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Von Niki Savage

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Von Niki Savage : Crossfire: Hearts on Fire (The Crossfire Trilogy Book 3) (English Edition) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Crossfire: Hearts on Fire (The Crossfire Trilogy Book 3) (English Edition):

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Super das englische OriginalVon -KundeDie Serie hatte ich vorher schon in deutsch gelesen und wollte dann unbedingt das

Kurzbeschreibung This is the third book in the Crossfire Trilogy. Stefan's worst fears come true when Marcelle disappears after a meeting with her team manager on his smallholding outside Paris. As Omega starts a race against the clock, desperate to find her before it's too late, Stefan goes to pieces, blaming himself for drawing her into his world. Can their marriage survive such a cruel test? Will Marcelle's bitter experiences at the hands of her captors change her forever, even if she survives? Will she blame Stefan? Can he stop blaming himself? This is an excerpt from *Hearts on Fire*. "Marcelle opened her eyes, or thought she had. The inky blackness didn't change. An excruciating headache pounded her brain, and she reached a hand to the stickiness on her forehead. Searching fingers found her eyes open, and panic surged through her. She waved a hand in front of her eyes, fighting down her alarm. She was blind! And that wasn't the only problem. Rough blankets scraped against her skin every time she moved, and it took only a second before she realized she was naked. They had not even left her the dignity of underwear. Her wristwatch, a birthday gift from her father, was also missing. Had that ugly man undressed her? What else had he done while she had been unconscious? She shuddered, revulsion rising at the back of her throat. Was he watching her, even now? Her panic was turning into hysteria when she heard a click, and bright light flooded the room. She cried out as the sharp light hurt her eyes, but was also profoundly grateful. The light revealed a small windowless room, bare of furnishings except for the narrow cot upon which she lay, and the small table next to it. The blankets over and under her were the same drab grey as the rough stone walls of the room. Marcelle stared at the heavy wooden door, expecting it to open, but nothing further happened. She noticed another, smaller room. Through the open door, she could see a washbasin and a toilet. Her bursting bladder could wait no longer. She wrapped a blanket around herself, and staggered towards the toilet. The door had a flimsy lock, but she was grateful for it. She locked the door behind her, and dropped the blanket to the floor. After her ablutions, she rinsed her face with cold water, and rubbed away the dried blood. The ugly cut still oozed a thin trickle of watery blood, but a wad of toilet paper stemmed the flow. She checked her body, but apart from cuts and bruises from the car accident, everything seemed to be intact. She decided the monstrous man had not violated her while she had been defenseless."

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