

About the Author



Sandy Lender

Sandy Lender began writing stories as soon as she learned to string words together on the page. As a child, she entertained the folks in her great grandmother's apartment building in Southern Illinois with tales of squeaky spiders and mice picking berries, and then won contests and awards with short stories and writing projects as she moved through the elementary and high school systems all over the St. Louis area.

It was apparent that a career in journalism was her calling, and she found herself proofreading, editing, and (finally) writing for trade publications after she graduated from Truman State University in Missouri. Now she serves in the publishing and public relations fields during the day and writes fiction at night, keeping house in Southwest Florida where her love of sea turtles and all things related to the ocean waters keeps her imagination growing.

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THE MAGICAL FANTASY ADVENTURE CONTINUES...

There's no doubt: Chariss is in danger. Her geasa is hampered by the effects of a friend's marriage. The dashing Nigel Taiman hides something from her, yet demands she stay at his family's estate where he and her wizard guardian intend to keep her safe. But the sorcerer Lord Drake and Juliette The Betrayer know she's there, and their monstrous army marches that way.

When prophecies stack up to threaten an arrogant deity, Chariss must choose between the dragon that courts her and the ostracized kings of the Southlands for help. Evil stalks her at every turn and madness creeps over the goddess who guides her. Can an orphan-turned-Protector resist the dark side of her heritage? Or will she sacrifice all to keep her god-charge safe?

"Choices Meant for Kings is exactly what a sequel should be. Sandy Lender keeps up her fast paced writing style to send us even deeper into her fantasy realm. Fantasy/Suspense was starting to fall into a sleep spell, until Sandy woke it up. Sandy needs to be considered one of the top Fantasy/Suspense writers right now."

— John Raab
Suspense Magazine

"Choices Meant for Kings is an absolutely amazing book. It's no mere book but instead it is a piece of word art that leaves you breathless. Not only is Choices Meant for Kings an incredible love story but it's also one of the most amazing high fantasy novels that I have read in years."

— Jamieson Wolf
American Chronicle

"Choices Meant for Kings is a stunning tale that will capture your attention and fuel your imagination, leaving you absolutely breathless. Filled with rich and robust characters, this page-turner will leave you mesmerized and ready to read the next book in this series. Sandy Lender has managed to create an utterly brilliant balance of action coupled with a timeless love story for the ages."

— Angi Holmes
Vivid Valentines



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CHOICES MEANT FOR KINGS



Sandy Lender



ArcheBooks Publishing

CHOICES MEANT FOR KINGS

A Novel By

Sandy Lender

Book II of the Choices Trilogy

US \$29.99
Canada \$39.95

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Excerpt...

Brendan reached out to knock a candle stand against a tapestry on their way by. As the three stepped through the entryway and into the courtyard, the autumn breeze they allowed in fueled the fire behind them, framing their silhouettes in yellow flame. They could smell burning fabric and wood already, could feel the heat of a large fire behind them.

Once in the safety of the courtyard, a mere quarter of a league from the edge of the fortress wall, she stopped and turned to watch the growing blaze in the windows of the front of the castle. Servants shouted the alarm by then and rushed about with buckets of water. While the scent of burning wood was almost fragrant, serving as a sort of pleasant irony against the scene of chaos and fear playing out before them, the smells of various burning fabrics and dust and scorching brick, marble, and stone, reached them as well, and they were not pleasant at all. Ash wafted erratically on the breeze.

Chariss lifted the chalice from her belt and poured the wine she'd stolen into it. Handing the bottle to Rohne, she gave Him a look that said, "Here we go." She lifted the chalice to her mouth and drank deeply of it, gulping the wine back as if she'd been thirsting for days. She winced from the onslaught against her throat, shaking her head as she pulled the chalice away. She coughed once and looked up at the castle.

Both Brendan and Rohne took a step back from the force they felt growing in her. Her eyes turned a deeper purple, something akin to the night sky as the suns set beneath a storm, and she growled. The chalice dropped back on its leather loop to dangle from her belt, and she raised both her arms, closing her eyes against the power shaking her muscles.

"By the gods," she murmured. "Henry, get the devil out of there this instant. Leave whatever you don't already have. Go, go, go."