



Tell Me You Love Me (The Kenya Clark Series Book 1) by Mahogany SilverRain

A paranormal romance novella.

Breaking the laws of magic, a supernatural serial killer has been unleashed on the city of Atlanta, Georgia...

Special Agent Kenya Clark of the GBI Paranormal Crimes Investigation Unit, has been given the case. Her assigned partner, Darrin Selinsky, hates having anything to do with the supernatural. Kenya has a gift that allows her to see the crime through the eyes of the victim. However, in this case, she sees through the eyes of the killer!

To solve the case, she must find out what her connection is to the killer, but will she and Darrin be able to work together?

5 Stars Review: Tell Me You Love Me is an interesting paranormal romance. I was drawn into the story from the first few paragraphs, when the author's main character Steven, "spent the last three years searching everything, looking for something connecting his father to his wife's disappearance."

Right from the start, my heart went out to Steven, as his family disapproved of his wife Jayla. Even with her beauty and accomplishments, an interracial marriage with a girl who grew up in public housing, was not what they had in mind for Steven and their future grand-children who would inherit the family fortune.

When Atlanta, Georgia is rocked by a serial killer, Kenya, who is part of a special task force, is bought up to speed on the case files because she possesses a special gift, one that will be needed to solve these unusual crimes. Some people call it a curse, but others call it a gift.

Whether you believe in white or black magic, sorceress, demons, spirits or angels, that fact remains, the Paranormal Crimes Investigation Unit came into existence in 2008. Special Agent Darrin Selinsky has been tasked to work with Kenya and his tough, cynical, male approach is tested when Kenya's gifts clash with standard operating procedure, as she needs to view the crime scene from the victim's perspective.

Can Darrin swallow his pride and allow Kenya to perform her duties using supernatural techniques that might mess with his mind, body and soul?

Kenya is shaken when her gifts don't work as usual and she finds herself looking at the crime through the eyes of the killer, instead of the victim.

What does this mean?

How will it affect the investigation?

What does romance have to do with anything?

Will Lucious Morningside win the battle?

Will there be justice for the victims?

Perhaps its Author Mahogany SilverRain New Orleans, Louisiana roots that gives her the gift of storytelling.

I encourage those of you who love paranormal romance, to read this novella. This is book one in the author's Kenya Clark Series. It is an interesting story, and will prepare you for book two in this series. Author Mahogany SilverRain promises more adventure with the characters (Kenya, Darrin, Daniel, Theo, Reina, Mam'zelle Roca and Maman Brida) you will come to know in this book. Review by Theodocia McLean.

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Tell Me You Love Me Excerpt (provided by the author):

Hawkins hated supernatural crime scenes like this and still believed that the Paranormal Crimes Investigation Unit of GBI was a joke, but his captain insisted they needed to cooperate with the Agents and he did so grudgingly. He motioned for Kenya to follow him, and Kenya withdrew her hand nonchalantly, following closely behind him, shaking her head at his rudeness. *What a jerk!* It was bad enough she had to work with Selinsky, but now she had to deal with Detective Hawkins, who seemed agitated by her presence.

It was nothing she had not dealt with before, fellow officers thinking that her abilities were a joke and not “real” police work. However, being a former police officer, she at least deserved some form of professional courtesy. No such luck as Hawkins curtly showed her to the master bedroom and made a hasty retreat back

downstairs without so much as a quick briefing on the crime scene, but no matter, she could manage much better on her own. Kenya entered the bedroom quietly feeling the energy in it.

She always carried a small bottle of Van Van oil in her left pants pocket for spiritual protection along with a small bottle of sea salt and her standard issue 9mm pistol tucked firmly in her shoulder holster for corporeal protection. She never left her home without anointing herself and any jewelry she wore that day with the Van Van oil. She looked around the nicely decorated bedroom with its soft blue tones, nothing overly masculine, and she felt that maybe Steven's late wife had her influence here as well.

She walked cautiously toward the body on the four-poster bed, but turned around suddenly as she felt a presence in the room and looked toward the master bathroom where Agent Darrin Selinsky jumped, slightly startled by her presence as well. He had not realized anyone was in the room. He was tall with a lean muscular build, shifting his weight uneasily in his boots, faded blue jeans, white shirt and blue blazer. His brown hair was short around the sides, back and longer on the top. Kenya thought maybe that he had been in the military at some point. His pale green eyes watched Kenya with suspicion.

He had been there for about half an hour or so waiting on her and seeing her now, he thought she looked way too attractive to be in law enforcement or a witch, but it could be just a glamour. Darrin really did not want to be here. He had been briefed on Kenya's credentials by his supervisor when he had been given the case.

However, it was Kenya's supernatural abilities that bothered him the most about her. *Witches, what was so special about them anyway?* He thought to himself. As far as he was concerned, they should bring back the witch trials and burn them all, and then maybe crimes like this would not happen.

"Aww and here I thought I could watch the show without interruption," he began, "oh well, don't let me stop you, go ahead and do your 'hocus pocus' thing so we can wrap this up!" Darrin folded his arms, leaned on the doorway, and sucked on the inside of his jaw impatiently. "Well, you are the expert on Egypt, why don't *you* tell me what happened?" Kenya replied.

"Oh darlin', this has got nothing to do with anything Egyptian, this one is all yours, I don't even know why Director Michaels asked me to join you. Clearly, this is beyond me, but hey, if you two want to be alone, I'll give y'all some privacy, I mean it is an impressive erection and it shouldn't go to waste..." His sarcasm dripped from every pore like sap from a tree. Kenya swallowed hard and tried to remain professional even though she wanted so badly to beat his ass for being disrespectful. There was no reason for him to be this unprofessional and crass.

"First off, I'm not your 'darling' and second, there is enough negativity in this room already, I don't need yours, if you don't want to be here, there's the door because I have a job to do and I'm going to do it! And if

you say anything remotely sexual to me again, I will bring you up on sexual harassment charges so fast, your head will spin!”

“Ooh did I piss off the big bad witch?” Darrin retorted.

“I’m a priestess, not a witch, and no I’m not totally pissed off yet, but whatever did this to our victim just might be, so unless you want *her* hunting you, I suggest you leave me to do my job, OK?”

Darrin felt a sudden chill go up his spine at Kenya’s words and he cleared his throat, “Oh my bad, excuse me...so what makes you think a woman did this?” He asked, not turning off the sarcasm despite his growing fear. Kenya did not answer but shot him a look of disgust coupled with impatience. His irritating presence would be a hindrance to her. She motioned for him to leave. He paused before taking a step, “Right...well I’ll just be in the hallway if you ah...need me for anything.” He could not get out of there fast enough, Kenya did not look threatening, but something in her eyes let him know he was on shaky ground if he continued to mess with her.

Kenya knew Darrin did not really mean what he said, his pain and his pride had been showing and even as irritated as she was, she had forgiven him instantly, but it was still nice to see him bolt out the room so she could work.

She noticed the dust for fingerprints on the bedroom furniture so it would not be an issue for her to touch something now. The only way she could know what happened was to touch the bed, without gloves. After making sure Darrin was actually in the hallway, she touched the headboard of the master bed. She immediately saw Steven lying there, happy, smiling and reaching for her.

This vision was different, she should have been seeing this through Steven’s eyes, not looking at Steven, something was *wrong*. She walked over to him; he pulled her in for a kiss. It felt so real, the whole scene playing out before her until Steven took his last breath. Suddenly, Kenya awoke from her vision to find she was naked and straddling Darrin Selinsky on the bed, his hardness deep inside her.

“What the hell? Selinsky!” Embarrassment and fear flooded her body. “Whoa, take it easy will ya? You don’t have to be so forceful Clark, but if this is how you work, I think I’m going to enjoy working with you,” he teased nervously, unsure of what was really happening. Darrin had felt Steven’s happiness and lust, but also felt his pain and anguish in the end; it excited and unnerved him at the same time.

Only moments before Kenya's vision began, Darrin’s curiosity had gotten the better of him and he peeked into the bedroom to watch Kenya work when she called to him. He didn't really understand why he went back in except he felt drawn to her, lustfully wanting her as if driven mad with desire by something. She was attractive of course, but this was something he had never felt before. It was as if he were completely in love with her.

His body throbbed and stiffened as she pushed him on the bed and removed his clothing. He kissed her hard, full of want and need. He caressed her and felt a longing he never felt before as he began to remove her clothing. "Tell me you love me," she had whispered to him. He professed his love without a thought. Joy and ecstasy filled him as she removed his clothing and finding him hard and ready, she eagerly straddled and mounted him. He grabbed her hips and thrust himself inside her. After a few moments, his body tightened and his release was imminent, only he began to have trouble breathing.

He looked up at Kenya, her eyes glowing as she showed no signs of stopping but continued to rock her hips faster. He released powerfully inside her, caught between pleasure and pain, his chest tightened and he began to panic when suddenly, Kenya snapped out of whatever trance she had been in and stopped moving, breaking the connection. Kenya quickly moved off him, breathing heavily, mortified as she realized she actually just had sex with Darrin! Something was terribly wrong, she usually only viewed what happens to the victims, not physically act it out!

She searched the room for her clothing, her gun and holster, grabbing them and retreated hastily into the bathroom.

Her head throbbed; her heart pounded in her chest. *What the hell was that? OK breathe Kenya, there has to be an explanation!* Kenya began to take slow deep breaths and then she cringed even more as she realized Darrin actually came inside her, without a condom! *Could this day get any worse?*

Darrin slowly stood up and dressed not understanding everything that just took place. His chest ached and his head throbbed as he went to the mirror over the dresser, smoothed his dark brown hair back into place, a bit unnerved, and embarrassed though he would try not to let it show. The smell of Kenya's sex and the smell of coconut oil lingered on his clothing. Despite everything, he still felt somewhat excited and tried to settle his body and his mind. *Aw hell man, shake it off, just shake it off.* This was some very powerful magic and though he was afraid, at the same time he sort of *liked* it.

Kenya fixed her makeup and hair in front of the bathroom mirror. After a few more deep breaths, she pulled herself together and forced herself to walk back out to the bedroom where Darrin stood leaning against the far wall near the bedroom door. He stared at her silently, a look of curiosity coupled with a boyish smile. He could not help himself.

"You ah...wanna explain to me what just happened here Clark? Is this something that you usually do when you investigate?" His voice was shaky at best, his earlier arrogance now completely gone. "I'm not really sure...I mean, honestly it's never happened like that before," Kenya's said, her voice almost as shaky as his.

"I usually only *see* what happens and it's usually through the victim's eyes, not the killer's...I don't know why I actually...why we..." Kenya felt her face heat up with embarrassment and she blushed. She had no real

explanation and she worried that Darrin might not believe her or worse, think she seduced him on purpose. That was the last thing she would ever want to do. It was unprofessional and she was not looking to date anyone, especially anyone from the bureau.

“Wow, really? That was really ah...intense, for lack of a better word.” Darrin finally managed after a few more awkward seconds. He could not stop the nervous smile that formed on his face. He wanted to say ‘amazing’ because he had enjoyed it, a bit too much maybe, that is, until he had trouble breathing of course. He didn't want to reveal or admit that part, he just met her today but he couldn't shake the feeling that there was definitely something different about Kenya and not in a bad way either, and he wanted to know more.

“It’s been like that my whole life, the visions, I mean. My dad says it’s my gift, a blessing, but sometimes...it doesn’t feel that way...” Kenya's voice trailed off. She was too ashamed to look at him directly, but slowly, she forced herself to. Darrin’s smile faded as he suddenly realized she had not meant for this to happen and worse off, he could see she how extremely embarrassed she looked. Darrin felt bad for teasing her. She was genuine and the look of pain and shame on her pretty face was priceless. He could not imagine going through something like that at every crime scene. He also realized he had been wrong to judge her prematurely; she had an excellent reputation as an agent and he had not been professional with her at all.



Other books by Mahogany SilverRain:

- Ebony Encounters: A Trilogy of Erotic Tales
- Imani's Gift
- Passion's Pride: Leonessa Book One
- Riona's Luck
- Sake and Pumpkin Pie
- A Slave's Heart
- Shanghai Sheena
- Winter's Kiss

About Mahogany SilverRain: Mahogany was born in New Orleans, Louisiana and has been writing for most of her life, everything from poetry to stories for children. In 2007, she published her first children's book MY RAINBOW FAMILY, under the pen name of K.R. Vance.

Hobbies: Comics Marvel and DC, movies, anime, reading, Zumba, yoga, Tai Chi, drama, writing paranormal and interracial romance books and short stories, Sims3 and Sims4, costumes, bodybuilding, personal training, all things Japanese, African and Asian clothing and cultures, renaissance fairs, plays, reiki, holistic medicine and herbal remedies.

As a woman of mixed heritage which includes Haitian, Creole and Choctaw Native American, she blends multicultural characters into her stories. She was inspired to write interracial romance due to her own interracial marriage to her husband who is Dutch and Italian. She began writing in the romance genre in 2008 and is an avid reader of Laurell K. Hamilton, Ann Rice, Rae Lori, D. Renee Bagby, J.K. Rowling, and Charlaine Harris.

She currently lives with her husband and two of their six children, including the family's pets of three sassy cats and one silly, but lovable German Shepard in Warner Robins, GA.

- Pen Name: Mahogany SilverRain
- Nickname: Miko
- Western Zodiac: Virgo
- Chinese Zodiac: Dog
- Married: Yes
- Kids: Six (4 girls and 2 boys) and three grandkids with one due in August 2019

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