

## **Paved with Good Intentions**

Halos & Horns Book 1: Paved with Good Intentions

By Keith B. Darrell

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Paved with Good Intentions / Keith B. Darrell

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## *Kennedy and Detective Mordecai*

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DETECTIVE MORDECAI POKED THE DOUGHNUT with his fork several times, as if he were interrogating it. The young woman seated across from him watched in silence, as the pastry became pockmarked with holes. As a young girl, Kennedy had been admonished not to play with her food and now, as an adult, she found it annoying when others did.

“Are you going to eat that doughnut or torture it?”

“I hate doughnuts,” the balding, pug-nosed detective lied.

“I thought cops loved doughnuts. That’s why I suggested we meet at the Donut Hole.”

“And I thought hookers hated cops.”

“We do.” Kennedy smirked. “At least vice cops. But you’re not in vice, Mordecai, are you?”

“You know I’m in homicide, Kennedy. So why the meet?”

Kennedy opened her purse and handed Mordecai a photo. “That’s my new roommate, Anna Marie. She moved in with me last month.”

“Taking in a roommate? The recession must be bad if you have to cut corners in your business.”

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Kennedy laughed. "I took her in because she was a sweet eighteen-year-old kid with nowhere else to go. She showed up at the Las Vegas bus station with a suitcase and a dream; she still has the suitcase. If I hadn't taken her in, she'd be sleeping on the streets with the crackheads. But I told her she had to pay her way."

"Aw, damn, Kennedy. You take a wide-eyed virgin from Des Moines and pimp her out?"

"She wasn't a virgin and I didn't pimp her. I told her to pay her own way. She saw how much I made and wanted to do it too, so I gave her a few pointers. And sure, sometimes clients like to 'double their pleasure' so having a younger girl stay with me was a bonus. But I never took a cut from her."

Mordecai returned the photo. "If I wanted 'True Confessions', I'd stop at the newsstand. Why are we here?"

"Anna Marie's been missing for two days. She was street-walking the other night and she never came back."

"Maybe she's moved on."

Kennedy shook her head. "Not without her suitcase. It had everything she had in the world. Sentimental stuff you don't leave behind." Kennedy paused. "Is it true there have been attacks on streetwalkers, lately?"

"I can't talk about pending invest—"

"Damn it, Mordecai! You owe me. You turned to me to put the word out when you were looking for your missing girl; now it's my turn. I need to know. I feel responsible for that girl."

"Streetwalking is more dangerous than being a call girl, Kennedy. You know or else you'd be doing it." Mordecai paused. "But yeah, it's a lot more dangerous, lately. The department's keeping a lid on it until it gets some leads. There have been six, so far. All streetwalkers, all in the same condition."

"Condition?"

Mordecai picked up the doughnut and tore it in half. "Ripped apart. Puncture marks on the neck and other body parts. Evidence of sexual assault."

## Kennedy and Detective Mordecai

“Oh my god!”

“We had one brought into the morgue last night. If you want, I could arrange for you to ID her but I don’t recommend—”

“You saw the photo. Was it Anna Marie?”

Mordecai hesitated. “I don’t know. They haven’t recovered all of the... we still don’t have the head.”

Kennedy gasped. “Oh my god!”

It was the first time Kennedy had been inside a morgue. She expected a gothic setting, a dark chamber filled with cobwebs and reeking of gloom and despair. The bright, antiseptic room with two shiny aluminum autopsy tables and a stainless steel refrigerated vault surprised her. She saw a vacant desk with a half-empty coffee cup and a crayon drawing taped to the wall above it.

“Jensen’s kid.” Mordecai noticed Kennedy staring at it. “He brings his kid’s drawings to work.”

A man in a white gown and rubber gloves entered the room. “Sorry, had to drain the lizard.”

“Jensen, the girl brought in last night...” Mordecai began.

Jensen walked to the refrigerated vault and opened one of the small doors, expelling a stainless steel gurney. Kennedy gulped, as she stared at the black body bag on the gurney.

“Haven’t had time to do the autopsy. I don’t suppose your boys have turned up the head yet? I’d like to examine the vitreous humor to gauge the time of death.”

“The what?” Kennedy asked.

“It’s a fluid in the eyes,” Mordecai replied. “Can’t you estimate from the stomach contents?”

“I reckon I could,” Jensen replied with more than a hint of Southern drawl, “if’n I had the stomach.”

“I thought you were used to seeing these things, even as bad as this,” Mordecai said.

Jensen laughed. “No, I meant, we ain’t recovered the stomach.”

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“Oh,” Mordecai said.

Jensen prepared to unzip the body bag, pausing to glance up at Kennedy. “You sure you want to see this, little lady?”

“I’ve seen dead bodies before.”

“I done seen ‘em too, but not many like this.” Jensen unzipped the bag.

Kennedy gasped. She could tell, even without the head, the nude body was that of a young woman.

Jensen removed the severed arm and leg that had been placed atop the corpse. “The diener noticed the sperm — I’ve already sent that off for DNA analysis — and the strange lack of blood.”

“What’s strange about a blood loss when someone is literally ripped apart?” Mordecai asked.

“Oh, I’d expect a massive blood loss, but even then, there should still be some blood remaining within the body. But the diener cleaned the remains and she was bone dry as a creek bed on a hot summer day. I’ll know more after the autopsy, but I reckon she suffered the blood loss before the violent injury. Look here.” Jensen handed the severed arm to Mordecai. “Puncture marks. They’re on the arm, the breast, and there’s a big one on the neck below where the head was torn off.”

“Are you saying an animal attacked her?” Mordecai asked.

“Dunno till the autopsy. Could be. Or could be a sadistic son of a bitch who tortured her and drained her blood before rending her limb from limb. Whatever did this, it’s dangerous,” Jensen said.

“I don’t know of any animal that hunts only hookers,” Mordecai said. “This sick bastard is a human, or at least what passes for one.”

“Could you turn her over?” Kennedy asked.

Jensen nodded and flipped the body.

Kennedy stifled a sob and turned away. “That’s her! It’s Anna Marie.”

“How can you tell?” Mordecai asked.

## Kennedy and Detective Mordecai

"The birthmark on her right butt cheek."

Mordecai turned to Jensen. "Thanks." He wrapped his arm around Kennedy. "It's not your fault. The city is a dangerous place. A girl her age out there ..." He never completed his sentence.

"You're thinking of her? You still haven't found your daughter?"

Mordecai ushered her from the morgue. He shook his head. "Sharon's still out there somewhere. Alive, I hope. I pray. She'd be the same age as Anna Marie, by now. I don't know if she's dead or alive... if she's been raped, or become an addict or a hooker. How does a girl that age survive on the streets?"

"You'll find her, Mordecai. Alive and well."

"Only if I do my job better than this. I have to keep the streets safe so this never happens to Sharon or anyone else's daughter. I promise you Kennedy, I'll get this sick bastard."

"I want to help. You said he's hunting hookers. Use me as bait to lure him out."

Mordecai shook his head. "We've tried policewomen as decoys."

"He's obviously sharp enough to spot the difference between a cop and a hooker. He knows when they're playing a role. But I'm the real thing. I can lure him. Please, Mordecai, I owe it to Anna Marie. I'll have to live with the guilt of her death for the rest of my life. At least give me the chance to atone."

Mordecai gazed into her eyes. "I understand how you feel, but I can't put a civilian in danger—"

"Civilians are already in danger. Including Sharon. This is your chance to save them."

The hardboiled detective drew a deep breath. "Let's get the bastard."

That night, Mordecai parked his Chevy Camaro in front of the Donut Hole and lectured Kennedy. "Remember, we're look-

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ing for a guy young enough and strong enough to have done this. He'll probably be cocky and overconfident. I have two of my men staking out your corner. If he shows, take him to the motel. If you head in any other direction, my men will assume he's forcing you and they'll take him down right there, so don't go off on any side trips. We need to get him into the motel room. It's wired and we'll need the evidence to put him away."

"Why not wire me?" Kennedy asked.

"If he's as sharp as you think, he'll be looking for a wire on you. I'll wait at the motel in the adjoining room, listening on the bug. If he doesn't bite tonight, we'll try a few more times." Mordecai paused. "You're a brave girl. But be a careful one, too."

Kennedy got out of the car. Mordecai handed her cash. "In case he's out there watching. Good luck." Kennedy walked to the street corner a few blocks away, where she had suggested Anna Marie ply her trade. The corner got a fair amount of traffic but was "open" — no pimps had a claim on it, so many "independent" girls worked it. Kennedy noticed two of the "regulars" across the street; she watched one get into a car. The other strutted back and forth like a gaudy peacock. Twenty minutes later, a nervous high school boy approached Kennedy.

"How-w-w much?" he stuttered.

It was obvious he wasn't the target. "Three hundred." Kennedy hoped to discourage him.

The boy reached into his pocket and pulled out a wad of crumpled bills. He counted them. "What can I get for \$85?"

"A cab home?"

"Shit, the whore across the street said she'd give me a blow job for twenty!"

Kennedy shrugged. "You get what you pay for. But I'd be careful; she looks skanky to me. Go home and spend it on your girlfriend. You might get lucky." She winked at him.

The boy turned and walked away. "If I had a girlfriend, do you think I'd be with you?" he muttered, kicking a stray can down the street.

## Kennedy and Detective Mordecai

An hour later, an old man propositioned her. Kennedy brushed him off, telling him she wasn't into bed pans and adult diapers. He shot her the bird and hobbled off. Standing alone all night allowed Kennedy plenty of time to reflect on the futility of her task. Las Vegas was a big city filled with seedy street corners and prostitutes. Anna Marie's killer could be anywhere or even taking the night off. She reached into her purse for her phone to call Mordecai and cancel the useless venture. Kennedy felt a cold hand grasp her shoulder firmly. She turned to see a tall, dark man.

"I've been watching you."

"Who are you?"

He removed his hand. "You may call me Warren. I haven't seen you here before."

"I usually do outcalls at the casino hotels, but business has slowed and a girl's still got to eat, even in a recession." Kennedy smiled.

"You have a charming smile. And that explains why you were so picky about your clientele, earlier. You're used to a more upscale market. You have class; unlike that trollop." He turned his gaze across the street at the black hooker in fishnet stockings and red pumps. "Let's go."

"You haven't asked how much."

"I don't have to ask. I can afford whatever I want, and right now, I want you."

Kennedy smiled. *He's a cocky bastard, but is he a murderer?* she wondered. "My motel is down the block. No one will hassle us and we can make as much noise as we want."

Warren smiled. "Perfect."

Like most of its guests, the motel had seen better days. Warren and Kennedy climbed the outdoor staircase to the second floor, stopping at Room 214. Kennedy fumbled through her purse for the key. She opened the door to reveal a modest room with peeling wallpaper and a king-sized bed with a lumpy mattress. "What are you waiting for?"

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"You haven't invited me in yet."

Kennedy laughed. "A true gentleman. Please, come in."

"Thank you." Warren stepped across the threshold.

Kennedy opened the window. "It's a beautiful night out. You can see the casino lights from the fire escape, if you look past the roof of the next motel."

"The only view I need is right here." Warren came up behind Kennedy and tossed her to the bed.

"You like to play rough, huh? Do you treat all your women like that or just us working girls?"

Warren leaped onto the mattress. "You're spunkier than most." He pushed her back onto the bed and rammed his tongue down her throat while fondling her breasts. Warren grabbed Kennedy's neckline and tore her top off in a single motion. He rolled onto his back and lifted Kennedy into the air, dangling her exposed breasts above his face.

"How... you're holding me two feet above the bed. No one's that strong!"

"Most breathers would be terrified. You haven't even screamed." Warren supported Kennedy above him with only one hand, using his other hand to tug on her jeans. His fingernails were like steel talons, as they dug into the denim and shredded it.

"You like it when women scream, don't you? Did Anna Marie scream before you killed her?"

"Who's Anna Marie?" Warren tore off Kennedy's thong.

"The girl you ripped apart two nights ago. Or are you going to deny it?"

Warren tossed Kennedy across the room like a rag doll. He leaped from the bed to the dresser, staring down at Kennedy, as she sat up from the floor. "I have no need to deny anything. The one the other night never told me her name. Even if she had, after so many, the names become meaningless. After all, you breathers don't name your food, do you?" Warren pulled off his shirt.

## Kennedy and Detective Mordecai

"You killed her, didn't you?" Kennedy again tried to drag a murder confession from him.

"She didn't last long, if that's what you mean. I like my sex romps to be... active. I have a rather energetic libido. Unfortunately, breathers tend to be so fragile. The best I can hope for is some quick sex and a drink afterward before they expire or fall apart on me."

"You tore her fucking head off, you bastard!"

Warren smiled. "She did offer to give me head." He laughed. "But seriously, that was an accident. She was struggling and I was in the throes of passion. Once she was dead, it was easier to rip off a limb or two to suck out the blood still trapped in her extremities." Warren unbuckled his pants. "Now we'll see how many minutes you last."

The motel room door burst open. "Police! On the floor!" Mordecai barked. He stood in the doorway in shooter stance, both hands leveling his gun at Warren.

"Shit!" Warren muttered. He lifted Kennedy into the air and tossed her nude body across the room at Mordecai before darting onto the fire escape.

The impact knocked Mordecai down. Both he and Kennedy jumped to their feet and raced to the fire escape in time to glimpse Warren leap to the adjacent motel's roof.

"That's impossible. No one can jump that far!" Mordecai pulled out his walkie-talkie. "Kelly, Hanson, Connor — get up to the roof of the motel next door. Suspect is on the roof. No, not this roof, the one next to it. Don't ask, do it! Radio in for backup. I want the whole block cordoned off. Approach with caution; suspect is capable of deadly force."

Mordecai gave Kennedy his overcoat. "You'd better put this on. Looks like he tore your clothes to shreds. Are you hurt?"

Kennedy shook her head. "Do you think your men will catch him?"

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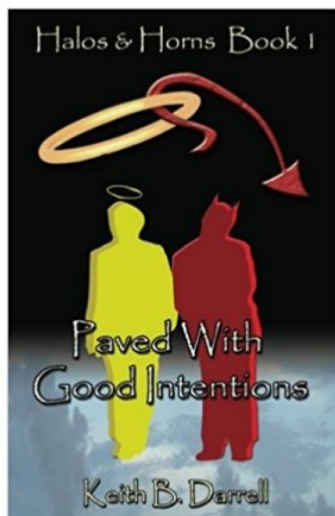
“He can’t keep leaping onto rooftops. He’ll either be stuck on that roof or forced to hide in the motel. We’ll do a room-by-room search. We’ll get him.”

Mordecai and Kennedy stepped onto the fire escape, watching for any sign of movement from the neighboring rooftop. “Look, a bat!” Kennedy exclaimed.

“Probably a nest of them on the roof. You were brave tonight. Anna Marie would have been proud.”

Kennedy collapsed into Mordecai’s arms, sobbing.

The hardboiled detective gave her a paternal hug and caressed her head gently. “It’s going to be all right. You’re safe now, Shar— Kennedy.” Mordecai embraced her and closed his eyes.



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by Keith B. Darrell



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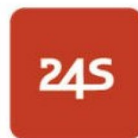
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## AUTHOR BIOGRAPHY

**K**EITH B. DARRELL is a cross-genre author of short stories, novels, epics, and nonfiction. His work is available in softcover and hardcover from Barnes & Noble and Amazon.com; in e-book format from Amazon.com and Payhip.com; in audiobook format from Audible.com, as a digital download from VitalSource, and on his blog at KeithBDarrell.com.

Darrell studied journalism at Broward Community College, during which time he was awarded First Place for Best In-depth Reporting from the 28-school Florida Community College Press Association. He wrote numerous hard news stories for the BCC newspaper *The Phoenix*, and articles for *Silver Sands*, the BCC feature news magazine. He was later selected as editor of *Silver Sands* and the BCC *Orientations* magazine which afforded him experience in magazine layout. He earned his Bachelor's degree in journalism from the University of Florida with a concentration in News-Editorial (news writing, editing, and photojournalism). He had newspaper internships with the *Gainesville Sun*, *High Springs Herald*, and *Alachua Herald*. He was also a freelance writer and photographer for the *Gainesville Sun*, and a writer for the *Emory Law Times* and the Georgia State University *Signal*. He has interviewed dozens of celebrities and politicians.

By age 24, Darrell had earned his A.A. from Broward Community College, his B.S. in Journalism from the University of Florida, his M.B.A. from Emory University, and his J.D. from the Emory University School of Law. He went on to become a member of the State Bar of Georgia and the Florida Bar. Darrell has held many positions as a reporter, advertising representative, entrepreneur, retail business owner, insurance agent, stockbroker, real estate

## Author Biography

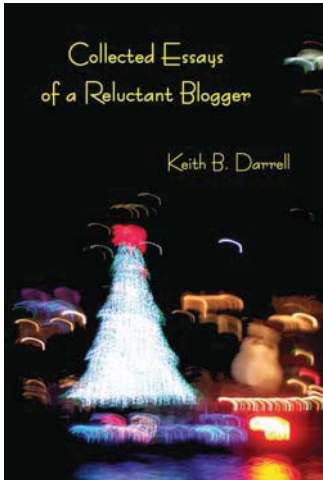
agent, Web designer, attorney, and author. In 2005, Darrell founded Amber Book Company and wrote its flagship title, *Issues in Internet Law: Society, Technology, and the Law*, which is now in its 10<sup>th</sup> edition and has been adapted as a textbook by colleges and universities worldwide. Darrell's legal articles have been published in **Securities Regulation Law Journal** and **JD/MBA Journal**.

Darrell's nonfiction books include: *Collected Essays of a Reluctant Blogger* (a collection of humorous anecdotes, philosophical musings, and insightful commentary on today's societal concerns derived from his blog at KeithBDarrell.com); *More Essays of a Reluctant Blogger*; *Putting Your Business on the Internet*; and *The Web Designer's Client Handbook*.

He has also written more than 70 short stories contained in four collections, *Randoms* (NIE Awards Finalist, 2009), *Careywood*, *Shards* (NIE Awards Finalist, 2013), and *Shards: The Omnibus Edition*; the *Halos & Horns* fantasy saga: *Paved with Good Intentions* (Book 1), *And a Child Shall Lead Them* (Book 2), *To Hell in a Handbasket* (Book 3), and *The Witches' Cauldron* (Book 4); and *The Halos & Horns Omnibus Edition* (a 904-page book consisting of the four-book series with 61 color illustrations, commentary, and the novelette, *The Pandora Chronicles*); the *Fangs & Fur* fantasy series (the spin-off series from *Halos & Horns* for vampire and werewolf fans) consisting of *Flashbacks* (Book 1), *Nightstalkers* (Book 2), and *Nosferatu, Inc.* (Book 3); *Cops and Robbers*; and the Young Adult science fiction trilogy, *The Adventures of Mackenzie Mortimer: The 25th Hour* (Book 1), *The Tomorrow Paradox* (Book 2), and *All the Time in the World* (Book 3).

Darrell's interests include his pets, photography, genealogy, art, literature, theater, old comic books, travel, and learning about different cultures and languages.

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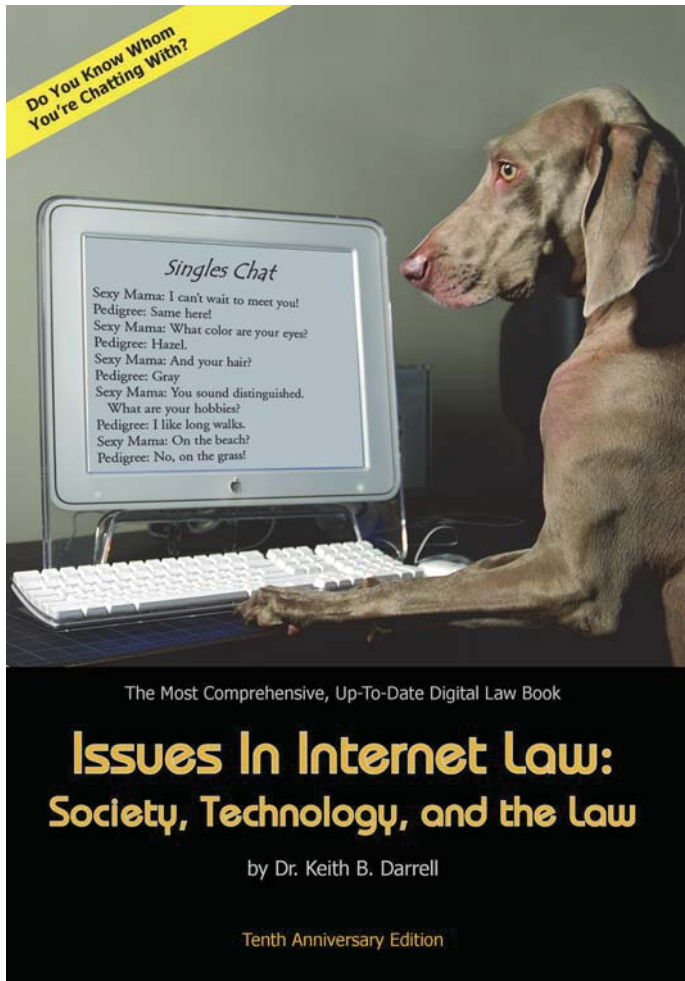
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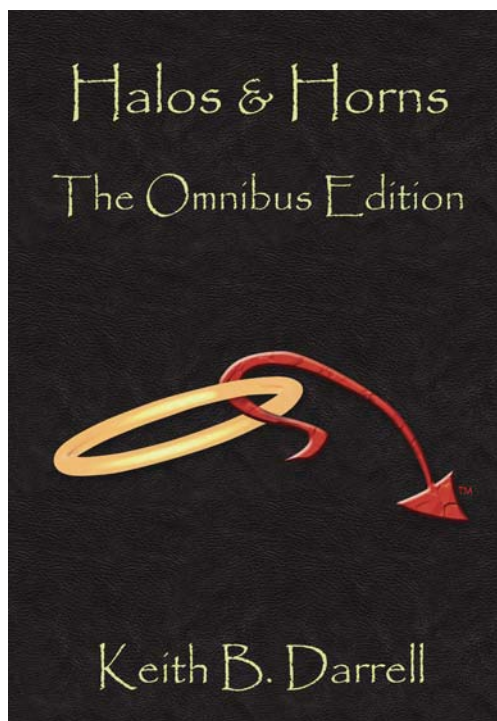
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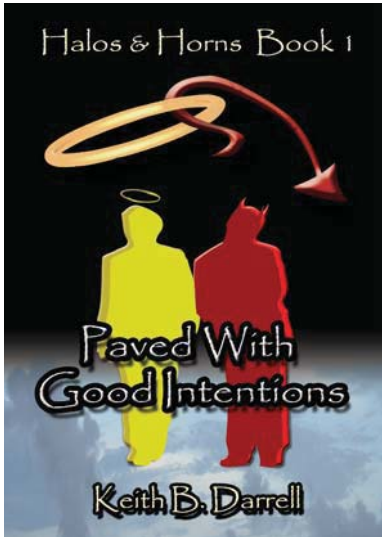
Exiled on Earth, naive angel Gabriel and amoral demon Lucifer, in the human guise of “Gabe Horn” and “Lou Cypher”, form an unlikely partnership as private investigators in Las Vegas. Their adventures take them across the seven heavenly realms, into the nine levels of Hell, through the dream realm of the Dreamscape, and even through time to Camelot. They encounter an assortment of the most imaginative characters in contemporary fantasy: dreamwalkers, golems, shapeshifters, vampires, werewolves, witches, and other supernatural creatures. Some of the vampires include Sharon — she’s Jewish, crosses don’t bother her; Pandora — trouble follows her like a shadow; Claude — he’s too claustrophobic to use a coffin; and Artemus — a 10-year-old boy who’s been a vampire for nearly 457 years; the corporate vampires of Nosferatu, Inc.; and the Skid Row “trampires”.

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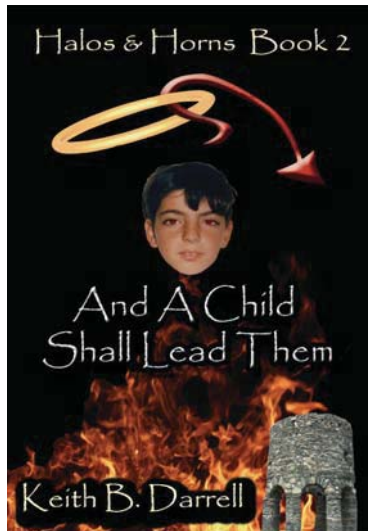
In Book 4, the angel Gabriel and the demon Asmodeus fight for their lives against usurper Baphomet and his demonic horde in his bid to take dominion of Hell; Lucifer faces judgment before the Eternals for murder; and Samantha Twitch joins forces with her sisters, witches Drusilla and Calliope, against the sorceress supreme Morgana le Fay and her Dark Fae minions. An attack on Nosferatu, Inc.'s Japanese headquarters by the Empusae, ancient vampiric demons, not only threatens Lady Chiyoko's territory, but will change the young hypnalis Kaya's life forever. Meanwhile, one character must journey back in time to 17<sup>th</sup> century Salem in search of the secret to defeating Morgana le Fay. But what other secrets does the Salem coven hold? No one is safe. As the *Halos & Horns* saga draws to its conclusion, who will survive?

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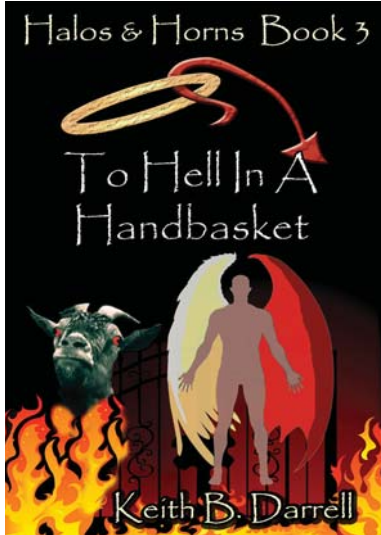
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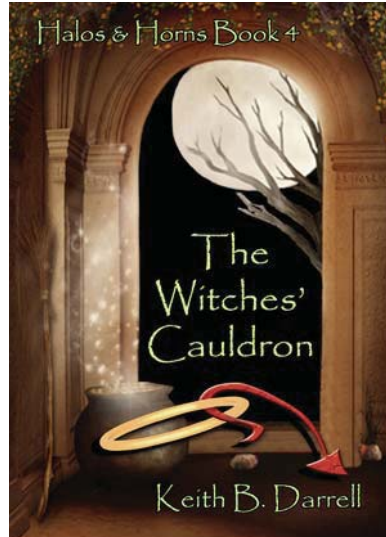
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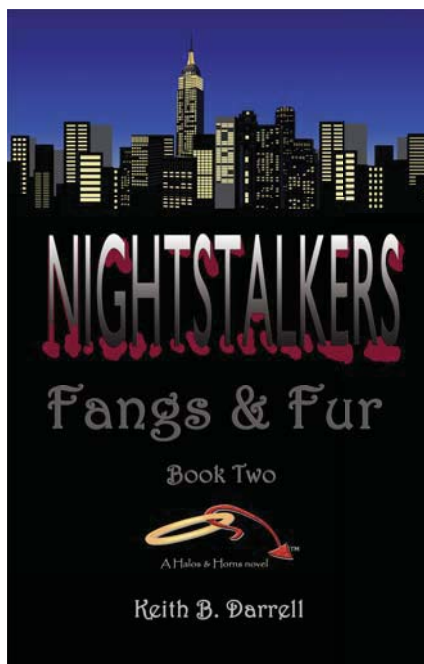
Pandora's a carefree party girl who just happens to be a vampire. With her best friend Sharon Mordecai, a hybrid vampire; her boyfriend Cody Fenris, a werewolf; and Cody's sister Lupe, who transforms into a wolf, they run Nightstalkers, Inc., a private detective agency. Pandora and Sharon also belong to Nosferatu, Inc., a worldwide corporation set up to provide relocation services for vampires, who cannot remain

in one place indefinitely, lest the "breathers" question why they never age. Other Nosferatu members include 10-year-old Artemus, the boy vampire; ex-KGB operative Valentina Petrovna; the maladroit, claustrophobic vampire Claude Gauthier; the vagrant "trampire" Seamus Callaghan; and the corporation's international board of directors: Lady Chiyoko in Japan, Callum in Australia, Isra in Dubai, Amadi in Africa, Magda in Hungary, and its CEO, the mysterious human known only as Remick.

First introduced in the *Halos & Horns* fantasy saga, these vampires and lycanthropes have their own stories to tell. These tales in *Flashbacks* shed light on their dark pasts while sowing the seeds for the next two books in the *Fangs & Fur* trilogy. They can be enjoyed as individual vampire and werewolf stories, or read by *Halos & Horns* fans to learn more about the characters populating that saga, or viewed as the prologue to the story about to unfold in the *Fangs & Fur* trilogy.

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## THE FANGS & FUR FANTASY SAGA



When a Grigori unwittingly entrusts trouble-prone vampire Pandora with an ancient leather-bound box containing primordial evil, what could possibly go wrong? At least Pandora doesn't know her best friend slept with her boyfriend. Or that her werewolf beau has been targeted for revenge by one of his victims. Her BFF Sharon — the hybrid vampire infused with an angelic life force — has enough to worry

about now that a deranged scientist/occultist is creating his own Frankenstein monster and requires an angelic life force to animate it. He's resurrected the spirit of Jack the Ripper to supply the body parts he needs from Las Vegas prostitutes. Should Kennedy be worried to walk the city streets?

After a Valkyrie whisks the Nightstalkers, Inc. team of private eyes — vampires Sharon and Pandora, and lycanthrope siblings Cody and Lupe Fenris — off to the Otherworld dimension of the Fae to recover Thor's golden gauntlets from the Dark Fae's leader, the Morrigan, the team will be forever changed. And how does that tie in with their new landlord Kitty Bast, an Egyptian cat goddess?

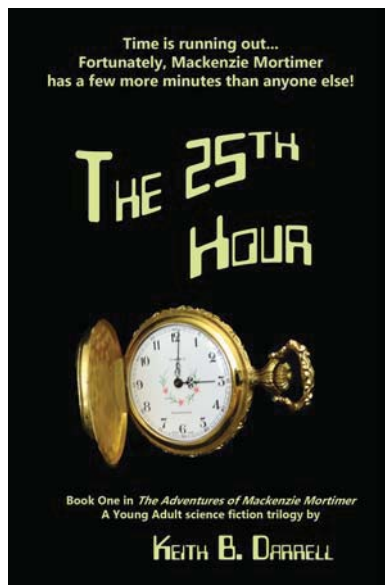
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# ***THE ADVENTURES OF MACKENZIE MORTIMER***

## **BOOK ONE**

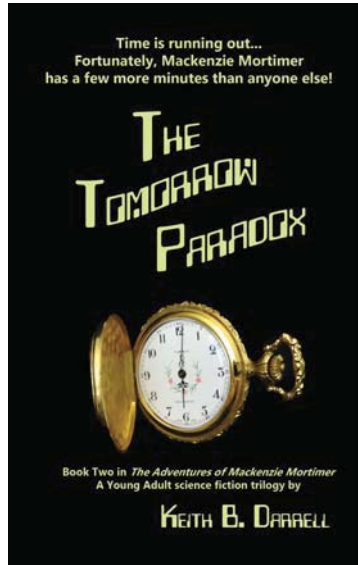


Mackenzie Mortimer is a typical junior high geek: shy, awkward, late with his homework, and always late for class. He's never got enough time to do everything he needs; after all, there are only 24 hours in a day. But when Mac finds his grandfather's pocket watch, he discovers his days have an extra hour. The eccentric inventor's journal reveals the watch can add up to 60 minutes to a single day by freezing time around whomever controls it. Marlene Prentice is Mac's best friend, but he's clueless the tomboy has a crush on him. Mac only has eyes for foxy Vanessa Carlyle, daughter of the town's richest man. When a crisis looms for Mac and his friends, time is running out... but fortunately, Mackenzie Mortimer has a few more minutes than anyone else.

Paperback, ISBN 978-1-935971-14-6

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***THE ADVENTURES OF MACKENZIE MORTIMER***  
**Book Two**



***Time is running out... fortunately, Mackenzie Mortimer has a few more minutes than anyone else.***

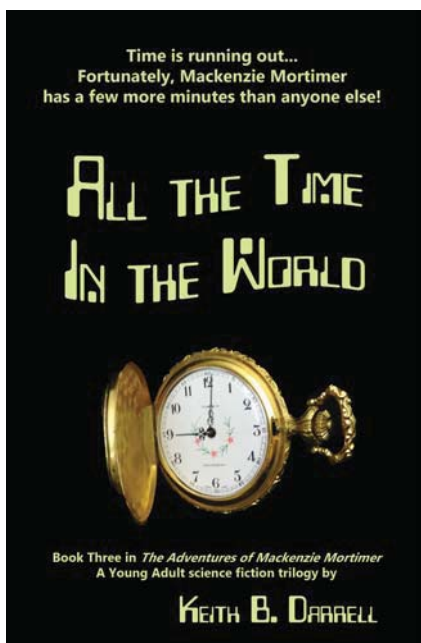
Mackenzie Mortimer's troubles are just beginning! With his pocket watch destroyed, Mackenzie finds himself a stranger in a strange land, surrounded by familiar people he doesn't really know, with only Gemma, a 15-year-old clone, to guide him through the labyrinth of the future. Will the mysterious black, iron key unlock the secrets to returning him home, or is it a harbinger of his impending doom?

Paperback, ISBN 978-1-935971-25-2

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and as a Kindle e-book and EPUB e-book

## ***THE ADVENTURES OF MACKENZIE MORTIMER***

### **BOOK THREE**



Mac has left Gramps' diary behind in the future and Victoria Carmichael's ex-husband, Jeremy Bentaine, has stolen it along with Gramps' journals. Now, Bentaine Industries seeks to be the sole possessor of time travel technology... and that means eliminating Mackenzie Mortimer before he discovers the pocket watch! But Mac has followed Gramps' trail to WWII Nazi-occupied Belgium, where he must use his future technology to stay alive, locate Gramps, and unite a pair of star-crossed lovers. The horrors of WWII that Mac encounters will change him forever, but if the Bentaine family has its way, forever will be a very short time for Mackenzie Mortimer!

Paperback, ISBN 978-1-935971-26-9

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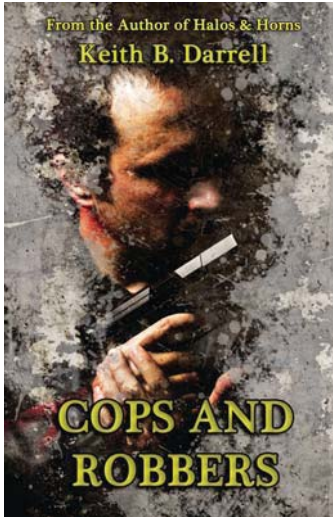
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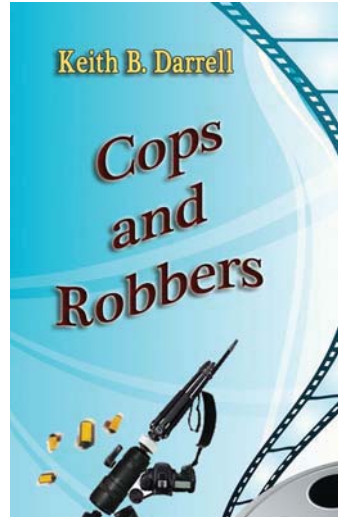
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## ***COPS AND ROBBERS***



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A pair of FBI agents set up a bogus movie production as part of an unlikely sting operation to snare a mob kingpin. They buy the worst script in Hollywood and hire a failed movie producer whose career is on the skids; a third-rate aging actress whose claim to fame is having performed Shakespeare... on a cruise ship; an amphetamine-enhanced screenwriter; a hooker; a Yiddish-speaking accountant; a black, flaming gay actor; and a Native American actor who insists on dressing like an Old West dime store Indian.

However, throughout the course of the film, the mobsters and one of the FBI agents become so enamored by the glitter and glamour of Hollywood that they actually end up working together to try to make the movie a success. Our hero is a hitman in search of the redemption he doesn't believe he deserves. He realizes the fake film was never meant to be produced and develops a conscience believing it's wrong to allow the innocent actors and film crew to spend months of their lives working on a movie no one will ever see, despite the delusions of everyone else involved. Knowing their hopes and dreams will be dashed, our hero sets about trying to do the right thing.