

Christine Feehan is a #1 New York Times bestselling author multiple times over with her portfolio including over 70 published novels, including five series; Dark Series, Ghostwalker Series, Leopard Series, Drake Sisters Series, the Sisters of the Heart Series and Torpedo Ink.

The dreary drizzle of rain could not possibly dispel the offensive odor. Trash littered the entrances to run-down, crumbling buildings. Ragged shelters of cardboard and tin were stacked in every alleyway, every conceivable place, tiny cubicles for bodies with nowhere else to go. Rats scurried through the garbage cans and gutters, prowled through the basements and walls. Falcon moved through the shadows silently, watchful, aware of the seething life in the underbelly of the city. This was where the dregs lived, the homeless, the drunks, the predators who preyed on the helpless and unwary. He knew eyes were watching him as he made his way along the streets, slipping from shadow to shadow. It was a scene that had been played out a thousand times, in a thousand places. He was weary of the predictability of human nature. Beast or man, there were few surprises left to him. Falcon was making his way back to his homeland. For far too many centuries he had been utterly alone. He had grown in power, had grown in strength. The beast within him had grown in strength and power also, roaring for release continually, demanding blood. Demanding just once, for one moment, to feel. He wanted to go home, to feel the soil soak into his pores, to look upon the Prince of his people and know he had fulfilled his word of honor. That the sacrifices he had made had counted for something. He had heard the rumors of a new hope for his people. Falcon accepted it was too late for him, but he wanted to know, before his life was over, that there was hope for other males, that his life had counted for something. He had seen too much death, too much evil. Before ending his existence he needed to look upon something pure and good and see the reason he had battled for so many long centuries. His eyes glittered with a strange red flame, shining in the night as he moved silently through the filthy streets. Falcon was uncertain if he would make it back to his homeland, but he was determined to try. He had left it far too long, already bordering on madness. He had little time left, the darkness nearly consuming his soul. He could feel the danger in every step he took. Not emanating from the dirty streets and shadowed buildings, but from deep within his own body. He heard a sound, like the soft shuffle of feet. Falcon continued walking, praying as he did so, for the salvation of his own soul. He was hungry and had need of sustenance and he was at his most vulnerable. The beast was roaring with eagerness, claws barely sheathed. Within his mouth his fangs began to lengthen in anticipation. He was careful now to hunt among the guilty, not wanting innocent blood should he be unable to turn away from the dark call to his soul. The sound alerted him again, this time many soft feet, many whispers of voices. A conspiracy of children. They came running toward him from the three story hulk of a building, a swarm of them, rushing toward him like a plague of bees. They called out for food, for money. The children surrounded him, a half dozen of them, all sizes, their tiny hands slipping under his cloak and cleverly into his pockets as they patted him, their voices pleading and begging. His species rarely could keep their sons and daughters alive beyond their first year. So few made it, and yet these children, as precious as they were, had no one to cherish them. Three were female with enormous, sad eyes. They wore torn, ragged clothing and had dirt smeared across bruised little faces. He could hear the fear in their pounding hearts as they begged for food, for money, for any little scrap. Each expected blows and rebuffs from him and was ready to dodge away at the first sign of aggression. Falcon patted a head gently and murmured a soft word of regret. He had no need of the wealth he had acquired throughout his long lifetime. This would have been the place for it, yet he had brought nothing with him. He slept in the ground and hunted live prey. He had no need of money where he was going. The children all seemed to be talking at once, an assault on his ears, when a low whistle stopped them abruptly. There was instant silence. The children whirled around and simply melted into the shadows, into the recesses of the dilapidated and condemned buildings as if they had never been. The whistle was very low, very soft, yet he heard it clearly through the rain and darkness. It carried on the wind straight to his ears. The sound was intriguing. The tone seemed to be pitched just for him. A warning, perhaps, for the children, but for him it was a temptation, a seduction of his senses. It threw him, that soft little whistle. It drew his

attention as nothing had in the past several hundred years. He could almost see the notes dancing in the rain-wet air. The sound slipped past his guard and found its way into his body, like an arrow aimed straight for his heart. This time it was the tread of heavier boots. The sound of deadly conspiracy. He knew what was coming now, the thugs of the street. The bullies who believed they owned the turf and anyone who dared to walk in their territory had to pay a price. They were looking at the cut of his clothes, the fit of his silk shirt beneath the richly lined cape and they were drawn into his trap just as he knew they would be. It was always the same. There were always the packs who ran together bent on destroying, wanting the right to take what did not belong to them. The incisors in his mouth once more began to lengthen. His heart was beating faster than normal, a phenomenon that intrigued him. His heart was always the same, rock steady. He controlled it casually, easily, as he controlled every aspect of his body, but the racing of his heart was unusual and anything different was welcomed. These men, taking their places to surround him, would not die at his hands this night. They had escaped from the ultimate predator and his soul would remain intact because of two things. That soft whistle and his accelerated heartbeat. An odd, misshapen figure emerged from a doorway straight in front of him. The strange, lumpy shape immediately melted back and blended into some hidden cranny. Falcon stopped walking, everything in him going completely, utterly still. He had not seen color in nearly two thousand years, yet he was staring at an appalling shade of red paint peeling from the remnants of a building. It was impossible, not real. Perhaps he was losing his mind as well as his soul. No one had told him a preliminary to losing his soul was to see in color. The undead would have bragged of such a feat. He took a step toward the building where the owner of that voice had disappeared. It was too late. The robbers were spreading out in a loose semi-circle around him. They were large, many of them deliberately displaying weapons to intimidate. He saw the gleam of a knife, a long handled club. They wanted him scared and ready to hand over his wallet. Any other time he would have been a beast whirling in their midst, feeding on them until the aching hunger was assuaged, until he dared not tempt the demon roaring within for the ultimate. It was nearly disorienting. Instead of seeing in a bland gray, Falcon could see them in vivid color, blue and purple shirts, one an atrocious orange. His hearing was far more acute even than normal. The dazzling raindrops in threads of glittering silver and gray. Falcon inhaled the night, taking in the scents, separating each until he found the one he was looking for. That slight misshapen figure was not a male, but a female. And that woman had already changed his life for all time. The men were close now, the leader calling out to him. They were going to get straight down to the business of robbing, of murdering.

Chapter 2 : Christine Feehan - Book Series In Order

*Dark Dream (Dark Series) [Christine Feehan, Eric Michael Summerer] on www.nxgvision.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. She's known him since she was Every night, he is with her: his face, his voice.*

Christine Feehan has authored a number of adult books and series that largely reside within the realm of the paranormal romance genre with over 40 novels currently to her name now. Early and Personal Life Born in California amongst three brothers and ten sisters, she begun her publishing career in Even at school though she would continually find herself in trouble due to her love of writing as she has always pursued it. This is something that her sisters also came to discover as she would present them all with her work getting them to read and assess everything she wrote. She continues this trend with her daughters now who help her edit all her novels. Living with her husband, Richard Feehan, they have 11 children between them both. Her novels have been published in a number of different languages, as well as multiple formats including eBooks, hardcovers and even comics. She is also a New York Times bestseller with everyone of her series being four in total reaching the number one spot. During this time she has also gained seven Pearl Awards as well. This also includes around six other individual works scattered throughout the years. Christine Feehan also finds the time to attend conventions and various book signings, along with TV interviews such as The Montel Williams Show. Her books have also made fairly impressive movie style trailers which play in cinemas across the country. She continues writing to this day and promises to continue many of her series into the foreseeable future. Dark Prince Wrote in this is the first novel written by Christine Feehan and it marks the beginning of the Carpathian Novels. In it we see Raven Whitney, a telepathic who hunts serial killers. Looking to build herself back up she travels far away to relax and take her mind off things. This tranquility is quickly disturbed though when Carpathian Prince, Mikhail Dubrinsky, enters her life. Being the leader of an ancient race which rises up during the nighttime, he is both wise and powerful. The question remains though whether it will last or not. This book marked the beginning of the Carpathian Novels, a series revolving around an ancient and powerful race. Living for many thousands of years, they can shape-shift and extend their life-spans. To live they must consume human blood, but not enough to kill in the same way a vampire would. When male Carpathians are deprived of females though they lose all emotion as they begin to see the world in black and white, before fully turning into a vampire in the more traditional sense. It is now a race against time to save their souls and save their species by finding women to make them whole again. Featuring a classified experiment gone wrong, it tells the story of the brilliant scientist Peter Whitney and his equally gifted and beautiful daughter Lily. In the hope of creating psychic abilities for military usage by an elite squadron, unexplained fatal accidents start occurring as the men are slowly getting killed off. Enter Captain Ryland Miller who fears for his life. Once Whitney is killed, Ryland turns to Lily for help, as it turns out she also possesses innate psychic abilities. They then embark on a relationship that turns to romance, which is soon threatened by a deadly force that wishes its secret to remain hidden. This was the novel that Christine Feehan used to set-up the series of Ghostwalker Novels. Set within the realms of action and thriller, they employ elements of the paranormal and romance. Telling the stories of strong men and women, they dive into a world of intrigue and mystery which have been entertaining readers for many years now and should continue to do so. Jack Reacher is back! Family secrets come back to haunt Reacher when he decides to visit the town his father was born in. Because when he visits there he finds out no-one with the last name of Reacher has ever lived there. It leaves him wondering - did his father ever live there? Recommendations Every 2 weeks we send out an e-mail with Book Recommendations. Insert your e-mail below to start getting these recommendations. If you see one missing just send me an e-mail below. Featured Author Our author of the month is Canadian author Opal Carew who writes erotic romance novels. Opal has written over novels with multiple book series such as the Dirty Talk series and the Abducted series. Did You Know Only 6 books so far have sold more than million copies.

Chapter 3 : NEW Dark Dream (Dark Series) by Christine Feehan | eBay

Christine: "This is a re-issue of my novella titled Dark Dream. It was originally released in an anthology titled After Twilight. Dark Dreamers features a brand new story by Marjorie M. Liu titled A Dream of Stone and Shadow.

This is one of the best Paranormal Book that contains 55 pages, you can find and read online or download ebook ISBN Signup to Playster for free 30 days trial. Fill the registration form such as email, name, address etc. After registration successfully they will sent you email confirmation that you want to read book with ISBN Go to your email that you use on registation and click on confirmation link. Now your account has been confirm and you can read online Dark Dream Christine Feehan Ebook on their platform. The corporation has offices in New York and the UK. The service offers a combination of books, audiobooks, movies, music and games and calls itself "The Netflix of Everything". Access hundred thousands amazing audiobooks from any genre and category. Unlimited streaming movies more than hundred thousands title anytime, anywhere. Listening millions musics collections from their playlist as much as you want. Access playster content on up to six different devices. Access the service via a web browser or through the smartphone App, which is available for IOS and Android. If you are using the latest version of the Playster app for iOS or Android, you can enjoy content without the need for an internet connection. The Playster app lets you download and save all of your favorite music, books, audiobooks and movies to your mobile device so you can enjoy them anytime, anywhere. If you are not satisfied with their service, you can cancel your subscription anytime, unsubscribe without additional charges. Every night, he is with her: Tonight, Sara Marten will meet the man who is both angel and demon, salvation and temptation: Falconthe Carpathian, the banished hero. Tonight, Sara will meet the dark-eyed destroyer destined to be her mate.

Chapter 4 : Christine Feehan

The Queen of paranormal romance.â€”USA Today#1 New York Times bestselling author Christine Feehan is arguably paranormal romance's premier practitioner, critically acclaimed and widely beloved for her Dark novels, featuring the mesmerizing race of powerful, tormented immortals, the Carpathians.

Dark Dreamers Reviews Lori The carpathian series never disappoints me. I love this series. This also completes my challenge for spookathon book with a purple cover I am really tired of the Carpathian stories. The story lines themselves are interesting. The premise is good, although I think that the Carpathians have too many powers. Things are just too easy for them. However, the writing is what is really irritat Caro This was a really good book. I enjoyed reading both stories and will most likely read this again. I loved the characters and their personalities. This was faster paced and the pages flew under my fingers. There were emotions, courage, strength every kind , a dash of humor, and great HEAs. Josh Bruton I picked this book up while waiting for my prescription to get filled and ended up reading the first chapter and was loving it. I bought it and read it in only a few days. The book is separated into 2 different books. The book tells of a Carpathian race that is immortal yet can be killed. Kathy Davie Marjorie M. I rarely read anthologies because they never seem to be able to capture both the characters and a cognizant storyline in so little time. They are all the same thing. Download at full speed with unlimited bandwidth with just one click! Fully optimized for all platforms - no additional software required! Experience all the content you could possibly want from comprehensive library of timeless classics and new releases. We will not sell or rent your email address to third parties.

Chapter 5 : Dark Dreamers (Dark #; Dirk & Steele #4) by Christine Feehan

Dark Dream (Dark #7) She's known him since she was fifteen. Every night, he is with her: his face, his voice. Tonight, Sara Marten will meet the man who is both angel and demon, salvation and temptation: Falconâ€”the Carpathian, the banished hero.

Chapter 6 : Christine Feehan: Dark Series

I confess, part of why I read books by Christine Feehan is that they do follow a specific form. There are times when knowing the ultimate end is good, because it allows the adventure of the read to be about the process.

Chapter 7 : Dark Dream - Wikipedia

Dark Dream Christine Feehan book written by Christine Feehan relesead on and published by Books In Motion. This is one of the best Paranormal Book that contains 55 pages, you can find and read online or download ebook ISBN

Chapter 8 : Dark Dream: A Dark Series Novella by Christine Feehan

Christine Feehan is the the New York Times bestselling author of the Dark Series, which now contains 32 books. The immortal Carpathians must find their lifemate or become the vampires they are honor-bound to destroy.

Chapter 9 : Dark Dream by Christine Feehan - FictionDB

Dark Dream is a paranormal/suspense novel written by American author Christine www.nxgvision.comhed in , it is the Seventh book in her Dark Series, which to date has 20 titles.