<h2 style="text-align: center;">

<i style="font-family: 'Helvetica Neue', Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: x-large;">THE POWER TO SEE by Jennifer Anne Davis</i></h2>

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<a href="http://www.amazon.com/Power-See-Jennifer-Anne-Davis-ebook/dp/B00KGBHV14/ref=sr\_1\_3\_title\_0\_main?s=books&amp;ie=UTF8&amp;qid=1400627053&amp;sr=1-3&amp;keywords=THE+POWER+TO+SEE" style="margin-left: 1em; margin-right: 1em;" target="\_blank"><img border="0" src="http://3.bp.blogspot.com/-r3TY7sAqzfM/U1Bv614HJzI/AAAAAAAACCc/DVgK8Zw2Ajs/s1600/10269390\_10202166348343679\_197835110490454631\_n.jpg" height="640" width="426" /></a></div>

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<span style="font-family: Helvetica Neue, Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif;"><b><span style="font-size: large;">THE POWER TO SEE BY JENNIFER ANNE DAVIS</span></b></span><span style="font-family: Helvetica Neue, Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif;"><br /></span><br />

<span style="font-family: Helvetica Neue, Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif;">Publisher:&nbsp;<span style="color: #660000;"><a href="http://www.crimsontreepublishing.com/" style="background-color: white;" target="\_blank">Crimson Tree Publishing</a></span></span><br />

<span style="font-family: Helvetica Neue, Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif;">Content Rating:&nbsp;<b>Mature Content</b>&nbsp;<i>(Rated YAm with 5's in all categories.)&nbsp;</i></span><br />

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<a href="http://3.bp.blogspot.com/-62NB2pZRTLk/U3viGO0ItiI/AAAAAAAACJY/qn4-sDAVqsE/s1600/Isolated+title+-+Power+to+See.gif" imageanchor="1" style="clear: left; float: left; margin-bottom: 1em; margin-right: 1em;"><img border="0" src="http://3.bp.blogspot.com/-62NB2pZRTLk/U3viGO0ItiI/AAAAAAAACJY/qn4-sDAVqsE/s1600/Isolated+title+-+Power+to+See.gif" height="320" width="157" /></a><span style="font-family: Helvetica Neue, Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif;">At first glance, twenty-two-year-old Brianna’s life seems perfect. But she harbors a deadly secret—her father is the leader of a ruthless drug cartel. Brianna struggles to find her place in a world her father meticulously controls, and believes she is nothing but a pawn in her father’s deadly games.&nbsp;</span></div>

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<span style="font-family: Helvetica Neue, Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif;">After graduating from college with an enormous debt, Dominic finds himself lured by money and power into a job that appears too good to be true. He doesn’t realize he works for a drug cartel until he’s in too deep. Trying to keep his family safe, he takes a deal offered by Brianna’s father and agrees to marry Brianna while continuing to work for the cartel.&nbsp;</span></div>

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<span style="font-family: Helvetica Neue, Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif;">Brianna and Dominic must rely on one another as their lives become further entwined in the lethal drug world. When Dominic discovers a deadly secret, he begins to question everything and turns to Brianna for support. However, Brianna’s heart belongs to another man—an undercover DEA agent.&nbsp;</span></div>

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<span style="font-family: Helvetica Neue, Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif;">The DEA closes in on the drug cartel, forcing Brianna and Dominic to choose sides, igniting a battle between family loyalty, love, and survival. Brianna soon realizes that she may be the only person capable of bringing down her father’s empire—if she can find a way to outsmart the master manipulator, without losing herself, and her heart, in the process.</span></div>

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READ AN EXCERPT:</h2>

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There was a soft knock on her door. Matt popped his head in, making her flush. As much as she fought against it, Brianna had to admit, Matt was hot. She hadn’t seen him since their dinner the other night. There was something different about him from other men she’d known. She liked that Matt was intelligent and highly sought after in the law field. Even though he was confident, he wasn’t cocky, and there was something gentle about him. She couldn’t put her finger on it, but she liked that he seemed interested in getting to know her. It was a refreshing change. Of course, it was also nice that Matt was untouched by her father.</div>

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“Do you have any plans for the weekend?” he asked, giving her a half smile.</div>

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“Nothing too exciting. I have a lot to do before we meet with the judge on Monday.”</div>

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“Well, you can’t work all weekend, so I have a proposition for you.” Matt walked in and sat on the edge of Brianna’s desk, pulling two tickets from his shirt pocket. “I’m taking you to a baseball game Saturday night.”</div>

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Did he just ask her out? Was Matt interested in her? This wasn’t good. Why couldn’t Matt be married or unattractive? Why did she have to meet him now? “I don’t know,” she managed to say.</div>

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“You owe me a dinner,” Matt reminded her, the dimple in his cheek showing.</div>

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“I can’t.” She really wanted to, but her father would never approve.</div>

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Matt raised his eyebrows. “I’m not asking you out on a date, so don’t get all defensive. I’m simply asking you to a baseball game, and it’s work related if that makes you feel any better.” He leaned in close, smiling like they shared a secret.</div>

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Why did he have to keep looking at her like that? “Work related how?” she asked. Perhaps there was a way to get her father’s approval.</div>

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“The firm has a box. So, technically it’s a work function.”</div>

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“Is anyone else going?”</div>

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“No,” he whispered.</div>

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Brianna wanted to be alone with Matt, but she wasn’t sure she could control herself around him. Salazar’s plan was very direct and specific, and Matt was definitely not a part of the plan. She couldn’t afford to lose focus now. But the way Matt sat on the desk, his smile, those eyes—she was drawn to him. She closed her eyes, smelling his musky scent. Not once in Brianna’s life had Salazar ever asked her what she wanted. Everything was planned and she was expected to go along with it. Against her better judgment, she agreed to go to the game.</div>

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“I’ll pick you up at six.” Matt smiled. He slid from her desk and strolled to the door.</div>

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“No, I’ll meet you there.”</div>

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After glancing back at her, Matt responded, “Suit yourself,” and left.</div>

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Brianna was grinning so big, her cheeks hurt. A baseball game sounded like fun. She just needed to make sure her father knew it was a work function so he wouldn’t jump to the wrong conclusion. A little voice in the back of her mind screamed at the stupidity of getting involved with Matt, but Brianna chose to ignore the voice of reason.</div>

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<h2 style="text-align: center;">

BOOKS BY JENNIFER ANNE DAVIS: </h2>

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<a href="http://www.amazon.com/True-Reign-Jennifer-Anne-Davis-ebook/dp/B00GOHVFPW/ref=sr\_1\_3\_bnp\_1\_kin?ie=UTF8&amp;qid=1384817610&amp;sr=8-3&amp;keywords=jennifer+anne+davis" target="\_blank"><img border="0" src="http://2.bp.blogspot.com/-VKHfN87eKxc/UzN-TQl\_lCI/AAAAAAAAB-8/35zOS\_ZV0qE/s1600/Screen+Shot+2014-03-26+at+8.24.53+PM.png" height="251" width="400" /></a></div>

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<span style="font-size: large;"><b>THE KEY IS <a href="http://www.amazon.com/True-Reign-Jennifer-Anne-Davis-ebook/dp/B00GOHVFPW/ref=sr\_1\_3\_bnp\_1\_kin?ie=UTF8&amp;qid=1384817610&amp;sr=8-3&amp;keywords=jennifer+anne+davis" target="\_blank"><span style="color: red;">FREE</span></a>!&nbsp;</b></span></div>

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<span class="Apple-style-span" style="font-family: Arial; line-height: 22px;"><span class="Apple-style-span" style="font-size: large;">About Jennifer Anne Davis</span></span></h2>

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<a href="http://1.bp.blogspot.com/-QSmrhjxWxuU/UlB98Ct8QMI/AAAAAAAABPc/3coIwTXn84A/s1600/Jennifer.jpg" imageanchor="1" style="margin-left: 1em; margin-right: 1em;"><img border="0" src="http://1.bp.blogspot.com/-QSmrhjxWxuU/UlB98Ct8QMI/AAAAAAAABPc/3coIwTXn84A/s320/Jennifer.jpg" height="320" width="300" /></a></div>

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<a href="https://twitter.com/AuthorJennifer" style="margin-left: 1em; margin-right: 1em;" target="\_blank"><img border="0" src="http://4.bp.blogspot.com/-bT8Ls2hatMk/UfmkJBFtZYI/AAAAAAAAA-A/lxJ3sExXIeA/s1600/twitter.png" /></a><a href="https://www.facebook.com/AuthorJenniferAnneDavis" style="margin-left: 1em; margin-right: 1em;" target="\_blank"><img border="0" src="http://1.bp.blogspot.com/-wiU5cxzj9CE/UfmkJDGvDiI/AAAAAAAAA98/mBG6fSB1o4s/s1600/facebook.png" /></a></div>

<span class="Apple-style-span" style="font-family: Arial; font-size: 14px; line-height: 22px;"><br /></span><span class="Apple-style-span" style="font-family: Arial; font-size: 14px; line-height: 22px;">Jennifer graduated from the University of San Diego with a degree in English and a teaching credential. Afterwards, she finally married her best friend and high school sweetheart. Jennifer is currently a full-time writer and mother of three young children. Her days are spent living in imaginary worlds and fueling her own kids’ creativity.<br /><br />Visit Jennifer online at&nbsp;<a href="http://www.jenniferannedavis.com/" style="color: #c71818; text-decoration: none;">www.JenniferAnneDavis.com</a>.</span><br />

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

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