

## Author Interview

Please give us a brief bio, your website, my space page and blog links.

J. Hali Steele wishes she could grow fur, wings or fangs so she can stay warm, fly or just plain bite the crap of... Well, since she can't, she would much rather be roaming where her fictional big cats live—in the high desert of California. She enjoys spending time with her sisters and friends who willingly listen to her ramblings about the paranormal world of vamps, shifters and anything else that goes bump in the night. They're a captive audience, she promises to untie them soon!

A multi-published author, when J. Hali's not writing, she can be found snuggled in front of the TV with a good book, a cat in her lap, and a cup of coffee.

You can visit her at [www.jhalisteele.com](http://www.jhalisteele.com) or on Facebook at [www.facebook.com/purpleprose](http://www.facebook.com/purpleprose). She blogs every Friday at [www.paranormalromantics.blogspot.com](http://www.paranormalromantics.blogspot.com) and she answers ALL emails at [jhalisteele@yahoo.com](mailto:jhalisteele@yahoo.com).

*Growl and roar – it's okay to let the beast out. – © J. Hali Steele*

### The Writer:

- 1) What is the best thing about being a writer? Are you kidding? It's the ability to live out **ALL** of my fantasies...and then some, through my characters of course. \*big grin\* The worst? The hours stink. The people that run around in my head have absolutely no concept of time. They're on 24-7, and they are crazy makers at the worst of times. I get yanked out of a dead sleep at 3a.m. because they need to tell me something! That's no fun. But I love each and every one of them, wouldn't give this job up for the world.
- 2) What is your method of breaking through writer's block? Taking time out to relax, clear my head. Usually a trip out of the house to dinner or shopping helps. I'm sure to run into something, or someone, that refreshes me—fills the idea tank back to full.
- 3) Do you bring your own life experiences to your writing? Hell, yes...*and that's all I'll say about that!* Your own personality? Most definitely, and I'd be willing to bet my Facebook farm I'm not the only author who does. If so how? Hmm, well, my heroines tend to not be "normal", and neither am I. They're tough but tender, can be a little indecisive and scatter-brained. They'll go any place, do anything, for a good man. Now, if only my real life would catch up! \*laughing\*
- 4) What fuels you as an author to continue to write? Readers. One email, one comment, from a fan lights a fire in my belly every time! I want to give them more—and better—with each word, each story that I write. It thrills me to give them a story to smile about, a story that takes them from the everyday, mundane places to somewhere special and magical—*if only for a little while*.
- 5) Can you tell us a bit about what book(s) you have coming out next and what you're working on now? Right this instant, I'm putting the finishing touches on Protected, the 3<sup>rd</sup> installment of the Shepherd's Watch series at Changeling Press which is scheduled for release 12/31/10. Edits for Repent in Love, 2<sup>nd</sup> in the Angels in Love series at Ellora's Cave, are being completed and I'm looking at an early 2011 release date. I'm dying to start edits on Quench, a stand-alone companion piece to Hard Case which is currently available at EC. Quench will also release early 2011. The plot bunnies for a novella to follow-up my m/m Mermen story at Silver Publishing are swimming out of control! There's a lot going on.

### **The Person:**

- 1) Which season do you prefer? Spring, Summer, Fall or Winter? Summer ONLY! I'd be ecstatic with one season.
- 2) What is your favorite Holiday? 4<sup>th</sup> of July. It's in the Summer, usually HOT, and I LOVE fireworks.
- 3) Do you like Comedy, Drama, Romance, Foreign Language, Indie or Mystery movies? Hey, where's Action and Horror? They're my favs. Throw romance into those two—I'm hooked! I do like a good Drama too.
- 4) When you get a chance to read, what books do you love to read? Romance, preferably paranormal, but I'll throw a good romantic mystery or contemporary into the mix occasionally.
- 5) What bores you as a reader? No one will believe this...but here goes: I don't get bored with a book. I always find something interesting or thought-provoking. Always, even if it's wondering--"*What was the author thinking?*"
- 6) What is your favorite food and what is your guilty pleasure food? Pasta, any kind, any way, any time. Guilty pleasure--Herr's Red Hot potato chips. I'm eating some right now, and I'm not guilty.
- 7) If you could go anywhere on a vacation where would you go? The Sahara desert with a one-way ticket...I won't come back if I ever get there. Big cats, all kinds of wild animals, heat, few people to interrupt my writing, heat, barely any leaves to rake, no grass to cut, and did I say heat? \*laughing uproariously\* (Pun intended on the uproariously)
- 8) What is your favorite feature on a person? Butt.
- 9) Do you have a secret talent? Definitely, just haven't nailed down what it is yet.
- 10) What is your favorite time of day? This one is tough! I love watching the sun set. But those few hours right before the sun rises, when it's still dark, and so very quiet—those hours are magical.
- 11) What do you think is romantic? What does the word Romance mean to you? Lying in the desert, near a sweet smelling night blooming cactus, watching shooting stars, or a quiet dinner with good music. Hmm, the word romance means sweet, exciting, delicious, soft, hard...oh my, it could be all those things, and more. Romance is what you want it to be. It should carry you away, drop you into a warm, crystal pool filled with sparkling bubbles and, well, romance is what you make it, and who you make it with! \*sigh\*
- 12) What type of music gets you dancing? Tango, it gets me doing a lot of things.
- 13) Who would you go out on a date with if you could? Cesar Millan—we could talk about the pros and cons of cats and dogs. Plus he's cute.
- 14) You're having a dinner party, what five people would you invite? Sorry, my table seats six: Nina Simone, Ayn Rand, Taylor Caldwell, Robert Mitchum, Ron Perlman, and Cesar Millan.

### **Random Questions:**

- 1) Aliens have landed on the planet. What are the three things you would tell them that are great about this planet? The Grand Canyon, a Blue Angel (see below), and an eBook reader loaded with my books!
- 2) If you could create your own drink what would go in it and what would you call it? Ooh, I got one that I made up. A shot of Tanqueray gin, a shot of Austin Nichol's Wild Turkey, mix with 4 ozs. Of

cran-blueberry, and voila: you have two **Blue Angels!**

3) You have been locked in a mall and told you can get anything you want and when they open in the morning you won't have to pay a single cent. What stores would you hit? Better question how would you haul away all your loot? That's easy—I'd hit the luggage stores and grab very large, very serviceable Louis Vuitton roller bags, and head out to the jewelry stores. Come morning, I'd roll out with every piece of emerald jewelry in stock.

4) If your life were turned into a cartoon, what cartoon character would you want playing you? LMAO, Olive Oil. That woman ran **TWO** men for a **LONG** time!

5) If you were a pirate what would your booty consist of? What would your pirate name be? Jewels, mostly emeralds, and my name, matey, would be Halicat!

6) Okay I have to include a crazy question so here goes: He-Man, GI- Joe, The Thundercats, The Transformers and Jem are all in a battle to decide who is the best 80s cartoon, who do you think will win? I told you it was a crazy question. No one said I was sane. :-p \*Rolling on the floor laughing my behind off\* -- The Thundercats, *of course!*

7) You've been given the honor of naming a planet, what would you name it? Animalandia: "Must have hair to live here!"

8) If you were in a rock band what would the name of your band be? What would your rocker name be? Ecletical. My name: Brandi Jin

If you'd like, you can include excerpts from your latest work. Please include the 'Buy' link if it is available. Thank you for participating in this interview.

Available now at Changeling Press are books 1 and 2 of the Shepherd's Watch series: Serviced and Guarded.

**Coupon Code:** Use Coupon Code Watch01 at ChangelingPress.com for 10% off your order!



**Serviced:**

*This dog teaches the blind librarian new tricks. Who says dogs are man's best friend?*

Ren Alsatian is no one's guide dog, but when forced to care for a blind woman, the last thing Ren expects is the straight-laced librarian who reads him like a book. She fills his dreams nightly with page after page of raw sex between the dusty aisles. He wants to show her how to smell, touch and taste again.

Marguerite Pinkston knows it isn't going to be easy living with the service animal assigned to her. She dislikes dogs and this one comes with a handler whose husky voice and wild, sexy scent enflame her with visions of entwined bodies. If only she could see...

Buy link: <http://www.changelingpress.com/product.php?&upt=book&ubid=1432>

Read an excerpt:

<http://www.changelingpress.com/content.php?type=note&uid=4466>

### **Guarded:**

*One stroke of his tongue and you're his forever. Experience the true meaning of doggy-style.*

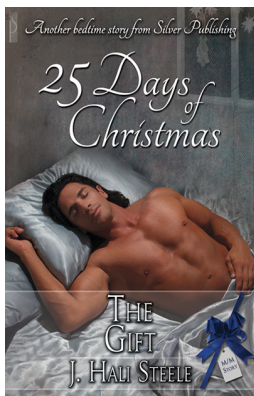
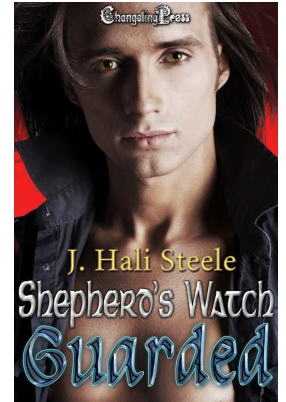
Wade Alsatian is stuck guarding the owner of the escort service he frequents. He doesn't count on the sexy as hell woman tying him in knots and driving him insane with her mouth and body

Jetta Volker still carries scars from a dog attack. Now she's left in the care of a huge shepherd, and afraid to move in her own home. But it's for other reasons she waits for her guard to return. His scent triggers a need she has ignored far too long. Jetta gave up on men -- but she wants this one.

Breaking through barriers and accepting the scars from their past may tear them apart.

Buy link: <http://www.changelingpress.com/product.php?&upt=book&ubid=1459>

Read an excerpt: <http://www.changelingpress.com/content.php?utype=note&uid=4548>



Coming 12/10/10 from [Silver Publishing](#)

### **The Gift:**

*Hot and cold come together perfectly.*

### **Blurb:**

Rad and Crayton - the same yet different. They meet as often as possible throughout the year to be together. Christmastime is particularly special, it's when they celebrate their bonding. Mermen, one born in the south Caribbean sea, the other from the frozen waters surrounding Iceland--neither can exist for long in the other's climate.

Rad returns to his summer home in Pennsylvania, determined it will be the last time. The cold has taken a deadly toll on him. Cray can go no farther south, so they will have to give up their bonding celebration, and the Christmas holiday together.

Cray discovers a way to defeat Mother Nature, but it may already be too late.

### **Excerpt:**

Rad couldn't wait to take a deep breath, fill his lungs with the crisp scent that belonged to Crayton. "Get me out of here."

Glass shattered, sending a noisy gaggle of geese flying into the darkening sky. Soon it would be pitch black.

Climbing through the car window, he hurried to catch up with Cray whose strides were long and purposeful. New snow didn't deter the cold bastard or slow him down one bit. Rad struggled behind him in dress shoes and a full length, heavy wool coat. He was glad as hell he had his wool cap. Cray wore nothing but a pair of flimsy white cotton pants tied at the waist.

"Each year I think you won't come. Why do you?"

It was a question Rad had asked himself often over the years. Losing his footing, he fell down face first in the snow. Icy fingers gripped the back of his neck and pulled him up.

The man pressed him against a nearby tree, his voice low and ragged. "Why do you?"

His skin warmed under the touch of his lover immediately, and considering how cool Cray was, that always amazed Rad.

There was no chance to answer before hard lips smashed into his and stole his breath away. Crayton's tongue shoved roughly into his mouth, and Rad savored the cool, fresh taste that followed.

Hands were everywhere on his body, sending his temperature sky high. Frozen fingertips forged through the opening of the coat and under his sweater where they became hot as they moved up his stomach to his nipples. The man rolled the hard nubs between his thumbs and fingers, wrenching a moan

from deep in Rad's gut that shattered the silent night. Cray's sweet mouth continued to smother his with kisses.

Thick, stiff cocks bumped together, and his ached for release. Pulling away, frozen vapor drifted into the air surrounding each breathless word. "I come for you."

"What else do you come for?" Cray's hands left his nipples and stroked down his sides, sending a shiver of delight up his spine. He dug into the back of Rad's pants, grasped his ass, and hiked him forward. Bliss, pure and simple.

His breath hitched in his throat, and his cock pounded, leaked, behind the zipper. Blood boiled in his veins and zinged to every extremity. No one else could do this to him. No one. He whispered, "To convince you—"

"I can't go south." Crayton cut him off, nibbling his bottom lip and drawing blood that he licked away. The man's cold lips moved over his neck, nipped at the skin. "Do you want me to leave?"

He buried his hands in Cray's long waves of almost white hair. "That's not what I meant." Rad tugged him away, needing to see into his blue eyes. His heart thudded behind his ribs at the dark desire etched there. Air wheezed through the narrow passageway out of his lungs. "Let me suck your cock."

Laughter lifted into the night air. Coming from the cold-hearted man in front of him, it surprised Rad.

Cray never laughed. Hell, he hardly ever smiled unless that's what he called that sinister curl that sometimes tugged at his lips.

"You could die in the cold and snow, yet you'd fall to your knees and suck my dick right here, wouldn't you?"

Hands moved to the front of his slacks, gripped his balls and tugged them painfully through the material, twisting them until Rad hissed in pain. Torturous, sweet pain. "Yes."

"I'll save you from the chilling prospect of kneeling in the snow." Crayton's fingers reached for the zipper and the trilling sound of it going down made Rad shudder.

### **Fire... Ice...**

*Celebrate the coming Holiday with both...*

### **Quench**

*If you dare enter this cat's lair, you'll give more than blood!*

#### **Blurb:**

Alek Foress is cursed. A tiger and lion mix, he's also infected with the vampyre bloodlust. He refuses to take a female mate fearing she'll uncover his secret, carnal need for his prince. Then he meets Viviana, the one woman who ignites a fierce fire in his soul. She makes both cats purr with desire, and the vamp in him salivates for her blood.

Viviana, a warrior, comes face-to-face with the only creature that can turn her cold blood into a molten river. Her powers stolen, she has to count on him for everything—blood, and even her life. She becomes a wildcat in his arms, and not even royalty will stand in her way when her mind's made up. Viv wants Alek no matter what, she'll show him just how much man he is.

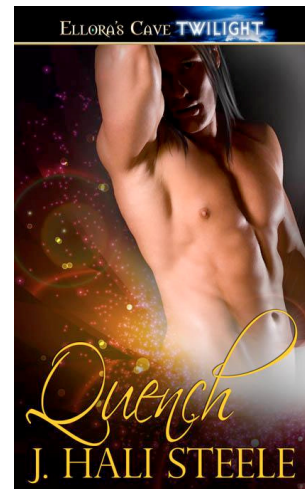
#### **Excerpt:**

Warriors, leather clad fighting machines with arsenals of weapons hidden deftly beneath their coats. They were Gladiators who fought to the death and belonged in an arena.

Not striding through a hotel lobby in Amish Country.

That's where Alek Foress had found himself twenty odd years ago protecting the Kind prince. In fucking Lancaster County.

All these years later, back in the California high desert, he was still addicted to the bastard's blood and there were times he swore he smelled like a stinking lion.



"Damn you're in a nasty mood." His friend's laughter rang out in the little corner of the club Alek had chosen to hide in. The sound scraped his already raw nerves. "You striped beasts always smelled worse than us."

"Case, I don't need any shit from you."

"You both stink and have fleas. Damn warm cats."

"Hey, baby."

Alek slouched further into the chair as he watched Case pull his mate, Tres, into his lap. These two were one of the happiest couples he knew. They were also part of the reason for his frame of mind.

Alek would never have a mate, or know the kind of happiness they shared.

Case nibbled on Tres' neck and lifted her up. "Can you see to things for a bit? I need to talk to Alek."

She leaned in and kissed Case on the lips. "Don't be too long, I'm famished and our club doesn't traffic in what I need."

"Greedy wench. I'll take care of you later."

Alek watched her disappear down the hallway of *The Looking Glass*. He spun on Case and cut him down before he started. "Here's where you tell me so what if I have lion's blood running through my veins and you're going to give me the bullshit about being lucky I have a tie to the royal family." He lifted his glass, downed the Wild Turkey, and fixed Case with a deadly stare. "How would you feel walking around for twenty damn years with a hard-on for another fucking cat?" Standing, he leaned and banged both hands flat down on the table. Alek lowered himself until he was eye-to-eye with his friend. "And now would *not* be the time to tell me to relax, it's the vampyre blood, or it's no big deal." He straightened up, and turned to leave.

His head snapped back, and his body was flung down into the chair which tipped back precariously on two legs.

"I haven't said anything yet." Case glared at him with gleaming red eyes. "But someone needs to so you can get on with your life and stop this bullshit."

"What the hell was that?" Alek rubbed his jaw.

"That was a white lion full of vampyre piss and vinegar trying to save his best friend from a life of loneliness."

He sat back and studied Case Tangara. Alek knew he had strength, but hadn't suspected anything like this. For now, his only option was to listen.

*Coming 2011 from Ellora's Cave. The above is an "unofficial" blurb and excerpt. Can't wait? Meet Alek in **Hard Case** available now at: <http://www.jasminejade.com/p-7335-hard-case.aspx>.*