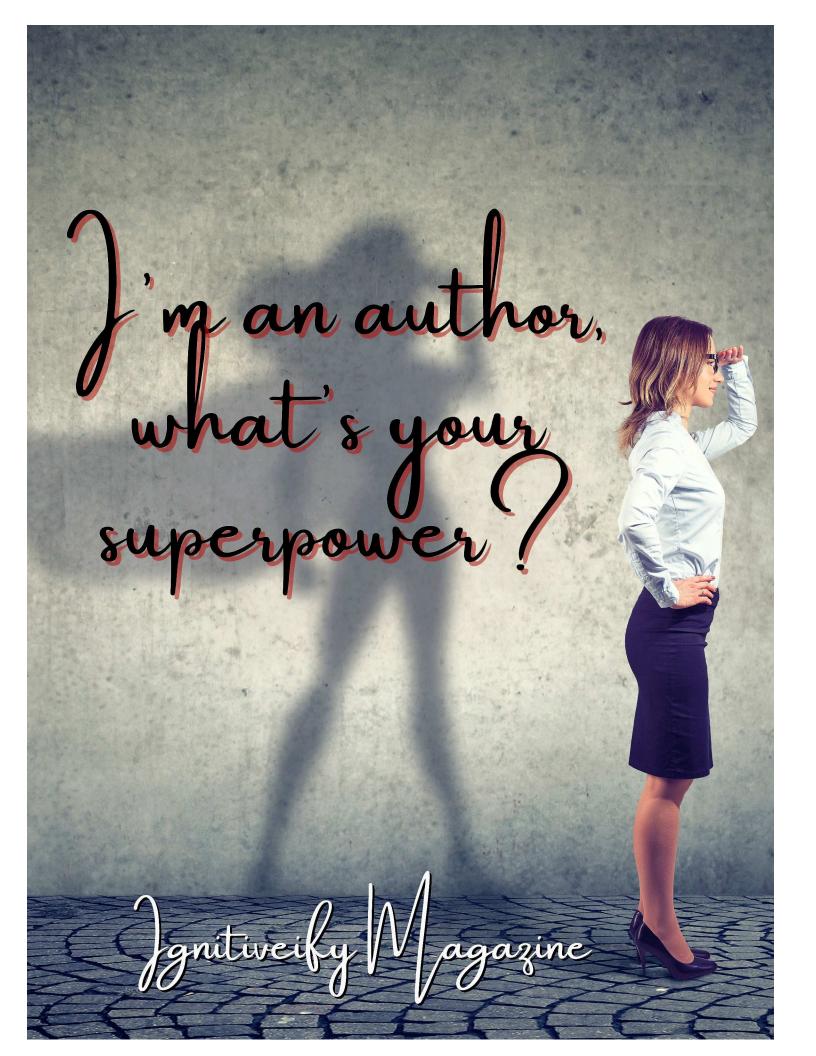


thrillen novel with a glass of win IGNATIVEIFY MAGAZINE Juanita D. Houston ISIB FROST T.L. DRAKE CRESPITEROS Revenge ROAD DEMONS



CREATED & DESIGNED BY AUTHOR ~

yvanah McLann



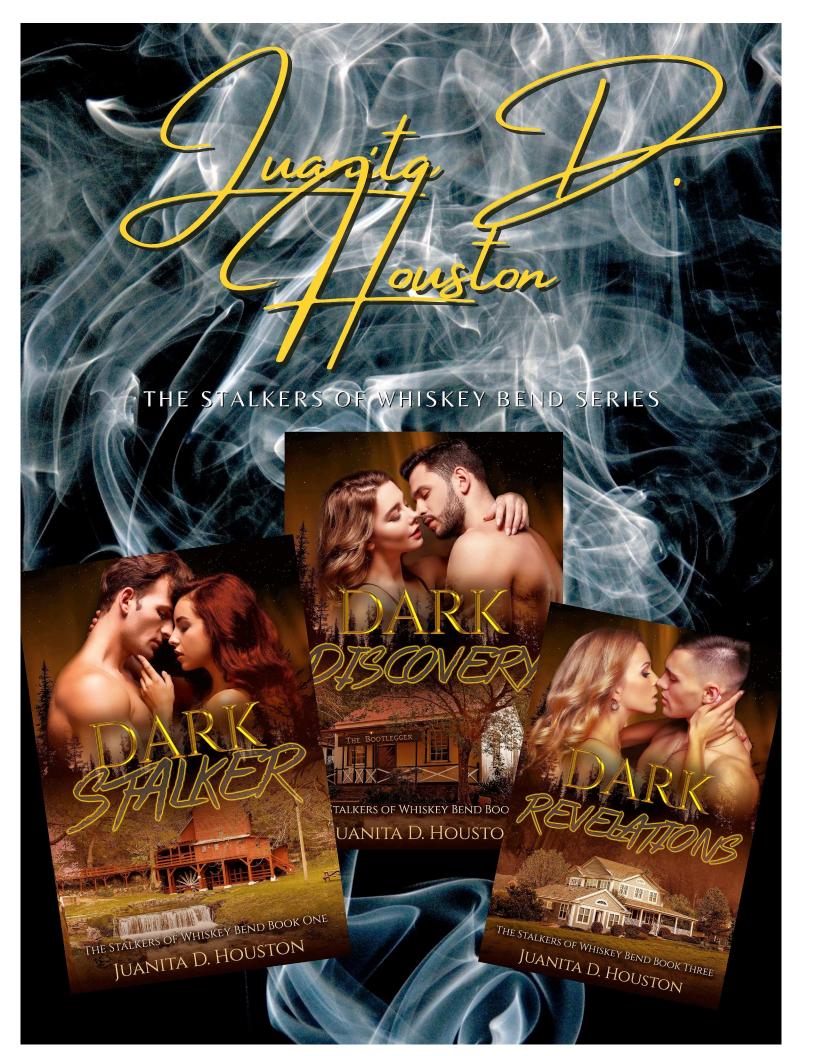
# Quanita St. Effouston

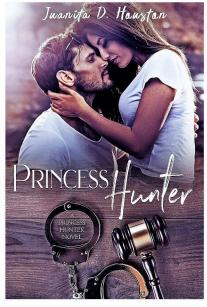


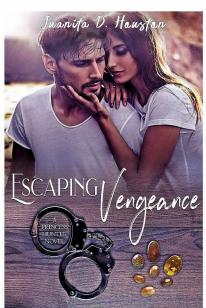
TAMPERED MEMORIES

SOLD AT BIRTH

**SWEET REVENGE** 







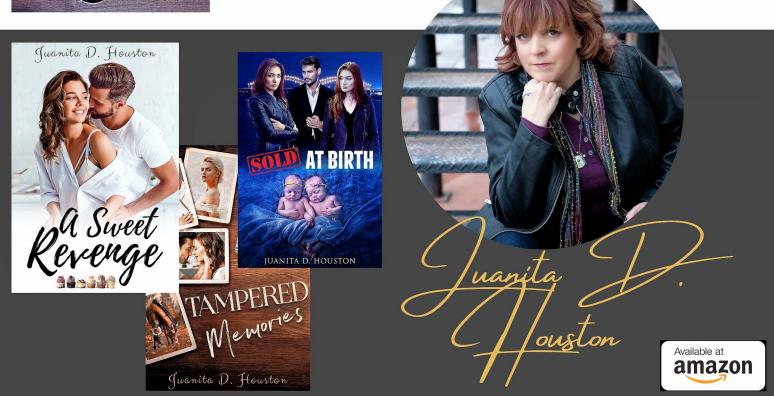
# Murder Mystery Author

I HAVE BEEN WRITING MOST OF MY LIFE. THOUGH I DIDN'T ACTUALLY GET SERIOUS ABOUT IT UNTIL THE LAST TEN YEARS AFTER I MOVED BACK TO TENNESSEE. I JOINED SEVERAL WRITING GROUPS, AND I HAVE ALWAYS ENJOYED ENCOURAGING YOUNG WRITERS TO FOLLOW THEIR DREAMS, I DID.

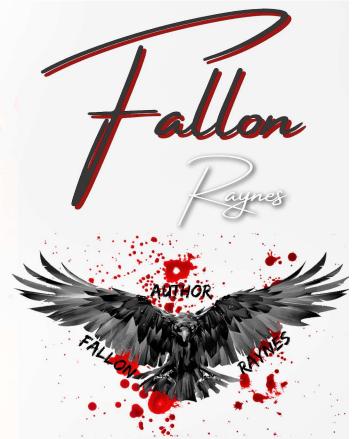
I HAVE ONE POEM PUBLISHED IN 2010 IN THE MILLINGTON STAR. LOOKING TO START UP A NEW WRITER'S GROUP IN MILLINGTON, TN. SEVERAL STORIES IN THE ANTHOLOGIES BY A WRITER'S GROUP IN MEMPHIS. I REPUBLISHED A SHORT STORY, AN UNWANTED VISITOR, AND RELEASED IT ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

MY FIRST NOVEL, FULL THROTTLE WAS PUBLISHED IN MARCH OF 2020. I RELEASED MY SECOND NOVEL, DARK STALKER ON JULY 17, 2020. IT IS THE FIRST IN A TRILOGY ABOUT A SMALL TOWN PLAGUED WITH MULTIPLE STALKERS. BOOK TWO IS DUE TO BE RELEASED IN LATE AUGUST. A NOVELLA GRAVE DANGER IS CAME OUT THE SAME MONTH AS THE STALKER BOOK AND IS A REPUBLISHED VERSION OF ANTHOLOGY STORY. IT ALSO SETS UP THE CHARACTERS OF MY THIRD NOVEL. SOLD AT BIRTH.

I LIVE IN TEXAS WITH MY HUBBY, RETIRED SR. CHIEF. I ALSO ENJOY GEOCACHING, PAINTING AND RESEARCHING FOR THE NEXT BOOK OR SERIES.







#### ABOUT THE AUTHOR

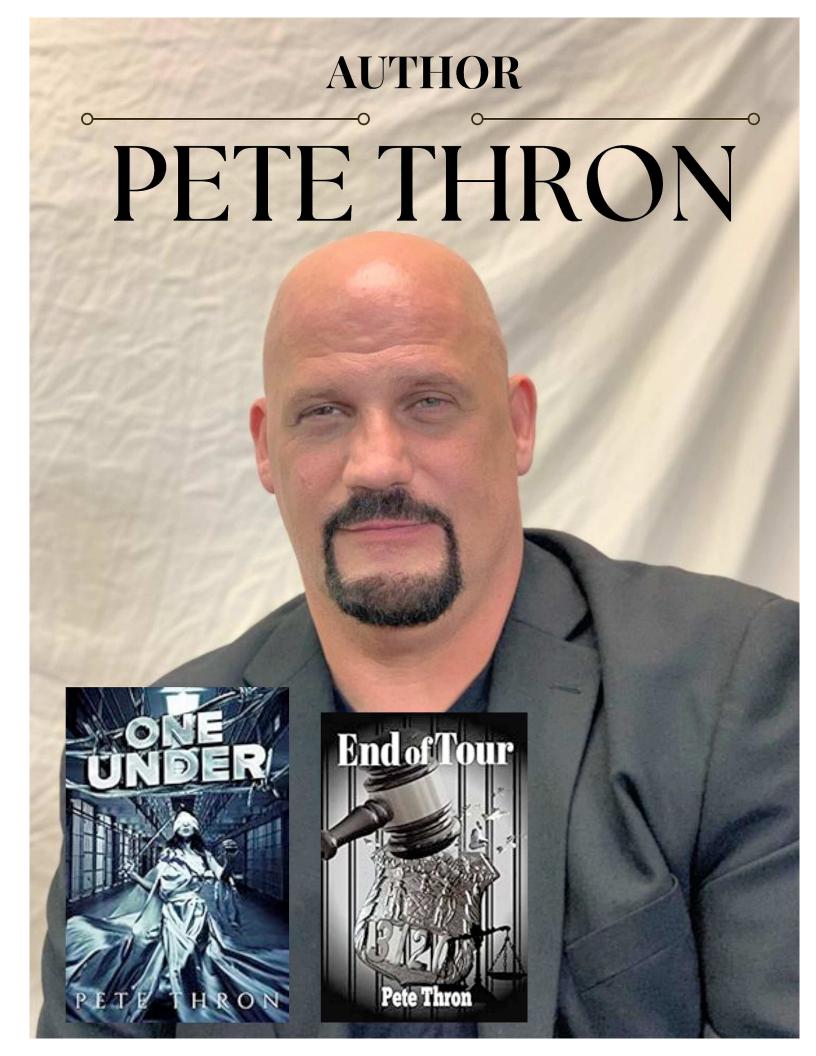
FALLON RAYNES IS A PAPER PUSHER BY DAY, WRITER BY NIGHT. WRITING HAS BEEN IN FALLON'S BLOOD FOR AS LONG AS SHE CAN REMEMBER. SHORT STORIES AND POEMS KEPT HER MIND

AT EASE EARLIER ON. LIFE'S
ADVENTURES HAVE SWIRLED IN HER
MIND TO CREATE SOME EXAGGERATED
STORIES THAT SHE'S EXCITED TO PUT
TO PAPER AND SHARE WITH THE
WORLD.

RECENTLY, SHE SUBMITTED A SHORT STORY, AND WAS ACCEPTED TO BE INCLUDED INTO THE ANTHOLOGY:
MAKE THEM PAY - A THRILLER ANTHOLOGY. HER SHORT STORY SUBMISSION TEMPTRESS SPARKED A SERIES IDEA THAT WILL RELEASE IN 2022.

TO RELAX, FALLON ENJOYS WATCHING THE ID, LIFETIME, AND HALLMARK CHANNELS, READING, AND THE OUTDOORS.

FALLON RESIDES IN LOWER MICHIGAN WITH HER HUSBAND AND FUR-BABY.





Emma's books are dark, dangerous, and devilishly sexy. She loves writing about strong, feisty, but underestimated women, and the cocky, dirty-mouthed men they bring to their knees.



ImaLuna is a USA Today Bestselling dark romance author from the UK. In a life she was a Midwife and a Lecturer, but now she listens to the voices in her head its pen to paper to bring their stories to life. In her spare time, when she should be ig, she also loves to edit, proofread, and format books for other amazing authors. Ima's books are dark, dangerous, and devilishly sexy. She loves writing about sisty, but underestimated women, and the cocky, dirty-mouthed men they bring to their knees.

en Emmaisn't writing, promoting, or editing books she can be found napping, jin adult colouring books, and collecting novelty notebooks. She also enjoys coffee iping with her mum, playing or having hugs with her gorgeous nephew, who is the er life, and curling up on the sofa to watch a film with Mr Luna. Oh and for those of that don't know, Emmais a hardcore Harry Potter fan—Team Ravenclaw!! nkyou for taking a chance on a crazy Brit and the voices inside her head. That makes you a true LUNAtic now too!

you want to find out all things Emma Luna you can join my newsletter here:

https://www.emmalunaauthor.com

if you have facebook, you can join my reader group for exclusive news and give aways:

https://www.facebook.com/groups/emmashunatics

ou are interested in where to start with Emma's books then Black Wedding, fully Brutal Book One, is the first in her brand new series, and the perfect place to begin.

Beautifully Brutal series follows two Irish Mafia families, and their battle for nee over London. In Black Wedding you meet Liam, a trained hitman who wants to do with his crazy family, and Bree, who wants to run her mafia family but isn't as a woman. Together, although they don't get off to the best start they soon learn the a great team. You also meet Liam's other four siblings, not to mention his best hese fantastic side characters will all be getting their own books and having their stories told as the series progresses.

In hilst the books in the Beautifully Brutal series are standalones, they are an nected series, and therefore it is advisable to read all the books to get the most out of the plot. With the exception of any prequels, they can be read in order. It the series today by downloading Black Wedding. You can read it on Kindle Unlimited, or download from Amazon. Here's the link:

https://www.books2read.com/blackwedding

 ${\it r}ouenjoyed\,Black\,Wedding\,and\,want\,to\,pre-order\,book\,two, it's available\,here:$ 

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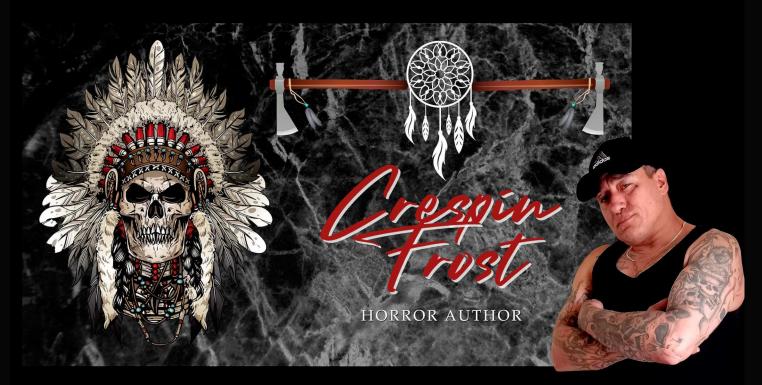
ıwould like to check out any of Emma's other books or stalk her in more places, you can find everything you need here:

https://www.linktr.ee/emmaluna





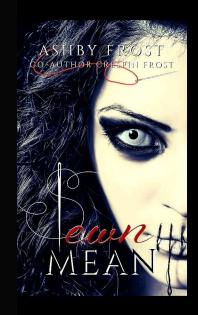
## CRESPIN FROST

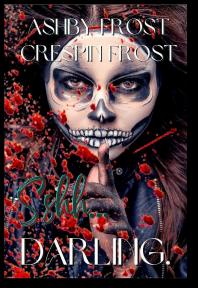


#### TWISTED WELF GRAPHIX

TWISTED WOLF GRAPHIX CUSTOM DESIGNS GRAPHICS, WEBSITES, SIGNAGE, BIZ CARDS, ADS, BOOK COVERS, POSTERS, LOGOS AND MORE FOR AUTHORS WHO WRITE THRILLERS, HORROR, AND MURDER SUSPENSE. TWISTED WOLF GRAPHIX ALSO HAS A MAGAZINE FEATURING DARKER GENRES.







Crespin Frost is an up and coming thriller ~ horror author who is publishing his first novel in 2022 with co-author Ashby Frost. Crespin is the owner of Twisted Wolf Graphix a graphic design company located in North Central Texas. Don't miss Crespin's story in the fall issue of IGNITIVEIFY 2022.

#### REVENGE | SEWN MEAN SHORT STORY



#### **Get to Know Dixie**

"Dixie Lee snaps and takes matters into her own hands by exacting an act of revenge so jaw-droppingly gruesome that she leaves their small town in utter shock!

**REVENGE** is the short story version of *SEWN MEAN* by thriller authors Ashby & Crespin Frost. SEWN MEAN novel is available for Pre Order on Amazon and releasing Halloween 2022.

Jimmy Buchanan worked in a coal mine in Wyoming. He is known best for his hot temper, drinking, and chasing women. The small town was in disbelief that Jimmy had set his sights on young Dixie Lee. Before Dixie Lee knew it, she was uprooted out of her parent's farmhouse and into Jimmy's run-down shack of a house. The rumor in town is that Dixie Lee's father traded her to Jimmy for an old used tractor. After years of dealing with Jimmy's drinking, skirting around with other women, physical and emotional abuse... Dixie Lee snaps and takes matters into her own hands by exacting an act of revenge so jawdroppingly gruesome that she leaves their small town in utter shock!

**SEWN MEAN** is a riveting thriller that will rock the depths of your core. Indulge yourself inside the story of Dixie Lee Buchanan, who has suffered domestic violence at the hands of her alcoholic husband Jimmy for many years. A switch snaps inside her one day, forcing the hidden serial killer living within her to the forefront. Follow as Dixie tries to stay one step ahead of the homicide detective that is hell-bent on finding his killer, who is leaving a wake of gruesome murders behind them. Can he catch Dixie before she sews mean again?

Graphic Content. Erotic Situations. Domestic Violence Triggers.



What is your style?

Occasional writer, often wanderer, horrible speller, broken thinker, incessant lover of all things ineffable, Slytherin, neutral evil and serious about it.

How is it achieved?

CJ lives in a boardinghouse for reformed prostitutes run by a minister and his wife. She enjoys hiding away in her room, plotting ways to kill her characters, and researching torture techniques.

For't be afraid to stand out...

If you're looking for revenge stories where the villain might steal that happily ever after, you've come to the right place.

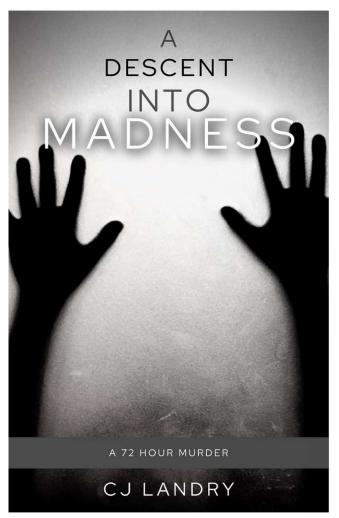
She's also deathly terrified of sharks because those suckers will one day evolve to breathe on land and eat everyone.

No mystery. Just murder.

#### CJ LANDRY

#### Long Distance Love

Jur lives
flashed
through my
head,



The yellow lines on the highway sped by in a blur, and we flew through the night, and we felt free. But we weren't, and I knew it. We were running away from something and running away was never the path to freedom I thought about telling John to turn back. I thought about suggesting we turn ourselves in. Sure, we'd be all over the news and we'd never be able to see each other again but I was willing to do a long-distance relationship even if it was penitentiary to penitentiary.

Our lives flashed through my head, my thoughts laying out perfectly how our relationship would be. We'd mail each other letters every day. I'd tell him about how I got assigned to kitchen duty and how, on the first day, my cellmate saw how scared I was so she threatened to shank anyone who even looked at me wrong; and how I was so grateful for her protection that later that night I stood outside the showers to watch for any guards while she finger-banged her wife from cellblock E. Then I'd tell him about later when I helped her write flowery poetry that tells her wife how much she loves fucking her. This help would have the other inmates coming to m for advice and pretty soon we'd have a "slam" poetry group that would get so famous Oprah would do a special on how damned inspirational we all were.

John's letters would consist of how scared he was all the time because the other inmates were always trying to kill him or fuck him because he was such a beautiful young white boy - his hair bright red and freckles all ove his face. He would tell me how his cellmate would wish him goodnight by saying he couldn't wait to shove his big black dick into John's soft mouth and shoot his cum down John's slender throat. John's letters would talk about how he could barely sleep or eat because he was always so afraid. And how the guards would just laugh at him and conveniently go missing so gangs would be able to beat and rape him. His handwriting would get shaky and there would be tear stains on the letters as he described his many infirmary visits and how he wasn't even safe there.

I would send encouraging replies to try and keep his hopes up. Letters that talk about all the wonderful things the women did for me, like a haircut one day when I was really missing him or the surprise birthday party where they all pooled their commissary money and bought some cake mix and then baked me a penis-shaped birthd: cake. I would even tell him about my little Hispanic girlfriend who was street beautiful and had a filthy mouth I loved to kiss but that it didn't mean I loved him any less. I'd explain that I was just gay for the stay and sometimes I missed his tender touches so much I got desperate for release. I'd remind him of all the times I jacked him off and how he would always say how much better it was when I did it so surely he'd understand me having someone finger-bang me so I could find some measure of comfort while I was locked up. He would tell me about how the heads of the Aryan Brotherhood, the Mexican Mafia, the Bloods, and the Crips are all getting together and coordinating their time, so everyone got a piece of him. Eventually, he will tell me that it was easier to just stop fighting and how his body was covered in scars from the uncountable times he was shanked just because he tried to fight his rapists. He would tell me that he stopped complaining to the

guards because that only made it worse. Eventually, he would stop writing so many letters and once he would explain that thinking of me in that hell hole never made him feel better, only weaker and more desperate. One day he would tell me his mother stopped visiting him months prior and now her letters had stopped. That was the only one who wrote to him anymore and sometimes the other prisoners would take the letters before ecould read them and they would take turns jacking off on them before giving the letters back. That it broke him a little more every day thinking what those men might do to me if they ever had a chance. That he was terrified of letting me see how broken he was now.

Months would go by without a letter from him and then one day I'd get a letter from the doctor at his penitentiary letting me know that John tried to kill himself, but they found him in time. I'd get an update from the doctor every couple of weeks and one letter would tell me about how a group of inmates was so upset about John trying to get away that they snuck into the infirmary and shoved a large, but undisclosed, amount of broken glass up his ass and down his throat and how the doctor wasn't expecting John to live much longer. I would send letter after letter for the doctor to read to John and tell him how supportive the women have been to me in my hour of need and how we held prayer meetings every night after dinner to pray for him to get stronger. I'd tell him about how I was trying to stay busy so I didn't worry and how an inmate named Angela was trying to teach me how to crochet. I'd describe the horrible job I was doing trying to make him a scarf, but I was determined that if I could just finish it, John would be okay.

I'd send scrapbook pages of my day with doodles and words of encouragement for John. My letters would describe how I've talked about him and our life together so much that all the inmates felt like they knew him and were sending word to their crews at his penitentiary to help look after him because of how important he is to me. The letters from the doctor would eventually stop but I'd keep sending mine. I'd describe how one of

got ordained online and how we could have a Skype prison wedding as soon as he was better and then I'd send sketches of the dress the girls and I were designing and describe how we could smuggle in flowers and that the guards would let us because they understand we're easier to handle when we're happy and involved. I'd tell him about the new inmates that came in and how they struggled to find their place in this new world and how I got nostalgic for my first days here.

I would eventually get so busy with all the groups I was running that it would be almost a year before I realized we hadn't exchanged letters. I'd sit down that night and pour my heart out about how much I missed him and my freedom even though I've been able to have such a fulfilling life behind bars. It would be a couple of months before I'd get a response and I'd have to read it at least a dozen times before it would sink in.

John's handwriting would be different. It would be rough strokes against the paper. There would be no hesitation and definitely no tears staining it. He would say things like how much he wanted to cum on my tits

and piss in my mouth. He would tell me about how a gang saved him so now he oversaw breaking in the new members. He would describe all the horrible ways he had come up with to rape the other inmates and break them as they broke him. He would assure me that he didn't cry anymore because he wasn't the same bitch that ended up there. Then he'd demand I send him letters that described, in detail, all the times I was with one of the other women, even going so far as to demand I sneak a phone in and video the coupling. He'd say if I didn't do it then I'd never actually loved him and how the men he raped were more woman that I was. I would cry other the loss of such a tender soul and my friends would surround me with love. It would take a long time to get over John and I'd never stop worrying about him but eventually, I'd stop looking for his letters a mail call. Years would go by and I'd get a large envelope from the doctor in John's infirmary. The letter would say that John was killed when he attempted to rape another inmate. The envelope would include some old, faded, and folded pictures of me along with some letters I wrote that were well read and used. The doctor wouls say that John designated me as next of kin so I got his few possessions. My heart would be heavy. It would be sad at the loss of John all over again but relieved because the John I knew died years ago.

I turned in my seat in the car and just absorbed John's profile. The slight smile on his lips, the sun creating a halo around his bright red hair, his fingers tapping on the steering wheel in time with the song playing on the radio. I leaned forward and kissed him lightly on his cheek and as his soft green eyes looked over at me, I decided not to say anything to him. My John wasn't built for the life of a criminal, so I'd just have to kill him the next time we stopped for gas.



Elani Roman started writing early in life through poetry. Well into her adulthood she discovered a fiction world inside of her imagination that consisted of fantasy, science fiction, paranormal and romance characters. She has mastered the craft of storytelling and is constantly evolving and weaving a tapestry of picturesque words. When she isn't creating characters or exploring new imagined worlds, she enjoys dancing and painting with watercolors.

There is so much more to come from this Author. Follow Elani to stay on top of the latest projects, events, and new releases.

Connect With Author Elani Roman: https://linktr.ee/ElaniRomanAuthor







C.L. (aka Cheri) Roman, writes sci-fi and fantasy under the name C.L. Roman, and paranormal romance under the name Leigh Roman. You can find her at www.clroman.com and on Facebook.

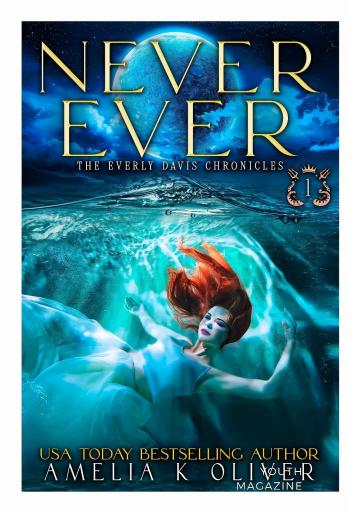
Cheri and her ever-patient husband live in the not-so-wilds of Northeast Florida with their mini-menagerie, including Jack E. Boy, the super Chihuahua, Bennie the Jet, and Pyewacket (Pye), the invisible cat.



Amelia K. Oliver

Amelia K Oliver is an independent British author with a silly sense of humour. Her first book, Never Ever, went so well, she wrote more. And more. And now she can't stop. (Does anyone want to babysit for me so I can take a shower?) She lives in a small seaside town with her husband, son, three dogs and a cat. (I have so much cleaning to do) In 2020, her series, The Everly Davis Chronicles earned the title of international bestselling author and in 2021, she earned USA Today bestselling author. Her dystopian book, Blaze, also reached #1 bestseller.

Amelia is a huge advocate for mental health & human rights. She's very grateful to anyone who reads her stories. (Did you bring coffee?) Please leave reviews for indie books, we need you. In 2022, she started a book box service that offers signed indie paperbacks with toys or self-care items. Check out Bookish night in.





#### MEET MICHAEL DANESE

#### **AUTHOR**

Michael Danese is an author, photographer and video producer-director-editor.

He recently retired from a FORTUNE 200 company after 32 years, where he managed the video department. He has over four decades of experience writing, producing, directing and editing all types of video programming and photography. He continues to do freelance video production for several companies.

He has written over 30 short stories and a one-act play. You are invited to read them all (see below) and, if you are interested in adapting any of these stories for film or TV, he is ready to talk!

He also recently partnered with two musicians, and they wrote a full-length musical for either stage or screen with over 25 songs. He is exploring ways to help to move it forward, so if you have any ideas, he would love to hear them! Info is available upon request.

He lives in the Lehigh Valley, north of Philadelphia, and spends as much time as possible at his home in Lewes Beach, DE. Michael and his wife, Ann have six grandchildren, and another on the way, they all keep them busy!

He is also a collector of movie memorabilia, mainly original movies posters and autographed movie stills.



# once "photo bombed" a group on the beach.

Someone recently asked him where he gets ideas or inspiration for his stories.

Then simple answer is usually first an observation, then a "what if" scenario. Here are a few examples:

I once "photo bombed" a group on the beach. I thought, what if this was the wrong group to be photographed with? The story "Photo Bomb" resulted.

I noticed a pile of newspapers outside a house on more than one occasion. What if a group of burglars used a signal like that to determine that a house was empty? That became the story "Greed."

I saw a news story about a mosque being shot up and several people killed. How does something like that happen? That became "Julie's War." I noticed numerous conversations taking place at different tables in a restaurant. I wondered what all those folks could be talking about? That became the one-act play "Counter Talk."

I saw photos of rich big game hunters with their trophies. I thought what the ultimate hunt for would be them? Perhaps other men? That became "The Deadliest Game."

I saw a TV show about ghost hunters. I thought about what might go on behind the scenes of a show like that? That became "Ghose Squad."

All of the stories are also available at various outlets:

- Read any way you want - including versions for all e-

http://www.smashwords.com/ (search Michael Danese)

-Kindle Amazon Author page https://www.amazon.com/~/e/B088KBL186 or http://www.amazon.com - (search Michael Danese) - Also available at iTunes and Barnes & Doble

(search Michael Danese)

Connect online via:

Email: danesemc@ptd.net

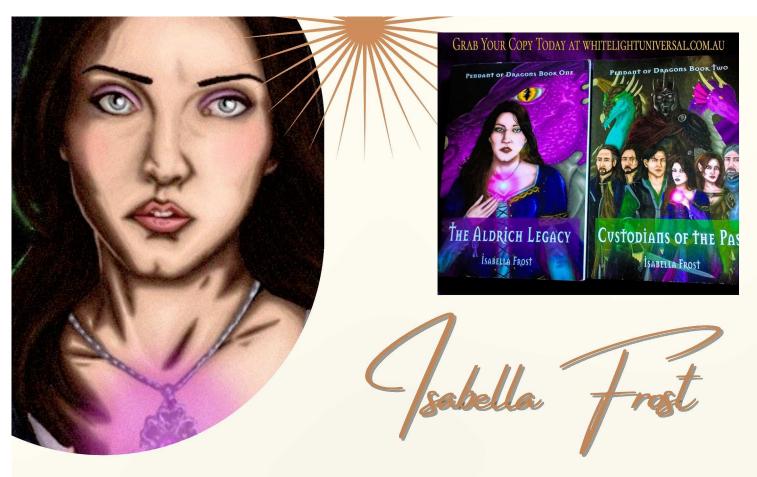
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High Fantasy and Romance from new author K. Isabella Frost. Get your copy today from whitelightuniversal.com.au. Book Three: Pendant of Dragons: The End of All Things coming soon...

# Author & Artist



# MARF range



#### **ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

Kristy Mickelsen is a 43-year-old wife and mother with an Associate of Science degree. She enjoys writing anything from Romance to Erotica as well as stories based on her own life experiences.



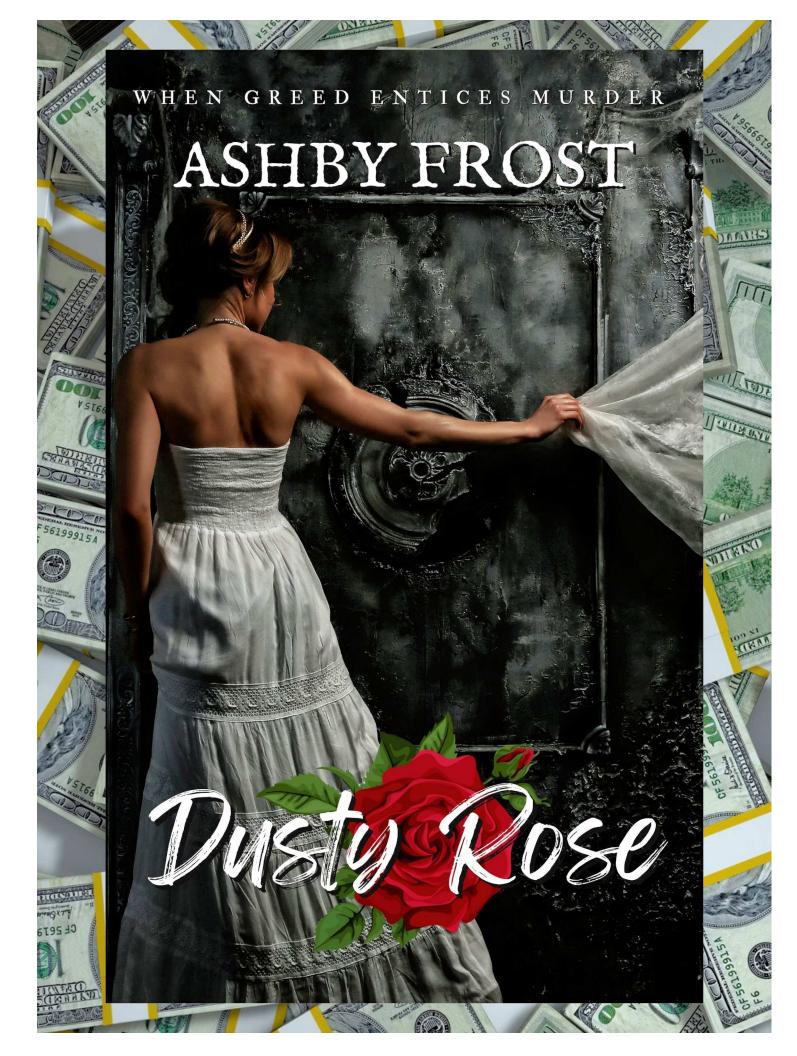
### Kristy Mickelsen

Look for her books on Amazon.com



Social media stats Twitter:- 5,001 followers Facebook- 4,981 friends and 1,028-page likes

Contact her at: authorkristymickelsen@ gmail.com





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MURDER SUSPENSE, THRILLER & HORROR MAGAZINE CRESPIN FROST INSIGHT INTO THE TWISTED MIND OF A THRILLER-HORROR WRITER FHLLON RHYNES EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW DANGEROUS LEDGES MICHAEL DANESE CJ LANDRY JUSTIN BOOTE CANDACE NOLA DEVIL JAMES ASHBY FROST

