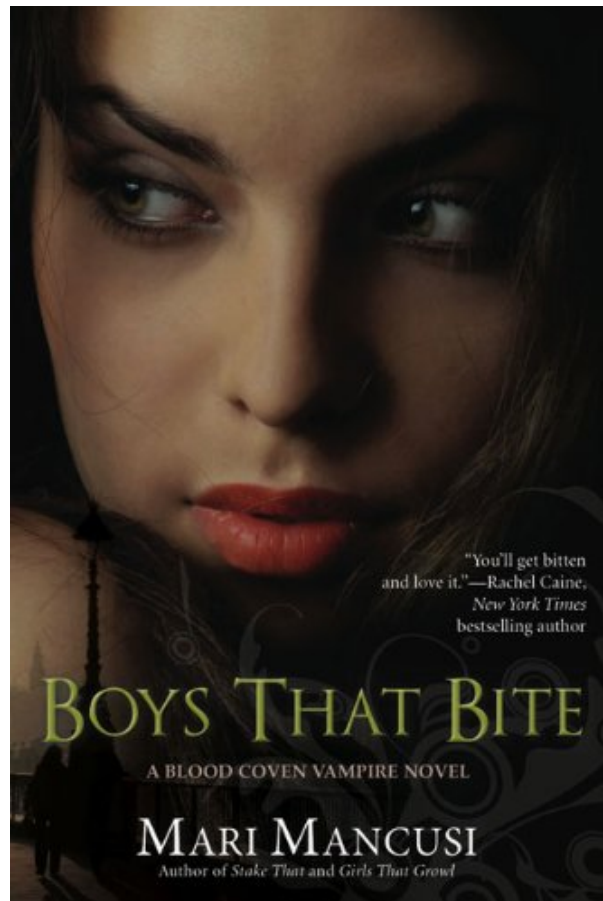
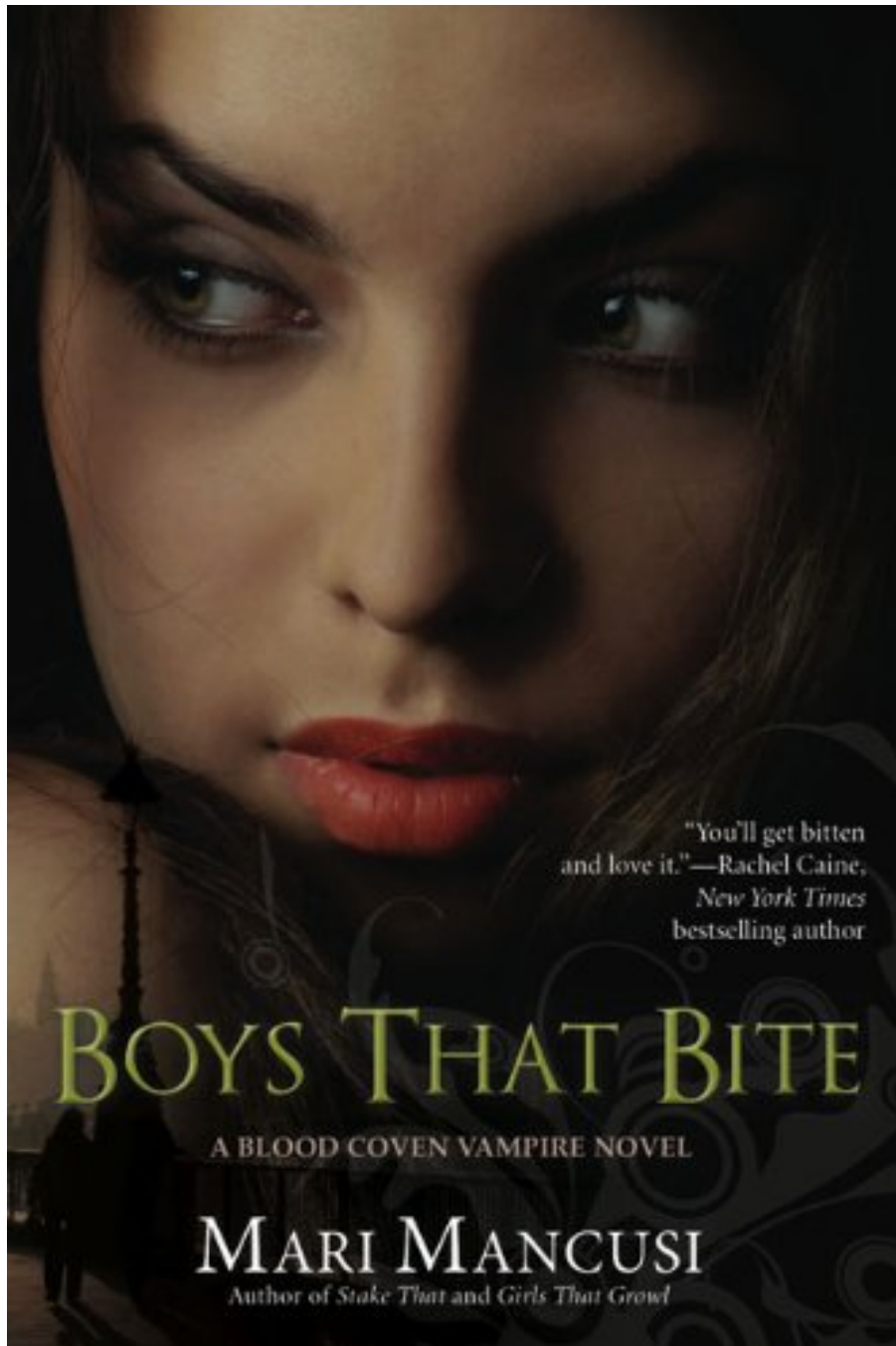


BOYS THAT BITE (A BLOOD COVEN VAMPIRE NOVEL) BY MARI MANCUSI



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Now, Sunny has less than a week to figure out how to reverse the bite, or else she's going to end up as the perpetually undead. And not only will she be a vampire, she'll also be bonded to Magnus--the bloodsucker who bit her--forever. And forever is a really long time...

- Sales Rank: #741434 in Books
- Brand: Mancusi, Marianne
- Published on: 2006-04-04
- Released on: 2006-04-04
- Original language: English
- Number of items: 1
- Dimensions: 8.23" h x .73" w x 5.50" l, .51 pounds
- Binding: Paperback
- 272 pages

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Courtesy of Teens Read Too

By TeensReadToo

Sunshine "Sunny" McDonald was doing pretty well; the hottest guy at Oakridge High School, Jake Wilder, has asked her to go to the prom with him, and life is now complete. At five foot four, with dirty blond hair and unimpressive muddy brown eyes, Sunny would have sworn that Jake didn't even know she existed. Freckles notwithstanding, she's not as easily recognizable as her twin sister, Rayne, who's so into the Goth scene, vampires, and wearing all black that it's not even funny. Yes, life is looking up--until Sunny lets herself get guilt tripped into attending Club Fang, a cheesy Goth club filled with wannabe vampires, and suddenly her life isn't so sunny anymore.

The night starts out okay--yes, the club is the epitome of cheesy and the smoke machine is making her cough--but improves vastly when an Orlando Bloom (Pirates of the Caribbean Orlando, not Lord of the Rings Orlando)introduces himself with a "Good evening..I'm Magnus..I believe you were expecting me" line. Sunny sure wasn't expecting him, and she definitely was not expecting the bite on the neck she gets from the totally hot Magnus.

Suddenly life is taking a dark turn, when Sunny finds out that Magnus is not only a vampire--for real!--but

that he mistook her for her twin sister, Rayne. Now Sunny's going to turn into one of the undead--this close to prom!--unless she find the Holy Grail. Which is the one and only thing that can reverse the process of turning into a vampire. But even with thoughts

of Jake Wilder on the brain, Sunny's not so sure that being a vampire would be so horrible, or that being in league with Magnus would be the end of her life.

BOYS THAT BITE is a funny, action-packed read that will keep you turning pages long into the night. The characters--from Sunny, Rayne, Magnus, and everyone in between--are all well-rounded people, and the dialogue is smart and funny. As the three race to save Sunny from an eternal life as a member of the undead, she'll have to find out what's most important in life. And the ending, including a stunner regarding Rayne, definitely sets up the scene for a sequel. A great read!

5 of 5 people found the following review helpful.

I really enjoyed this fun book

By Felicia The Geeky Blogger

What I Loved: This was a fun quick read that sort of reminded me of a Buffy The Vampire Slayer episode--except no real slayage unless you count Bertha! Magnus is the perfect guy for Sunny even though he is a vampire and their quipping is fun to read. I giggled more than a few times during this book.

What I Liked: Rayne--though she was not in the book enough for me probably because I liked her more than Sunny. The blog entry at the end has me thinking the next book is about her though so I am excited!

Complaints: As much as I loved the quippy banter at points it does get a little much. That being said the book was fun to read and filled that "escape to a different place" thing really well.

Why I gave it a 3: I really enjoyed this fun book. Anything that can make me giggle out loud is worth it to me.

Who would I recommend it too: Actually fans of Light Paranormal YA and the quippy sort of banter would enjoy this book. I really haven't read to many light YA books and I think this fills that gap perfectly.

[...]

Books in this Series:

Boys That Bite

Stake That!

Girls That Growl

Bad Blood

Night School (Jan 2011)

Blood Ties (Aug 2011)

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful.

Fun and fresh

By Heather

Boys That Bite is a fun, humorous addition to the large array of YA vampire fiction available. Sunny wasn't that different from most teenagers, dealing with mundane worries like prom and crushes, and still isn't, even though she's slowly turning into a vampire. A vampire named Magnus had mistaken her for her Goth twin sister Rayne and bit her, so now if they don't find a way to reverse Sunny's transformation before the week is over, she will be stuck as an undead bloodsucker for all eternity. Not only that, but since Magnus was the one to turn her, she would also have to be his blood mate (the vampire equivalent to marriage), a fact that makes

her more adamant to become human again -- for a little bit. Just like the premise, *Boys That Bite* is filled with clever ironies that make this fast-paced story just that much more amusing. The characters are a joy to read about, as well as the vampire mythology, which is smart, fresh, and believable, one of the most enjoyable I've seen in the genre. My only complaint is the almost excessive use of pop culture references, because it makes the book feel dated and has the potential to throw some readers off, no matter how popular the reference is. Even so, the pop culture references feel genuine to Sunny's voice, so they shouldn't be too disrupting for those truly immersed in the story. Anyone who enjoys a more humorous take on the vampire world not too far off from the wit of *Buffy* should not pass this book up.

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BOYS THAT BITE (A BLOOD COVEN VAMPIRE NOVEL) BY MARI MANCUSI PDF

By downloading this soft documents publication **Boys That Bite (A Blood Coven Vampire Novel) By Mari Mancusi** in the online link download, you are in the initial step right to do. This site actually supplies you ease of how to obtain the most effective book, from finest vendor to the brand-new released e-book. You can find more publications in this site by going to every web link that we provide. Among the collections, Boys That Bite (A Blood Coven Vampire Novel) By Mari Mancusi is one of the very best collections to market. So, the initial you get it, the very first you will get all good regarding this book Boys That Bite (A Blood Coven Vampire Novel) By Mari Mancusi

From School Library Journal

Grade 10 Up—Rayne and Sunshine McDonald, 16, may be physically identical, but the similarities stop there. Rayne has been covertly studying to become a vampire, and her moment of love-at-first-bite has arrived. Unfortunately, her decidedly nonvampiric twin is at the receiving end of that kiss of death. Now Sunny has just one week to un-bloodmate herself from the newly appointed King of the Coven, Magnus, and return to human form before her dream date to the senior prom. Though filled with teen and supernatural romance clichés and slang, Mancusi's take on the vampire myth is entertaining. The language is a little coarse, but the characters are sound and behave like many teens with their references to underage drinking and sex. Liberal doses of humor keep things interesting. The plot gains momentum in the second half, and the surprise ending will leave readers bloodthirsty for the next installment of the twins' misadventures with the undead. A ghoulishly fun read for a summer day at the beach.—Elaine Baran Black, Gwinnett County Public Library, Lawrenceville, GA

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About the Author

Mari Mancusi used to wish she could become a vampire back in high school. But she ended up in another blood sucking profession --journalism -- instead. Today she works as a freelance TV producer and author of books for teens and adults. When not writing about creatures of the night, Mari enjoys traveling, cooking, goth clubbing, watching cheesy horror movies, and her favorite guilty pleasure--videogames. A graduate of Boston University and a two time Emmy Award winner, she lives in Austin, Texas with her husband Jacob and their dogs Bowie and Mesquite.

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Prologue

Sunshine and Rayne

You know, being bitten by a vampire one week before prom really sucks. On soooo many levels. Okay, fine. I'm sure it'd be equally sucky at other times of the calendar year as well. Photo day at school, for example. Bad time to sport a two-hole hickey on your neck. Easter would blow too—imagine trying to explain to your mom that you can't attend sunrise service because, well, you're allergic to the sun. And then there's Christmas. Sure, you'd sport a good chance of running into Santa, but could you resist the urge to snack on his jolly old jugular?

Now that I think about it, there just ain't a good time to be bitten by a vampire.

That said, you gotta understand. Three hours, twenty-five minutes, and thirty-three seconds ago JAKE WILDER asked me to prom! I mean JAKE WILDER, people! The hottest guy at Oakridge High School. The heartthrob leading man in every school play with soulful, deep brown eyes and drool-worthy bod. Every girl I know is officially In Love with him—even Mary Markson and she's practically married to her boyfriend, Nick.

But, I ask you, who did the Sex God in question ask to the senior class prom? Uh, yeah, that would be moi. Seriously, if you had asked me three hours, twenty-five minutes, and thirty-TWO seconds ago whether Jake Wilder even knew my name, I'd have bet my iPod he hadn't a clue. (And it's a darn good thing I didn't make that bet, 'cause a day without twenty gigs of music at my fingertips is like a day without sunshine.)

That said, I can't tell you what a total and utter bummer it is to be slowly morphing into a vampire one week before the big event.

I'm getting ahead of myself here. Since you don't have a clue as to who I am, you probably don't care all that much about my imminent Creature of the Night transformation. (Mom always says I have the worst manners known to mankind, so I apologize in advance for my shortcomings.)

So okay, all about me for a moment. My name is Sunshine McDonald. Yes, Sunshine, and if you think that's bad, I dread to introduce you to my identical twin sister, Rayne. I know, I know, Sunshine and Rayne—it makes you a little sick to your stomach, doesn't it? Well, you can blame our cruel, ex-hippie parents who (hello!?) grew up in the disco era and should have been hanging out at Studio 54, dancing the night away, instead of at the Harvest Co-Op broiling tofu. But, sadly, no. They preferred peace, love, and stupid baby names to hot dance tunes and bling.

Of course, these days Dad's probably driving around in a hot red sports car while picking up honeys in Vegas. He left Mom to "find himself" about four years ago and has remained lost ever since. We occasionally get guilt-ridden birthday cards with the sincerest apologies and a crisp fifty-dollar bill stuffed inside, but that's about it. I miss him sometimes, but what can you do?

Anyway, back to me. I'm sixteen years old. Five foot four, average weight, dirty blond hair. I've got muddy brown eyes that someday I'm going to hide with blue contacts and a billion annoying freckles that don't fade no matter how much lemon juice I squeeze on them. Mom says I got the freckles from Dad's Irish side of the family. Dad says I got them from Mom's Scottish ancestors. In any case, Rayne and I were cursed in the womb by the bad gene fairy and can't do anything about it.

At school I do okay—an A/B student usually. I like English. Abhor Math. Want to be a journalist when I "grow up." I play varsity field hockey and have twice tried out for the school play, mostly to be up close and personal with Jake Wilder. I have now twice ended up as Heather Miller's understudy and the stupid girl is never sick. I'm talking winning-the-perfect-attendance-award-two-years-running never sick. To add insult to injury, she also has big boobs and throws herself at Jake on a daily basis.

But anyway, I'm sure you're much more interested in the whole vampire thing than Heather Miller's chest. (Though you should see it—she looks like freaking Pamela Anderson!) Basically, the trouble all started when Rayne decided to drag me to a Goth club.

Now for the record, I'm so not into Goth music or that whole scene AT ALL. Not that I'm a Britney lover, of course. I guess you could consider me a Norah Jones, Liz Phair type of girl. But Rayne, on the other hand, is a full-fledged Goth chick. If I ever saw her wear anything but the color black, I would seriously fall over in

shock and awe. She listens to all this bizarre music that you'd never hear on the radio and loves dark, twisted movies that make absolutely no sense. For example, she's seen *Donnie Darko* fifty times and can quote seventeen *Buffy* episodes by heart. When a new Anne Rice book comes out, she camps overnight to be first in line to buy it. (Even though there are plenty of those sicko books to go around, trust me.)

So anyway, two days ago Rayne tells me she saw this flyer at Newbury Comics for an all-ages Goth club up in Nashua, New Hampshire—about twenty minutes from where we live on the Massachusetts border. It's called, if you can believe it, "Club Fang," which has seriously got to be the most cheeseball name on the planet. Rayne, on the other hand, is so excited, I'm half convinced she's going to pee her pants. (Or her long, black skirt, to be exact—the girl wouldn't be caught dead in pants.) And because, as she reminds me, I've known her since birth, it's evidently my twin-sisterly duty to give up any Sunday night plans I might have had to go with her, since all of her friends are too busy.

Lucky me.

1

Goth Me Up—Bay-Bee

"Give me one good reason why I should go tonight."

It's Sunday evening, five p.m., and I'm desperately trying to get out of the big Club Fang outing my sister's got planned for us. I'm not holding out much hope, though. After all, it's a proven fact in life that what Rayne wants, Rayne gets. Period. End of story.

Rayne rolls over from a lounging position on her four-poster bed, props her head up with an elbow, and gives me her best pout.

"Quit your whining. It'll be totally fun and you know it. Besides, I went to see Dave Matthews with you and you can't possibly imagine how painful that was for me to endure. My ears still haven't recovered."

My identical dramaholic rubs her lobes with two fingers, as if they're still causing her pain. Puh-leeze.

"Whatever." I shove her playfully, and she falls back onto the mattress. "As if it's a chore to hear that dreamy voice."

"Chore, no. Cruel and unusual punishment worse than death? Now you're getting warmer." Rayne jumps up from the bed and makes a beeline for her closet. "So you're going. It's decided." She rummages through the hangers, face intent. "Now we need to find you something to wear."

Danger! Danger!

"Oh no you don't!" I cry. "I may be forced to go to this stupid club, but I'm so not undergoing some extreme Goth makeover. There's nothing wrong with what I have on." I stand up and model my tank/jeans/flips combo, which has always served me well.

Rayne turns to look at me for a second—long enough to give me a once-over and roll her eyes—then turns back to her closet. She pulls out a long black skirt and black sweater.

"I'm not wearing a sweater to a nightclub," I protest. "I'll sweat to death!"

"Fine. Jeez. It was just a thought." She crams the outfit back into the overflowing closet, exchanging it for a black (surprise, surprise) tank top. Now while as a rule, I'm totally a tank top type of girl, I tend to stay away from ones made out of vinyl.

"No effing way." I shake my head. "People will think I'm into S&M and start trying to whip me or handcuff me to the stage or something."

Rayne emits her patented sigh of frustration at my protest, but thankfully returns the bondage outfit to the closet. I, in turn, sit back down on the bed and wonder whether I should be concerned that my twin owns an outfit like that to begin with.

"How about this?" she asks. She pulls out a very cute spaghetti tank with the words Fashion Victim written on the front. "It seems rather appropriate."

I throw a pillow at her.

"Only in the most ironic of ways, of course," she amends with a giggle. "Or, there's always this one." She exchanges the tank with another—this one pink with white writing that says Bite Me!

"Where'd you get that shirt?" I ask curiously. "It doesn't seem like your type of thing. It's not even black."

She shrugs. "Some vampire let me borrow it a while ago. I keep forgetting to give it back."

"Vampire?" I raise an eyebrow. While I knew Rayne ran with a different crowd, I hadn't realized they fancied themselves creatures of the night. "We're swapping clothes with the undead now?" I guess that would explain all the black.

Rayne snorts. "I just borrowed a T-shirt, smart-ass. But for the record, yes. There's like this whole group of them in Nashua. They look like Goth kids, but they're really members of an ancient vampire coven."

"You've got to be kidding me," I groan. "Why would anyone want to pretend to be a vampire anyway? Like why is that so cool? Do they go around drinking each other's blood or something?"

Rayne gives me a noncommittal shrug, which tells me she actually thinks it is cool, but isn't about to admit it to me. I consider teasing her, but then decide the "live and let live" theory of sisterhood is the best plan of action at this point and drop the subject. After all, I have to hang out with her all night. Having her mad at me is only going to make things that much more painful.

"Okay, I'll wear the Bite Me shirt," I say to appease her. At least it's not black. "It'll be my standard response to anyone who tries to hit on me." I giggle. "Someone can come up and be like 'Hey babe, what's your sign?' and I'll just point to my shirt."

Rayne laughs appreciatively and tosses me the tank top. "Of course they might think you're pointing to your boobs in a 'have at 'em, big boy' kind of way."

"Ew!"

"Don't worry," my sister says, swapping her T-shirt for a long, black princess dress ornamented with a ton of lace. Where does she find this stuff? "Most of the boys will be gay, I'm sure. All the good ones are, especially in the Goth scene. You don't get many hetero guys who dig wearing eyeliner."

She snorts. "So, little angelic twin of mine, I'm quite confident that your virtue will remain intact, no matter

which T-shirt you wear."

Here she goes again. I knew we couldn't have a whole conversation without Rayne's infamous "Sunny the Innocent" digs. My precious little twin lost her virginity last year and has been bragging about it ever since. You'd think she won an Olympic sex medal or something. But I'm sorry. Meeting some grungy skater dude at camp and sneaking out to do it on the floor of the boathouse is so not my idea of a fulfilling first experience. Call me a girly-girl, but I want my first time to be all candles and roses, not splinters and knee burns. To each her own, I guess.

"So anyway," Rayne continues, taking my silence as license to carry on teasing me, "you can be well assured, your innocence is safe at Club Fang."

I giggle in spite of myself. She sounds like a saleswoman. "Is that printed on the flyer?"

"Absolutely," Rayne declares confidently. "Money-back guarantee."

When getting guide [Boys That Bite \(A Blood Coven Vampire Novel\) By Mari Mancusi](#) by on-line, you can read them anywhere you are. Yeah, even you are in the train, bus, hesitating checklist, or various other places, online publication [Boys That Bite \(A Blood Coven Vampire Novel\) By Mari Mancusi](#) could be your buddy. Every single time is a great time to review. It will certainly enhance your understanding, fun, entertaining, session, and also encounter without investing even more cash. This is why on the internet e-book [Boys That Bite \(A Blood Coven Vampire Novel\) By Mari Mancusi](#) becomes most really wanted.