



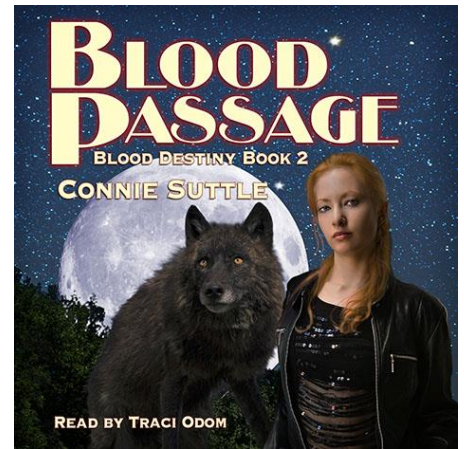
Connie Suttle



Audiobooks

In issue #1 of this newsletter earlier this year, we announced that *Blood Wager* would soon be available as an audiobook. We are happy to say it is now available on audible.com, amazon.com and iTunes! The book is read by Traci Odom, who does a wonderful job.

But that's not all the good news! Traci will be reading *Blood Passage*, Blood Destiny Series #2 next, and we expect the audiobook to be available in early August! We'll be sure to announce it on Facebook and email as soon as it is available. As usual, Renee at thecovercounts.com did an awesome job with the cover.



New Books in Print

- *Hope and Vengeance*, Saa Thalarr Series #1, [now available](#).
- *Finder*, First Ordinance Series #1, June 2014.
- *Blood Passage*, Blood Destiny Series #1, late June / early July 2014.
- *Cloud Dust*, R-D Series #1, late June / early July 2014.

Autographed copies
(when available) at:

shop.subtledemon.com

Seattle Fan Meet & Greet

With Connie Suttle

Location: In the Red Wine Bar
6510 Phinney Ave N
Seattle, WA 98103

Date: July 20, 2014
Time: 7pm – 9pm

Registration closes June 30, 2014.
If you have already registered, no need to do so again.

[Register Here!](#)

Book Release Schedule:

- *Wyvern and Company*, Saa Thalarr Series, Book 2 – August, 2014
- *Keeper*, First Ordinance Series, Book 2 – October 2015
- *Cloud Invasion*, R-D Series, Book 2 – December 2015
- *A Demon's Work is Never Done* – Spring 2015

Our meet & greet events are casual. We get together in a comfortable venue, have a few drinks and snacks together, and talk to Connie. She loves to meet her fans and get feedback and comments on her books.

Connie doesn't make a formal speech or stand at a podium. She sits right in the area with you and just lets you ask whatever questions you like! Warning, though, if an answer would involve a spoiler for a future book, she won't share it!

If you have anything you'd like her to sign, she's happy to do so, as well as be in photos with you, if you ask. We'll have a few things with us to sell and give away. People who register in advance and commit to attending will get a special gift bag! You won't be disappointed!

We will be conducting a drawing at the end of the event for a new Kindle Paperwhite! You must be present to win. Get your ticket and stick around to the end!

The venue does not charge for the space, so please support them while there by ordering food and/or drinks.



Wyvern and Company

Saa Thalarr Series, Book Two excerpt

"Hey, Justin."

Marilee Short walked up behind me as I pulled my English homework from my locker. It was Friday after our first week of school, and Marilee was on the prowl. Her fake, sultry voice might work on the rest of the football team, but I wanted nothing to do with her.

I can't explain that—Mack almost pants around her if she speaks to him at all. And Short? What an oxymoron of a name. Marilee was five-eleven in her socks.

"Marilee," I acknowledged her presence by saying her name and slamming my locker door. She began to walk her fingers up my arm the minute I turned to look at her.

"Whatcha doin' tonight, Justin?" she asked, turning the pseudo-sultry up a notch.

"Helping my dad," I said, "At a construction site." I stared at the fingers walking up my arm. She dropped her hand and her eyes.

"We-ell, if you get done early," she looked at me again, "A bunch of us are getting together at my parents' lake cabin to get drunk. You're more than welcome to come."

"I'll think about it," I lied. I hate to lie, but sometimes there's just no other way. Marilee waited for me to say something else. When I didn't, she took the hint and walked away.

"See you there," she called behind her.

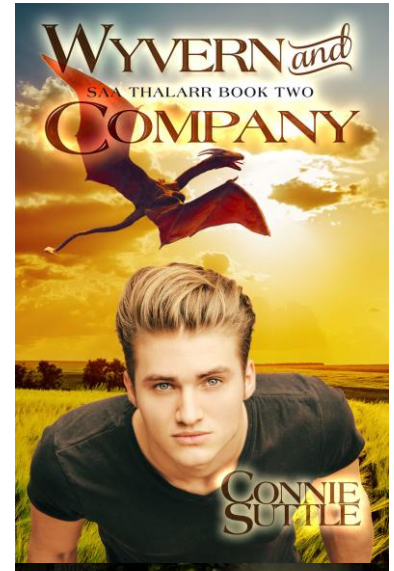
"Not in this lifetime," I muttered before turning to walk out a different way.

The hallway was deserted and dim that afternoon—most kids couldn't wait to get away from school on Fridays. I heard sounds of car engines starting outside—seniors were allowed to drive themselves and they were squealing out of the school parking lot, just to make the others envious.

I had to walk all the way around the building to get to my car, but by the time I got to it, Marilee and her crowd were already gone. Climbing into my six-year-old Honda, I shut the door and got the engine going.

The weather outside was as hot as you can imagine Fresno might get in late August, and I hoped the AC would get the car cooled fast. While I waited for that to happen, I pulled my cell phone from beneath the seat to check for messages. There was only one—from my best friend, Mack.

Mack's real name is Martin Walters, Jr., but his family calls him Mack because his dad goes by Martin. Mack is better than being called Junior any day of the week. Punching a button, I called him back.



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