



Official LAW Report for November 2006

"Pet!" Rhae waited but no answer was forthcoming, so she yelled a bit louder. "*Pet!*"

The rest of her pets cringed at the sound but, for once, she ignored them. An unfamiliar feeling crept up in her breast and she stood still for a moment, wondering at it. What was it?

Oh.

Fear.

She stared at the infernal laptop that she never had to use herself thanks to the skills of her absent pet.

Grimacing, she uncuffed her blousy sleeves and sat at the infernal contraption. She'd seen him do this often enough.

How hard could it be?



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Codename: Witchy

Writing Name: Ashlyn Chase

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<http://ash-chase.livejournal.com/>
<http://www.myspace.com/ashlynchase>

What I've been up to: A lot of work behind the scenes. I've established a whole new identity, redecorated my office, plus contracted and edited three new books with Ellora's Cave for your reading pleasure! Plus, I've ordered loads of new free promotional items to give away, (Contact me if you'd like some!)

Here are my future releases. All are scheduled for release in 2007. I can't wait!

Heaving Bosoms, coming 3/15/07 from Cerridwen Press (Ellora's Cave's mainstream imprint) ISBN#1-4199-0798-0
If you think all romance novels are the same, this one will change your mind!

Vampire Vintage, Ellora's Cave
Ellora's Cave meets the Addam's Family. See video teaser on my website.

Being Randy, coming soon from Ellora's Cave ISBN#9781-4199-0863-7
What's a nurse to do with a shape-shifting coyote stuck in a randy man suit?

As you may have gathered, these are all hot romantic comedies. I promise you'll laugh your Ash off!

Special announcement: End of career sale!
If you'd like some of Cyndi Redding's old promo items, just send your snail-mail address to: ash@ashlynchase.com and request a keepsake from Cyndi Redding. I'll stuff an envelope with as much as I can, depending on what postage is apt to cost. If you live far, far away I may not be able to send as much. Who knows; these things might be collector's items someday. (Snickers) Hey! Who laughed?

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Sadly the cyndi at cyndiredding dot com e-mail address had to be discontinued due to hundreds of spam e-mails per day! This is very sad. Please feel free to contact me at the Ashlyn Chase e-mail addy instead—unless you're a spammer. Then you can soak your head in gasoline and light a match from one of my free promotional matchbooks. Okay, that's a bit harsh considering I have to advertise too, but I don't send unwanted things to total strangers! Honestly, I can't imagine why I'd need Viagra.

My gossip: I only tell on myself and there's always loads to tell! Hang out with us on the loop. You'll get all the dirt!

My cover: I hope to have a cover by next month's newsletter.



Rhae sat back. There now, that wasn't so hard. Except that the words were in strange formatting.

Bah! She'd fix it later.



Codename: Brigid, Bright Arrow

Writing Name: Jeanne Barrack

Websites: <http://www.jeannebarrack.com>
<http://www.collecto r-series. com>

What I'm up to: Working hard on "Crystal Flacon". It's part of a multi-author series centered around the mysterious Collector and his quest. The books vary as far as sexual orientation ranging from h/h to m/m and maybe more combinations...?

And I just received a great review from The Romance Studio for "No One Else on Earth" - FOUR Hearts!

Here's a bit of the review

"No One Else on Earth" by Jeanne Barrack is a fascinating and exciting erotic romance involving aliens masquerading as male strippers. This

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highly imaginative book will thrill the readers with the suspense of the hunt as well as the passion and erotic nature of the story. Tzahyad is a shape-shifting predator that feeds on sexual essence. His skills and attributes are creative and unique. He is heartless, only seeking the power that he gains from the feedings. Mike is a Tracer, a law enforcement agent; he is loyal, strong and protective. He has some unique attributes himself that are quite impressive. The story is filled with wonderful detailed descriptions by the author, making for easily imagined visualization. This is really appreciated in the scenes in which the dancers perform as well as the numerous steamy sex scenes. The passion is hot, naughty, and varied with each romance offering something different for the readers. The BBG are all a little over weight and their self esteem has suffered when it comes to men. All four girls will find romance but the journey is not without complications. No One Else on Earth by Jeanne Barrack is a highly creative story filled with hot steamy passion and thrilling suspense. One story with four romances, it has something for everyone's enjoyment

Here's the buy link for the book:

<http://www.loose-id.com/detail.aspx?ID=275>

My gossip about the rest of the League Members:

You know me, mum's the word

My contests:

Crystal Flacon Contest

I'm having a CONTEST to celebrate my participation in the upcoming "Collector" series from Loose Id.

Please check the Contest Page on my website at <http://www.jeannebarrack.com> and answer the Contest questions.

Mail the answers to silverfire@jeannebarrack.com with "Crystal Flacon Contest" in the subject line by November 30th to win a download of any of my books.

My excerpt:

This is from "A Song of the Sidhe" It just received FIVE hearts from The Romance Studio. Here's a snippet from the review.

"This was a wonderful story. The sex scenes were delicious, but what truly made the story for me was watching love conquer all. At the

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beginning of this story I thought these two conceited people got what they deserved. But as the story unfolded I fell in love with Donal and Ceoleen. Their struggle to find true love and hang on to it, with so much against them was so touching. This was a great read, especially if you enjoy a lot of steamy, hot sex and a great love story to go along with it."

Here's the set up:

Donal and Ceoleen have found each other but their love is still in jeopardy and their trust is still a fragile thing. The only way Donal will make love to Ceoleen is when she is bound.



EXCERPT:

She was the most beautiful female he had ever seen and she was his.

But for how long?

Once they returned to the Court of the Sidhe, would she still want him? He sighed and then cursed softly. He wouldn't waste his time with Ceoleen wondering about the future. He'd take each day as it came.

And thank the gods.

Her petulant voice broke through his musings. "Have you fallen asleep then?"

Donal's raucous laughter filled the air, startling the little bullfinch. "I was merely admiring your beauty, a ghrá geal."

Pouting, Ceoleen tossed her head, her soft strands falling across her shoulders. "Well, now, you can admire me a bit closer!"

"As you command, mo Bánríon. Let me kneel before you and worship you."

Shucking off his breeches, he knelt between her long, white limbs. Savoring the delay, he slowly raised the hem of her gown. The shifting flames of the campfire revealed the deep shadow between her thighs,

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the secret core that lured him to fold the lacy material above her navel.

The scent of her arousal assaulted him. He bent, burying his face in that beckoning snatch. He stroked her, his tongue flicking her nether lips.

"More." She moaned, writhing against the bonds. Her legs moved restlessly as Donal's agile tongue brought her to sobbing out her need. "More! Don't stop now!"

He raised his face, shifted position, and cupped her buttocks. His prick was so hard it felt like iron. He slipped first one, then two fingers into her wet, warm center.

She whimpered. "Donal? Don't make me beg." Her voice was hoarse. "I'm burning."

He grinned. "Then 'tis up to me to quench that fire."

He lifted her, guided his prick to her pussy, and plunged his cock deep within her. Gods, the feel of her tight sheath surrounding him, welcoming him, gripping his prick and squeezing. His thrusts grew more frenzied as his climax drew closer.

"Too sweet, a mhuirnin dilis, my sweet darling, too sweet."

Ceoleen twisted against her bonds, arching against the restraints. She was wet, so wet, creaming for him, coming for him. No other lover could match him.

She licked lips suddenly dry. "Kiss me, a ghrá. Hard."

He bent low, touching his lips to hers, forcing her mouth open. His tongue tangled with hers, his lips bruising her lips.

She moaned against his mouth, inhaling his intoxicating breath. She shifted, brushing her aching breasts against his chest. This was passion, this was desire, something she'd never experienced with any of the Sidhe.

This was love.

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Available now from Loose Id at

<http://www.loose-id.net/detail.aspx?ID=228>

My short: I find that being a gorgeous blonde can be somewhat daunting at times. Men tend to trip on their tongues rather than try to communicate with me. So when I decided to return to Eire, or as most people call it, Ireland, I knew I had to go incognito. Therefore, I wore a wig, put in hazel contacts, wore my shlumpiest coat and slouched. All to no avail. While waiting to board the plane I came upon a female reading a how-to book on tatting and knew I must rescue her from boredom. Grabbing my extra copies of the entire booklist of all of the lovely LAW ladies, I handed her the list, ripped the book from her hands and urged her to unleash the chains of boredom and find some sex!



"Infernal contraption," Rhae muttered as she lost the document for the second time. Glowering darkly, she started again.



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Codename: Victoire

Writing Name: Aline de Chevigny

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Editor in Chief Enchanted Ramblings www.enchantedramblings.net

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Newsletter http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Aline_Newsletter/

My Space <http://www.myspace.com/alinedechevigny>

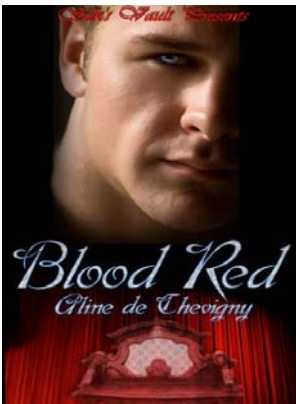
LAW <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/LeagueAmazingWriters/>

ER <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/ermailinglist/>

What I'm up to: I'm braving the NANOWriMo front and doing extremely well at it. It's now day 12 and I have 40,658 words. Everything else is taking a slider until I reach 50K LOL
Also I have a new release coming out on November 24th, 2006 from Forbidden Publications: ONE NIGHT

My gossip about the rest of the League Members: Well there's a rumor that one of our own is starting her own business...

My contests: I still have the Blood Red contest going strong... or not so strong. I seem to be stalled at 49 books sold LOL
Wooohooo make that 49 sold and 1 more to go for the 2 winners to claim their prizes. **grin** Then at 100 we have a 3rd winner but that prize is a surprise LOL.



So in appreciation I will send everyone who emails me at: alinecontests@alinedechevigny.com with the proof of purchase Either a bookmark or magnet or You get the idea. Either way you will receive something with the book cover on it. When we reach 50 sales I have a special prize. I'll hold a draw for everyone who has a receipt and give away 2 tee shirts. Yes you heard me tee's with that hunk on the chest LOL. To enter the contest please send

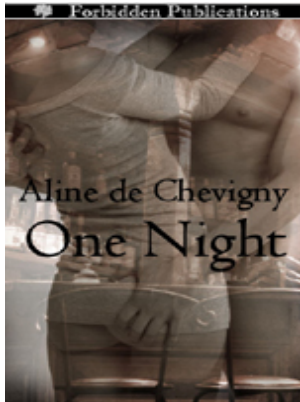
me a proof of purchase at alinecontests@alinedechevigny.com

My excerpt: One Night due for Release November 24th, 2006

One Night

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Darren likes to play the field, and has no interest in looking for a serious relationship. When he meets Tabetha, the sparks fly, and to his shock she agrees to sleep with him. But there's a catch, he has to promise it's only for one night, with no strings attached. Don't make promises you can't keep. Once isn't enough, not for either of them, but that doesn't mean a relationship between them is going to be easy-not with vindictive ex-girlfriends, interfering fathers and the kind of misunderstandings that are bound to happen when you've only known someone one night..



Excerpt : Unedited

"Tabetha there's a couple of really cute guys coming this way."

"Come find me when they give up and leave."
Tabetha started to stand.

"Damn it Tabs sit your ass down, don't do this to me. Not this time. At least look at them before you decide to make your escape. Don't you want to know what they look like?"

Slowly sitting back in her seat Tabetha sighed. "Which one are you interested in?" She asked with a knowing grin taking a sip of her drink so that Kathy wouldn't notice.

"What? How? Damn it Tabetha don't do that to me. How the hell did you know anyway?"

Tabetha put her drink back on the table and looked up at her very best friend. "You called me Tabs. You only call me that when you're about to ask me to do something I really won't like."

"Please be nice to them." Kathy never begged, this made her doubly curious.

Tabetha knew she was stalling for time. "Which one Kathy? I'm not agreeing or looking over until I know who I have to be nice to."

"The blonde." She said a bright red blush spreading across her cheeks. *Must be serious.* Tabetha thought swallowing back a grin. *Wait a sec...* "Blonde but you never--"

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Curiosity got the better of her; she had to check out this blonde. She looked over her shoulder and saw the most attractive male specimen she'd ever laid eyes on. He was tall, about 6"2' if she was any judge, with the most stunning blue eyes she had ever seen, sea blue she realized with a start. His hair a dark mahogany color made the clearness of his blue eyes stand out even more. All bound together in a fit and toned package that made her want to run her hands and lips over every single inch. She wondered if he was properly proportioned everywhere. She felt the blush creep up her cheeks at the thought, and wondered briefly why Kathy would ever think he was blonde? "Good lord that man is gorgeous." She said swearing creatively.

Kathy smiled at her knowingly, "Thought you might say that. You were referring to tall, dark and sexy right?"

"You mean to tell me there was more than just the one?"

"Tabetha? Earth to Tabetha."

Tabetha snapped out of the trance this man's appearance put on her when Kathy waved a hand in front of her face. There was something about him that appealed to her, pulled her in. She couldn't put her finger on it, but right now she didn't care. "I'm sorry Kat, remind me not to do that again. It's like looking straight into the sun. You know you shouldn't but you can't seem to help yourself."

My short:

Victoire searched Hank's room for any clue to where he might have run off to, or who might have taken him. It amazed her that a police detective could disappear and no one was out looking for him. Well no one but Felicia, and she'd gone rogue with worry.

"Damn it there has to be a clue in here somewhere. A grown man doesn't just up and disappear into thin air without a trace!"

"Vicky seriously, he's probably just off thinking things through. This situation with Felicia scared the life out of him. He's been a bachelor for a long time after all."

Narrowing her eyes at Ry, she waved her magic pencil at him. "Keep it up Ry and I'll make some edits to your story. Amy hasn't married you yet mister, and if I don't find Hank soon, she never will."

The look of panic to enter Ry's eyes told her that he would finally stop fighting her and start helping her look for her renegade Hero. "That's more like it!"

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Rhae grumbled. Phoenix can have her blasted technology! Rhae was ready to take one of her daggers and slam it point first into the keyboard. But she had a duty and she *would* fulfill it, damn it!



Codename: Vesper

Writing Name: Darragha Foster

Website: www.darraghafoster.com
www.planet-darragha.com
<http://darragha.blogspot.com/>

What I'm up to: I'm about to open my bed and breakfast, Vespers-by-the-Sea. My website is still under construction, but you can take a peek at it here: <http://darragha.googlepages.com/mooncusser>

My gossip about the rest of the League Members: Gossip? How about praise? I have been welcomed into the lair of the league with open arms. And I've rarely been welcomed anywhere. As a mixed-race descendant of baddens who came to America on the heels of the Puritans, my kind have always been feared and shunned. The League is amazing, to be sure. From them, I shall not feed—much. Oh, feeding...yes...I am a *Shadow Lover*. My family was cursed in 1877 to a life of immoral immortality. We feed upon the sexual energies of others. Or we take blood. Though we are more "psy vampire" than "sanguinarian" we will take blood to survive.

My tale is chronicled in "The Mooncusser" a new book by Darragha Foster to be released in early 2007. My tale is a companion book, though not a sequel, to another book of hers entitled "Cold, Hard Kash" <http://www.liquidsilverbooks.com/books/coldhardkash.htm>. Kash is a *Shadow Lover*, too. We're two of many. Though unless we find you, you won't find us. We live on the fringes of society for many very good reasons.

My contests: Darragha gives away bookmarkers, sticky note pads and pens to anyone who asks. Just email her with your snail mail address

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and witty request via the contact form at www.darraghafoster.com.
Oh my goodness...and the things members of her group receive! You can join her Google Group at <http://darragha.blogspot.com/>
Darragha recently gave away a cannoli gram! A spell-kit from the Spiritual Shack! Free ebooks! She loves her readers. Get naughty with Darragha and you'll be the first to hear what's in store for me, too.

Darragha is one of the authors participating in STUDS 'R US, the love-child of author Denyse Bridger. Darragha's entry into the sexy anthology with tales of working men is called "Pirate to Pirate" and is about the antics of a school custodian who is descendant of a famous pirate. STUDS 'R US will be given away free of charge! Look for more information via Darragha's Google Group!

Until then...look for me in the shadows...lover—

Vesper



"@#\$\$%^&*(!!"



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Codename: Angel

Writing name: Dawn Montgomery

Website: <http://www.dawnmontgomery.com>

What I'm up to: Redeveloping my website, writing a fun superhero story

My contests: Contests will be coming soon.

My short:

"Stupid piece of crap!" Clanks echoed from beneath the front end of an old ford pickup truck. The body looked to be in good shape, but from the occasional curses and clunks coming from under the motor, the rest of it might not be. Angel grumbled, irritated at finding yet another thing that needed to be fixed on this POS. The radio blasted the latest Disturbed hit. Angel sighed, sliding from beneath on her creeper. She really needed to look into a hydraulic lift and not this plastic roller. A creeper was nice for small jobs, but replacing the break lines was going to be a bitch. She needed more head room. A soft cough drew her attention. Angel sat up, making sure she had enough clearance. Her head still hurt from yesterday's slam.

She looked up and pulled up short. Standing before her was one of the most delicious men she'd seen in a long time. All starch and impatience. Dark hair, narrowed eyes, a white button-up across broad shoulders, and leaning against the far wall. Her very dirty wall. He'd have a dirty ass on those gorgeous khakis when he left. She smiled, bringing her knee up and settling her arm on top of it. Oh, that pissed him off. She tossed her red hair. "What can I do for you?"

He cleared his throat and smiled a tight smile. "I need help." He crossed his arms over his chest. "I've been told you're the one I have to see."

Really? How interesting. Angel smiled.

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Rhae realized that she'd not fully read any of the reports of her fellow heroine's doings, so involved with making sure the document was indeed saved and she was indeed adding information as she cut and paste. Hadn't Lyonene mentioned something like "voice regognition"? She'd have to pin the woman down and demand such a thing for her laptop.



Codename: Magda

Writing name: Maggie Nash

Website: <http://www.maggienash.com>
<http://www.myspace.com/maggienash>

What I'm up to: In between trying to avoid the demon tim tams, I've been busy working on a short novella, a three book paranormal series and another romantic suspense. When I get time, I'll try to finish them all...

I also received news that "Boys Down Under" is being released earlier than expected. Now coming in January in ebook format and print in June 2007.

Yay! The Up Close and Personal anthology is now available on pre order from Borders and Barnes and Noble prior to the mass market print release in February. Double yay!

My gossip about the rest of the League Members: Oh, a gentlewoman never tells... *shhh*

My contests: Coming in January to coincide with the release of "Boys Down Under"

My excerpt:

Here's a brief introduction to Nik and Maddie from 'The

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Executioner". This is my contribution to the "Boys Down Under" Anthology from Triskelion in January.
Nick breathed a sigh of relief when he heard the sound of the Land Rover driving into camp.

She was here.

Thank Christ!

Flicking open the blind just a tad, his heart leapt at the sight of her climbing out of the car. If it was possible she was even more beautiful that he recalled. Her dark glossy curls hung down almost to her waist, and those long tanned shapely legs. Like a pre-programmed reaction, his cock swelled as he remembered how she used to hook those muscular calves around his thighs as he pumped in to her.

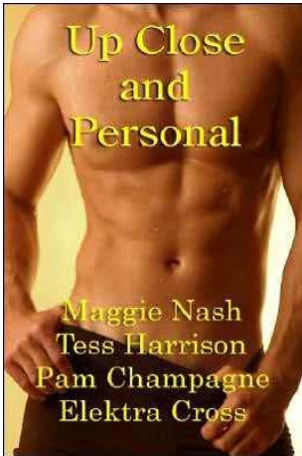
Down boy. There's lots of work to do yet, so focus on the prize at the end. Running his hand through his hair he sighed. Oh yeah, and what a prize. Staying out of sight until at least tomorrow night so she would realize the camp actually was legitimate would be a challenge, but since Richard would be taking the group out in the bush for most of the activities, he should be free to get ready for the evening. He planned to leave Maddie in no doubt that his feelings were real, and give her no choice but to let him back into her life.

Looking out the window again he saw Maddie lean over to pick up her backpack. Three of the team members raced to her side to help her and he laughed softly. She always did have that effect on men, even though she never saw it herself. He didn't feel any jealousy. He knew her well enough to know she wasn't easily impressed by fawning males. She felt things deeply which meant she probably still had feelings for him, although at the moment the closest feeling to the surface was probably anger. After this weekend that would change radically if he had anything to say about it.

He took one last look as she lead the fifty metres to her tent with the three adoring sycophants tripping over themselves following behind in the faint hope she'd grace them with that gorgeous smile. He chuckled again as she shooed them away, entering her tent and closing the flap. Looking at his watch he realized how exhausted she must be. Probably too tired to join the group for dinner. He made a mental note to ask Richard to organize a tray for her. Just for tonight she could get the royal treatment, because come tomorrow sweetheart, you're going to

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learn all about survival of the fittest.. A vision of her in tight shorts and t-shirt swinging from a rope from one obstacle to another got him hot all over again. He was going to enjoy every minute of watching her progress from the sidelines



My cover: Here's the new print cover for **Up Close and Personal**...yummy!

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Rhae growled and looked up but all of her pets were now out of sight. Oh, Pet was going to pay for his absence.



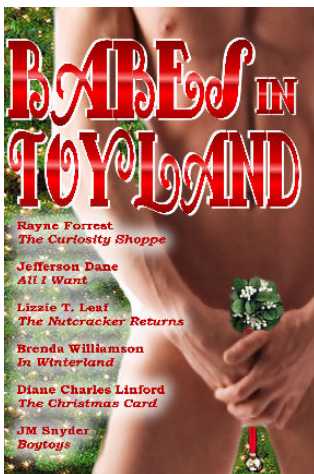
Codename: Crystasha

Writing name: Lucynda Storey

Website: <http://www.lucyndastorey.com/>
<http://www.aspenmountainpress.com>
<http://cyn.blogspot.com>
<http://www.nanowrimo.org/userinfo.php?uid=59198>

What I'm up to:

Still managing to find time to get some writing in despite the large volume of editing I'm doing. Currently, I'm participating in NaNoWriMo. Because of my editing responsibilities I'm shooting for 25,000 words rather than the full 50,000. Editing has snagged nearly all the time I had for my creative efforts.



I just finished putting together an amazing anthology of winter holiday stories. Check it out at http://www.aspenmountainpress.com/new-releases/babes-in-toyland/prod_25.html

And take a look at this sexy cover!

I'm also in an undercover role. Mom, the taxi. It can be challenging, but in the end its been worth it. My son had the lead role in Arcadia, a play performed about sixty miles south of where we live and my daughter has a solo in The Music Man, which is, of course, across town. For not working outside the home, my little Subaru is garnering about 2,000 miles per month.

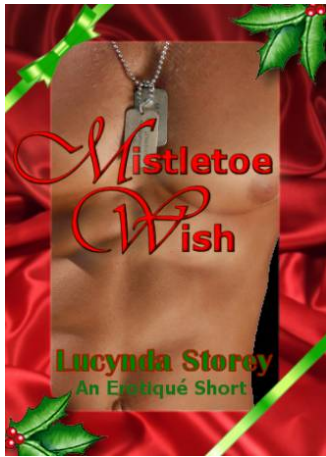
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My gossip about League members: From the bits I've gathered, they've all pretty much had their noses to the literary grindstone. There are a couple blogs that bear checking out.

My contests: During the month of December, one lucky member of my newsletter will receive an eBook copy of Mistletoe Wish. To subscribe go to:

Lucynda_Storey-subscribe@yahoogleroups.com

My excerpt (from Mistletoe Wish)



The set-up:

Air Force Lt. Colonel Alexander Mitchell doesn't enjoy Christmas. In fact, he'd rather not be bothered by all the celebrating. Recently assigned to Buckley Air Force Base he's been talked into playing Santa, by the woman who married his best friend.

Merry Hunter doesn't want to have to see the man who broke her heart years ago, but her superior suggested she contact Lt. Colonel Mitchell to substitute for the volunteer Santa now hospitalized.

Excerpt:

Lt. Colonel Alexander Mitchell pushed the thumb-tack through the notice and into the wood frame outside his office door. Placed at eye level on the frame, no one could make an excuse they hadn't seen the notice because the open door to prevent their reading of it. The notice, printed in block style and all caps stated implicitly to his subordinates his feelings about celebrating the upcoming holidays.

THIS AREA HAS BEEN DESIGNATED AS A CHRISTMAS-FREE ZONE. THERE WILL BE NO: BULBS, WREATHS, REINDEER, CHRISTMAS CARDS, STOCKINGS, TINSEL, SAPPY MUSIC OR ANY OF THE OTHER HOLIDAY TRAPPINGS.

He didn't mind the "bah-humbug" reputation he'd earned over the last seven years. In fact, the status pleased him. People in the office and throughout the squadron left him alone during the holiday season

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which was exactly how he liked it. The “holidays” were for families and cherished warmth with a lover. Alex didn’t have either and he sure as hell didn’t need an in-your-face reminder.

Of course, the shocking block letters, bolded so they stood out on the notice, drew most readers’ attention away from the tiny print along the bottom edge of the notice. Preceded by an asterisk were the words, “Mistletoe will, however, be considered on a strictly individualized, case-by-case basis.”

Alex entered his office and let the door swing shut of its own accord. The tiny snick let him know he was alone for the time being with his thoughts.

In the two weeks since he’d arrived at Buckley Air Force Base in Aurora, Colorado all he’d done was shake hands and attend meetings to ease the transition of leadership in the squadron. He was impatient to get his proverbial house in order. He picked up the phone and buzzed his assistant. “Master Sgt. Morgan, I want a meeting for the day after tomorrow with all my officers. No exceptions. 0700.”

“Yes, Sir.”

Being a leader meant maintaining authority, as well as demanding, receiving and giving respect. His subordinates weren’t about to be his buddies, but he didn’t want to be known as a hard ass tool either. A brunch style breakfast meeting would help break the ice and set their professional relationship off on the correct foot. “And Sgt. Morgan, see if you can get the mess to provide breakfast pastries, juice and coffee.”

“I’ll get right on it, Sir.”

The latest issue of the base rag, the Mile High Guardian, had his face featured on the cover page. Everyone on base knew he was here.

Not once had she called.

Meredith Wilson Hunter.

Disappointment filled his gut like stale rations. He strode to his office window and stared across the tarmac. Did he really think she’d call after all this time? Hell yes, his mind bellowed, but his heart knew differently. He’d hurt her, badly. He’d left her without a word of explanation and by the time he’d been able to call months later, she’d married his best friend.

Once he’d gotten over the initial shock, anger set in. How could either of them have betrayed him that way? He’d pounded his fury into a

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body bag at the boxing ring and eventually accepted she was with Jim. After all, how was Merry supposed to know how he felt when he'd repeatedly told her their relationship was purely physical? At the time, he'd been too young to reveal the depth of his feelings and too afraid of his dominating tendencies.

A bright shaft of eastern light stabbed through the window. Alex turned from the paned glass, sat at his desk and methodically began learning about his subordinates by studying each individual's file.

Several hours and phone calls later, a buzz jarred him from his studies. He jerked from his perusal of the personnel files and snatched the phone. "Yes."

"Major Hunter to see you, Sir."

Alex felt his eyes go wide. Excitement wrapped around him like a strangling necktie and he resisted the urge to loosen his. After the long weeks of waiting, she was finally here. Taking a deep breath, he forced himself to sound calm and responded to Sgt. Morgan. "Send her in."

He ran a hand through his short-cropped brown hair, stood from behind his desk and buttoned his jacket. He crossed the room in time to greet her at the door. "Major Hunter."

"I'm sorry for the loss of your husband." He nearly choked on the words.

"Thank you, Sir." Her voice didn't reveal a trace of emotion.

It was difficult to keep his voice calm as he looked at the woman before him. The years had given her a graceful maturity. Her hair was a luxurious mink brown twisted behind her head and kept off her collar. Would it still feel silky if he stroked it? Would the expression in her vibrant green eyes warm at his touch they way he remembered seeing them hazed in passion. For long seconds he couldn't tear his gaze from hers.

"Lt. Colonel, I took a chance you'd be here. I'm sorry I didn't schedule an appointment." Her voice was breathy, as if she too had been remembering one of their many trysts. "Thank you for seeing me on such short notice."

He shook his head and gestured to a chair across from his desk. "Please, sit down, Major."

She sat in the blue vinyl chair and crossed her legs at the ankle. They were still as shapely as he recalled. An unbidden memory of those

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legs wrapped around his waist as he pounded his length into her and the sounds of their ragged breaths and sweaty skin slapping together filling the bedroom assaulted him. He swallowed the lump that formed in his throat and seated himself behind his metal desk. "To what do I owe this visit, Major Hunter?"

"I've come to ask a favor, Sir."

His eyebrows lifted in question. "Go on."

"Staff Sgt Myers had a heart attack late last night."

If he'd had a heart attack her melodic, soothing voice would speed his recovery. "I'm sorry to hear that, Major. What does this have to do with your favor?"

"Sgt. Myers was the only available male in our squadron."

She piqued his curiosity. "Okay, I'll bite. What does the Sergeant's availability and heart attack precisely have to do with me ... precisely?"

"Each year, one of this wing's squadrons hosts the Christmas party we hold for the NCO kids. This year it was our squadron's turn. Sgt. Myers had agreed to play the wing Santa Claus."

His mind started thinking of the possible favors she might ask of him, what he might ask of her in return. No. He had no intentions of complicating their initial meeting by fantasizing about making love to the beautiful Major. He'd settle for being in her presence. If what she wanted was complicated, perhaps he could use the time working together with her to resolve some of their history. He steeped his fingers together. "And?"

"Colonel Gray suggested this might be a good way for you to meet more of the non-commissioned officers in our wing."

"What might be a way to meet the non-coms?"

She blinked as if his question surprised her.

"Why you being Santa, of course."

~*~*~*~*~

http://erotiquepress.netfirms.com/erotique/nfoscomm/catalog/product_info.php?products_id=34

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Sorry for the handwritten report, HQ.

Things went from bad to worse and then some once Captain Hatch entered my domain. I was lucky to escape with my virtue intact, well, almost.

Indeed, he did tie me to the Mizzenmast. It was the slowest form of torture I've yet undergone. He slowly removed my clothing with the honed edge of his sword, ever careful to not break the skin. A cool wind picked up and I shivered. I have to tell you, HQ I wasn't sure exactly why I was shivering. It might have been the cold, but, I didn't have a real clue what Hatch planned to do with me and that was frightening enough to make me shiver, too.

Eventually, he had my clothing in tatters, large swaths of cloth had fallen to the deck and only the shreds of material held fast by the rope covered me. I was exposed, for the world to see, but yet, no member of the crew appeared on deck and Hatch was able to continue touching me. My body reacted, how could it not under such expertise?

It was torture. I had no idea World's henchman could be so cruel. It was wrong, it was agony, and it was so damn arousing I thought I'd succumb.

Actually, I did succumb. Hatch has a way of coaxing orgasms even from a reluctant prisoner.

Well, okay, I was a prisoner, but maybe by the time he made love to me I wasn't so reluctant...sigh. What's a woman to do when she lusts after the body of a man she's sworn to bring down? I mean, HQ, he did things to me that I definitely want to experience again, things that only a "bad boy" is capable of. None of my past liaisons have ever coaxed from me the responses that Hatch did. He is so talented, so damn addicting that I am ruined for any other.

Signing off, HQ. If you have some suggestions on how to deal with Hatch other than banging him to death, I'd love to hear them.

Crystasha

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"Blast! I can't remember my *own* news! No wait..."



Codename: Rhae

Writing name: Jet Mykles

Website: <http://www.computerotika.com.com/>

What I'm up to: I have a new release coming in December from Loose ID. This is another ménage story in the Leashed universe, but it's not about Meg, Michael and Rudy. This one is about Meg's older sister Noelle and the two men she's interested in. Daniel, a spirit witch, and Jake, his leashed bear.

Excerpt of Spiritual Noelle

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Unedited

No sooner had I settled my butt on the rug than Daniel leaned forward to grab my arms and shake me.

"Don't sleep with him!"

I blinked, completely caught off guard. "Excuse me?"

He knelt before me, eyes narrowed. "I've watched you. I figured it out. You came back to sleep with Jake!"

"No, I didn't..." *Not entirely.*

"You're attracted to him. I can understand that. It's just..." He closed his eyes, swallowed, a look of pure anguish passing over his exquisite features. His fingers squeezed my arms and I'm not sure he knew he hurt me. "Just don't. Please. Not now. Not..." He shook his head.

I leaned into his grip, staring intently into his face. "Daniel." When he didn't open his eyes, I bent my elbows to grab his forearms and shook him slightly. "Daniel."

Sharp brown eyes opened to me.

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"Tell me why."

He frowned. "Why?"

"Why don't you want me to sleep with him?"

He released me and sat back on his heels, but I pushed forward to kneel, keeping my grip on his arms.

"Tell me why, Daniel."

He tried to act cool, brushing my hands off. His eyes darted away from mine. "Because I don't want to be around the two of you acting all lovey dovey."

I ducked my chin and tilted my head, trying to reestablish eye contact. "No, Daniel, there's more to it than that."

"No."

"Yes. Daniel, I told you, you've got to be open with me if I'm going to help you."

He scowled. "This has nothing to do with the spirits."

"This has everything to do with the spirits. It has to do with your peace of mind."

He frowned, blinked, stared at me. He wanted to deny it, I saw it in his face, but he couldn't. "I am being honest. I'm asking you not to... I..." His voice got steadily softer as he went on until the last was barely a whisper. "I don't want to see you with him. I couldn't handle it. Not... now."

"Why? Because you want to sleep with me?" I paused just a second, wondering if the next sentence was wise. Instinct told me I had to. "Or because you want to sleep with him?"

Anger flared, coloring his alabaster cheeks. He reared up on his knees, grabbing my arms to yank me nose to nose with him. "I'm not gay!"

"Are you sure?"

"What the hell is that supposed to mean?"

I was committed now. "I've seen you around Jake. You guys are so close..."

"We're close so that means we're *gay*?!"

"Daniel, that's not all there is. The way you two..."

His nostrils flared. His eyes went wide, then narrowed. Quick as a viper, he hauled me up to his chest and forced his lips on mine.

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I'd known this was a possible reaction. I'd be a hypocrite to say that a part of me didn't want it. The few touches I'd been allowed on that beautiful body hadn't done anything to lessen my desire to rub against him like a cat in heat. I probably should have backed away and forced him to talk to me but, *oh*, even if his kiss did mash my teeth into my lips, he felt *good*.

At first he was punishing me, pressing his lips to mine and holding me pinned. I think it was when I clutched his waist or maybe it was when that happy little moan escaped my throat, that the kiss changed. He backed off from the hurt and tilted his head for better access. I went with him, opening my lips to suck in his bottom lip. It was his turn for a little moan as he opened his mouth on mine, disengaging his lip to make room for his tongue to plunge in. Finally he released the harsh grip on my arms, sliding one hand up to cup the back of my skull and slipping the other around my waist to hold me up against him. *Sweet Goddess!* His chest was hard and his arms were strong and he tasted so darn good. I cursed the layers of clothing that prevented me from feeling his hardness against my bare belly.

I wrapped my arms around his neck and desperately devoured his mouth.

He bent a bit and wound an arm around underneath my rear end. He lifted me slightly so he could tilt my body and gently lower me to the rug, without ever breaking the kiss.

I gratefully accepted his weight as he settled on top of me, arms coming up under my back to hold me. I parted my legs and threw them around his waist, that eager to hold him close.

He managed to pry our lips apart, but had to bring a hand up to peel my arm from around his neck to do it.

I whimpered, switching my lips to his neck. I folded my fingers with his to keep him from using it to push me away. When I bit his earlobe, he groaned.

"Noelle..."

"Please, Daniel, please." I heard the begging in my voice and didn't care. I wasn't above begging for this. "Please."

"We can't..."

"We can."

"Jake..."

"You could call him back."

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"Mistress?"

Rhae's eyes narrowed and she turned slowly to see her Pet standing a few paces behind her hair. Naked, shining gold hair covering his down-turned face, he held two of her favorite floggers before him.

She stood and held out her hand.

Contrite, he placed the floggers in her grasp.

She pointed to the chair. "Finish that. Then we are going to talk."

He nodded and sat.



**We at the league wish you a most merry
holiday season!**