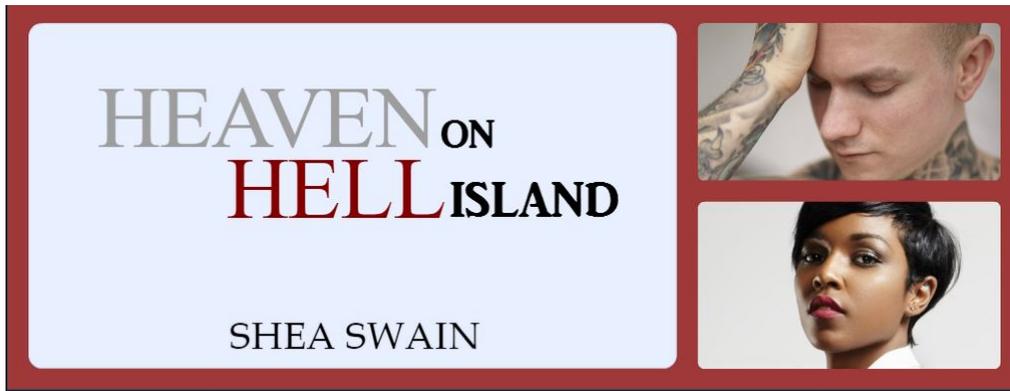
*"Dying is dying," Nana's disembodied voice whispered to her. "It makes no never mind who you travel to the pearly gates with. Just be happy you made it."*

Nana, Bleu thought with a sigh as the noise around her increased to deafening levels.

The sound of screams, hushed prayers, and useless instructions filled the cabin of the plane. The freak storm came about so suddenly, Bleu figured that there was nothing anyone could do. The collective fear on the plane was enough to fuel the jet but sadly it wasn't capable of saving them as lightning struck the back end.

Bleu covered her ears as a loud explosion overshadowed all other sounds around her. She held her scream in but her breathing picked up. *Was the mask going to work? Would she stay alert? Did she want to?*





A beautiful black debutant.  
A racist with survivalist training.  
Both trapped on an mysterious deserted island.

Have I caught your attention?

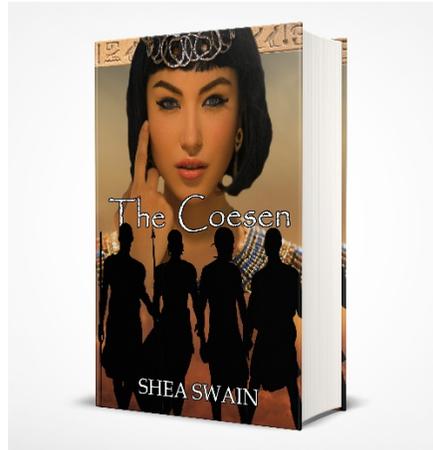
Heaven on *Hell* Island  
By SHEA SWAIN

Available Now



# The Coesen

A Paranormal Romance Prequel to The Binding of the Halo



## The Blurb

Eyet, daughter of the Pharaoh, travels to a foreign land to wed a young Bodai (Bow-d-eye) Prince to restore a long-standing contract between their people. She reluctantly accepts her role, learns their ways, and waits for the day of her mating. Only, she secretly dreams of Arkean, a young Bodai warrior who she believes hates her. To complicate matters more, he is friend and kin to her intended mate.

Arkean has no memory of his life in Egypt or his parents who the Pharaoh slaughtered. Thoughts of revenge are ever present, and training to be a great Bodai warrior like his father is the only way he can have it. But the Pharaoh who ruined Arkean's life sends his daughter to mate Arkean's kin. He can't help falling for her captivating innocence and beauty.

When the Pharaoh discovers that Arkean has been given unimaginable power, he has Eyet kidnapped from the Bodai and demands Arkean return to Egypt to join his army or Arkean's people risk war with the great nation. Will Arkean do whatever it takes to protect his people, even if it means swearing fealty to his parent's killer? Or will he take his revenge on the father of the woman he loves?

Universal Link: <http://books2read.com/TheCoesen>

## Excerpt

### Prologue

**A whisper in the air** caught Arkean's attention but the sensation of something touching his arm caused him to move into a crouched position and ready to strike. The fine hairs on his neck stood up and his stomach buzzed with nervous energy as he stared out into the darkness.

As far as he knew, no one was inside the cave except him and his brethren who slept just inches away. Yet, Arkean was sure he heard someone calling out. The words were foreign to him but the tone suggested it was a call for help.

“Wake up,” Arkean said, shaking the leg of each of his companions.

Bode got to his feet instantly, ready for whatever the threat was.

Quende and Gedgi were slower to wake but after a few seconds they were up on their feet. Each looking over their shoulders with wide questioning eyes.

“What is it?” Bode asked, whispering.

“Do you not hear that?” Arkean responded, quietly. “Someone’s calling out for help.”

“Are you crazed, Arkean?” Quende asked as he rub sleep from his eyes.

Bode covered Quende’s mouth with his hand, “*Shhh*-hush. Listen. I hear it too.”

As the others visibly strained to hear what Arkean and Bode clearly heard, Arkean continued to scan the cave from where he stood. After a few quiet minutes, Arkean looked back to Gedgi who’s eyes widened as he gasped.

“What is that?” Gedgi asked as he peered around the dark cave.

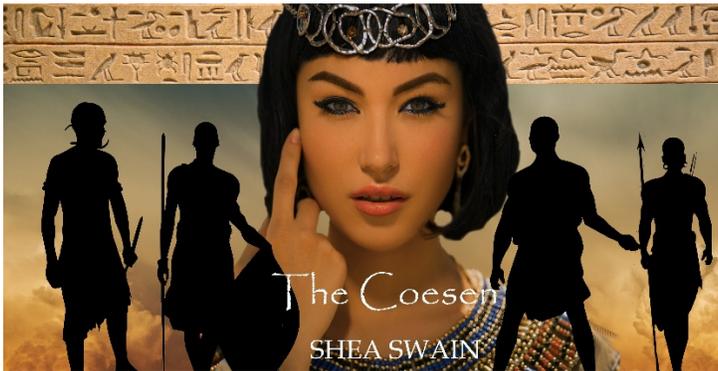
The moon provided some light but not enough for them to see in every crevice and corner.

“So, you hear it?” Arkean didn’t think the call for help was coming from outside so he took a step toward the darkest part of the cave where he found a small opening when scouting earlier. It was barely wide enough for him to squeeze through so he didn’t think much of it at the time.

Bode held his arm out, blocking Arkean from moving forward. “Wait,” he whispered. “That doesn’t sound like any language I know. We do not know what waits beyond that opening.”

Quende stepped up. “We are almost home. She we...”

“Whatever it is, it is in pain,” Arkean said, as he gently pushed his cousin’s hand away. “It calls to us for help. I cannot ignore a call for help from man or animal, Bode.”



## COMING SOON

### Dark Bright

A Paranormal Angel Romance



<http://www.sheaswainwrites.com/dark-bright.html>

## Character Interview

DARK BRIGHT, Claiming His Angel

I come to you today with a special guest. Meet Gadreel Angelis, Battle Angel and currently one of earth's residence.

Q: "Mr. Angelis, cute surname by the way, how old are you?"

A: "Please, call me Gadreel. As for my age, let's just say that I was created shortly after the dawn of time."

(he glances at the field that is just to the side of the farmhouse porch where they sit. He seems to focus on a little boy of no more than six years of age. The boy and another man, an extremely attractive black man, are doing some kind of hand to hand combat training. The kid seems too young for that kind of training, in her opinion.)

Q: Wow, well...I must say that you look very good for your age. Are you considered a Fallen Angel?

A: “My status is a bit more complicated than the label, “Fallen”.” (he looks down and seems a bit reflective)  
“But, yes. Technically, I fell.”

Q: “I hear that you weren’t one of the Morning Star’s forsaken. That you didn’t fall for the “cause”.

A: “That’s what you heard? Who told you that?”

(she feels warm, and admittedly, a little frightened.)

Q-response: “Unfortunately, I cannot divulge my source.”

A-response: “You do realize I can just pick it from your mind?”

Q-response: “But,” (she holds up her hand, palm forward with a placating smile) “I know that you won’t.”

(he just smiles. It’s a wickedly delicious smile that makes parts of her pulse in ways that are truly un-Godly. His smile widens. She has to assume he knows his effect on women.)

Q: (she clears her throat and adjusts in the seat) “Why, uh, why did you agree to this interview?”

A: “I would like for you to know that things are in play. That your world is going to change if the Dark Bright gets what they want.”

(his expression and bright blue eyes are so intense that she almost believes him.)

Q: “What or who are the Dark Bright?”

A: “You will find out soon enough.”

Q: “If you aren’t candid with me, why should my readers believe you are what you say you are? Why should I, for that matter?”

A: “Because, Mrs. Velasquez, your son needs me. His nightmares will get worse. He will grow stronger, and if he doesn’t get the proper training, he will die when they come for him.”

(she drops her small recorder and jumps to her feet.)

Q-response: “How do you know about my son and his dreams?”

A-response: “Unlike my son, Godrick, a direct offspring, your son is descendent of a Nephilim who somehow escaped the Great Flood and the mass genocide the Dark Bright instituted. If you don’t accept this, his and your life will end as soon as he is discovered.”

Q-response: (she places her hand over her chest, trying to calm her accelerating heartbeat before she closes her hand into a fist)

Q-response: “You’re crazy. Stay away from me and my son. I should call child protective services on you and that creep over in the field.”

Q-response: (she points to the field then bends and picks up her recorder and purse up off the floor of the porch. She takes a step toward the stairs. But just as she does, the air seems to grow thick around her. Then a sound, something like a sheet being unfurled in the air, causes her to turn around. What she sees...)

Q-response: “You’ve got to be fucking kidding me...”

## More Coming Soon

### Proposal from Hell

A Contemporary Romance...and follow up to Heaven on Hell Island



<http://www.sheaswainwrites.com/proposal-from-hell.html>

### Prologue unedited

**Justin: 24**

**Brielle: 22**

Justin crossed his arms over his chest as he stared at his old friend. He was certain the confusion he felt was written all over his face but if not... “Let me see if I have this right. You want me to protect a pop princess?” he asked, his words dripped with sarcasm. “

Talbert raised his hand and held up a finger. “Now wait, Jian,” he said as he leaned forward then rested his elbows on his desk. “Think of it as a much needed break while you help out a very scared young lady.”

Justin shook his head in disbelief. “Why not offer this ‘job’ to Ferdinand. He owes you and he likes this kind of work.”

Sighing, Talbot stood. “Ferdinand will embarrass me. You won’t,” he said as he walked around his desk. “Just meet with them. That’s all I’m asking.”

Talbot, a special forces veteran, was now a businessman. Everything was a deal to him and Justin knew this situation was no different. Talbot must have some kind of deal with this woman as incentive to pimp him out. What kind of deal was the question. But, Justin wasn't sure he cared.

Justin glanced at his watch then watched his as his friend stood and walk away from the desk. He had a few minutes to spare for a friend but Talbot was wasting his time. There was no way he was taking on any babysitting job.

Talbot opened his office door and called out a man's name. A few seconds later, a man walked through the open door and greeted Talbot. He was dressed well, held his head high, and looked Justin straight in the eyes as he approached.

"Mr. Jian," the man held out his hand, "I'm Malcolm St. James."

Justin shook Mr. St. James' hand while committed the man's name to memory, just in case. Mr. St. James' hand was rough with callouses but his nails were well cared for and his suit was custom. Overall, Mr. St. James looked wealthy but didn't shy away from hard work.

"I understand you are a busy man so I don't want to waste your time. My daughter needs a competent, experienced, disciplined person to protect her. Money is no object."

Justin liked that the man got straight to it but...

"Nice to meet you, Mr. St. James. I understand how important your daughter's safety is to you and I thank you for your consideration, but I was explaining to Talbot that I have a prior engagement." Justin felt the pressure of Mt. St. James' grip tighten before the man release his hold. He watched as Mr. St. James looked at Talbot with an O shaped mouth. "I am sorry that I can't help you."

Not interested in hearing the two men hash out details for an alternative bodyguard, Justin excused himself with a slight bow to both men then he exited the office, closing the door behind him.

"Mr. Jian," the receptionist said, "should I have your vehicle brought around?"

"Thank you, Mrs. Billows."

Justin didn't break his stride as he exited the reception area and stepped into the hallway. He was halfway down the length of the hall, heading toward the elevators, when he dodged out of the way of a woman who was exiting the restroom.

The woman yelped as she jumped back, losing her footing. Justine reached out, grabbed her by her upper arm and steadied her. What took him by surprise was the fear he saw burning in her wide glossy eyes as she stared up at him. He actually felt the shudder that ran through her slight frame so he immediately let his hands fall away from her.

"I'm sorry," she sniffed as she lowered her head and rushed toward Talbot's office.

Justin stood there, following the young woman with his eyes. He was still standing there long after the door to Talbot's reception area closed.

**Thank You for Your Interest**