

Hello, and welcome to my newsletter, chapter sneak peaks and giveaways.

What had started out as just a dream of mine, has now come to fruition. After acquiring my novel writing diploma from the Australian College of Journalism, and leaving my full time job to concentrate on finishing my novel, I have finally published my first and second fictional YA books.

**Attraction – The Lepidoptera Vampire Series**, which is the first book in the series of five, was released in February 2017, and to say that I was overwhelmed with the response I have received so far, is an understatement. Attraction is now available worldwide, online and in book stores via E-Book and Paperback. I am very thankful to all my readers out there for purchasing my first book.

I won’t say that it has been an easy road for me so far, but I have learnt a lot along the way. And I am still learning. But I must say that I have enjoyed the journey it has taken me on. Here are a few companies websites below that I have used, that have made my journey knowledgeable and quite satisfying.

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**‘Attraction’ Storyline**

Sisters, Violette and Danielle, whose parents are killed in a carjacking, are fostered to a couple that move them from LA to Bagnolet in France.

When Violette meets charming Michael Gramaze, she feels an instant magnetism toward him. As their attraction for each other grows, Violette stumbles upon the truth about Michael and his family of vampires. She is thrust into a world of danger and secrecy, where rival vampire dynasties fight for power, and where the very existence of the human race hangs in the balance. Desperate to keep his family secret, Violette is drawn into an unruly duel between good and evil, and discovers she has more of a role to play in this battle than she could ever have imagined.

**Want to start the series. Read a sneak peek of Chapter One of the first book in the Lepidoptera Vampires.**

Released in February 2017



**Attraction - Chapter One – Sneak Peek**

The heavy rain sounded like horses’ hooves on the tin roof, as the thunder and lightning crackled and lit up the night sky. With the fierce winds rattling the windows of their friends’ small house, the lights flickered every now and then, which virtually made it impossible for Violette and Danielle to study whilst they waited for their parents, who had stayed at work late to help with a presentation.

At around 10.30, there was a knock at the door. Thinking it was their parents, Danielle and Violette packed up their books to go home. But when they opened the door, two police officers were standing on the step.

“Good evening… may we come in?” said the oldest police officer, showing his badge.

Pulling the door completely open, their friend’s dad, Brian, let them in.

“What is this all about?”

“We have some news that we wish to discuss with you, regarding Mr and Mrs Castell,” said the oldest police officer.

“Right. Come this way,” said Brian, gesturing towards the lounge room.

Swallowing hard, Violette’s felt a cold chill fan out over her body. Grabbing Danielle’s hand, she held it firmly, as they both looked at each other with concern. Placing their school bags on the floor, near the front door, the girls followed Brian to the lounge room.

“What is this all about officers?” said Brian, as he sat on the couch across from the officers.

“I am afraid we have some bad news,” said the oldest police officer as he looked towards the two girls standing in the doorway. “There is no nice way to tell you this… this evening at around eight, Mr and Mrs Castell were shot by carjackers and have passed away.”

“No… no… you’re lying!” shouted Violette, sliding down the wall and collapsing on the floor in disbelief. “I know they will be here soon to collect us.”

Sobbing, she looked over at her sister for reassurance. But all she saw was Danielle in a sitting position on the floor, rocking herself back and forth and crying uncontrollably.

With her tears flowing freely down her cheeks, and her heart pounding in her ears, Violette thought she was going to pass out. She couldn’t comprehend that she wasn’t ever going to see her parents again.

Awakened by the captain’s voice over the PA system, Violette caught the tail end of him saying that they would be landing soon. With her heart pounding in her chest, she realised she had been dreaming about the night her parents had been killed. Holding back her tears as they formed in her eyes, she took a few deep breaths and tried to calm herself. Looking out the small window, into the filtered clouds, she turned her thoughts to LA and of how much simpler life had been before this move to Bagnolet. Back then, the only thing she had to worry about, besides long, brown hair that never sat right, was graduating from Beverley Hills High School. Feeling for the button on her arm rest to place her seat back in its upright position, Violette’s ears popped as the plane started its descent.

“Violette,” said Emily. “Would you like some gum or candy?”

Smiling, she shook her head slowly. “No thanks, Emily.”

“How about you both?” said Emily gesturing to Danielle and Emily’s husband Adrian, sitting across the aisle from them.

Violette leant forward, and watched Danielle look up from her book, and reach across the aisle to take the gum from Emily. Noticing the elegant gold ring, which had been left to Danielle by their mother, on her slim, right ring finger, Violette remembered the day Danielle was given the ring at the reading of the will by the lawyer. The look on Danielle’s face was one of shock and disbelief as she accepted the ring and wept.

“Thanks,” said Danielle. Jostling her long, blonde hair to one side, she put her glasses on to continue reading her book on France.

“Can you pass me some over?” said Adrian opening his blue eyes and pushing his short brown, greying hair to one side.

Taking the gum from Danielle, he leaned back in his seat and turned his attention out the window to see land below through the clouds.

“I have enjoyed LA and the business opportunities that eventuated,” said Adrian. “But I sure am glad to be going home. I have missed Bagnolet and our friends.”

“Hmm. I will miss LA, and my friends,” said Danielle picking at her finger nails. “But I’m also looking forward to the move. If I haven’t said it before, Adrian, thank you for taking us to Paris. We know this is a great opportunity. It might take us some time to settle in though.” The concern on her face was apparent.

“That’s OK, Danielle. We expect that. Just give it time. It will get easier for you both as you start to settle in,” said Adrian. He knew what it was like firsthand, to be unsure of a new adventure. He, too, was fostered as a child and moved from his home town to a different city. “Just remember Emily and I are always here for you and Violette.”

Hearing Danielle and Adrian’s conversation brought back memories for Violette, of the first day Emily and Adrian had met them in the group home. Within minutes of meeting them, Adrian and Emily had curbed Danielle and Violette’s shyness and nerves, with their calming nature and distracting jokes. Violette couldn’t believe how they had become close in such a short time since her parents’ death, four months before. *I think Mom and Dad would be happy to know we have been fostered by a wonderful couple, who care for us really well*.

“Everything alright?” said Emily.

“I was thinking about Mom and Dad,” said Violette, fidgeting with her fingers and staring out the window.

Emily placed her hand over Violette’s.

“Oh, OK. I am sure they are watching over you, Violette. Is there anything you want to talk about, dear?”

“I was thinking about all that has happened in—what? Four months?”

Her parents’ funeral, moving to a group home and then being fostered by Emily and Adrian. She shook her head.

“And now, we’re moving to Bagnolet.”

She wanted to go home. She wanted it to be like it was. Violette tried to hold back the tears as she looked to Emily for comfort. Emily squeezed Violette’s hand.

“It sure is strange how life can change with a click of your fingers. But one thing I am sure of is, life will get better for you both. The pain you are feeling now will get less as time goes by. Time is a great healer.”

She handed Violette a tissue out of her bag.

Sniffing into the tissue and placing her head on Emily’s shoulder, Violette said, “I know you’re right, but some days are worse than others. I am looking forward to the move to Bagnolet and hoping to settle into some sort of routine with you and Adrian. I have missed being part of a family.”

Emily nodded and held Violette’s hand. As the plane descended, Violette lay her head on Emily’s shoulder, thinking about the past and what might lie ahead for her future.

The flight from Los Angeles took around ten hours, and when they arrived at the Charles De Gaulle Airport, a black stretch limousine was waiting to collect them and take them to their new home. Initially they had left LA at eleven in the evening to catch their flight and were now exhausted. Walking onto the tarmac, Violette took in a deep, cleansing breath and looked out into the sky. The air was different. It seemed cleaner and cooler in Paris.

After a long drive, with lots of old buildings and busy highways, they pulled up in front of a large property with a high limestone brick wall and electric wire along the top. The driver punched in a code on the key pad located outside. As the wrought iron gates opened, he drove along a winding white pebble stone driveway, with manicured green lawn and colourful gardens on both sides. When the house came into view, it too was made of large limestone blocks, with a black gabled roof, and double door windows with balconies. Smiling with excitement, Violette couldn’t wait to see inside, as she guessed it would be just as spectacular, like something you might see in the magazines for the rich and famous. Looking over at Danielle, Violette wondered what she was thinking of the house and grounds so far, as she wasn’t showing any emotion on her face. In fact, Violette thought Danielle looked nervous as she watched her straighten her clothes and pick at her cuticles.

Pulling up outside the house, their driver got out and opened their door and helped Danielle and Violette alight from the limousine. Waiting to greet them outside the front doors of the house were two men dressed in black.

*They look dressed for battle*, thought Violette. She guessed they were security guards because of their muscular bodies and crew cut hair style.

“Come inside, girls, and we will show you around our house.” Emily led the way.

Walking into the foyer, Violette saw that the house was just as magnificent on the inside. With her mouth open and her eyes darting from the ceiling to floor, she noticed a huge clear glass chandelier hanging from the ceiling and a white marble staircase straight in front of them, with doors and walkways either side of it. *French Provincial. I love it.* In awe of her surroundings, she tried to take it all in, until she was interrupted by Emily.

“I want you to meet someone,” said Emily pointing toward the rear of the house. Waiting for them was a woman who looked like she was in her fifties, tall, with brown hair, which was tied back in a bun. “This is our cook.”

“Bonjour,” she said taking each of Danielle and Violette’s hands in hers. “My name is Lamiae.” She had the most beautiful French accent. “It’s a pleasure to finally meet you both. I live in the little cottage at the back of the property with my family. Please don’t hesitate to call on me if you need anything cooked.”

“Thank you, Lamiae,” they both said together.

“Lamiae, can you please show Danielle and Violette to their bedrooms upstairs whilst we get ourselves settled in?” said Adrian.

Lamiae nodded and the girls followed her up the marble staircase to where their rooms were situated.

“Are you hungry?” Lamiae asked, standing in the hallway. “I can bring back some dinner, if you like.”

Danielle and Violette looked at each other and both nodded.

“Yes, please,” said Danielle instantly. For a girl with a gorgeous figure, she was always hungry.

“Good. I have made you something special, and was hoping you would be hungry. Well, I will let you get settled into your rooms now,” said Lamiae, indicating to Violette and Danielle which room was theirs. “Your cases will be bought up to you soon by the chauffeur.”

She left them to look around their rooms.

*Wow. We have a chauffeur. I am already starting to like this place*, thought Violette.

Coming from a home where both parents worked, but didn’t have a considerable amount of money to waste, Danielle and Violette were used to sharing a small bedroom, with just the bare necessities. But in their new home, in Bagnolet, Emily had previously informed them that they had separate bedrooms. Secretly, Violette was grateful to have her own space and to be able to place her shoes, clothes, and makeup wherever she wanted, without Danielle complaining.

After Danielle left Violette’s doorway to go and settle into her own bedroom, Violette took a couple of steps into her room. With her mouth open in astonishment, and her eyes welling up, she looked around the exquisite room in disbelief. It had high 18th century decorated white ceilings, grey plush carpet, with grey background and pink flower wallpaper on the top part of the walls and a blue grey paint on the bottom. An antique light fitting glistened from the ceiling and lit the room perfectly. There was a four poster, queen-sized bed that had a red and pink floral quilt on it with lots of pillows.

*I would never have dreamt in my wildest dreams that I could have a bedroom like this. So exquisite,* thought Violette as her eyes filled with wonderment.

As she was admiring her new bedroom, her luggage turned up. At the opposite end of the bedroom doorway was the walk-in wardrobe. It had white shelving, plenty of white drawers, and a few rails for hanging her clothes on. There was even a separate shelf for her shoes.

After she opened her luggage, Violette folded and placed her clothes in the wardrobe. They appeared lonely on the single shelf she had chosen. Her two favourite pairs of shoes seemed to cower in the corner of the massive space provided.Violette sighed as she remembered the day she and Danielle were taken to the group home, and how they were told they couldn’t take any more than a few clothes and shoes with them. She wished she knew what had happened to the rest of her clothes that were left behind. Especially the dress that her mom had bought for her sixteenth birthday.

As Violette walked out her wardrobe, she noticed an elegant 18th century white dressing table she could use for her jewellery and makeup. It even had a stool for her to sit on in front of the oval mirror. Looking at herself in the mirror, she thought about her old bedroom. Violette had slept in a single bed, which had a multi-coloured, knitted blanket her mom had made, to keep her warm, at the foot of the bed. Being a small room, which she shared with Danielle, there was never enough room in the wardrobe or chest of drawers, so they always stored some of their clothes in the attic and swapped them depending on the season. She sure was appreciative of the space her new bedroom had, even if she didn’t have enough clothes to fill it.

Opening the curtains of her bedroom and looking out the French window double doors, she drank in the view outside of the luscious green lawn and stunning gardens. Looking into the sky, Violette watched in wonderment as the majestic red, golden sunset at the back of the property filtered through the sombre clouds.

*Hmm, it’s still light out. What time is it?* Frowning, Violette took a quick glance at the digital clock next to the bed; it read 7.04pm. *That’s different. Back home it would be nearly dark by now.*

Over on the right hand side of the lawn area, Violette spotted an opal-blue lap pool which had a large, white gazebo next to it with a dark-coloured table and chair setting. *Cool.* Jumping up and down on the spot with glee, she hugged herself. For the first time in months, her world was a happier place.

Then, appearing from what seemed like nowhere, Violette spotted the figure of a guy in the grounds outside. Six-foot tall or more, and dark haired, with his tight t-shirt outlining his muscular body, Violette wondered who he was. He was standing there, just looking straight at her. His look was so intense it sent a shiver down her spine. Something about him made her feel uneasy.

Startled by knocking at her door, she turned to see Danielle running into her room. By the time she had looked from the window to her bedroom door and back again, the mysterious man had disappeared.

*Where did he go? I will ask Emily about him later,* thought Violette.

“Do you believe this place? Your bedroom is as awesome as mine,” said Danielle, looking around Violette’s bedroom. “How lucky are we, sis? Come and have a look at my room; it’s beautiful.”

Excited, Danielle pulled Violette by the hand out the door and into her own bedroom, which was right next to Violette’s.

Standing inside her doorway, Violette couldn’t believe how beautiful her sister’s room was. It looked very similar to hers except for the colour of the carpet and wallpaper, which were all in cream and pink. As they sat on Danielle’s bed talking about how amazed they were that their foster parents owned a place like this, and how hard they must have worked to get this awesome house, there was a knock on the door.

“Come in,” said Danielle looking up to see Lamiae standing at the doorway.

“Here we go, girls. I have made you a roast beef dinner and some pudding as well for later. Would you like me leave both trays of food here in your room, Danielle?” asked Lamiae, walking in.

“Yes, please,” Danielle and Violette chimed in at the same time. Violette’s stomach rumbled. She hadn’t eaten much on the plane, so she was grateful to Lamiae for the food.

“Thank you, Lamiae. You are so thoughtful. It smells absolutely scrumptious,” said Violette.

“You are welcome. As I said, girls, anytime you need something cooked, please don’t hesitate to ask me and I will make it for you,” said Lamiae placing the dinner trays in front of them.

“Lamiae… I… I wanted to ask, do you mind if we use the kitchen to cook ourselves something from time to time? It’s just that we are used to making our own food, where we come from. Our parents taught us all we know about cooking,” said Violette, picturing her mom bustling about the kitchen, and her dad pouring a glass of wine. As her vision of them blurred, Violette’s mood shifted. She wondered if she could ever feel happy again, without feeling guilty.

Lamiae studied Violette’s face. She seemed to know how unhappy Violette was at that moment.

“I am very sorry for the loss of your parents, my dears. If there is anything I can do to make your time here easier or pleasurable, please don’t hesitate to ask me. And, yes, you are most welcome anytime in the kitchen to cook something you like.”

“Thank you, Lamiae. That is so kind of you,” said Danielle.

“You are welcome. Well… I will leave you both to eat your dinner. Good night, girls. I will see you in the morning for breakfast,” said Lamiae, walking towards the doorway.

“Good night,” they both said together.

After Lamiae left Danielle’s room and closed the door behind her, Violette said to Danielle, “She seems really nice.”

“Yeah… I can’t believe she made this nice dinner for us. Talk about spoilt,” said Danielle, picking up her knife and fork. “Mmm, this food looks delicious. Let’s eat. I’m starving.”

Sitting crossed legged on the floor, with their trays in front of them, eating dinner, Danielle said, “God…how long was that plane trip? I thought it was never going end.”

“Yeah. I know… right. Talk about a numb butt,” said Violette, cutting her meat.

“Do you believe we’re now living in Paris? And this house…how amazing is it?” said Danielle, excited at the prospect of finally being able to live comfortably. She had hated living at the foster home and thought it was beneath her.

“When we drove onto the grounds, I couldn’t believe what I was seeing. Emily and Adrian had shown us pictures, but I didn’t realise it was this beautiful. We are very lucky to be living here, sis… but I miss LA already. I miss my friends too. It’s just not going to be the same. Is it? Ever…” said Violette, holding back the tears.

Placing her arm around Violette’s shoulder, and resting her head on Violette’s head, Danielle said, “Don’t worry, sis. Everything will get better. You’ll see. And we still have each other.”

“I don’t want to ever lose you, Danielle. You are all I have left. God, I miss Mom and Dad,” said Violette, placing her arm around Danielle’s shoulder.

“Yeah, I miss them too…but, you know, I am very grateful Emily and Adrian fostered us. They have been wonderful. We sure have been lucky,” said Danielle, looking around her room.

“Knock, knock. Can I come in?” asked Emily.

“Come in,” said Danielle, sitting up straight.

“How are you girls settling in?” Emily asked, as she entered the room.

“Good, thanks,” said Violette quickly, wiping her eyes, with a false smile.

“Good. Thanks, Emily. Your house is so lovely. Thank you for bringing us here,” said Danielle.

“Well, this is now your home too, and we are hoping you both will eventually like it here. I was thinking, after you have finished your dinner, why don’t you both take a shower and make it an early night? Because of the time difference between the two countries, you may get a bit of jet lag for a couple of days,” said Emily, kneeling in front of them.

“Not a bad idea, sis,” said Violette looking at Danielle. Her body ached to lie down.

“Yeah. You look as tired as I feel,” said Danielle.

“Finish up your meals and I will show you where your bathrooms are,” said Emily, standing. “Actually… I will be back in a minute. I need to make sure your bathrooms have towels.”

After they had finished their meals, Emily took them to their bathrooms. Both were laid out basically the same, with a huge clear screen shower, large white claw-foot bath tub, and a long white vanity cupboard with a large mirror on the wall. Violette’s bathroom had been painted antique white with light grey wallpaper and white tiles, and Danielle’s was painted in light fawn, with brown and white wallpaper, and fawn colour tiles. The girls couldn’t believe how enormous their bathrooms were, let alone that they would have a bathroom all of their own.

“So now you have seen your bathrooms, I will leave you girls to have your showers and get ready for bed. We will see you in the morning and show you around the rest of the house and grounds,” said Emily, turning off the light in Danielle’s bathroom.

“Thanks, Emily,” said Danielle appreciatively.

“Yeah, thanks Emily,” said Violette, walking over to Danielle’s bed and sitting down.

“Hope you both sleep well,” said Emily. Leaning in, she gave them a loving kiss good night on their foreheads.

As the door shut behind Emily, Violette said, “Hey…do you ever think about Stephen?”

When Emily had kissed Violette on her forehead, it had triggered a memory of her brother kissing her forehead when he left home. She hadn’t thought about him in a while.

“Often. I still can’t believe we weren’t able to contact him when Mom and Dad passed away. I guess he must have been gone for about eight years now,” said Danielle, remembering the good times she’d had with Stephen when they were younger. He always like to play hopscotch, or hide and seek. She definitely missed him.

“Yeah, I wonder if he even knows. And now we have moved here, I wonder if we will ever see him again?” said Violette. “I remember when we were younger, him leaving to find work when he had just turned seventeen and he never returned. And Mom and Dad hardly ever spoke about him either. I sure miss him, sis.”

“Me too,” said Danielle. “Not much we can do about it now Vi, until I turn eighteen next year. Then I am at a legal age to start proceedings for his search. Not unless we ask Emily and Adrian for their help now.”

“Maybe we could speak with them tomorrow and ask if they could look into this for us?” said Violette, sounding hopeful.

“Sounds like a plan. In the meantime, I’m going to have a shower and catch up on some sleep,” said Danielle, yawning.

“Yeah, me too. Have a good sleep, sis. See you in the morning.” Violette gave Danielle a hug and headed to her bedroom.

Wiping the steam from the mirror with a hand towel, Violette tried to flatten the bags under her eyes with her fingertips and wipe away her sleep deprived appearance from the plane trip. *Hmm, not a good look. Can wait for tomorrow though.* With her old comfortable flannelette pyjamas on, Violette turned off the light in her bathroom, and headed for her new bed.

Lying in the darkness, Violette spread out her arms and legs, to feel the enormity of her bed and how soft the sheets were. *Mmm, heaven. Just what I need.* Her body was weary and she enjoyed the comfort of her new bed, but Violette couldn’t stop thinking about all she had been through in the last four months. She kept going over and over the details in her mind. But what kept her awake the most was the thought of finding out who that good-looking guy was outside her window this evening. Very intriguing…

With her body finally giving into exhaustion, she finally fell asleep.

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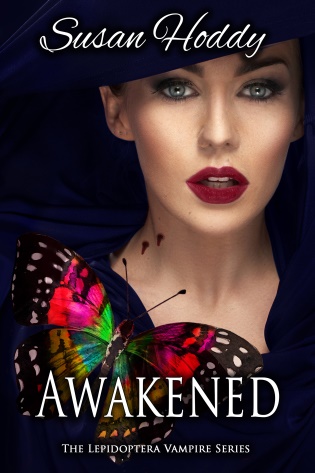
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Welcome to an exclusive preview of [Awakened](http://susanhoddy.com/books/), which is the second book in the series of five of the Lepidoptera Vampires, coming out in 3rd June 2017.



**Awakened - Chapter One – Sneak Peek**

“I don’t want to hear excuses. Just get it done. Otherwise you will be the next one to die,” said Nicholas scowling, and holding the sentinel up by his shirt until his feet were off the ground. “Am I making myself clear?”

“Yes, sire,” said the young sentinel swallowing hard. Fearful of the repercussions, he was anxious to please his master.

Nicholas let go of his shirt and watched the sentinel immediately fall to the ground.

“Where do I get good soldiers around here?” shouted Nicholas, walking away.

Picking himself up off the floor, the frightened sentinel bowed his head to his leader, Nicholas once and headed for the doorway. He certainly had a lot to learn about being a Debauched vampire. One thing he was sure of, he only wanted to make his master proud.

With his operations being immobilised at every turn by the Gramaze coven, Nicholas wondered what he could do to prevent these assaults and lose of soldiers. He knew he needed to come up with a plan of attack, and soon.

*It’s a pity the drugs that we injected into William Gramaze last year didn’t work for long. I would love to see that vamp go down in a big way. I want that bastard to pay for all the Debauched vamps he has killed. Let alone my houses that he has torched,* thought Nicholas.

Hearing a knock at the door, he bellowed, “Come.”

“Sire…” said Prometheus, as he walked through the wooden, double-door entrance to Nicholas’s lounge room.

“What do you want?” said Nicholas abruptly, with his back to Prometheus.

“Sire, I have some good news,” said Prometheus, hoping his master would be pleased with him.

“What is it, Prometheus?” snapped Nicholas.

“We have been told that a new multi-coloured female Lepidoptera vampire has been born to the Gramaze coven,” said Prometheus.

“Who told you this?” said Nicholas, with his eyebrows furrowed. The disbelief on his face was apparent.

“We have an insider who has given us this information, sire,” said Prometheus.

“Is this a reliable source?” said Nicholas, turning around.

“Yes, sire. Very reliable,” said Prometheus, thinking back to his previous conversation he had with the new assistant principal at Lycee International.

“See if you can find out where she is being held. I want to meet this beauty,” said Nicholas, walking over to the window, with a smirk of sheer happiness on his face.

“Yes, sire,” said Prometheus, as he ran out of the room, like a dog with his tail between his legs.

*Hmm… so they have a multi-coloured female. Oh, what I could do with her blood. If I can get my hands on her then I would be unstoppable,* thought Nicholas looking out his window and off into the distance.

Taking his phone from the pocket of his long, black coat, Nicholas rang his driver.

“Bring the car around.”

Campbell knocked on the door to Nicholas’s office.

“Come,” bellowed Nicholas.

“Your ride is here master. Did sire need me to come along for protection tonight?” said Campbell.

“Yes. Organise two others to come with us as well,” said Nicholas, walking towards the door.

Stepping into the limousine, Nicholas instructed the driver to take him to the brothel he owned down town in Paris, whilst Campbell and the other two soldiers followed behind in the black SUV.

Pulling up outside the house of ill repute, Campbell instructed the two soldiers to stand guard whilst their master was in the brothel. Looking around to make sure all was good to go, he then opened the limousine door for his master to step out.

“Sire, the two soldiers will wait out here and guard the place, and I will come inside to protect you,” said Campbell, standing in front of Nicholas.

“Right,” said Nicholas, pushing past Campbell, and continuing on inside.

“Why… hello Nicholas. What, pray tell, brings you here? Do you fancy one of my best girls tonight?” said Rose, taunting him.

“Upstairs… now… business first, and then maybe we can discuss the ladies,” said Nicholas authoritatively. “Campbell, you stay here at the elevator and don’t let anyone else come up here. Are we clear?”

“Yes, sire,” said Campbell, stony faced.

As the metal doors shut to the elevator, Nicholas pressed the first floor button, which was for Rose’s office. “How has business been, Rose?”

“Well… it hasn’t been too good Nicholas, since the Gramaze vamps decided to pay us a visit last month. It seems that they have scared a lot of our regular clientele away,” said Rose, looking up to Nicholas.

“Those fucking bastards don’t give up, do they? I am going to have to do something about them,” said Nicholas, frustrated that once again, one of his businesses had been ruined by William and his coven.

The elevator door opened and they stepped out into Rose’s office, which looked more like a boudoir, than an office. Nicholas grabbed Rose tightly around her waist and pulled her in close to him.

“Did you miss me, baby?”

“Silly question… I always miss my most favourite man,” said Rose provocatively, as she wrapped her legs around his waist.

Carrying her over to the desk, Nicholas bent her over, face down, and held her in place with his hand, as he ripped off her panties and proceeded to penetrate her aggressively.

Panting, she groaned as his shaft continued its onslaught of pleasure.

“Oh baby, keep going. I’m nearly there,” said Rose breathing heavily.

Rose was Nicholas’s lady of the night, whom he nailed every time he came to the club. There was never any kissing or fondling in their relationship, just unadulterated pleasure. He preferred it that way, and she loved the way he was always rough with her.

When the deed was done, they recovered their clothes and got straight down to business. Nicholas was not one for small talk and Rose liked it that way.

“Tomorrow night we will be bringing by some ice for you to sell to the customers who want that little something extra, Rose. Please make sure you have plenty of guards on the doors, as we don’t want anything going wrong,” said Nicholas sitting in the chair behind the desk.

“Yes Nicholas,” said Rose, perched on the side of the desk with her sheer black pantihose garter showing, as she crossed her legs.

As they were talking business, Nicholas’ phone rang. Taking it out of his jacket pocket, and looking at the screen, he answered, “Yes.”

“Sire, I have some good news. We have located the female. Did you want us to bring her to you tonight?” asked Prometheus.

“No… I want you to find out over the next couple of days where she will be during the daylight hours, and we will take her from there. No one will ever expect this to happen. Do you understand me?”

“Yes, master, I will get straight onto it,” said Prometheus, his voice shaky.

“You have done well, Prometheus, and you will be rewarded, once we have the female in hand,” said Nicholas. As Nicholas hung up, he pondered on what he would be able to achieve, once the female was in his hands.

*I need to contact Tsoukalos, so he can start organising what we need for our experiment when we seize the female. If we can acquire the female’s DNA and most of her blood then we should be able to produce a multi- coloured female Debauched vampire of our own. These Lepidoptera bastards think that they have got it all sewn up; well, we will see who is master of all, soon enough,* thought Nicholas as he dialed the number.

“Tsoukalos, I need you to get the lab ready for a multi-coloured female Lepidoptera. We will be extracting her in a couple of days,” said Nicholas.

“Yes, sire. Are you sure you have found a multi-coloured female Lepidoptera?” said Tsoukalos, curiously. He knew that a new female Lepidoptera hadn’t been seen in many years.

“Don’t question me… just do as you are told and get on with it now, Tsoukalos,” said Nicholas authoritatively.

“Yes, sire,” said Tsoukalos, nervously.

As Nicholas hung up his phone and put it in the pocket of his jacket, the elevator door pinged, and then opened. Looking up, he noticed his guard, Campbell, running towards him.

“Sire… we need to get you out of here. The Gramaze vamps are in the area,” said Campbell, with his eyes widened and his fists clenched.

“Let’s go,” said Nicholas, watching Campbell return to the elevator. “Good night, Rose.”

“Goodbye, Nicholas. I am sure we will catch up again, real soon,” said Rose, raising her eyebrows and smiling sweetly at him and remembering their sexual encounter.

Nicholas and Campbell took the elevator down to the night club, and slipped out the side entrance, where the limousine was waiting for them in the side alley. Speeding away, Nicholas instructed the sentinel to take them to his mansion. The black SUV followed not far behind them.

Whilst out on patrol, William, Grayson and Brock, vampires from the Gramaze family, decided they would pay a visit to some of the night clubs in the area. Entering the night club, which they knew Nicholas owned, they scanned the room for any Debauched vampires. As they walked through and came upon the bar, Rose approached them.

“Good evening, gentlemen. Anything we can get you tonight?” said Rose, gesturing for them to look around.

“Rose, isn’t it?” said Grayson.

She nodded.

“Point us in the direction of the owner. We want to have a word with him,” said Grayson.

“He isn’t here tonight. May we interest you three charming gentlemen in a bit of entertainment?” said Rose, as she pointed to the establishment ladies.

“We are not here for that,” grunted Grayson, annoyed.

“Pity… we can offer you fine gentlemen some fun for the night,” teased Rose.

“Don’t try playing us, Rose. Now where is Nicholas?” said William, irritated, as he jumped the bar to stand directly in front of her.

“I told you; he is not here tonight,” said Rose, gulping.

“When he returns… you tell him William Gramaze is looking for him,” said William, forcefully pulling Rose by her clothing, until she was very close to his face.

“Yes, sir. I will let him know,” said Rose, taking a deep breath and shaking.

“Let’s get out of here,” said William, with his nostrils flaring, as he released Rose and walked towards the front entrance, with Grayson and Brock. He despised women like Rose, and what she stood for.

Standing on the pavement outside the night club, William said, “We will scan the streets from the rooftops for any sign of Debauched vampires and the trouble they could wreak on the human race tonight.”

“Yes, sire,” said Grayson and Brock, simultaneously.

William scaled the side of the building with ease. When he reached the rooftop, his thoughts returned to the night he was taken prisoner by Nicholas and his soldiers. *I would love to catch up with one of those fuckers that kidnapped me last month. How good it would feel to torture them bastards instead*? thought William. His fists were clenched, as he looked out over the rooftops.

“Every dog has its day, sire,” said Grayson, hearing his thoughts, and placing his hand on William’s shoulder, supportively.

“That they do,” said William, looking around to see Grayson and Brock standing beside him.

Tortured, and injected with an experimental drug the Debauched vampires were trying out, William’s abilities had been slowly taken from him over several hours. Luckily, his good friend, Susan, a healer, had come to help him gain his abilities back. It had taken about two weeks to fully recover, and in that time, William thought he would have to relinquish his leadership and would become a human again. The thought of it sickened him, as he had been a Lepidoptera vampire for over three thousand years. He couldn’t even fathom becoming a human again. Luckily, he had the love of his life and partner, Renee, to reassure him that he would overcome this sickness and would go on to destroy the Debauched and what they stood for.

As they jumped from one roof to another, Grayson spotted two Debauched taunting a human woman.

“Hey guys… have a look over there. Looks like we might see some action tonight, after all,” said Grayson, pointing to the road below.

William and Brock stopped quickly in their tracks and looked in the direction Grayson was pointing. They could see a woman being harassed. Jumping down off the roof top, Grayson and Brock watched and waited to see what the two Debauched were going to do with the human.

As the Debauched pushed and shoved the human slowly into a corner, in a side alley, she was pleading with them to leave her alone. But they weren’t listening.

“You guys need to pick on someone who can fight back,” said Brock, as he and Grayson stood in the entrance to the alley, behind the two Debauched vampires.

“Mind you own business, fuckhead,” said the first Debauched, turning around.

“Fuckhead. Ha. We’ll see who is a fuckhead,” said Grayson, running towards the first Debauched and punching him in the face and then in the stomach. “Take that, you moron!”

Recovering from the attack somewhat, the Debauched vampire ran straight for Grayson and wrestled him to the ground. But he was no match. Grayson was a powerful vampire who knew how to look after himself. Once Grayson had the Debauched vamp face down on the ground with his hands behind his back, William appeared from the shadows, took his sword out of its sheath and swung it in a downward motion, to cut off his head. The young, inexperienced Debauched didn’t see what was coming, and disintegrated in an instant.

The second Debauched vampire watched out the corner of his eye, whilst battling Brock, and he knew he would be next if he wasn’t careful. But before he could get the situation under control, Brock had forced him to the ground, so that William could swing his sword righteously to cut off his head. His body disintegrated as well.

With the battle over, William and Brock scanned the immediate area to make sure no other Debauched were hiding in the shadows, whilst Grayson headed for the human woman, to see if she was all right.

With her back to him, and crouched down beside a dumpster, she sobbed uncontrollably. As Grayson bent over to touch her shoulder, she slowly turned around to face him.

“Are you OK, mademoiselle?” said Grayson, kneeling beside her.

Wide-eyed, she flinched away from him. Her heart hammered in her chest, and her whole body shook from what she had just witnessed: the beheading of what she thought were humans.

Reading her thoughts, Grayson said, “It’s OK, mademoiselle. I am here to help. I won’t hurt you.”

“What just happened?” she said, her face tear-stained, smudged with mascara, as she looked up into Grayson’s eyes and trembled.

He didn’t answer. Instead he put his hand out in front of him, and helped her to her feet.

At first she hesitated, wondering if she could trust him. But then she placed her hand in his.

As they stood up together, Grayson said, “It’s OK.”

Slowly, he pulled her in close and placed his arms around her, for comfort. She struggled, trying to break free, but then felt his soothing embrace calm her.

Pulling away from their embrace, Grayson looked into her eyes and said, “What is your name?”

She choked back a sob. “Samantha… my name is Samantha.”

“Hi Samantha. My name is Grayson. Don’t worry, I will take care of you and make sure you get home safely. OK?”

“Thank you. That would be good,” said Samantha. But she still didn’t entirely trust him, because of what she had just seen.

“You are most welcome. I am just glad we were here at the right time to help you. So… what were those guys saying, anyway?” said Grayson.

Wiping her face, she gathered her thoughts, and said, “Well… I had just finished my shift at that restaurant, over there. I only started waitressing there tonight. When I came outside, I walked over to the bus stop, and this is when they approached me and asked if I would like a lift. When I said, ‘No,’ they got all weird and said things like, ‘We want to drink from you; we want to screw you.’ I just thought that they were possibly drunk and were out of their minds. But after a few minutes, I could see they were serious.”

Shaking, Samantha started to cry again.

Grayson could hear from her thoughts that she was scared and wanted to return to her apartment where she felt safe.

“Bastards… I am glad we were here to stop them. Don’t worry Samantha, I will make sure you get home safely,” said Grayson, rubbing his hand up and down her arm.

“Hello mademoiselle. My name is William and this is Brock. Are you going to be all right?” said William.

“Yes. Thank you so much, the three of you. I think someone was looking over me tonight,” said Samantha, looking towards the sky and wiping her tear-filled eyes.

“You are most welcome,” said William.

“I promised Samantha that I would get her home safely. Do you mind if we meet up later?” said Grayson.

“No problem, Grayson. Just give us a call when you are ready to be picked up,” said William.

William said to Grayson through mind talk, *Make sure you wipe her mind.*

Grayson nodded once in agreeance.

William then caught wind of her scent.

“Samantha, you have blood on your neck. Have you been injured?” asked William.

“I don’t know,” said Samantha, feeling her neck and looking at the blood on her hand. “I didn’t even realise I’d been cut.”

“Let me have a look,” said William. Lifting her hair to get a good look at the wound, he noticed that Samantha had a faint outline of a butterfly tattoo on the back of her neck. *Lepidoptera*. His eyes widened, at the thought of yet another female being found.

“I think we should take you to the hospital to get that looked at, as it looks like you may need stitches,” said William.

“It’s funny you know, I didn’t feel any pain in my neck at all, until now. But now it’s hurting so much that I have a headache as well,” said Samantha, rubbing her temple.

“I will go get our car and be back in a few minutes and then we can drop you and Grayson at the hospital. OK?” said William.

“Thank you. That’s very kind of you to offer. But… I am not sure I should be…”

Before Samantha could finish her sentence, her vision blurred and she fainted. Moving quickly, Grayson caught her before she hit the ground.

“What happened?” said Brock.

“I think the shock of it all has caught up with her. It’s a lot to take in, what she has seen tonight. Let alone the blood loss from her wound,” said William.

“Luckily you were there to catch her, bro,” said Brock.

“I can’t believe we have found another female Lepidoptera Vampire. Once she is feeling better, Samantha will need to be protected by our family,” said William. “Oh, and by the way Grayson, I think she is attracted to you and that is why her butterfly outline is showing up.”

“Hmm… I think you could be right, because I am feeling the same way,” said Grayson, holding her in his muscular arms.

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