

**Chapter 1 : Web of Lies Quotes by Jennifer Estep**

*Web of Lies description: Curiosity is definitely going to get me dead one of these days. Probably real soon. I'm Gin Blanco. You might know me as the Spider, the most feared assassin in the South.*

We have a kick-ass southern lady assassin, retired, who will not back down in the face of danger, and will not blink an eye when taking down a mark! Ice runs in her veins and despite her ability to turn her skin into stone, she is not invulnerable, she is still human Yes, she had it tough when she was a kid and she was on the brink of giving up before meeting Fin and his dad. Yes, she falls for the wrong guy and his treatment of her hurts her soul, and yes, even she has people she allows herself to care about and they are her weak spots But overall, she is one cold and competent killer, unapologetic and free of guilt for any of her kills, and they are quite many! This professionalism is what makes me like her and the lack of moral ambiguity only makes us accept her exactly as she comes! Despite Donovan being hot and attractive as hell, he can not accept Gin for who and what she is, making her feel bad about herself, tainting every moment they had together with judgment, guilt and negativity He is, in my opinion, a pompous stick in the mud And maybe he has sticks up some of the parts of his own anatomy, I can not be sure Luckily, we have some resolution to this problem, although it sucks that he manages to hurt Gin in the process However, there is Owen Grayson who has arrived at the scene and is obviously interested.. Gin should give him a chance The rest of the cast, starting with the two Dwarf sisters, Fin, and several young ladies who frequent the Pork Pit, as well as the usual bad guys, make the world of magical Ashland, North Carolina, a very interesting and amusing place to live. Retired Gin has to rely on all of them to keep her from dying of boredom while not being hired to kill people A girl has to keep herself busy, after all So, she gets herself in trouble, does some pro-bono work, and manages to come out on the other side mostly in one piece The only true downer is Donovan This is the second book in the Elemental Assassin Series and you can tell that the author is gaining momentum and the writing, as well as the story telling is getting better. There are still things that bother me, mostly repetitions which make no sense, and I am truly tired of her telling me how gray her eyes are!!! So, if you like actionny, light, and easy to read UF series, with a cool and bloodthirsty female lead, this book is absolutely for you!! There is some violence, and some sexual content, but it is not disturbing or overwhelming You also get at least one southern cooking advice per book, and I already tried the one from the first book - it was received with pleasure by the guys in my household: So, read it, entertainment is to be had by all!!! Now I wish all of you Happy Reading and may you always find something to enjoy in every book you read!!!

Chapter 2 : Jennifer Estep | Open Library

*Web of Lies is the second book in Jennifer Estep's Elemental Assassins series. Our heroine Gin Blanco has now retired from her extremely lucrative career as The Spider and has now settled down working at her restaurant The Pork Pitt.*

Curiosity is definitely going to get me dead one of these days. You might know me as the Spider, the most feared assassin in the South. Like the other day when two punks tried to rob my popular barbecue joint, the Pork Pit. Then there was the barrage of gunfire on the restaurant. They were meant for Violet Fox. So is Detective Donovan Caine. The only honest cop in Ashland is having a real hard time reconciling his attraction to me with his Boy Scout mentality. And I can barely keep my hands off his sexy body. What can I say? Luckily, Gin Blanco always gets her man. I had high hopes for *Web of Lies*, but my issues from the first book carried over. Then there is Ten-Second-Tom, who loses his memory every “you guessed it” ten seconds. Reading *Web of Lies* made me think of that movie. The repetitiveness drove me crazy. I started to wonder if the author was just screwing with me the reader. To be honest, I came close to giving up several times and wanted to be done with the series. However, all of that seemed to finally ebb a little more than halfway through, and I started to enjoy it more. So despite how incredibly irritating it started out, it ended on a good note for me. For instance, I do like Gin. She may be cool and deadly, but she has a heart and cares a great deal for people. I like the other characters too, and hope to get to know them better. I love him and his manwhore ways! But it was actually a new character that truly saved this book for me “Owen. So, yeah, I wanted to punch *Web of Lies* at times, but I was looking forward to the next book by the end.

**Chapter 3 : Jennifer Estep - Book Series In Order**

*Jennifer Estep is a New York Times and USA Today bestselling author prowling the streets of her imagination in search of her next fantasy idea.*

This is a robbery! Somebody was seriously lacking in the imagination department. But the shouted threats scared someone, who squeaked out a small scream. Screams were always bad for business. A silverstone knife through the heart is enough to stop most trouble in its tracks. The dynamic duo sported black trench coats that covered their thin T-shirts and flapped against their ripped, rock star jeans. Neither one wore a hat or gloves, and the fall chill had painted their ears and fingers a bright, cherry red. Water dripped off their boots and spread across the faded blue and pink pig tracks that covered the restaurant floor. Expensive black leather thick enough to keep out the November cold. No holes, no cracks, no missing bootlaces. No, they had their own money—lots of it, from the looks of their pricey shoes, vintage T-shirts, and designer jeans. These two rich punks were robbing my barbecue restaurant just for the thrill of it. He was a beefy man with spiky blond hair held up by some sort of shiny, hair-care product. Probably a little giant blood in his family tree somewhere, judging from his six-foot-six frame and large hands. Despite his twenty-something years, baby fat still puffed out his face like a warm, oozing marshmallow. Then, Beefcake turned his attention to the people inside the Pork Pit to make sure we were all following his demands. Not many folks to look at. Monday was usually a slow day, made even more so by the cold bluster of wind and rain outside. The only other people in the restaurant besides me and the would-be robbers were my dwarven cook, Sophia Deveraux, and a couple of customers—two college-age women wearing skinny jeans and tight T-shirts not unlike those the robbers sported. The women sat shocked and frozen, eyes wide, barbecue beef sandwiches halfway to their lips. Sophia stood next to the stove, her black eyes flat and disinterested as she watched the beans bubble. She grunted once and gave them a stir with a metal spoon. Nothing much ever bothered Sophia. The first guy raised his hand. A small knife glinted in his red, chapped fingers. A hard, thin smile curved my lips. Where his buddy was blond and beefy, robber number two was short and bone-thin. His wispy hair stuck up due to uncontrollable cowlicks, instead of an overabundance of product. The locks were a bright red that had probably earned him the nickname Carrot at some point. Carrot shoved his hands into his holey pockets, shifted on his feet, and stared at the floor, clearly wanting to be somewhere other than here. A reluctant sidekick at best. Probably tried to talk his buddy out of this nonsense. He should have tried harder. Time to take out the trash. The first guy, Jake, saw me move out of the corner of his eye. She let out another squeaky scream. Her thick, beef sandwich flew from her hand and splattered against one of the storefront windows. The barbecue sauce looked like blood running down the smooth, shiny glass. She jumped to her feet and charged at Jake, who backhanded her. He might only have been a half-giant, but there was still enough strength in his blow to lift the woman off her feet and sent her careening into a table. She flipped over the top and hit the floor—hard. A low groan sounded. By this point, Sophia Deveraux had become a little more interested in things. The dwarf moved to stand beside me. The silver skulls hanging from the black leather collar around her neck tinkled together like wind chimes. The skulls matched the ones on her black T-shirt. Pure, uncomfortable misery filled his pale face, but he stepped around his friend and trotted over to the injured woman, who had pushed herself up to her hands and knees. She shoved her wild tangle of blue-black hair out of her face. Her pale blue eyes burned with immediate hate. A fighter, that one. He was too busy staring at Sophia. The dwarf had been Goth before Goth was cool—a hundred years ago or so. In addition to her skull collar and matching T-shirt, Sophia Deveraux sported black jeans and boots. Pink lipstick covered her lips, contrasting with the black glitter shadow on her eyelids and the natural pallor of her face. Today, the color motif extended up to her hair. Pale pink streaks shimmered among her cropped black locks. He pulled the first woman even closer, turned her around, held her in front of him, and raised the knife to her throat. Now, he had a human shield. A bit of red sparked in the depths of his brown eyes, like a match flaring to life. Magic surged like a hot, summer wind through the restaurant, pricking my skin with power and making the scars on my palms itch. The blade glowed red-orange from the sudden burst of heat. Well, well, well, Jake the robber was

just full of surprises. Because in addition to being a petty thief, Jake the half-giant was also an elemental—someone who could control one of the four elements. Fire, in his case. My smile grew a little harder, a little tighter. I cocked my head, reaching out with my Stone magic. All around me, the battered brick of the Pork Pit murmured with unease, sensing the emotional upheaval that had already taken place inside and my dark intentions now. His eyes were completely red now, as though someone had set two flickering rubies into his baby-fat face. A rivulet of sweat dripped down his temple, and his head bobbed in time to some music only he could hear. Jake was high on something—alcohol, drugs, blood, his own magic, maybe all of the above. He was going to be dead in another minute. It was one thing to try to rob the Pork Pit, my barbecue restaurant, my gin joint. Down-on-their-luck elementals, vampire hookers, and other bums strung out on their own magic and jonesing for more could be excused that stupidity. But nobody—nobody—threatened my paying customers. I was going to enjoy taking care of this lowlife. As soon as I got him away from the girl. So I held up my hands in a placating gesture and kept the cold, calm violence out of my gray eyes as best I could. The cops in the southern metropolis of Ashland were as crooked as forks of lightning. The esteemed members of the po-po barely bothered to respond to robberies, especially in this borderline Southtown neighborhood, much less do something useful, like catch the perps after the fact. Do you know who my father is? Jake snorted and turned his red eyes to his buddy. So shut your sniveling mouth. His red eyes narrowed to slits. The silverstone scars on my palms—the ones shaped like spider runes—itched at the influx of magic. I tensed, afraid he was going to do the girl right here, right now. I could kill him—easily—but probably not before he hurt the girl with his magic. Not in my restaurant. Not now, not again. Pure, malicious glee filled his crimson gaze. No, Jake was going to use his Fire power to kill everyone in the restaurant just because he could, because he wanted to show off his magic and prove he was a real bad-ass. Unless I did something to stop him. He lowered the glowing blade a few inches, giving the girl some much-needed air. Come on, you bastard. Come and play with Gin. But some sense of self-preservation must have kicked in, because the beefy half-giant jerked his head. Lance left his post by the injured woman, tiptoed forward, snatched the money out of my hand, and stepped back. Jake licked his thick, chapped lips. How much is there? And not many people like to get out in this kind of cold weather, not even for barbecue.

Chapter 4 : Web of Lies (Elemental Assassin series Book 2) eBook: Jennifer Estep: calendrierdelascience.

*Jennifer Estep is a New York Times and USA Today bestselling author prowling the streets of her imagination in search of her next fantasy calendrierdelascience.com's Bite, Web of Lies, Venom, Tangled Threads, Spider's Revenge, By a Thread, Widow's Web, Deadly Sting, Heart of Venom, The Spider, Poison Promise, Black Widow, Spider's Trap, Bitter Bite, Unraveled, and Snared, along with the e-shorts.*

She is an author of great caliber and is highly efficient in writing paranormal romance novels. Her best work till date includes the novel series, Mythos Academy and the elemental Assassin novel series. Jennifer describes herself as a sassy and sarcastic southern girl. She is just a bit crazy and likes to do all the fun intended things. As a child, Jennifer was fun-filled child who loved to play and hang out with friends. She used to make all sorts of wild stories in her head, which eventually helped her to develop herself as a writer. Jennifer also liked to read books and fairy tales. She used to love reading fantasy stories, adventurous novels, romance and western extracts as well as mysteries. She did not have a particular choice about books and used to read everything that she could get a hand on. Her mother was a great inspiration to her and the only person who encouraged her passion of reading by taking her to the library once in a week. Jennifer believed that the greatest invention made by man was the library as she is very fond of books. Gradually, Jennifer started developing her own stories and she began writing anything that came to her mind. She even penned down a few short stories and poems. Although she would do it as class assignments, her writing skills were getting sharpened. As a result, she decided to become a writer for a living. Jennifer graduated in English Literature and started working for the college newspaper, She started getting handsome money just by writing a few stories and discovered that she could make a healthy living out of it. She is currently working as a page designer for a daily newspaper. She has worked very hard to achieve her dream of becoming a well established fiction novelist and a published author. As of now, Jennifer has published a total of four highly successful novel series and still plans to keep writing more and more novels. This series is comprised of thirteen highly acclaimed novels, which were published from to The series focuses on the life of an assassin named Gin Blanco. She is code-named as the Spider and has spiritual powers to control the elements of Ice and Stone. Apart from killing people, she runs a restaurant which specializes in barbecues. The restaurant is named Pork Pit and is situated in the Southern metropolis of Ashland. This city comprises of dwarfs, vampires, giants and elementals such as Stone, Air, Ice and Fire. The novel introduces the principle character Gin Blanco, who like to kill people. She is considered to be the most fearful and deadly assassin of all in the southern area. She also cooks barbecues at the Pork Pit in Ashland. Gin is capable of hearing the slightest whispers and vibrations as she is a Stone elemental. She can also make occasional knives on account of her Ice magic. Gin is shown to have professional pride and does not use her powers unless he badly needs them. The novel depicts another type elementals who are very ruthless, the Air elementals. They have double-crossed Gin and also killed her handler and that is the reason why she is after them taking her revenge. She is so dedicated to take revenge that she is ready to kill anyone who comes in between. A detective named Donovan Caine is her aid who helps her to get out of difficult situations. Gin looks hot and always lands in some kind of trouble because of her looks. Even Donovan is on the hunt to kill her as he finds her a distraction, and one of the bad guys in the city. The novel got praise for its uniqueness and Jennifer Estep received wide appreciations from one and all for depicting a new world of fantasies. The cover page of the novel was very well received and was considered refreshingly accurate and eye-catching. This urban fantasy novel continues from where it ended in the first novel and shows Gin Blanco as a retired assassin. She believes that her curiosity is gong to get he killed someday. Even though she is retired, there is still trouble in her life. Gin faces troubles in the form of punks trying to rob her restaurant and sometimes there is gunfire taking place near her restaurant. Even though the bullets are not aimed at Gin, she always has to face the hazards. Her neighbor, Violet Fox is frequently harassed by a mining tycoon. Gin finally gives up her retirement and decides to save Violet Fox and her grandfather and protect their property from the evil tycoon. Even the honest cop, Detective Docovan Caine tries to help the needy, but finds is really hard to stop getting attracted towards the hot and sexy Gin Blanco.

She also vouches for him due to her Stone elemental and Ice magic. She is able to get her man luckily every time, be it dead or alive. The combination of the bitch and savior characters of Gin was very well praised by the audience. The novel opened to great reviews by the readers and the other noted writers also appreciated the efforts of Jennifer. She was motivated to complete the series along with a few others as well. Her warm heart and sense of justice and loyalty were very well concealed throughout the novel. The plot of the novel is very much enjoyable with some wonderful action scenes. Development of the story and the evolution of the characters and their powers were very well described by Jennifer. As a result, she got praises from one and all and was recognized as an established author all over the world. Jack Reacher is back! Family secrets come back to haunt Reacher when he decides to visit the town his father was born in. Because when he visits there he finds out no-one with the last name of Reacher has ever lived there. It leaves him wondering - did his father ever live there? Recommendations Every 2 weeks we send out an e-mail with Book Recommendations. Insert your e-mail below to start getting these recommendations. If you see one missing just send me an e-mail below. Featured Author Our author of the month is Canadian author Opal Carew who writes erotic romance novels. Opal has written over novels with multiple book series such as the Dirty Talk series and the Abducted series. Secretary of State Alexander Haig.

Chapter 5 : Jennifer Estep | Web of Lies blog tour â€

*Web of Lies (Elemental Assassin series Book 2) - Kindle edition by Jennifer Estep. Download it once and read it on your Kindle device, PC, phones or tablets. Use features like bookmarks, note taking and highlighting while reading Web of Lies (Elemental Assassin series Book 2).*

This is a robbery! Somebody was seriously lacking in the imagination department. But the shouted threats scared someone, who squeaked out a small scream. Screams were always bad for business. A silverstone knife through the heart is enough to stop most trouble in its tracks. The dynamic duo sported black trench coats that covered their thin T-shirts and flapped against their ripped, rock star jeans. Neither one wore a hat or gloves, and the fall chill had painted their ears and fingers a bright cherry red. Water dripped off their boots and spread across the faded blue and pink pig tracks that covered the restaurant floor. Expensive black leather thick enough to keep out the November cold. No holes, no cracks, no missing bootlaces. No, they had their own moneyâ€”lots of it, from the looks of their pricey shoes, vintage T-shirts, and designer jeans. These two rich punks were robbing my barbecue restaurant just for the thrill of it. He was a beefy man with spiky blond hair held up by some sort of shiny hair-care product. Probably a little giant blood in his family tree somewhere, judging from his six-foot-six frame and large hands. Despite his twentysomething years, baby fat still puffed out his face like a warm, oozing marshmallow. Then Beefcake turned his attention to the people inside the Pork Pit to make sure we were all following his demands. Not many folks to look at. Monday was usually a slow day, made even more so by the cold bluster of wind and rain outside. The only other people in the restaurant besides me and the would-be robbers were my dwarven cook, Sophia Deveraux, and a couple of customersâ€”two college-age women wearing skinny jeans and tight T-shirts not unlike those the robbers sported. The women sat shocked and frozen, eyes wide, barbecue beef sandwiches halfway to their lips. Sophia stood next to the stove, her black eyes flat and disinterested as she watched the beans bubble. She grunted once and gave them a stir with a metal spoon. Nothing much ever bothered Sophia. The first guy raised his hand. A small knife glinted in his red, chapped fingers. A hard, thin smile curved my lips. Where his buddy was blond and beefy, robber number two was short and bone-thin. His wispy hair stuck up due to uncontrollable cowlicks instead of an overabundance of product. The locks were a bright red that had probably earned him the nickname Carrot at some point. Carrot shoved his hands into his holey pockets, shifted on his feet, and stared at the floor, clearly wanting to be somewhere other than here. A reluctant sidekick at best. Probably tried to talk his buddy out of this nonsense. He should have tried harder. Then I closed my book, straightened, slid off my stool, and stepped around the long counter that ran along the back wall of the Pork Pit. Time to take out the trash. The first guy, Jake, saw me move, out of the corner of his eye. She let out another squeaky scream. Her thick beef sandwich flew from her hand and splattered against one of the storefront windows. The barbecue sauce looked like blood running down the smooth, shiny glass. She jumped to her feet and charged at Jake, who backhanded her. He might only have been a half giant, but there was still enough strength in his blow to lift the woman off her feet and send her careening into a table. She flipped over the top, hit the floor hard, and let out a low groan. By this point, Sophia Deveraux had become a little more interested in things. The dwarf moved to stand beside me. The silver skulls hanging from the black leather collar around her neck tinkled together like wind chimes. The skulls matched the ones on her black T-shirt. Pure, uncomfortable misery filled his pale face, but he stepped around his friend and trotted over to the injured woman, who had pushed herself up to her hands and knees. She shoved her wild tangle of blue-black hair out of her face. Her pale blue eyes burned with immediate hate. A fighter, that one. He was too busy staring at Sophia. The dwarf had been Goth before Goth was coolâ€”a hundred years ago or so. In addition to her skull collar and matching T-shirt, Sophia Deveraux sported black jeans and boots. Pink lipstick covered her lips, contrasting with the black glitter shadow on her eyelids and the natural pallor of her face. Today, the color motif extended up to her hair. Pale pink streaks shimmered among her cropped black locks. He pulled the first woman even closer, turned her around, held her in front of him, and raised the knife to her throat. Now he had a human shield. A bit of red sparked in the depths of his brown eyes, like a match flaring to life. Magic surged

like a hot summer wind through the restaurant, pricking my skin with power and making the scars on my palms itch. The blade glowed red-orange from the sudden burst of heat. Well, well, well, Jake the robber was just full of surprises. Because in addition to being a petty thief, Jake the half giant was also an elemental—someone who could control one of the four elements. Fire, in his case. My smile grew a little harder, a little tighter. I cocked my head, reaching out with my Stone magic. All around me, the battered brick of the Pork Pit murmured with unease, sensing the emotional upheaval that had already taken place inside and my dark intentions now. His eyes were completely red now, as though someone had set two flickering rubies into his baby-fat face. A rivulet of sweat dripped down his temple, and his head bobbed in time to some music only he could hear. Jake was high on something—alcohol, drugs, blood, his own magic, maybe all of the above. He was going to be dead in another minute. It was one thing to try to rob the Pork Pit, my barbecue restaurant, my gin joint. Down-on-their-luck elementals, vampire hookers, and other bums strung out on their own magic and jonesing for more could be excused that stupidity. But nobody—nobody—threatened my paying customers. I was going to enjoy taking care of this lowlife. As soon as I got him away from the girl. So I held up my hands in a placating gesture and kept the cold, calm violence out of my gray eyes as best I could. The cops in the southern metropolis of Ashland were as crooked as forks of lightning. The esteemed members of the po-po barely bothered to respond to robberies, especially in this borderline Southtown neighborhood, much less do something useful, like catch the perps after the fact. Do you know who my father is? Jake snorted and turned his red eyes to his buddy. So shut your sniveling mouth. His red eyes narrowed to slits. The silverstone scars on my palms—the ones shaped like spider runes—itched at the influx of magic. I tensed, afraid he was going to do the girl right here, right now. I could kill him—easily—but probably not before he hurt the girl with his magic. Not in my restaurant. Not now, not again. Pure, malicious glee filled his crimson gaze. No, Jake was going to use his Fire power to kill everyone in the restaurant just because he could, because he wanted to show off his magic and prove he was a real badass. Unless I did something to stop him. He lowered the glowing blade a few inches, giving the girl some much-needed air. Come on, you bastard. Come and play with Gin. But some sense of self-preservation must have kicked in, because the beefy half giant jerked his head. Lance left his post by the injured woman, tiptoed forward, snatched the money out of my hand, and stepped back. Jake licked his thick, chapped lips. How much is there? And not many people like to get out in this kind of cold weather, not even for barbecue.

### Chapter 6 : Elemental Assassin: Web of Lies 2 by Jennifer Estep (, Paperback) | eBay

*Web of Lies is bursting at the seams with snark, badass-edness and unforgettable characters. The main plot that connects all of these books together promises to be a doozie and I for one can't wait to uncover Jennifer Estep's end game.*

### Chapter 7 : Web of Lies by Jennifer Estep on Apple Books

*Web of Lies Quotes. • Jennifer Estep, Web of Lies. 3 likes. Like "I grabbed a cloud-shaped oven mitt, opened the oven door, and took out the apricot bars. The.*

### Chapter 8 : Web of Lies Audiobook | Jennifer Estep | calendrierdelascience.com

*Web of Lies comes out on May 25 (less than three weeks now!), so that means that it's time for me to do another blog tour. Here are some of the places that I'll be guest blogging at.*

### Chapter 9 : Jennifer Estep - Wikipedia

*Web of Lies - Ebook written by Jennifer Estep. Read this book using Google Play Books app on your PC, android, iOS devices. Download for offline reading, highlight, bookmark or take notes while you read Web of Lies.*