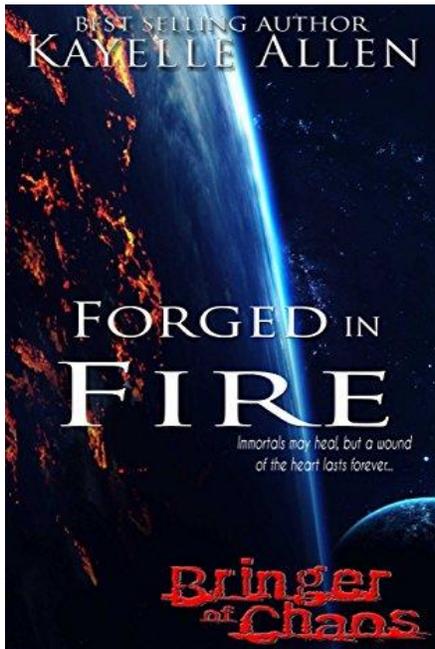


Media Kit for Bringer of Chaos: Forged in Fire



Genre Sci-Fi
299 pages
ASIN B077BRSRP4
ISBN 1981328327
Publisher Romance Lives Forever Books

Author email (not for public)
kayelle.allen@yahoo.com

Author email (public)
author@kayelleallen.com

Author Bio

Kayelle Allen writes Sci Fi with misbehaving robots, mythic heroes, role playing immortal gamers, and warriors who purr. She is the author of multiple books, novellas, and

short stories. She's also a US Navy veteran and has been married so long she's tenured.

Homeworld <https://kayelleallen.com>

Twitter <https://twitter.com/kayelleallen/>

Facebook <https://facebook.com/kayelleallen.author/>

Pinterest <https://pinterest.com/kayelleallen/>

Amazon Author page <https://amazon.com/author/kayelleallen/>

Goodreads <https://goodreads.com/KayelleAllen/>

Join a Reader Group for sci-fi or sci-fi romance <https://kayelleallen.com/reader-groups>

Blurb- Long

When the immortal Pietas is marooned on a barren world with no food and few survival tools, he knows it could be worse. He could be alone. But that's the problem. He's not. Half a million of his people sleep in cryostasis, trapped in their pods and it's up to Pietas to rescue them. A human abandoned with him has become a trusted friend, but before he can save his people, he must reconcile them to his human friend and then take back command from a ruthless enemy Pietas has fought for centuries -- his brutal, merciless father. Immortals may heal, but a wound of the heart lasts forever...
merciless father.

Blurb- Short

An exiled, immortal king and his not-quite human friend join a ginormous panther "kitty" and the most dysfunctional family since forever.

Buy Links

Universal book link <https://books2read.com/u/bpW7Kg>

Video

Pietas performs the Ritual of Strength

(Pietas Performer: Nik Nitsvetov, Voice actor Zack Black)

https://youtu.be/GLoKzpp8_mY

Facebook

#1

Bringer of Chaos series: an immortal warrior, a ginormous black panther "kitty", a telepathic weapons designer (take that any way you want), one sorta-human, and the most dysfunctional family since forever. <https://books2read.com/u/bpW7Kg>

#2

Immortal. King. Exile. All describe Pietas. None show the depth of the man known by his peers as the Bringer of Chaos. This military science fiction series pleases readers with elements of humor, a small touch of romance, a ginormous black panther "kitty", a telepathic weapons designer, one used-to-be-human, and the most dysfunctional family since forever. <https://books2read.com/u/bpW7Kg>

Twitter

#1

An exiled, immortal king, a ginormous panther "kitty" and the most dysfunctional family since forever #SciFi #SpaceOpera #Pietas <https://books2read.com/u/bpW7Kg>

#2

A ginormous, telepathic panther and an immortal king. Bringer of Chaos: Forged in Fire @kayelleallen #SciFi #SpaceOpera

#3

A telepathic weapons designer and an immortal king join forces @kayelleallen #SciFi #Pietas #SpaceOpera <https://books2read.com/u/bpW7Kg>

Reviews

Excerpts

#1

In this scene from *Bringer of Chaos: Forged in Fire*, Pietas and the search party sent to find him have stopped their upward mountain trek for a short break. Prior to their reunion, Pietas had spent a year in confinement, hands bound behind him. He'd been starved to the point of death, but because he's immortal, could not die. Although he has healed since, the brutality left a lasting toll on his once robust physical body. As they prepare to get underway, he unwittingly reveals the impairment to the others.

Wincing, Pietas stretched to ease cramps in his back.

His sister stood. "Tas!" she called up to him. She'd started using her childhood name for him since they'd reconnected the day before. "Are you hurt?"

A quick telepathic scan from Joss swept over him before he realized it was there. Pietas had still been a teenager when she'd trained him to shield his mind from those with her gift. Not that he'd ever been able to block her. She was far too powerful, but today, she'd read him with no more difficulty than a hunter spying trail signs. He'd been near no Ultra telepaths for over a year.

His affinity with Six had made him careless and he'd neglected the basic lessons Joss had taught him.

It wasn't a lack of trust. Trust had never been an issue with Joss.

He treasured her, but he ought not to have been so unguarded and open. Vulnerable.

"Pietas." Joss stood. The waves of emotion he picked up from her held love and concern in equal measure. And a bit of disappointment. "You're injured."

He ducked his head like a schoolboy who'd forgotten his lessons. Admit mortals had damaged him? Never. Neither would he lie about it. He'd take better care to hide the pain. Pain was a warrior's ally.

"Don't worry about me." Whistling, he circled a finger in the air. "Let's go! Long climb ahead." He leaped down from the rocks. "Joss, you lead." Last thing he wanted was her behind him, using him as an object of focus.

What telepaths focused upon, they controlled.

#2

In this scene from *Bringer of Chaos: Forged in Fire*, we get a peek at the weird weather on the alien world, Sempervia.

The sky turned tornado-green. A few fat drops of rain slid down Pietas's neck, leaving a cold trail in the heat. A few others smacked his hair and face. These scouts warned of the threatening army advancing. Higher up, ominous thunderclouds glowed a menacing pink and orange.

He and the rescue party picked up the pace. In the distance, the oncoming storm blackened the sky. The wind whistled, calling its dogs to hunt.

Icy fingers dragged down his spine. Pietas swallowed, fighting back bile.

The hill they'd crested led down to a jagged claw-rip of darkness, a slash in the velvet forest forming a lightless, foreboding tunnel. The coffin-shaped slice emptied into an abyss of shadow, swallowing every indication of depth and life.

Despite knowing he needed to hurry, Pietas slowed his step, dragging his bare feet through straw-colored grass. Once they reached the camp, he'd be back in his old life. Turning in a slow circle, he held out his arms as high as his injured shoulders permitted and lifted his face to the cloud-covered sun, a child wanting one more minute outdoors before bedtime. He cherished the open air and light, unwilling to relinquish the beauty of his freedom.

"Pietas!" Joss called to him. She'd gotten far ahead. "Come on!"

He started toward her. The forest maw ratcheted open. An unhinged jaw of a snake. An uneven patch of ground beneath a foot cost him his balance. Pietas stumbled, tripped, and threw out his hands to break his fall. He landed on hands and knees and then sat, cross-legged. His scraped palms stung and bled. A potent swear word flew to mind, but he denied it voice.

Dessy slowed as she passed, but his sister didn't speak. If an Ultra did not ask for help, none was offered.

The twins, however, tasked with guarding the party, did stop. Aid was their duty.

"Guys." Six stooped next to him. "You go ahead. I'll stay with Pi."

Pietas flicked his fingers. Without a response, the twins joined Dessy.

Joss looked up and around at the sky. "Pietas, I'll wait for you."

"No, go ahead. The rain's almost here. I'll join you under the trees."

When she had gone, he examined his palms. The injury had healed.

"How's the ankle?"

"Fine." He wiped his hands.

His friend studied him, glanced toward the forest. "Gotcha." He stood.

When Pietas shifted to rise, Six offered a hand.

"Thanks, but I can manage." He stood and brushed himself off.

The wind picked that moment to set a dust devil whirling into the sand and dried grasses around them. It flew up, stinging exposed skin.

Six covered his eyes. "Oh, man!"

Pietas shielded his own. The whirlwind ripped the cloth tie holding back his hair and whipped strands into his face. He tried facing into the wind, but the circular current spun the tresses back into his eyes. As fast as it had risen, the wind subsided.

Full of static electricity from the wind and storm, his long hair settled over his shoulders and adhered to his neck.

Six dug into his pockets. "I have another strip." They had torn several from a ragged shirt. Six wore the biggest piece around his neck. He set down his pack and opened it.

"Six," Pietas hissed. He did not turn his head, but looked toward the others. "Leave it!"

His friend glanced up at him, then the other immortals, waiting ahead. "You want the women messing with your hair? Is that it?"

He closed his eyes, counting to ten. To a hundred would not erase this embarrassment. "No." When he beheld Six, the man had the discourtesy to smirk. "Don't look at me in that tone of voice."