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<b style="font-size: x-large;">THE HUNTED by C.J. Hart</b></div>

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<a href="http://www.amazon.com/Hunted-Abandoned-Book-1-ebook/dp/B00S3EG16C/ref=tmm\_kin\_swatch\_0?\_encoding=UTF8&amp;sr=8-1&amp;qid=1427416402" target="\_blank"><img border="0" src="http://4.bp.blogspot.com/-dhnTwVyrIWc/VBIsQ3BC7bI/AAAAAAAACZM/nGQ9Rgfrd7I/s1600/The%2BHunted%2B1.jpg" height="640" width="426" /></a></div>

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<a href="http://www.amazon.com/Hunted-Abandoned-Book-1-ebook/dp/B00S3EG16C/ref=tmm\_kin\_swatch\_0?\_encoding=UTF8&amp;sr=8-1&amp;qid=1427416402" target="\_blank"><img border="0" src="http://3.bp.blogspot.com/-HSYD3CmRYnw/UikhND2iZMI/AAAAAAAABF4/ZIVd\_NQzLC0/s1600/amazon\_kindle\_button\_1.png" /></a></div>

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<b>Series Name:</b> The Abandoned Series</div>

<div class="separator" style="clear: both; text-align: center;">

<b>Genre:</b> Young Adult (Paranormal)</div>

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<b>Publisher: </b>Clean Teen Publishing</div>

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<b>CTP Content Rating:</b> YAm</div>

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<b><b><i>Just your average boy-meets-girl, boy-kills-people story.</i></b></b></div>

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The Native American Navajo tribe has stories of a monster so wicked, so blood-thirsty, that they are to be hunted down and slaughtered. But are they just legends? Or is something sinister lurking in the shadows? The Yee Naaldlooshi—skinwalkers—have the ability to transform themselves. And they can be anyone. Anything.</div>

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The Hunters—a group dedicated to tracking the creatures—are hot on their trail and they won’t stop until every last one is dead. But are they all as evil as foretold? Seb, alpha of the Taylor, Arizona reservation pack, begins to question the acts of their kind. But he’s broken a rule and must choose between killing the girl he loves or risking everything to save her. Cassie must fight for her survival. The pack is after her. And they’re no joke. Cass is about to find out how sadistic they can be.</div>

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<span style="font-size: large;"><b><i>Make sure to add The Hunted to your Goodreads TBR List!</i></b></span></div>

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<a href="https://www.goodreads.com/book/show/22889098-the-hunted?from\_search=true" target="\_blank"><img border="0" src="http://1.bp.blogspot.com/-Pj9RorETPeo/VBIuDHP1dAI/AAAAAAAACZU/YiK-CjYWAdQ/s1600/iso%2Bwolf.jpg" height="120" width="200" /></a></div>

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<span style="font-size: large;"><b>READ AN EXCERPT:</b></span></div>

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<span style="font-size: large;">(Seb)</span></div>

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<span style="font-family: &quot;Times New Roman&quot;; font-size: 14.0pt; line-height: 150%; mso-bidi-font-family: &quot;Times New Roman&quot;;">The night

has begun to creep in. Spooky shadows and hooting owls. A chill shimmers up my

spine. Humans have long locked themselves away in their houses. The rez isn’t a

place you want to be out in after dark.<o:p></o:p></span></div>

<div class="MsoNormal" style="line-height: 150%; margin-bottom: 0.0001pt; text-align: justify; text-indent: 36.85pt;">

<span style="font-family: &quot;Times New Roman&quot;; font-size: 14.0pt; line-height: 150%; mso-bidi-font-family: &quot;Times New Roman&quot;;">Good

thing I’m not human.<o:p></o:p></span></div>

<div class="MsoNormal" style="line-height: 150%; margin-bottom: 0.0001pt; text-align: justify; text-indent: 36.85pt;">

<span style="font-family: &quot;Times New Roman&quot;; font-size: 14.0pt; line-height: 150%; mso-bidi-font-family: &quot;Times New Roman&quot;;">I sprint

into the forest, deep enough so no one can see me strip off. When I reach the

third fallen log, I stop. I kick off my shoes, crumple my shirt and jeans then

stuff them into the backpack and tug the zipper closed. I cram it in a log.<o:p></o:p></span></div>

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<span style="font-family: &quot;Times New Roman&quot;; font-size: 14.0pt; line-height: 150%; mso-bidi-font-family: &quot;Times New Roman&quot;;">The

prickling of my skin intensifies as my hunger for flesh and blood grows,

twisting and churning my stomach. Tugging at my muscles. I leap into the air.

Hands and feet turn to paws, fingers and toes to claws. Fur spreads over my

whole body, gray with circles of black on my back. <o:p></o:p></span></div>

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<span style="font-family: &quot;Times New Roman&quot;; font-size: 14.0pt; line-height: 150%; mso-bidi-font-family: &quot;Times New Roman&quot;;">I raise

my muzzle into the air and suck in a deep breath. Rust and salt and sinew fill

my nostrils. East. The lake. I pad towards it, silent and starving. Then it

hits me. Like a brick wall shooting up, keeping me in my place. I stagger back

as the scent of roses and coffee flood my airways. I shake my head to rid me of

the stench. <i style="mso-bidi-font-style: normal;">Where’s it coming from? </i>I

must find out. I <i style="mso-bidi-font-style: normal;">need</i> to. It’s too mouthwatering

to resist. I spin, sampling the air around me. West. I charge through the forest,

paws crashing against leaves and bracken. I’m making too much noise. I’ve

forgotten to care. Lost all rational thoughts. <o:p></o:p></span></div>

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<span style="font-family: &quot;Times New Roman&quot;; font-size: 14.0pt; line-height: 150%; mso-bidi-font-family: &quot;Times New Roman&quot;;">I pass

the invisible border dividing Aeston and Taylor.<o:p></o:p></span></div>

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<span style="font-family: &quot;Times New Roman&quot;; font-size: 14.0pt; line-height: 150%; mso-bidi-font-family: &quot;Times New Roman&quot;;">A house

appears at the edge of the trees, its exterior brown and gray. A blonde girl

sits on the porch, candlelight sparking across her face. I freeze, claws

digging into soil. She’s reading. The light breeze brings her scent to me.

Coffee and roses. Such a sweet, decadent aroma. My mouth waters. She can’t be

more than seventeen. I creep as close as I dare, curious. Her hazel eyes dart

across the page then down. What’s she reading? <o:p></o:p></span></div>

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<span style="font-family: &quot;Times New Roman&quot;; font-size: 14.0pt; line-height: 150%; mso-bidi-font-family: &quot;Times New Roman&quot;;">She

doesn’t see me. I slink closer, leaning out of the trees.<o:p></o:p></span></div>

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<span style="font-family: &quot;Times New Roman&quot;; font-size: 14.0pt; line-height: 150%; mso-bidi-font-family: &quot;Times New Roman&quot;;">A male

voice cuts through the air, “Dinner’s ready.”<o:p></o:p></span></div>

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<span style="font-family: &quot;Times New Roman&quot;; font-size: 14.0pt; line-height: 150%; mso-bidi-font-family: &quot;Times New Roman&quot;;">Her head

snaps up. “Coming Dad!” She marks her page, snuffs the candle flame then

disappears inside.<o:p></o:p></span></div>

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<span style="font-family: &quot;Times New Roman&quot;; font-size: 14.0pt; line-height: 150%; mso-bidi-font-family: &quot;Times New Roman&quot;;">I wait.

Minutes or hours pass. Then a light in an upstairs room illuminates. The

curtains close. Moments later, the curtains open, the light is extinguished.&nbsp;</span><span style="font-family: 'Times New Roman'; font-size: 14pt; line-height: 115%;">I must see more.</span><br />

<span style="font-family: 'Times New Roman'; font-size: 14pt; line-height: 115%;"><br /></span></div>

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<iframe allowfullscreen="" frameborder="0" height="315" src="//www.youtube.com/embed/gWEUU3ehkW0" width="560"></iframe>&nbsp;</b></span></span><br />

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<span style="font-family: 'Times New Roman'; line-height: 115%;"><span style="font-size: large;"><b>ABOUT C.J. HART:</b></span></span></div>

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<a href="http://2.bp.blogspot.com/-uqKipUhnkI4/VBIv1APs7lI/AAAAAAAACZc/kd0zGR-7lBU/s1600/Bio%2BPhoto.jpg" imageanchor="1" style="clear: left; float: left; margin-bottom: 1em; margin-right: 1em;"><img border="0" src="http://2.bp.blogspot.com/-uqKipUhnkI4/VBIv1APs7lI/AAAAAAAACZc/kd0zGR-7lBU/s1600/Bio%2BPhoto.jpg" height="200" width="120" /></a>C.J. Hart (Also known as Renee Swann and Renee Shearer.)</div>

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Renee Shearer writes young adult fiction under the name of C.J. Hart. Renee is a full-time writer who lives in Sydney, Australia, with a crazy pooch named Abbey and a boisterous, somersaulting rescue budgie named Kaleb. Her days are spent living in her fictional worlds and consuming way too much caffeine. She has an (unhealthy?) obsession with all things cupcake- and coffee-related plus Kerouac and YA dystopia/fantasy books. Renée can often be found surrounded by books, marathoning crime shows and munching on vegan goodies, on Twitter (@Renee\_Shearer), <a href="http://www.pinterest.com/reneeshearer87">Pinterest</a>, or dancing in a rainstorm.</div>

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Renée hopes to one day visit Rio and is currently learning Brazilian Portuguese.</div>

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Website: <a href="http://www.reneeshearer.com/">www.reneeshearer.com</a></div>

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Twitter: <a href="http://twitter.com/Renee\_Shearer">twitter.com/Renee\_Shearer</a></div>

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Pinterest: <a href="http://pinterest.com/reneeshearer87">pinterest.com/reneeshearer87</a></div>

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Tumblr: <a href="http://renee-shearer.tumblr.com/">renee-shearer.tumblr.com</a></div>

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Instagram: <a href="http://instagram.com/reneeshearer">Instagram.com/reneeshearer</a></div>

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<b><span class="Apple-style-span" style="font-family: 'Trebuchet MS', sans-serif; font-size: x-large;">More from Clean Teen Publishing:</span></b><br />

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<a href="http://1.bp.blogspot.com/-lijrKs7yyBQ/VChmhs4At3I/AAAAAAAACc4/D8y8XPiNgEI/s1600/CleanTeenLogo\_Single\_TRANS\_Small.png" imageanchor="1" style="margin-left: 1em; margin-right: 1em;"><img border="0" src="http://1.bp.blogspot.com/-lijrKs7yyBQ/VChmhs4At3I/AAAAAAAACc4/D8y8XPiNgEI/s1600/CleanTeenLogo\_Single\_TRANS\_Small.png" /></a></div>

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<span style="color: white; font-size: large;"><a href="http://www.cleanteenpublishing.com/" target="\_blank"><b style="background-color: white;">WWW.CLEANTEENPUBLISHING.COM</b></a></span></div>

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<a href="http://cleanteenpublishing.blogspot.com/" target="\_blank"><img border="0" src="http://1.bp.blogspot.com/-3OrHWDyeJQY/UfmkW4AEIAI/AAAAAAAAA-E/vHBfnpHaW38/s1600/blogger.png" /></a><i><b>&nbsp; &nbsp;</b></i><span class="Apple-style-span" style="color: black;"><a href="https://www.facebook.com/cleanteenpublishing" style="clear: left; display: inline !important; margin-bottom: 1em; margin-right: 1em;" target="\_blank"><img border="0" src="http://3.bp.blogspot.com/-wiU5cxzj9CE/UfmkJDGvDiI/AAAAAAAAA90/E3lQhErPUpQ/s1600/facebook.png" /></a></span><span class="Apple-style-span" style="color: black;"><a href="https://twitter.com/cleanteenpub" style="margin-left: 1em; margin-right: 1em;" target="\_blank"><img border="0" src="http://4.bp.blogspot.com/-bT8Ls2hatMk/UfmkJBFtZYI/AAAAAAAAA94/eUguZAx9euM/s1600/twitter.png" /></a></span></div>

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