



Forsaken

Three years after being named Alpha of the North American pack, Elena Michaels is in London battling for respect from the British pack. When it becomes apparent she won't get it, she heads home, expecting a much-needed rest on her family vacation...only to discover a battle brewing of a very different kind.

One of her eight-year-old twins has disappeared, and all evidence points to Malcolm Danvers. They've been tracking the psychotic former Pack member for the past year, and now it seems as if he's brought the fight to them, setting the bait he knows Elena can't afford to ignore.

Now Available!

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Bits & Bobs

Bounty Hunt

There was a printing delay on this one, which means it's just about to ship now. This is a graphic novella Pack story, tying into Chivalrous from Otherworld Nights, as the Australian Pack finally catches up with Reese. Details [here!](#)

Atoning

After a few months of this Chloe novella being up for free, it has been removed and is being repackaged by Subterranean Press as an e-book, complete with illustrations. You'll find more details on the webpage [here](#).

Darkest Powers Tales

To match the Atoning repackaging, Subterranean Press and I have combined the two Darkest Powers bonus packs, with new cover art and interior illustrations and renamed it Darkest Powers Tales. Watch for details on this one.

Gifted

My Cainsville/Otherworld holiday duo came out last November, but it's never too late to read holiday stories, right? This one features a Gabriel Walsh Solstice story and a Logan Danvers Christmas novella. All the details are [here](#).



Empire of Night

Sisters Moria and Ashyn are the Keeper and Seeker of Edgewood. Or at least, they were.

Their village is gone. Their friends have betrayed them. And now, they are all but prisoners in court, forced to watch and wait while the Emperor decides whether to help the children of Edgewood, who remain hostages of the evil Alvar Kitsune.



But when the Emperor finally sends the girls on a mission to rescue the children, the journey proves more perilous than any of them could have imagined.

Empire of Night is book 2 in the Age of Legends YA fantasy trilogy, following Sea of Shadows. It's due out in early April. You'll find all the details [here](#), and somewhere in this newsletter, you'll find a chance to win an advance copy!



2015 Release Calendar

Another busy year for me! I got ahead of schedule last year, which meant I had some extra time on my hands and spent it doing what I love best: writing. That resulted in two new standalone thrillers, one YA, which will be out late this year and one adult, due out in early 2015. There's a little more information on the YA one—[The Masked Truth](#)—[here](#).

Otherwise, in adult fiction, the third Cainsville book, [Deceptions](#), comes out in August. I also have [Otherworld Secrets](#), another anthology fiction coming in October (you'll

find the list of contents [here](#))

In young adult, Age of Legends book 2, [Empire of Night](#), comes out in early April. I also have a book in a collaborative series out in September...and I'm not allowed to say too much on that yet either.

Finally, my last middle-grade comes out in May. That's [Thor's Serpents](#), which is co-written with Melissa Marr.

For my complete publication schedule, click [here](#).



Contests!

- 1) win a hardcover of [Forsaken](#)
- 2) win a hardcover of [Bounty Hunt](#)
- 3) win an ARC* of [Empire of Night](#)

To enter, e-mail contest@kelleyarmstrong.com, tell us which contest you want to enter (separate e-mail for each please!) Also answer the question: how many new standalone thrillers did I write last year? (answer in this newsletter)

Both contests close February 28 and are open to anyone, anywhere.

* ARC = advance reader copy

Out and About

It's winter! Meaning I'm holed up and writing. I still have a few events on the go. I'll be in San Francisco for a special event in February, then Canberra, Australia for Australian Romance Readers in March and Ad-Astra in Toronto in April.

Lots of events coming later this year. It takes a while to get details, but I've put what I can in the calendar and the rest will follow!

For details on all my scheduled events, check out the [Appearances](#) page [here](#) on my website.



Gone

“Hey, Momma.”

I jerked upright. “Logan? Where are you calling from?”

“Um . . . the cabin? There’s a phone? You know, one of those old-fashioned ones that comes with the house.”

I relaxed and muttered, “Smart ass,” under my breath. He heard it, of course, and laughed softly, saying, “Long night?”

“Very long. So your dad told you I’m driving up.”

“He did. How was your flight?” He prattled on for another thirty seconds, asking about turbulence and the meal service, barely giving me time to answer, and the more he talked, the tighter I gripped the phone. My son does not prattle. Or he only did under certain circumstances, the same ones that added an uncharacteristically jaunty note to his tone and had him calling me “Momma” like he did when he was little.

“What’s wrong?” I said.

Silence. Another thing my son doesn’t do? Lie. It’s not so much an ethical choice as having learned at a very young age that he’s horrible at it.

“Something’s wrong,” I said slowly, struggling to keep my tone even. “As much as I love hearing from you, baby, I know you’re not calling to chat.”

He inhaled. Then, “I’m going to . . . I’m going to tell you something, and I need you to just hear me out, all right? Let me finish before you say anything. Okay?”

I’ve said my son reminds me of his dad, but those lines were straight from Mom’s script, normally used when preparing to give bad news to his father.

I clutched the phone so tight my fingers ached. Noah looked alarmed and backed out of the room. The faint thump of footfalls followed.

“Logan,” I said. “Tell me what happened.”

“It’s Kate. She’s . . .” He cleared his throat. “She’s playing some kind of game. Nothing to worry about. Dad has everything under control, and it’ll all be fine when you get here, but just in case you try calling him before he fixes it, I wanted you to know so he wouldn’t need to tell you, because he’s a little freaked out and—”

“What happened?”

“She took off.” He rushed on before I could say anything. “No one snatched her. There are no other scents in the house. She snuck out before we got up, and now she’s hiding in the forest or something stupid like that. Kids do it all the time, Mom. Regular kids. I hear them talk about it at school, taking off to freak out their parents, and I think it’s really, really dumb, and normally Kate would too, especially since she knows how you guys worry about us, but with the way she’s been, doing something stupid and thoughtless is just what you have to expect and—”

“K-Kate’s gone?”

At a noise behind me, I glanced over to see Antonio and Nick had come into the room. Noah stood anxiously beside

them.

“No, Mom,” Logan spoke slowly, as if I was eighty-nine and going a bit dotty. “She’s taken off. Temporarily. She’s being a brat, and I just don’t want you talking to Dad because he’s already freaked out enough, and it’s not his fault—”

“I would never blame your father—”

“But he’s blaming himself, right? And if he has to tell you he lost her—which he didn’t—” Logan inhaled sharply. “If anyone’s at fault here, it’s me. She got into it with Dad last night, and I gave her crap for that. We had a big fight. She came to my room in the middle of the night and wanted to talk, and I ignored her.”

“If Kate took off, then it’s no one’s fault but her own.”

“Right. Exactly.” A pause. “Maybe I shouldn’t have called.”

I squeezed my eyes shut. I needed to get past the panic, to reassure him. God, he was eight, he shouldn’t have to call, shouldn’t have to be the one calming me, reassuring me.

Kate.

Oh God, Kate.

“Mom?”

I took a deep breath. “Sorry, baby. No, you were absolutely right to call. I’ll . . .” I floundered, words drying up as the panic surged. I’ll do what? I’m three hundred miles away and Kate’s— Another deep breath. “I’ll be there in a few hours, and I’m sure you’ll have her by then.”

“We will. Dad’s tracking her now. No one came in and grabbed her. No one was lurking in the woods to take her. This isn’t werewolf stuff. It’s normal kid stuff. Okay?”

“I know.” I squeezed my eyes shut and pulled myself together. “You’re in the cabin, right?”

“Right.”

“Grab something to eat before you go. Make sure you eat and make sure you take something for your dad. He probably won’t want it, but if he starts getting cranky, feed it to him.”

A soft laugh. “Okay.”

“You don’t need to tell him you called me if you’d rather not, but it will help if you do. Just say that I know what’s happened, and I completely agree she’s just taken off, and if he wants to call me, he can, but I’m sure she’s fine and when he finds her—”

“—take her back to Stonehaven and lock her in the cage?”

I couldn’t help laughing. “No.”

“It might help.”

“I think we can find normal punishments for normal bad behavior. Just tell him to keep an eye on her. And not to let her eat until I’m there.”

“Ouch. That’ll teach her.”

I smiled. “It might.” I signed off and closed my eyes again.

