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<span style="font-size: large;"><b>The Bionics Series by Alicia Michaels</b></span></div>

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<h2>

THE BIONICS SERIES by Alicia Michaels</h2>

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<b>New Adult Dystopian Romance&nbsp;</b></div>

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<b>(Mature Content)</b></div>

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<b>Published through: <a href="http://www.crimsontreepublishing.com/the-bionics-series.html">Crimson Tree Publishing</a></b></div>

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<b>(The Adult Imprint of Clean teen Publishing.)</b></div>

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<span style="font-family: Verdana, sans-serif; text-align: start;">The year is 4010.</span></div>

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<span style="font-family: Verdana, sans-serif;">

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Nuclear war and the wasteful nature of humans have all but destroyed the United States. A new government regime rules the day with strict laws, rationed food, and careful control. When those injured in the nuclear blasts that rocked many of the nations largest cities are offered another chance by the Restoration Project, how could they refuse?</div>

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Little do they know that the robotic additions to their body will paint targets on their backs once the government decides that they are dangerous. At the forefront of the resistance is a girl with a bionic eye, Blythe Sol, who wants nothing more than to be a normal girl. Blythe has yet to realize that normal will never exist again for her, or anyone else.</div>

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The Revolution has begun...</div>

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<b><b><span style="font-size: large;">The Bionics (Book 1)&nbsp;</span></b></b></div>

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<b><b>FREE</b></b></div>

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(New Adult or YA Mature)&nbsp;</div>

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<a href="http://www.amazon.com/The-Bionics-ebook/dp/B00F3T8T3S/ref=sr\_1\_3\_title\_0\_main?s=books&amp;ie=UTF8&amp;qid=1379175419&amp;sr=1-3"><img border="0" src="https://images-blogger-opensocial.googleusercontent.com/gadgets/proxy?url=http%3A%2F%2F4.bp.blogspot.com%2F-HSYD3CmRYnw%2FUikhND2iZMI%2FAAAAAAAABF4%2FZIVd\_NQzLC0%2Fs1600%2Famazon\_kindle\_button\_1.png&amp;container=blogger&amp;gadget=a&amp;rewriteMime=image%2F\*" /></a></div>

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<a href="http://4.bp.blogspot.com/-OnRUd6C-vTA/UiaLBPQxJnI/AAAAAAAABEY/Jzr7AyvHBvg/s1600/Ebook+Bionics+1.jpg" style="clear: left; float: left; margin-bottom: 1em; margin-right: 1em;"><img border="0" height="320" src="https://images-blogger-opensocial.googleusercontent.com/gadgets/proxy?url=http%3A%2F%2F4.bp.blogspot.com%2F-OnRUd6C-vTA%2FUiaLBPQxJnI%2FAAAAAAAABEY%2FJzr7AyvHBvg%2Fs400%2FEbook%2BBionics%2B1.jpg&amp;container=blogger&amp;gadget=a&amp;rewriteMime=image%2F\*" width="214" /></a><br />

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Most nineteen year-old girls are thinking about college, stretching the wings of newfound adulthood, and boys. Well, I’ll probably never go to college and all my dreams of the future are gone. I’ve been an adult for much longer than I should have been and my girlhood was stolen the minute the North Koreans dropped their nukes over the United States. As for boys … well, that’s pretty much out of the question now, too. My love life is too messy to even talk about.</div>

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I have nothing.</div>

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Except, maybe, my cause, my mission, The Resistance. It is the hope I have to cling to, I am counting on it to pave the way to my future. As things heat up and the terrorist sect known as The Rejects make themselves known opponents of society in this war, the choice to be on the side of good is harder than ever. My friends are broken; Oli<span style="text-align: left;">via is a shell of her former self and Jenica is barely hanging on. Dax and Gage … well, we’re not talking about my love life, remember?&nbsp;</span></div>

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The Rejects, the government, President Drummond; they are pressing in on us from all sides and the weight is tremendous. Still, when given the choice to crumble or stand, I’d rather stand. Times are dark, but we are here, a rebellion, a whisper in the dark, a spark that lights the flames of change.</div>

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<span style="font-size: large;"><b>Titanium (Book 2)&nbsp;</b></span></div>

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(New Adult or YA Mature)&nbsp;</div>

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<a href="http://www.amazon.com/Titanium-Bionics-ebook/dp/B00F3JHEU2/ref=sr\_1\_4?s=books&amp;ie=UTF8&amp;qid=1379181771&amp;sr=1-4"><img border="0" src="https://images-blogger-opensocial.googleusercontent.com/gadgets/proxy?url=http%3A%2F%2F4.bp.blogspot.com%2F-HSYD3CmRYnw%2FUikhND2iZMI%2FAAAAAAAABF4%2FZIVd\_NQzLC0%2Fs1600%2Famazon\_kindle\_button\_1.png&amp;container=blogger&amp;gadget=a&amp;rewriteMime=image%2F\*" /></a></div>

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<a href="http://3.bp.blogspot.com/-bBJlOey9mIg/UiaLJcSWcsI/AAAAAAAABEg/3ELe-KS3PV0/s1600/ebook+Titanium.jpg"><img border="0" height="320" src="https://images-blogger-opensocial.googleusercontent.com/gadgets/proxy?url=http%3A%2F%2F3.bp.blogspot.com%2F-bBJlOey9mIg%2FUiaLJcSWcsI%2FAAAAAAAABEg%2F3ELe-KS3PV0%2Fs400%2Febook%2BTitanium.jpg&amp;container=blogger&amp;gadget=a&amp;rewriteMime=image%2F\*" width="213" /></a></div>

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<span style="font-size: large;"><b>Secrets (Book 3)&nbsp;</b></span></div>

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(New Adult or YA Mature)&nbsp;</div>

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<a href="http://1.bp.blogspot.com/-RVhN6oiGZLc/UkiagwMa6jI/AAAAAAAABNA/WTpaxbIaoxE/s1600/Secrets.jpg"><img border="0" height="320" src="https://images-blogger-opensocial.googleusercontent.com/gadgets/proxy?url=http%3A%2F%2F1.bp.blogspot.com%2F-RVhN6oiGZLc%2FUkiagwMa6jI%2FAAAAAAAABNA%2FWTpaxbIaoxE%2Fs320%2FSecrets.jpg&amp;container=blogger&amp;gadget=a&amp;rewriteMime=image%2F\*" width="213" /></a><br />

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NEW RELEASE:</div>

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<span style="font-size: large;">SPARK (Book 4)&nbsp;</span><br />

<span style="font-size: small; font-weight: normal;">(New Adult or YA Mature)</span></div>

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<a href="http://www.amazon.com/Spark-Bionics-Alicia-Michaels-ebook/dp/B00HZCQJ4M/ref=sr\_1\_1?s=books&amp;ie=UTF8&amp;qid=1390436510&amp;sr=1-1&amp;keywords=%22spark%22+alicia+michaels" target="\_blank"><img border="0" src="http://4.bp.blogspot.com/-HSYD3CmRYnw/UikhND2iZMI/AAAAAAAABF4/ZIVd\_NQzLC0/s1600/amazon\_kindle\_button\_1.png" /></a></div>

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<a href="http://4.bp.blogspot.com/-XfL6WDBK3CE/UuBkyNvTJQI/AAAAAAAABvA/anR5uv23WmU/s1600/1506639\_10201670036536194\_1193609364\_n.jpg" imageanchor="1" style="margin-left: 1em; margin-right: 1em;"><img border="0" src="http://4.bp.blogspot.com/-XfL6WDBK3CE/UuBkyNvTJQI/AAAAAAAABvA/anR5uv23WmU/s1600/1506639\_10201670036536194\_1193609364\_n.jpg" height="320" width="201" /></a></div>

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<span style="font-size: large;">EXCERPT FROM THE BIONICS:</span></h2>

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<a href="http://2.bp.blogspot.com/-6n32QOebp58/UwvO7Ice5yI/AAAAAAAAB7Y/f3KNJL4Zf6I/s1600/Bookmark+Bionics+Front.jpg" imageanchor="1" style="clear: right; float: right; margin-bottom: 1em; margin-left: 1em;"><img border="0" src="http://2.bp.blogspot.com/-6n32QOebp58/UwvO7Ice5yI/AAAAAAAAB7Y/f3KNJL4Zf6I/s1600/Bookmark+Bionics+Front.jpg" height="640" width="211" /></a>“I wish that I had died that day,” I admit, unable to look away from his gaze no matter how much my mind tells me that I need to. “I wish that all the time.”</div>

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He inches closer to me on the bed. “Is it really so bad? Professor Hinkley gave you and the others a second chance at life. It’s not fair that the government has decided you and others like you pose a threat.”&nbsp;</div>

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I think about a news broadcast I saw a couple of weeks ago, showing a surveillance video of a man with an arm identical to mine smashing in the window of someone’s car and beating them to a bloody pulp for no reason, before pulling a limp body from the driver’s seat and driving off in the stolen vehicle. Of course the thief was found and immediately executed; no trail, no jury, no questions asked.&nbsp;</div>

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“Some of us are dangerous,” I answer, and of course, it’s the truth.&nbsp;</div>

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“Some people are dangerous,” he insists. “Bionics are still people….just modified.”&nbsp;</div>

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“Right now your blood pressure is 124/90, your heart rate is an elevated 70 beats per minute; not bad, but still high for a healthy male that I assume is athletic. You have a tattoo on your left arm of an eagle, and a fractured rib.”&nbsp;</div>

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“That is amazing.”&nbsp;</div>

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I shrug. “It’s my eye. It is capable of reading a person’s body heat signature as well as their vital statistics. It allows me to pull away individual layers, such as clothing, skin, and muscle to expose what’s underneath. It’s how I knew about the rib.”&nbsp;</div>

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I reach out with my bionic arm and poke the rib for emphasis, raising my eyebrows as he winces in pain. “Still think I’m human?”&nbsp;</div>

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Gage reaches for my arm—my robotic arm—and grabs it by the hand. I can’t feel it, or his hand circling the wrist above it. His eyebrows wrinkle as he turns my arm over, inside facing up. He traces the inside of my arm, his fingers sliding over the cool metal and, for the first time since I woke up with that hunk of machinery on the other end of my elbow, I am wishing that I could feel the damn thing.&nbsp;</div>

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“Cold,” he murmurs as he draws circles on the metal. His fingers stop on the inside of my elbow, on the line where the titanium ends and I begin. I hear his breath catch in his throat and another noisy swallow as the pad of his index finger slides over my skin. I gasp as he trails it up the inside of my arm, flesh now on flesh. The human contact that I’ve denied myself for years has left me sensitive to every touch, and I feel as if I’m being caressed for the first time.&nbsp;</div>

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Of course Dax has held my hand from time to time; he’s even held me against him some nights when the nightmares get particularly bad until I fall back asleep. But he’s never touched me like this, and while I’m no virgin I certainly feel like one right now. A thousand emotions are exploding in me at one time and just as many sensations are following the path his finger traces up to my shoulder, pausing at the strap of my tank top.&nbsp;</div>

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“Warm,” he says with a smile. “Only about….what…ten percent of you is metal. When I got past your elbow, I felt skin, blood flowing through veins, muscle, and…goose bumps?”&nbsp;</div>

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He says that last bit with a smile, forcing me to look away in embarrassment. He holds his arm out toward me, pulling up the sleeve of his shirt and revealing a tanned arm sprinkled with light blond hair, which is standing on end. He leaves the sleeve above his elbow and holds his arm out in front of me.&nbsp;</div>

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“See?” he says gently, his head way too close to mine, his breath brushing my cheek. “I have them too.”&nbsp;</div>

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<span style="font-size: large;"><b>About Alicia Michaels:</b></span></div>

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<span style="font-weight: normal;"><span style="font-size: small;">Ever since she first read books like Chronicles of Narnia or Goosebumps, Alicia has been a lover of mind-bending fiction. Wherever imagination takes her, she is more than happy to call that place her home. The mother of two and wife to an Army sergeant loves chocolate, coffee, and of course good books. When not writing, you can usually find her with her nose in a book, shopping for shoes and fabulous jewelry, or spending time with her loving family.</span></span></div>

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