

1: Readasaurus Reviews: Crimson Shadows by Trisha Baker

A sequel to "Crimson Kiss" and "Crimson Night": decades have passed since Meghann O'Neill fell in love with Simon Baldeva, a vampire who bestowed upon her his gift of immortality and bound her to him with the birth of their two children - one mortal and one a vampire.

Third and last book CK by Trisha Baker. Comments Prologue January 13, "Blood, Father," the tinny voice of his son piped up from the other end of the room and Simon Baldevar looked up from his easel in annoyance. Putting his paintbrush aside, Simon stood up and swiftly crossed the vast chamber but he did not move quickly enough to appease the baby that began weeping inconsolably. It was merely the blood lust all vampires suffered when they needed to feed, but it was decidedly odd to see those savage emotions reflected in the eyes of such a small creature. So far the boy was developing with amazing speed—his first words were spoken a scant eight weeks after he was born. He was now the size of a three year old, though he remained underweight, as he had been from birth. Disdaining the spiraling stone staircase at the base of the tower, Simon used astral projection to enter the common room downstairs and found his servants idling about, though they made an immediate effort to look busy when their master appeared. They must be destitute, have no family or friends to inquire at their disappearance, and no command whatsoever of the English language. He found them in a variety of places—Calcutta, Romania, the former Soviet Union, really any country with a thriving homeless population. Simon had procured the wretched mass before him by inquiring in the native tongue of each sordid hellhole he visited whether the young youths always supplied better blood than aging humans homeless would be interested in employment in a foreign land. Once it was ascertained that no one would inquire at their disappearance, a group of five to ten was gathered up and shipped to the remote Scottish island on which Simon had chosen to rear his son. Once they got some inkling of their predicament, a few attempted escape, only to be electrocuted by the fence surrounding the property or blown to pieces by the various land mines scattered around the moors. Even if they did manage to flee the island, they had to brave choppy, icy waters and swim to the mainland. If they survived that near impossible obstacle, the nearest village was ten miles away, ten miles of freezing, mountainous terrain impossible to cross without supplies. And if the escaped captive should manage to cross paths with a passerby before Simon caught up to them, they had no words to convey their predicament because they did not speak English. Simon was careful to speak no English before his prisoners; he did not want some bright soul piecing together even a few words that could aid in their escape. That was why he beckoned to one dusky-skinned female and said in curt, perfect Hindi, "Come with me. Sobbing, because Simon made no effort to dull her terror with a psychic command that would have turned her into little more than a catatonic, she slowly crossed the room, piteously begging, "Please not me, please. I clean well, I am good servant, please.. Simon ignored the entreaty, though her anguish and terror were making his own blood lust rise. The girl was quite right in her argument, she was a good servant—they all Were. The human spirit and capacity for hope never failed to astonish him. All his prisoners maintained perfect order in the castle. Of course, such hope was utterly foolish—the world economy being what it was, Simon would never run out of food for Mikal or free help to run his home. Her knees gave out and Simon had to yank her off her feet, carrying her the last few steps. How pleasant it would be to drain her utterly but his son needed the blood far more than he did. Reluctantly, Simon pulled away from the girl after only a few swallows, enough to take the edge off his hunger momentarily. After Mikal fed, Simon would secure his own meal. At least now the girl was more docile. Simon dropped the girl, semi-conscious and no longer aware of her surroundings on the floor, and plucked Mikal from his playpen. He set the boy down and watched him toddle toward the girl with the lightning fast determination of a hunting cat. No longer did Simon have to hold his son up to a human while the boy fastened his small, pointy fangs to their neck or wrists. Now Mikal was capable, if the prey was prone and unable to defend itself, of feeding by himself. As of yet, the child had no ability to travel the astral plane like his father, but his telekinetic ability was growing quickly. Even better, he was learning to control it—no longer did Simon have to keep the child in a room with no moveable objects for fear he might harm himself. When Mikal was newborn, his eyes had been extremely sensitive to light But

over the past six months, his pupils and retinas had strengthened. Now Mikal tolerated artificial light and Simon was sure the child, product of the first successful mating between two vampires, would one day be able to walk in sunlight. But a few slaps from his annoyed father and his own instinct had led him to abandon corpses quietly once he had all he could of them. Simon nodded and picked the child up, using a damp cloth to clean his face and dressed him in fresh garments. How different the little girl was from her brother, so appealing in her innocence and helplessness. Meghann had never looked as beautiful to him as she had that night she first held their mortal daughter in her arms, the night Simon had had to leave her and take Mikal far from prying eyes. Simon knew these thoughts of his consort and Elizabeth were dangerous, that his yearning for them made him resent Mikal. I cannot always bring them to you. From past experience, he knew the child would resist any gesture of affection. But you are too young to learn the arts of mesmerism just yet. Until you are old enough to hold them with your mind, you must deceive the humans, play on the pity and adoration they will feel for any small, helpless child. Remember what I told you about weeping? Wait until you pick up the scent outside the door and then begin to cry. Would there be still more deaths before he chained them up for the day? Of course, they dared not protest for fear Simon might dispose of the whole miserable pack. Simon opened the door and leaned against the doorframe, watching the girl run to Mikal, exclaiming in her Eastern European dialect, "Oh, poor little child, poor boy! What does this dreadful man do to you? Shocked and in great physical pain, the girl slumped next to Mikal, her skin rapidly losing color as he fed. Annoyed at being interrupted while he fed, Simon dropped the unconscious girl to the floor and pulled Mikal over his knee, administering a swift spanking. Next time my repri mand will not be so light. Though Mikal was smart enough to climb out of the enclosure, Simon had enchanted the playpen with a magical barrier Mikal could not exit unless his father allowed it. Simon noted with amusement that Mikal merely looked bored at the soothing. Everything you have is a result of my largess and I may give it or take it away as I deem fit" "You great, dumb lummo! Simon handed the child some picture books and raised his eyebrows at the speculative glance his son shot him. This was no sulky pout but the measuring look of an adult, saying plainly he would neither forget nor forgive this incident "Excellent," Simon praised and rewarded Mikal with the rare treat of a bottle filled with blood from several different victims. You learn quickly, son. Normally Simon would not entertain anyone upbraiding him but Adelaide had a special place in his heart. As his birth mother had died when he was three, Adelaide was the only mother Simon had ever known. If not for Adelaide, Simon could only speculate on how different, and most likely worse, his life would have been. Do you mean to rear him to despise you as you loathed your father? I do not think I need to remind you how that father-son relationship ended. You are bullying that boy and I can already see the resentment building in him. Have you forgotten what that child is? Adelaide, Mikal is the only vampire to be born, not made. Do I need to remind you of the fools that will try to destroy him for no better reason than that he is my son, let alone that his own might will make them weak as mortals compared with him? Once Mikal leaves this isle, there is no corner of the world that will be safe for him. He must be bred to have the heart and mind of a warrior. Yes, I push him, and there is little room for coddling in his upbringing. Mikal must grow up fierce and hard if he is to meet the challenges his fate will set before him. You talk of the child needing sentiment and pettingâ€” open your eyes, Adelaide. The boy spurns any affectionate gesture of yours, does he not? Love does not come easily to him. Meghann felt the darkness within Mikal before you took him from her Meghann felt all that when the child was an infant; her feelings have grown stronger in the past year. Why are you blinding yourself, Simon? Can you not feel that unfathomable need for destruction and harm inside your son? Instill some kind of affection in that boy or he may well develop into what the mortals term a sociopath. Do you know she threw that term in my face to describe me when she tried to leave me? Any sudden movement on her part and the knife would impale her. But I will not hesitate to slay you if you breathe a word of any discontent you feel to Meghann. She has Elizabeth to keep her content until we reunite. But there will be no details in your letters; you tell her Mikal is healthy and safe and that is all you write. Adelaide knew Simon Baldevar far better than he knew himself. After all, I have spent a year in this miserable, cold hovel and neglected my interests. The computer has assisted me greatly, but the time has come to inspect my holdings personally. Besides, Mikal will need more food soon. The others he transformed always either knuckled under his harshness or made fruitless plans

to destroy him for his humiliation of them. They never understood that Simon was a hard but fair master. I leave Mikal in your most capable hands," Simon said with a cool grin that showed he respected Adelaide enough to believe she would honor her word while he was gone and not take advantage of his absence to contact Meghann. She must know of her father if she is to love you. It had been painted in , when Simon was almost thirty years old, three years before he transformed. Send the miniature to Meghann that she may show it to Elizabeth. Adelaide was not scared of the death Simon had promised her if she went to Meghann with her fears.

2: Crimson Shadows by Trisha Baker

"Crimson Shadows" is a good continuance of an incredible story with some surprises that will leave you shocked! I hope Trisha Baker continues with this series because she definitely leaves you wanting more and mores from these intriguing characters!!

Some books are very bad. And some books are so bad that they take the concept of "terrible" to such deplorably base lows that it is almost avant garde. I thought so too. Hence the four star rating and foolish optimism. Simon Baldevar, the vampire antihero from the first book, was pretty solidly established as an abusive, sociopathic freak of nature whose good looks were his only redeeming characteristic. It seemed like Baker was setting the stage for a love-hate relationship of epic proportions borne of revenge and reluctant sexual attraction, because Simon was so obviously a villain. Oh, and the sex? The sex was weird. I bit you during intercourse! I find that sexy! For some reason, one of the children is human but psychic and the other child is vampiric and deformed. That could be interesting, I thought. Trisha Baker obviously writes whatever she wants, and on one level, I have to respect that. This book was over-the-top in a way that most books stopped being over the top in the mids. It was a throwback to an era where the sex was gratuitous and awful, the heroines were infuriating and foot-stampy, and the heroes were psychotic d-bags who equated murder with courtship. On the other hand, what the actual hell did I just read? Speaking of EW, Mikal. Mikal is a piece of work. He rapes someone to death when he is still just a child and of course, his character is gay and his father says how disgusting this is. He rapes and kills an old lady. He tricks his sister into sleeping with him, and then later rapes and beats her and his mother even shouting "I never got to breast feed! I also hated Jimmy by the end of this book, too. He slut-shames her and insults her and makes her feel bad about being with a serial killer vampire which He hits you and threatens you and treats you like a child - why are you still with him? Ellie, who is human and seventeen. Ellie, who he raised as a daughter. Jimmy looks thirty and has been a vampire for a lot longer than that. This was so creepy to me. It was a rhetorical question. Throw in a bunch of special snowflake action, additional magical powers that manifest when convenient to the plot, surprise incest, vilification of gay characters, gratuitous gore, and a bunch of stupid sexist a-holes and spineless heroines, and you get the book equivalent of a middle finger. By the time I reached the end, I was ready to flip this book the bird right on back.

3: - Crimson Shadows by Trisha Baker

Crimson Shadows by Trisha Baker Mikal Baldevar - The legendary living Philosopher's Stone and a murderous sociopath! Simon Baldevar and Meghann O'Neill have twins, Elizabeth and Mikal.

4: Crimson Shadows (Crimson, #3) by Trisha Baker

Crimson Shadows by Trisha Baker and a great selection of similar Used, New and Collectible Books available now at www.enganchecubano.com

5: Crimson Shadows (X) by Trisha Baker

"Crimson Shadows," the third book by Trisha Baker featuring the characters Simon Baldevar and his consort/wife, Meghann O'Neill mainly revolves around the lives of of Crimson Shadows () by Trisha Baker.

6: Read Crimson Night Light Novel Online

Crimson Shadows by Trisha Baker starting at \$ Crimson Shadows has 3 available editions to buy at Alibris.

7: | Author Of The Crimson Series

Mikal Baldevar - The legendary living Philosopher's Stone and a murderous sociopath! Simon Baldevar and Meghann O'Neill have twins, Elizabeth and Mikal.

8: Trisha Baker (Author of Crimson Kiss)

Crimson Shadows by Trisha Baker () I liked the vampire factor. The concept of two offspring twins born from one half-vampire, half-mortal-born parent, and one mortal-turned-vampire parent--into one powerless mortal daughter and one full-bred vampire son, who can face the daylight with powers never before known to the vampire race--was interesting.

9: Crimson Shadows by Trisha Baker (, Paperback) | eBay

Trisha Baker isn't a Goodreads Author, but she does have a blog, so here are some recent posts imported from her feed. Crimson Revenant Will Be Available On March 17th!!!! That's right, Crimson fans, the book you've been waiting for-my first new material in TWELVE YEARS-is coming out on St. Patrick's Day. I think Irish Meghann O.

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