Zoraida Grey and the Family Stones

By Sorchia Dubois

Zoraida Grey and the Family Stones is the first book in Dubois' Zoraida Grey Trilogy, a Gothic romance about Scottish witches, self-discovery, and magic. Published by Wild Rose Press in October, 2016, the book garnered a third place Prism Award presented by Romance Writers of America's Fantasy, Futuristic, and Paranormal Chapter.

Blurb

Granny's dying, but Zoraida can save her with a magic crystal of smoky quartz. Too bad the crystal is in Scotland—in a haunted castle—guarded by mind-reading, psychopathic sorcerers.

Getting inside Castle Logan is easy. Getting out—not so much. Before she can snatch the stone, Zoraida stumbles into a family feud, uncovers a wicked ancient curse, and finds herself ensorcelled by not one but two handsome Scottish witches. Up to their necks in family intrigue and smack-dab in the middle of a simmering clan war, Zoraida and her best friend Zhu discover Granny hasn't told them everything.

Not by a long shot.

Reviews

- "...full of black humor with an intelligent plot." Laura, Amazon Reviews
- "...a mind-blowing story with secrets, twists, and turns." Sarah, Amo and Sarah's Book Corner Book Reviews
- "...magic, mystery, wisdom, history, whiskey, tea and a cat." Riley Moreland, Whisky With My Book
- "...a fun experience and a great choice for those who enjoy paranormal stories with romance in the mix. LiaL, The Romance Reviews.
- "....how magical. I loved this book." Laurie Amazon Reviewer

Author Bio

Award-winning author Sorchia Dubois lives in the piney forest of the Missouri Ozarks with seven cats, two fish, one dog, and one husband. She enjoys a wee splash of single-malt Scotch from time to time and she spends a number of hours each day tapping out paranormal romance, Gothic murder, and Scottish thrillers.

A proud member of the Ross clan, Sorchia incorporates all things Celtic (especially Scottish) into her works. She can often be found at Scottish festivals watching kilted men toss large objects for no apparent reason.

Her stories blend legends, magic, mystery, romance, and adventure into enchanted Celtic knots. Halloween is her favorite time of year (she starts decorating in August and doesn't take it down until February) and her characters tend to be mouthy, stubborn, and a bit foolhardy. Nothing makes her happier than long conversations in the evening, trips to interesting places, and writing until the wee hours of the morning. Well, chocolate cake makes her pretty happy, too.

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Social Media Links

Blog/Website—Sorchia's Universe (weekly posts, a Novel Magic feature spotlighting Paranormal authors, and a newsletter containing quick updates along with freebies and giveaways by Dubois and other paranormal writers): www.SorchiaDubois.com

Twitter: https://twitter.com/SorchiaDubois

Pinterest: www.pinterest.com/SorchiaDubois/

Facebook: <u>www.facebook.com/SorchiaD</u>

Amazon author page: http://www.amazon.com/SorchiaDuBois/e/B00B60NOUQ/

Goodreads author page: https://www.goodreads.com/author/show/6879978.Sorchia DuBois

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Excerpts

EXCERPT 1

(410 words)

Always the tap-tap-tapping of questions behind their polite words and always the blurring aura of witchery. They are not ready to speak frankly. With a shock, I realize I don't only puzzle them—I scare them.

I grasp tendrils of thoughts, half-hidden. Grimalkin dislodges one amethyst stone from my necklace. It plunges into the depths of my cleavage where it wedges in my bra. I grope for it with one hand and try to calm the cat with the other. Shea watches coolly, sipping his whisky, the corners of his mouth twitching. I arrange my hands back on my lap and try to ignore both him and the cold stone resting between my breasts.

It is nearly eleven o'clock when Ursula rises, brushing her woolen skirt with delicate hands, smoothing invisible wrinkles. "What a wonderful day it has been to find Shea restored to us and to welcome Zoraida as well. Michael, show Zoraida and Zhu to their rooms for me, won't you? I'm quite tired."

"It will be my distinct pleasure." Michael kisses his mother's cheek. She says her goodnights to the dwindling guests.

Exhausted from questions both spoken and thought, I catch Zhu's eye.

"I think we're ready to go up, too." I sit my brandy glass on the table, where a server snatches it away.

"Excellent. Let me give you a brief tour on our way to your rooms." Michael drains his glass and offers his arm. I feel like a character in a Victorian novel.

Shea ruins the effect with his t-shirt, jeans, and the scrubby black stubble on his face. He looks more like a disgruntled biker than a Scottish laird. The gleam of black eyes beneath heavy black lashes does

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nothing to stop the tremble in my stomach. As I stand to leave, the amethyst tumbles from my bra through the ruffles of my skirt, down my leg, and to the floor. With a smooth motion, Shea retrieves it.

"In legend, amethyst prevents drunkenness, but it also protects against witchcraft. Have you found it useful this evening?" The stone sits on his open palm, winking in the firelight.

"It would seem so. I'm not bewitched and I'm not drunk." I try to make a point, but he ignores it.

"Are you so sure of either?" He wraps my fingers around the stone. "Put it under your pillow. You never know when you might need it."

His words could be a warning—or a threat.

Excerpt 2

(137 Words)

"I think you are a throwback." Shea's eyes are every bit as hypnotic as Michael's. His peculiar blue aura glows steady and bright. He leans closer, lowering his voice, speaking as much inside my head as out. "I think she saw the light of the old ones on your brow. I think she trained you day by day, teaching you the old magic, giving you as much of her soul as she could part with and still live. I think she wove spells into your hair and fed you with lotus blossoms." My heart thumps so loudly I'm sure he can hear it. "I think you are her last hope."

"Last hope for what?" Air seems in short supply, seeping into my lungs by the teaspoonful.

"Strangely, you may be Michael's last hope as well. And mine."

Excerpt 3

(242 words)

We are in a land of green hillsides and bubbling brooks. Jagged ridges drop sharply to murky lochs and craggy mountains. The highway winds up the side of a hill and whips ninety degrees around, heading down the other side.

"You don't suppose that's it, do you." Zhu sticks her head out the window like a puppy. The wind lashes her long hair around her head. She points across a wide valley.

I suck in a sharp breath, and it's all I can do not to stomp the brakes. On the very tiptop of a rocky crag, a castle overlooks the steel blue waters of a narrow loch. Gray walls and turrets cast long, dark shadows across the clustered houses of a village huddled beneath the curve of the hill. Flickers of green and blue shimmer around the castle walls, subtle but steady. The entire place glows with magic.

"Sweet Mother Merryweather!" I cast quick glances from the twisting road to the castle. A green roadside sign reads Black Bridge with the Gaelic name Loch an Drochaiddubh below.

As we approach the village, the castle looms against the darkening sky, and the buzzards in my stomach do stunt dives. A tall black tower juts far above the rest of the castle walls. I squint, trying to focus on the tiny figure behind the crenellated fortifications at its very top. The back of my neck prickles as if unfriendly eyes are on me.

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• Amazon: https://www.amazon.com/Zoraida-Grey-Family-Stones-ebook/dp/801LDLSCA4/

KOBO: http://bit.ly/ZGandFSKOBO

• Wild Rose Press: http://bit.ly/ZGandFSWR





