



Legends of Windemere: Charms of the Feykin by Charles E. Yallowitz

Dariana has the cultists move away from the building as Timoran approaches the mud and wood structure. The barbarian tightens his grip on his great axe, turning the weapon so that he will strike with the blunt side instead of the edge. He stops abruptly and moves to the other side of the building, not wanting to risk any nearby homes. Focusing on his desire to destroy the small headquarters, Timoran can feel a magical serenity seep from the Ring of Aintaranurh and spread throughout his body. Orange energy flows from the relic, which becomes blood red as it bonds to the spark of aura inside its owner. Instead of relaxing his muscles, the enchanting calm makes them stronger and more flexible. When he is ready, the barbarian roars and swings his great axe at the building. With a boom that scares flocks of birds into the sky, the cultists' headquarters snaps around its base and is sent rolling toward the river. A handful of cloaked members are cowering inside, and they remain hiding even after realizing they have been exposed.

“Guess that was more entertaining to watch than fire,” Nyx mutters before turning her attention back to the woman in the well. She dips the cultist low enough that it looks like both of them are about to tumble into the sweltering shaft. “Are you ready to tell me everything you know about my friends? I like the heat, so you’re going to pass out long before I do. Not sure I can hold onto you after you go limp.”

“I swear, I don’t know what happened to your friends!” the woman screams, sweat pouring down her face. Her hand slips from Nyx’s wrist, which causes her to sob tears that evaporate before they fall off her face. “If the drite is alive then the others probably survived the Judges as well. Our hunting parties would be chasing them if they’re still free in the wilderness. Several of the warriors here just finished a rotation with those groups, so they might know more about your friends than I do. You can take them and as many boats as you need. I’ll even go with you if you want.”

With a wicked grin, Nyx yanks the cultist out of the well and slams her onto the ground. She straddles her enemy and grows fire-tipped claws that reach out for the woman’s face. Luke clearing his throat makes the

channeler growl in disappointment and she retracts the deadly weapons. Pouting and cursing, she sits on the woman's stomach and leans forward to bring their faces within an inch of each other.

"You're going to stay here in case I have to come back," Nyx whispers, her finger running along the cultist's neck. She can hear the warriors putting boats in the water, the men obeying Dariana's mental commands. "And it will only be me who comes back. My friends won't be here to stay my hand. The Snow Tiger Tribe call me a Near God, and I've defeated enemies who are stronger than your worst nightmares. So, you better pray we never meet again. In fact, I changed my mind. I highly recommend that you leave Anpress and make sure I can never find you. Do you understand, little executioner?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Oh, and one more thing," the half-elf states as she gets to her feet. A punch to the face knocks the woman out and Nyx leaves her sprawled on the ground. "That's for tricking my friends and trying to do the same to me. Thanks for playing your role, little brother. Not sure what I'd have done if you didn't act as my better half."

Luke stares at his best friend as he realizes what she is talking about. "You mean the sadistic thing was an act? Why didn't you tell me?"

"I thought it would be obvious. It's not like I'm Stephen."

Nyx wipes the dirt from her pants and cools the well before heading for the boats. The other champions watch in stunned silence as the cultist warriors shy away from the channeler. Not wanting to waste any time, she stomps her foot to shake the ground, which shocks the robed figures back to work. Three boats are placed in the water, each one adorned with the bells that Dariana knows are to attract the Judges. Nyx hops into the middle vessel and happily waves for her friends to hurry up, a clap of her hands driving their nervous guides to fill the other two ships.

"I don't know which version scares me more," Luke whispers while pretending to tie his boot laces. A chill runs along his spine when he watches his friend make herself comfortable in the boat. "The angry Nyx is terrifying, but this happy, playful one is unnerving. Do you think her Compass Key tattoo is causing trouble again?"

"I was under the impression that it became dormant. Also, we would see it glowing under her shirt if it was active," Timoran replies, leading the way to the river. Taking out a flask of Ifrit mead, he takes a satisfying gulp of the potent alcohol. "She seems to have become very anxious during our travels. The closer we get to Delvin and Sari; the more excited Nyx will get. I am not sure if that is a bad thing considering we have many dangers ahead of us. Still, I agree that her actions are disturbing."

"At least you two can't read her thoughts," Dariana says with a shudder.

Book Description

To make a champion fall, one must wound their very soul.

Nyx is leading the charge to rescue Delvin and Sari, who have gone missing in the southern jungles of Windemere. Battling through the local predators, the champions are surprised when they reunite in the Feykin city of Rhundar. Instead of captives, the missing heroes have become the city's rulers and are on the verge of starting a war with those that want to exterminate their new followers. Even with such a noble cause, Delvin and Sari have changed into brutal warlords that may kill each other and their friends long before they step onto the battlefield.

Have Delvin and Sari really changed for the worst or is there a greater threat pulling the champions' strings?

Cold Coffee/BMGN 5 Star Review

Welcome to the jungles of Windemere where Delvin and Sari have gone missing.

Escape reality and enter this mystical world where the author's story telling will draw you into a fantasy world that you will never want to step out of.

The story opens with Baron Kernaghan surveying his kingdom from his balcony expecting visitors with gifts for his infant noble son.

Join Nyx in the jungle where the champions execute a plan to rescue Delvin and Sari. Without spoiling the story, let me draw you in with this quote.

“With Dariana meditating on a log and the others sleeping in a sealed tent, Luke keeps watch from the branches. The end of summer heat has forced him to shed his shirt and boots, the damp clothes left on the ground with his friends. Unlike the trees of his homeland's forests, the jungle flora is denser, and their levels are much more distinct. At first, the half-elf tried to stay in the highest branches, but he quickly realized that he could not react to any danger below. Now Luke remains hidden among the leaves of the lower canopy, his sound sight and Stiletto's borrowed sense of smell working hard to decipher every noise. The warrior's eyes are practically useless in the thick darkness, which puts his nerves on edge. Only a single shaft of red and yellow moonlight is coming through the trees due to a hole in the network of branches that will be closed within a week. Even with the constant threat of an attack, Luke is in awe of the jungle's natural beauty. The vivid noises and scents of life are intoxicating, every piece of the tapestry making him want to wander blindly into the wilderness. His excitement sours when he senses a fist-sized spider that has snared a bat only a few feet above his head.

“So much for spending more time here,” Luke whispers, his dry throat quenched by a sip of water. Movement in the lower branches causes him to freeze, but he relaxes when a familiar voice curses under her breath. “Do I have to ask why you're climbing a tree in the dark, big sister? You're going to hurt yourself.”

“I can see in the dark,” Nyx declares as she inches around the vine-covered trunk. The channeler's eyes have become yellow and cat-like, which matches the retractable claws that help her cling to the tree.

“Transformation isn't something I do a lot, but small things are easy. I decided to imitate a calico, which wasn't a great idea. I went too far and gave myself a tail that keeps tickling my leg. Makes me think those fuzzy caterpillars we keep seeing are crawling up my skirt, but I'm too tired to fix it. Anyway, I couldn't sleep and you're the only one awake. Do you want to talk or sit quietly?”

Important questions to answer:

Will they find Delvin and Sari?

What surprises will they encounter?

What threats do the Champions face?

I invite you to read 'Charms of the Feykin'. Each book in the Legends of Windemere series stands alone, so I invite you to read book one through book 11 so you will be ready for book twelve where the final temple will be challenged in 'The Spirit Well'. This 5-star book series is worthy of the silver screen. Review by Cold Coffee/Book Marketing Global Network

Kindle:

https://www.amazon.com/Charms-Feykin-Legends-Windemere-Book-ebook/dp/B01LYHIL12/ref=as_li_ss_tl?ie=UTF8&qid=1473952357&sr=8-1&keywords=Charms+of+the+Feykin&linkCode=ll1&tag=colcofpre-20&linkId=7800b4364a4dd686e8d6f50da7fcdf64

About The Author

Charles E. Yallowitz was born, raised, and educated in New York. Then he spent a few years in Florida, realized his fear of alligators, and moved back to the Empire State. When he isn't working hard on his epic fantasy stories, Charles can be found cooking or going on whatever adventure his son has planned for the day. 'Legends of Windemere' is his first series, but it certainly won't be his last. Interview:

Start Reading The 'Legends of Windemere' Today!

Author Charles E. Yallowitz's Published Books:

- Legends Of Windemere: Beginning Of A Hero (Book 1)
- Legends Of Windemere: Prodigy Of Rainbow Tower (Book 2)
- Allure Of The Gypsies (Legends Of Windemere Book 3)
- Legends Of Windemere: Family Of The Tri-Rune (Book 4)
- The Compass Key (Legends Of Windemere Book 5)
- Curse Of The Dark Wind (Legends Of Windemere Book 6)
- Sleeper Of The Wildwood Fugue (Legends Of Windemere Book 7)
- The Merchant of Nevra Coil (Legends of Windemere Book 8)
- The Mercenary Prince (Legends of Windemere Book 9)
- Tribe of the Snow Tiger (Legends of Windemere Book 10)
- Charms of the Feykin (Legends of Windemere Book 11)
- The Spirit Well (Legends of Windemere Book 12)
- Ritual of the Lost Lamb (Legends of Windemere Book 13)
- Path Of The Traitors (Legends of Windemere Book 14)
- Warlord of the Forgotten Age (Legends of Windemere Book 15)

Stand Alone Books

- Bestiary Of Blatherhorn Vale
- Catalysts
- The Hopeteller
- The Life & Times of Ichabod Brooks

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