

SPECIAL PREVIEW SAMPLER

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Layout: Lynn Crain

For information: Rowena Cherry, PO Box 554, Bloomfield Hills, MI 48303-0554

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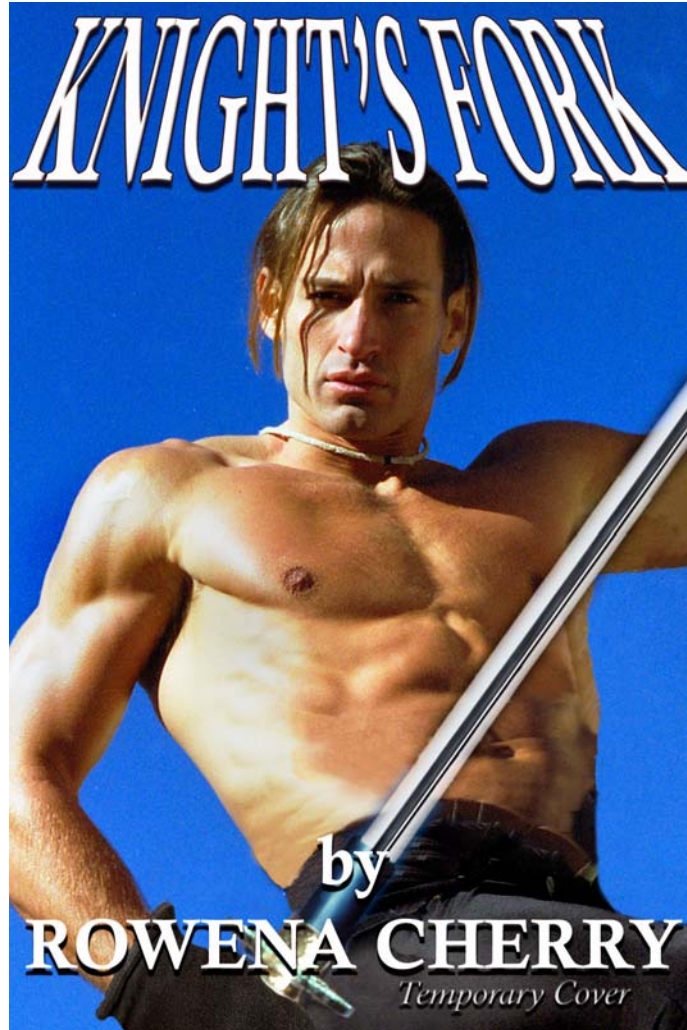
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A Wish

Entertaining, fascinating, exotic.... and exploding with pent up sensual tension.

~ Susan Kearney, USA Today best selling author of SOLAR HEAT



KNIGHT'S FORK
by
Rowena Cherry

“Carpe Scrotum. Seize Life by the Testicles.”

—Electra-Djerroldina

The Queen Consort of the Volnoth needs a sperm donor, and only one green-eyed god has the right stuff. Little does she know she has pinned all her hopes on the crown jewels of the fabled Royal Saurian Djinn. Not only is he the son of her greatest enemy, but he has taken a vow of chastity.

**“When forced to choose between two evils,
pick the one you’ve never tried before.... SEX.”**

—’Rhett

The Saurian Knight is caught between a problem father who has all the moral integrity of a Mafia Don, and a married Princess who would stop at nothing to have his seed in her belly. No matter which way he turns, he's "forked."

**"Why would a male both hope for and fear a lover?
...Ah! Inexperience perhaps?"
—Tarrant-Arragon**

Taking the wrong lover...in the wrong place, at the wrong time...is dangerous. And when the High and Mighty intervene, it can be fatal. Can true love and a pure White Knight's virtue triumph, when society loves a right royal scandal?

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TIGRON IMPERIAL PALACE

EARTH DATE EQUIVALENT AUGUST 30TH 1994

PROLOGUE

Tigron Imperial Palace,
Mating Ceremony for Princess Martia-Djulia and Prince Djetthro-Jason

Carpe Scrotum. Seize life by the testicles...

Behind her public-figure smile the Princess ambassador, Electra-Djerroldina, Queen of Volnoth, pondered her private mantra while waiting for her sister's Mating ceremony to begin.

One sometimes wondered whether normal people entertained secret thoughts of doing scandalously inappropriate deeds, such as fellating a dignitary during some solemn ceremony or other. Not that a Princess would. Such behavior could get both of them

incinerated on the spot for high treason.

Without looking down, Electra slid the undermost of her folded hands over her thigh until the backs of her fingers brushed the soft, bristly scruff-ruff of the collared Imperial tiger crouching on that side of her.

Being an Imperial Princess, and a barbarian's Queen, and also the representative of an interstellar superpower, meant that one had to spend long expanses of one's days and nights sitting still with the eyes of the Worlds upon one, obliged to appear pleasantly amused when nothing whatsoever was happening.

One sat in wait. Waiting for one's awful-god relatives to Mate, or die, or produce an heir, or sign a treaty.

To give strength and mystery to her royal smile, Electra conjured up testicles, mental images thereof. It was almost impossible to be intimidated by the all-powerful males who surrounded her when she imagined their little vulnerabilities. Strangely, she never thought of her own Mate, Viz-Igerd's.

Her wrists prickled a psychic warning. Someone was trying to read her mind. The more nervous of her black, saber-toothed protectors snarled.

“Quiet, Bey-ta.”

Electra turned her face with ingrained regal dignity and –still smiling– inclined her head to her Great-uncle Django-Ra, who sat sprawled on the parapet of the royal family's tiger pit, stroking his jaw and probing minds for weaknesses.

Where was I? Hmmm, seizing testicles, she mused, and met Great-uncle Django's star blue stare. You might be interested if I were to think about my Volnoth subjects' bizarre fertility rituals. On the other hand, Uncle, if you know that I'm aware that you're

trying to read my mind, you won't know whether or not I'm pulling your positor, will you?

He looked away. Django wasn't a coward, and he couldn't be shamed. However, he was a consummate predator and easily bored. He preferred unsuspecting prey.

I wonder...? Is my green-eyed White Knight here?

Covertly, Electra scanned the guests, seeking one enemy Knight among the choppy white sea of alien ambassadors.

Because the godless Saurian Knightly Orders were on the wrong side of the old, cold war, all the Knights wore diplomatic-immunity-white, all the time. While they wore white they could not be touched, which presented a practical difficulty for a would-be seductress toying with the idea of seizing a particular dignitary.

Will I know him, if I see him?

Most Knights hid their identities under distinctive lizard- or dragon- headmasks, ostensibly for life support. Yet, Electra felt sure that she would recognize the one she sought by the slant of his broad shoulders, by the elegant arrogance of his deportment, by how Djinn-tall he was. And by his gold-flecked, rare-mineral-green aura.

She had first seen "her" Knight's face --quite by chance-- at her brother's Mating ceremonies less than three cycles ago. Her throat had contracted. Her stomach had flipped. She'd gasped in the shock of recognition. Apart from dark eyes that were as green as Viz-Igerd's, the Knight looked like a lean, mean, younger version of Tarrant-Arragon.

"I wonder if HE could get me pregnant," she'd thought.

Before she could ask him, he'd disappeared. Of course, he was an enemy, and

much too young to endanger her heart. But the Queen of the Volnoths wasn't looking for a lover. Haunted by his Igerd-green eyes and his near-Djinn stature, she'd made discreet enquiries. All she'd been able to find out was that his friends called him 'Rhett, and he was known for his virtue, his deadliness with a sword, and his unattainability.

The trail turned as cold as his eyes. All hope seemed lost, until the summonses went out for all the worlds' leaders and their spies to watch Martia-Djulia take her new Mate. Surely, she reasoned, the Saurians' leader would send 'Rhett.

The Imperial fanfare's first blast from the upper balconies jolted her thoughts back to the present, and to the descending throne-stage. Electra watched the appearance of her overstated, ultra-fashionable younger sister on the stark arm of their wicked brother, Tarrant-Arragon, who always wore black.

The ceremony had begun.

Wistfully, Electra scanned the masked males in white. There was one among them who might be... But no. That Saurian ambassador was a tigers'-length tall, but heavier.

One after another the four sets of great double doors thudded shut. Latecomers wouldn't be allowed in.

'Rhett isn't here. He isn't coming. Electra stroked the sleek, heavily muscled tiger's shoulder on her left, as if it were Alph who'd suffered the disappointment.

Fewmet, what a pity! The more she thought about 'Rhett, the more perfect he seemed for illicit, urgent baby making.

Through half-closed eyes Electra watched her ruthless brother and her frivolous, embarrassing sister parade down the steps of the Heir Apparent's throne-stage; and she visualized the child that 'Rhett might give her, if she could catch him with his lower body

out of uniform.

Its hair would be dark. 'Rhett's hair was an iridescent black, which he wore long, with thick curls breaking over his shoulders. Hers was dark, too. All Djinn were either dark-haired or silver. Hair color didn't matter. It was the eyes that would be decisive in allowing Viz-Igerd to believe that 'Rhett's child was his own.

It was worth any risk for the chance that 'Rhett's son's eyes would be green like Viz-Igerd's. However, it was more likely that the desperately wanted child's eyes would be dark blue-grey like her own for the same reason that, for all his elaborate fertility rituals, and for all his alpha-male virility, Viz-Igerd was having such trouble getting her pregnant.

Djinn genes were dominant. A Great Djinn male's "smart semen" could impregnate a Volnoth female, but it didn't work the other way round. It never had. It never would. Unhappily, Viz-Igerd's machismo didn't allow him to accept the scientific fact that his sub-species semen was incapable.

The timing would be less easy to explain, but –

War-drum thunder rumbled. Artificial clouds of hallucinogenic smoke churned. Electra's father, the god-Emperor, made his dramatic appearance, and pronounced the traditional, menacing speech about incinerating conscientious objectors to the Mating in progress. The massed male-voice choir roared out the Mating anthem. The great doors opened. Her heart thudded anew with irrational hope for a high-ranking late arrival, but the doors had opened to admit Martia-Djulia's Mate-to-be.

She looked again. Prince Djetthro-Jason was not alone. His tall supporter wore white, with multiple, rounded, catch-fabrics dotting a line along the breadth of his

shoulders and down his tapered sides. The noble aura was unmistakable.

'Rhett!

Guests shifted in their seats. Garments and lips rustled like a sudden wind gust in dry-season swordgrass. Some exclaimed about the bearded Prince Djetthro-Jason's emaciated state, and wondered where he had come from, and whether or not he'd been tortured until he agreed to go through with this Mating.

Others whispered of 'Rhett, "He looks like Tarrant-Arragon." "Yet, he wears white." "Did you hear? He claims to be the Royal Saurian Djinn of prophecy!"

If word of that rash boast came to Tarrant-Arragon's ears, 'Rhett's days as an eligible stud would be cut short. Tarrant-Arragon did not tolerate potent rivals.

Was she already too late? Heart thudding, Electra assessed 'Rhett's gait, but she could tell nothing about the state of his genitals from the effortless, self-assured grace and economy with which he moved.

If I get to him in time, where could we go? How quickly could he do the deed? She shifted her focus to the deep side-vent in 'Rhett's tabard and tantalizing glimpses of his long, lean thighs and tight, white-sheathed buttocks.

Would one time be enough? Appearances, even when the object of one's interest swung naked in full view, were no guide to how much potent exuberance...

Why is Martia-Djulia yowli-?

Before Electra could discern what had caused her sister's extraordinary outburst, the scrawny Prince Djetthro-Jason crumpled and flew backward. 'Rhett sidestepped gracefully, turning as he moved, so that his swiftly-drawn sword was held out of the way of flying limbs. Anyone who knew swordfighters—as she did—saw proof that 'Rhett's

sword was no decoration, and that 'Rhett was an expert, elegant killer when he wanted to be.

Possibly a look of gentle concern should replace one's politely amused smile.

Electra adjusted her expression, though no one was looking at her. All eyes were on the scandalous bride, who apparently did not intend to be Mated to the poor specimen now sprawled at her feet.

Even the massed male warriors' choral rendition of the Mating Anthem stumbled. They were superbly disciplined, but who can sing when an ultra-feminine Princess hurls a Djinn Prince across a throne room without touching him?

"Will she kick him?" "Will she take his hand and help him up?" "She'll lift her skirts and lower herself astride him where he lies!" Guests whispered and wished. One could smell their excitement and their vicarious arousal. They'd come to see Mating. If they only knew what debaucheries took place in a bid to rump start an infertile queen on Volnoth!

Martia-Djulia turned from her would-be Mate. She ran away.

A semi-silent communal groan rippled the heavy air as the disappointing Princess ran for the exit, then heads swiveled to glare at the fallen Djethro-Jason, or else to look askance at the god-Princes –'Rhett among them– to see what they were doing about this unprecedented turn of events.

Electra made a decision and rose. "At my thigh," she commanded Alph and Beyta, the tigers that were her pets and her protection wherever she went. They padded beside her, snarling and whuffing at anyone who came close.

Heart thumping at her own daring, Electra glided to the doors that had been

opened at Tarrant-Arragon's signal to allow Martia-Djulia egress. If anyone noticed Electra leaving the throne room, they'd assume that she was going after her sister to comfort her.

This was the chance one could never have created. Carpe 'Rhett. Seize the Knight. Such unimaginable luck did not fall into one's hands very often.

Once through the doors, Electra changed course and made for the other throne room, where the Banquet was to be held. As she had anticipated, extra liquor was being rushed to the guests' seating banks and tables, and hurried changes were being made to the place settings on the Imperial High Table.

It would hardly be tactful to sit Martia-Djulia beside her rejected Mate, or to leave empty places side by side in the seats of honor at the Consummation Banquet now it was obvious that no Mating had been consummated in public, nor would be consummated in private. The feast would take place without the unhappy couple.

I am the only Princess at a table full of Princes. Electra smiled at the Master-of-Protocol, who came bustling towards her, with his eyes bulging in a visible effort not to appear relieved to see her. She gestured to the seating plan. There was no seating tag for a Knight of the Saurian Orders, known as 'Rhett, but there was one for the Great Djinn, Prince Djarrhett.

So he IS the Royal Saurian Djinn!

Electra pointed a finger to her own name, which was placed according to strict Imperial protocol and precedence between her father, the Emperor, and her brother, the Dominator, Crown Prince Tarrant-Arragon.

"We have one guest who may be feeling uncomfortable. I shall comfort him." The

board was interactive, and she wore magnets. She dragged and dropped her name to where she wanted to be. Between her brother, and 'Rhett.

“Bring a tray of bones. My tigers will lie between me and The Crown Prince,” she added, finding an excuse to move her seat a little further from her brother’s and an extra two tigers’ widths closer to 'Rhett’s.

The Emperor would be delighted to have his son—whom he saw too seldom—at his side. With luck, he would engage Tarrant-Arragon in conversation, which would prevent either of them from overhearing what she had to say to 'Rhett.

As she watched, the bustle of royal servants muted their psychic signatures and effaced themselves, and the first guests burst into the amphitheatrical room and toward the long and laden tables.

She trembled inside. No more idle daydreams. She was going to do something truly scandalous. Electra rehearsed the words she’d use to ask the virile 'Rhett to impregnate her.

Early Reviews of Knight's Fork

A stellar ride through far-reaching outer space and the inward roads of personal inner space... Cherry's trademark style of space skullduggery continues to amaze me...

~ Brenda, Mystiquebooks.com

*I never laughed so hard in my life at the antics of Tarrant-Arragon and Djarrhett in this book, **Knight's Fork**. Poor 'Rhett is in a terrible position thanks to Tarrant-Arragon, and it is made even worse by his father's attempts to benefit and manipulate the matter to his own ends. Add to that, misunderstandings and meddling women, and Rowena Cherry gives us yet another fantastic read!*

~ Rose Brungard, Romance at Heart

If you haven't read one of Rowena's novels, I highly recommend them. She is one of the wittiest writers I know.

~ Joy Nash, USA Today bestselling author of
IMMORTALS: THE AWAKENING AND DEEP MAGIC

If you look up the word spellbinding in the dictionary of authors - Rowena Cherry is right at the very top.

She writes about alien universes as if they exist, she's lived there and characters as if they are real and she's know them. Fantasy fiction at its very best.

If you look up the list of fans of Cherry- I'm right at the very top.

~ M.J. Rose - international bestselling author of

THE REINCARNATIONIST

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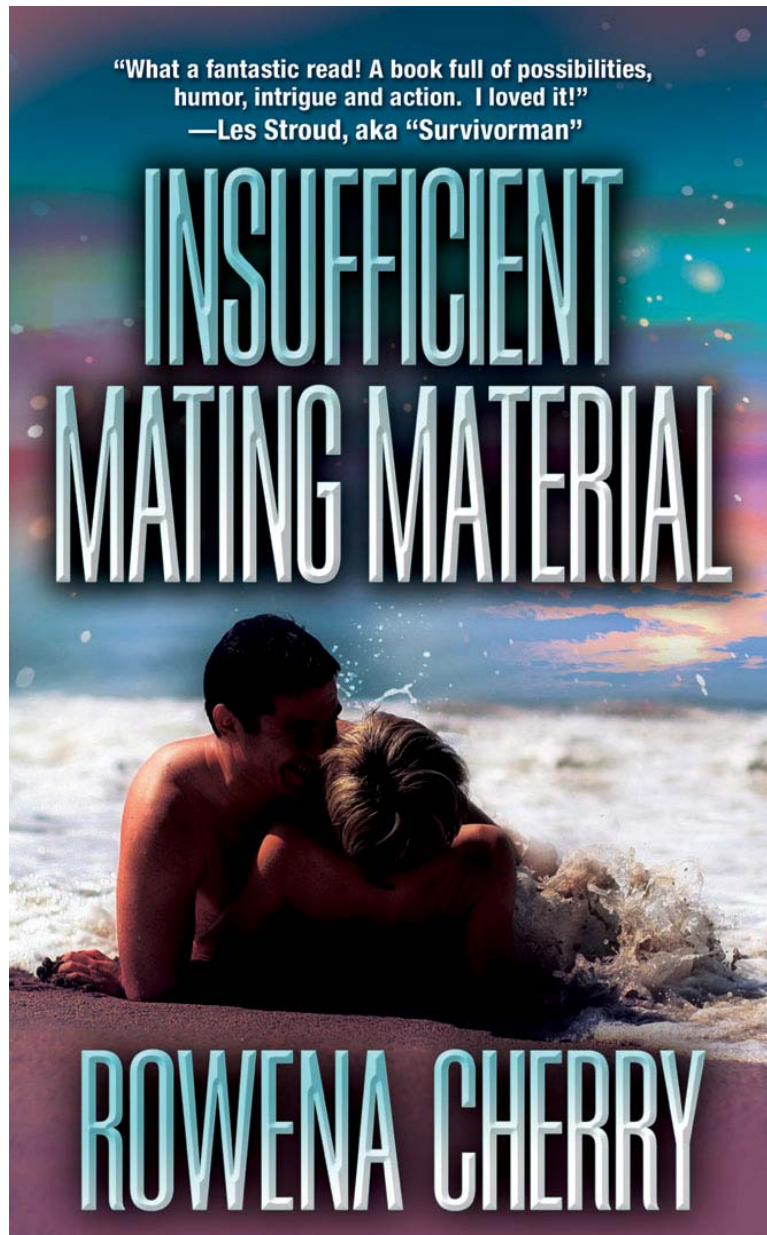
1. FORCED MATE (2004) **also e-book (2005)**
2. INSUFFICIENT MATING MATERIAL (2006)
3. KNIGHT'S FORK (2008)

Other:

Prequel : MATING NET (2005) **e-book**

What a fantastic read! A book full of possibilities, humor, intrigue and action. I loved it! I always knew survival had many erotic and exciting possibilities. Rowena Cherry proved it with INSUFFICIENT MATING MATERIAL!

~ Les Stroud AKA "SURVIVORMAN"



Shot down...for failing to mate in public. Marooned on an island with the ultimate fashionista, who wouldn't take off her clothes to save her own life...

INSUFFICIENT MATING MATERIAL

by
Rowena Cherry

INSUFFICIENT MATING MATERIAL takes up where **FORCED MATE** ended, with Djetthro-Jason (Jethro-Jason) severely beaten, about to undergo surgery to change his face and identity before his shotgun wedding to the frivolous Princess Martia-Djulia (Marsha-Julia).

No one gives a thought to how Martia-Djulia might behave when she realizes that it's not her unsuitable lover, Commander Jason, but a stranger being frog-marched up the aisle, and her surprising reaction sets off a firestorm of rumor... and rattles a murderer who thought he'd gotten away with an ancient crime.

PART ONE: INSULT AND INJURY

EARTH DATE EQUIVALENT: JUNE 30TH 1994

CHAPTER ONE

Tigron Empire of the Djinn
ARK IMPERIAL, Operating Theater

Damn them! Prince Djetthro-Jason eyed the masked males and the unpleasant array of implements they were preparing to use on him.

I haven't told them everything, and I'm not about to. No way am I going to invite anyone to take a laser to my privates. Ahhh, Fewmet!

The “battlefield analgesia” was wearing off. During the duel that he'd begun as Commander Jason and ended —defeated— as Prince Djetthro-Jason, he'd felt almost no pain despite the damage Tarrant-Arragon had inflicted.

Now, his massively bruised thigh throbbed heavily, his neck muscles ached, and his jaw... it hurt even to think about his jaw. Perhaps worse—but less so by the moment—was the damage to his alpha-male machismo as he lay strapped down, stark naked, in his enemy's operating theater, preparing his mind for surgery without anesthetic. Also for "the fate worse than death" which was to come.

If Tarrant-Arragon had observed Great Djinn tradition, the duel they'd fought less than an hour ago ought to have been to the death.

Why hadn't Tarrant-Arragon killed me then and there? To the victor went the Empire, the Ark Imperial, and gods-Right to any female he wanted... and we both want the same female.

Damn it! Even if he wanted to stop, I should've fought on after he'd crippled my leg and shattered my bloody jaw. Why didn't I? What's left for me?

What indeed?

I'll be the Djinn equivalent of a broken thoroughbred stallion put out to stud. It's fairly obvious why Tarrant-Arragon made an excuse not to finish me off.

The Great Djinn are nearly extinct. In twenty years' time, Tarrant-Arragon's and Djinni-vera's children will need true-Djinn mates, all entitled to the silent D- prefix to their royal Djinn names. That's why!

When the "fate worse than death" had been spelled out, it had been sheer bravado to mumble that he wanted to marry Princess Martia-Djulia.

Maybe I do. Maybe I don't.

It hurt how much he still wanted Djinni-vera, who'd been the last Djinn virgin in all the Communicating Worlds—and beyond—and betrothed to be his, until Tarrant-Arragon abducted her by force and took her virginity.

What consolation would it be to have Tarrant-Arragon's sexy, fashionista bitch of a sister in his power and in his bed instead?

Djetth winced at the savagery of his thoughts about Martia-Djulia. Shards of pain shot along his broken jawline. Hell's Teeth! If he and Martia-Djulia were going to make a go of it, she'd have to have a shorter name. Maybe Marsh. Or Jewel....

"Well, Djetthro-Jason, are you ready to be carved up for your new identity and your new life as my little sister's glorified love slave?"

From somewhere out of Djetth's line of sight, Tarrant-Arragon taunted him, stressing the part of Djetth's real name that he'd used until his cover as "Commander Jason" was blown and he was overpowered and arrested.

Djetth did not turn his head. The pain in his face and head was intolerable enough without moving.

"Ahhh, I do believe that Our Imperial surgeons are ready to take out that distinctive jagged scar on your cheek," Tarrant-Arragon crooned. "And screw up your jaw."

What else might they do while he was under the laser and the knife? While his face was open, might they carve out a sensory gland or two? Implant a tracking device? Use his broken jaw as an excuse to weld a mask over his head?

Prince Djetthro-Jason would be a latter day "Man In The Iron Mask" if they realized how closely he resembled Crown Prince Tarrant-Arragon. Which he would, without his scars, his colorful contact lenses and his long, blond-dyed hair.

Djetth glanced at the treacherous, turncoat 'Rhett, who'd been his bloody useless "second" at the duel, and who was still hanging around.

What for? Damn him. 'Rhett was way too much the intergalactic statesman for his own—or anyone else's— good.

If the patient lost consciousness, Tarrant-Arragon could decide that the chances for galactic peace would be better if Djetthro-Jason were neutered... one way or another. Given the secrets 'Rhett knew, 'Rhett might agree.

"No—" Djetth groaned with the unexpected agony of trying to speak. He wanted to refuse anesthetic again. How he wished there was somebody present whom he could trust!

A door swished open.

"Does he have to be in such pain?" The cause of all the trouble spoke from the doorway. She sounded on edge, as if she felt his pain telepathically.

Djinni-vera! No longer his Djinni. By conquest, by the irrevocable exchange of vows, and finally by her own choice, she was Tarrant-Arragon's.

By All the Lechers of Antiquity, how he loved her! At that moment. For coming. Mentally Djetth qualified his thoughts. Djinni-vera might not love him now, but she was honorable to the core. Tarrant-Arragon wouldn't dare do anything dastardly in front of her.

As she glided to his surgical table, Djetth looked at her wildly, helplessly, with mute appeal, hoping that she would read his mind and help him this one last time.

Djinni-vera's amethyst eyes widened as if she had Heard him and understood. Her gaze averted, she reached out and dropped a gauzy white cloth of some sort over his monstrously inappropriate erection.

To others, her action might have looked like public modesty on her part. Djetth assumed that Djinni had read the part of his mind that was worrying about his striking tattoo that only showed up in the dark or when suitably excited.

Thank you! he thought. Please help me. Stay.

She nodded, and took his fettered hand with her undamaged left. "You've been macho about this too long, J-J. Why won't you let them put you to sleep?"

"Careful, my love," Tarrant-Arragon said, moving possessively to her side. "You can never call him J-J again. Nor may you use any of his other damned traitor's aliases. Not J-J, not Commander Jason. Traitors cannot be seen to survive their attempts on my life. Commander Jason is officially dead, and everyone—including Martia-Djulia—must believe it. From this day forward, he's Prince Djetthro-Jason."

"What a mouthful..." Djinni began, then her changing expression told him that she must have read a thought-pun he couldn't resist. "Djetth!"

She frowned sternly.

"I know you Great Djinn males can't help thinking of sex all the time. But, it's not helpful, Djetth. As long as you have your saturniid gland, you're dangerous."

Not dangerous to you, kid. You won't ovulate while you're pregnant, and probably not for a while after that, he thought back at her.

Her mouth twisted in a wry smile.

"You'd be safer if you let them remove it."

Some aspects of Royal Djinn maleness one would rather die than surrender, he rejoined, hoping she would not read his darker thoughts.

"Martia-Djulia would be better off if you couldn't have the rut-rage again, too...." As she spoke, Djinni tossed her head as if shaking off a bothersome fly.

Djetth wondered if Djinni had unexpectedly Channeled someone else's reasoning. Djinni couldn't possibly know how savagely Martia-Djulia liked to be served in bed.

“I saw Palace footage of you having the rut-rage with Martia-Djulia.” The little mind-reader’s voice rose in protest at the thought he hadn’t meant her to sense.

You saw? You saw what, exactly? His thought question was a ploy to distract her from thinking about the rut-rage, but no sooner had he asked than he dreaded how detailed her reply might be.

“What you might expect, given that the camera was behind a mirrored ceiling, and you were on top,” she retorted, keeping his tattoo a secret. “Tarrant-Arragon fast-forwarded you, because you went at it so long.”

“Not that long,” Tarrant-Arragon murmured maliciously, probably to remind them that he was listening to Djinni’s half of the conversation.

“Long enough,” Djinni said. “Djetth, you might already be a father.”

“Granted, that is remotely possible,” Tarrant-Arragon sneered while appearing to examine a wicked looking lancet. “Let’s hope you weren’t that thorough, Djetthro-Jason, or your firstborn would have to be—and remain—a bastard. Unfortunately, my slack-wit of a sister can’t keep a secret. If Martia-Djulia thinks Commander Jason got her pregnant, the rumor will be all over Court before we get home, and before she hears that her lover is dead.”

Djetth felt an inexplicable distress at the idea that he could never claim this theoretically possible child as his own.

“Shall we begin?” Tarrant-Arragon’s too perceptive eyes ranged over Djetth’s body, lingering for an instant on the cloth covering his penis. Not for the first time in his life, Djetth thanked the Great Originator that Tarrant-Arragon had lost the power to read minds.

“I am staying with him,” Djinni announced, gripping his hand tightly.

Djetth was careful not to wrap his fingers around hers or to respond to Djinni’s comforting touch in any discernable way. Touching the Heir Apparent’s Mate was yet another act of high treason punishable by death.

“Very well, my love. You may stay as long as you keep your gaze on his face.” Tarrant-Arragon’s lips curled into a sneer. He had certainly noticed the hand-holding.

“Djetthro-Jason, I’ll ask you for the last time: Have you declared every identifying mark on your body that my sister might recognize? Every scar...?”

“Yes!” Djetth snarled back, one eye on Djinni to see whether her face betrayed his lie.

Head turned, distracted by Djinni and the explosion of pain in his face from speaking aloud, Djetth forgot that his neck was exposed where 'Rhett could reach it.

He felt a cold, numbing touch of 'Rhett's fingers on his most vital acu-pressure point, strove to turn his head, and couldn't.

'Rhett is using Djinncraft to put me to sleep! Damn 'Rhett and his secret agendas!

The growing paralysis had not yet reached Djetth's eyes. As his vision dimmed, his desperate gaze met the cool green, inscrutable eyes of his bastard cousin and half-brother, 'Rhett.

He'd be lucky to wake up with a new face, a new and dangerous identity. If he woke up.

Read more:

http://www.rowenacherry.com/excerpts/excerpts_imm_p.php

INSUFFICIENT MATING MATERIAL ISBN 0-505-52711-1

Award-Winning Finalist in the Fiction and Literature: Romance category of the National Best Books 2007 Awards

Winner: CAPA Award 2007, Fantasy

Winner: Fantasm Award 2007 Futuristic

Winner: SingleTitle.com, Best Print Book of 2007 with Strong Romantic Elements

Winner of the Spring N.O.R. Awards, Best Fantasy/Sci-Fi Romance:

Finalist: PEARL Awards (Science Fiction and Futuristic)

Finalist: Golden Quill Awards (Paranormal FF/TT/P)

INSUFFICIENT MATING MATERIAL is an outstanding sequel to FORCED MATE! Cherry skillfully combines mystery, romance, and humor with a fast-paced science fiction adventure. I couldn't put it down!

~ Jean, Fallen Angel

Reviews



FORCED MATE is a chess term (all my titles are chess terms). Basically, the Black King and the White King race to make a pawn their Queen. It seemed a great metaphor for a romance where two powerful world leaders want the same girl.

A modern day Persephone is abducted (from Earth) by Hades (dark god of the Underworld... in this case, a dark Empire in outer space) and kicks his butt.

My heroine, Djinni-vera (Jinny) Persephone, is psychic and a mind reader, and an intergalactic warrior in training who is being kept hidden on Earth until the time is right for her to marry her betrothed, the White "King".

The "Black" King (I am using my inverted commas deliberately) sees a picture of the heroine, and decides --much as Hades did-- that he has to have her. He also wants to make her happy --in some versions of the myth, Hades also was willing to go to great lengths to please Persephone and he turned his underworld into a dark version of Earth for her, but with a double bed.

Since the "Black" King has never had to woo a woman to get her into his bed before, he's a bit out of his depth. He consults unreliable sources, such as old, pirated James Bond movies, and Romance novels, and an embittered English mercenary, and tries almost every stock "Romance" situation, and is astonished and baffled --and annoyed-- when his

romance is not an instant, outrageous success.

Of course, the White "King" does not take the abduction of the perfect pawn Princess like a gentleman and a sportsman. He objects. He wants her back. He does not give up gracefully.

This is a complex romance with many levels and layers. It's full of puns, miniature spoofs, good jokes (and bad jokes!), bathroom humour (I-tell-your-alcohol level toilets), political intrigue, one explicit consensual sex (think of England) scene, and a whole starshipload of interesting characters with their own ideas of what is really important and whose side they are on.

Some commentators have said this book is about the ultimate hunk. Others have said it is about the heroine and her relationships with other females. Others have said it is about the humor.

For me, it was the book of my heart.

Checkmate

The truth could wait. She had given him an idea...

Sex was a serious matter, a grim pleasure, or so he'd always thought. It had never been an occasion for laughter or irreverent conversation—until Djinni accused him of fishy mating habits, and since then he hadn't taken sex seriously at all.

Lovemaking had never been such fun. Much as he'd longed for her to know and accept the truth about him, he didn't want this blissful intimacy to end.

The truth could wait. She had given him an idea. A very wicked idea. A perfect excuse for the remaining rut-raged days and nights of debauchery and deception to come.

"I want to do it all," he breathed. "I want to make love to you according to the ways of every sexually reproducing species in all the Communicating Worlds. Every one. From frogs to Great Djinn. After that, we'll work up to thrusting Tantric sex."

"Oh, Stars," she gasped.

"And I take that as informed consent."

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A total hoot... one of the best and funniest Sci-Fi Romances I've read."

~ Linnea Sinclair, author of *FINDERS KEEPERS*

FORCED MATE is a highly unique, funny and sexy read. FOUR STARS.

~Jill M Smith, *ROMANTIC TIMES*.

Find out more: <http://www.rowenacherry.com>

Rowena Cherry

1. FORCED MATE (paperback, also e-book)
2. MATING NET (prequel, short story, e-book only)
3. INSUFFICIENT MATING MATERIAL
4. KNIGHT'S FORK (October 2008)

