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Sweet Peril epub Sweet Peril ebook Author: Wendy Higgins ISBN-10: 0062265946 ISBN-13: 9780062265946 Release date: April 30, 2013. Publisher: HarperTeen Pages of Book: 375 Pages Language: English Genre: Paranormal fiction Review: Anna Whitt, daughter of an angel guardian and a demon, She promised herself that she would never recede her father's work - the zagadjujuca soul. She was naïve to make a vow like that. She was naïve about a lot of things. Haunted by the whisperers of demons, Anna does everything she can to survive, even if it means hugging her dark side and earning an unwanted reputation as a party to her school. Her life has never looked bloodier. And all the time, there's Kaidan Rowe, the son of the Duke of Lust, who has a heart and a heart. Download Sweet Peril epub To get Sweet Peril epub just click on the button below to download Sweet Peril epub. Last updated admin on May 4, 2020. Fans of Cassandra Clare's Death Instruments series will be attracted to the sexy, exciting sweet evil series Wendy Higgins. Sweet Peril focuses on the battle between light and darkness, good and evil, inside Anne Whitt, the child of the angel's guardian mother and demonic father. Anna promised to never work for her father - polluting souls. She was naïve to claim that. Haunted by demon whisperers, Anna does everything she can to survive, even if it means she deserves an unwanted reputation as a party to her school. And all the time, he's a gorgeous evil boy, Kaidan Rowe, the son of the Duke of Lust, who's holding her heart and mind. Anna discovers that her destiny is to banish the demons from the earth and save another Nephili from their dark destiny. Until then, Anna and Kaidan must soften the questions between them, overcome the most modern temptation to date and face the final question: is it worth loving someone who is worth risking their lives? Backorder (temporarily out of stock) Fans of Cassandra Clare's Death Instruments series will attract a sexy, exciting series of Sweet Evil Wendy Higgins. Sweet Peril focuses on the battle between light and darkness, good and evil, inside Anne Whitt, the child of the angel's guardian mother and demonic father. Anna promised to never make her father, polluting souls. She was naïve to claim that. Haunted by demon whisperers, Anna does everything she can to survive, even if it means she deserves an unwanted reputation as a party to her school. And all the time, he's a gorgeous evil boy, Kaidan Rowe, the son of the Duke of Lust, who's holding her heart and mind. Anna discovers that her destiny is to banish the demons from the earth and save another Nephili from their dark destiny. Until then, Anna and Kaidan must soften the questions between them, overcome the most modern temptation to date and face the final question: is it worth loving someone who is worth risking their lives? Price $9.99 $9.19 Publisher Harper Teen Release Date 30, 2013 Pages 375 Dimensions 5.2 X 7.9 X 1.0 inches | The £0.65 Language English Type Paperback EAN/UPC 9780062265944 Wendy Higgins is the New York Times author of the bestselling series Sweet Evil, The Great Hunt, The Great Pursuit, Flirting with Maybe, and Kiss Collector. Born in Alaska as a military brat, she lived in five different military bases across the United States. Wendy now lives on virginia's east coast with her husband and children, she writes full-time. You can visit it online on www.wendyhigginswrites.com. Abby's Staff Picks VIEW LIST (5 BOOKS) For Nathan Higgins, whose life is a snapshot of perseverance, hard work and loyalty Content Dedication Auras PROLOGUE: Emergency Summit, 1748, Rome, Italy Epigraph JUN, YEAR BEFORE SENIOR CHAPTER 1: Party Girl CHAPTER TWO: Chapter 3: Chapter 4: Chapter 4: Chapter 4 for now: FIRST ASSIGNMENT CHAPTER SIX: NON-DATE SEVENTH CHAPTER: PAD DAMASCUS: SENIOR CHAPTER EIGHT: LONDON WINTER: SENIOR CHAPTER 9: LAND DOWN UNDER CHAPTER TEN: THE GHOST CHAPTER 11: SINGLES AWARENESS DAY SPRING: SENIOR YEAR CHAPTER 12: SPRING BREAK SUMMER: END OF SENIOR YEAR CHAPTER 13: Diploma Visitors CHAPTER 14: California Dreaming CHAPTER 15: Heights CHAPTER 16: Breakdown CHAPTER 17: SERVING CHAPTER 18: MY CHAPTER NINETH : STRANGERS CHAPTER TWENTY: MotoCROSS SURPRISE CHAPTER ONEINDVAJTERO: Island CHAPTER TWO-AND-A-YEAR : Sunken CHAPTER 23: Truth comes Duke Names and Job Descriptions Index Awards Back Ads About author Copyright Credits About publisher Auras PROLOGUE Emergency Summit, 1748, Rome, Italy Unsame Roman Community, 666 Winter Demons Has Benefited the Unheandered Colosseum. Twelve of the fallen, dukes, were present in human form, while others were as ghosts, inflated celestial light from the foot sky. Rahab, the Duke of Pride, took his place at the centre, which was insane by the attention commanded by his presence. He watched with great ages the thousands of Duke's descendants, the nephilic race, who called her to meet from every corner of the earth. Let's officially open this summit, Rahab ordered. The reverential combination of hissing and scans filled the Colosseum – a ghoulish melody issued by dukes and ghosts over their heads as they flapped their massive wings in enoum. The cold spread to an expected audience when Rahab got caught to reveal the purpose of their gathering. We have pointed out that you no longer feel the need to focus on the work you were brought up for. No one moved. Rahab turned to the teenager in the crowd, who twitgled as if he had been hit by his cruel gaze. She was dodging the almond's eyes. The lock fell out of her hair as she moved back. Come on in, daughter of Alocker. To those words from Rahaba, the girl is violently mobbing. Femi, what are you doing here? Duke Alocer made his way to the front, his forehead reevened relentlessly as he searched for his daughter. Father..... Femi whispered so low that normal human ears would never catch him, but every creature in the Colosseum heard that night. Come here, her father said. What did you do? Femi made her way to him, in layers of Egyptian silk. Father, have mercy on me, I beg you. I'm carrying your grandson. Alocer shut down and his forehead smoothed out. Is that it? He asked me. You know you're not going to make it through the birth. She lowered her eyes and nod again. Alocer turned to Habhab. That's normal, Rahab. He wasn't wrong to cover up his irritation. Pregnancy is not a worthy reason to call an extraordinary summit. The girl's a hard worker. Ah, yes. Rahab surrendered to Alocer's daughter. I'm sure this pregnancy is the result of all your hard work. No doubt you conceived when you led a man into sin... ...and you were conceived. Right, girl? The horrified man realised Femi crossed her face as she searched the crowd, and she met only with empty and hostile stares. She collapsed to the ground at her father's feet and ed, kissing his legs and ankles. Alocer was staring at the ground, questioned. Who were you with? He asked her. She shook his head, his hair dragged on the floor around his legs. Rahab bent over and forced femi to look up. Answer your father. Tell him! Femi only cried harder and screamed as Rahab's fingers tightened. She's afraid to shut up, and that's how she should be, because her father's not human. It is one of them – one of its kind. A collective swing rose from the crowd, followed by a quick whisper and a hard-on. Duke Alocer's eyes narrowed to thin cuts as he searched between Femi and Hab. That's right. Tiny specie foams that formed on the inclination of Rahab's smile. The suspicions were raised by one of my Legionnaires, confirmed by my colleague Neph. Who was it? The Duke of Sonellion asked: There was hatred in his crystal eyes. Who are we going to punish? Rahab raised his eyebrow, his expectations were drawn. Yoshiro, son of Jezebet. That can't be it! Duke Jezebet's eyes soaring deep red as he stepped forward to confront Rahab. He was the smallest of the dukes, but his speed and sharp eyes lent him a strong presence. Where's the neph who claimed that? I'm sorry she took her own life after she told us this terrible truth. Rahab straightened his hand over his heart. Yoshiro has faithfully served our cause! Jezebet screamed and ignored his stupidity. We'll see, Rahab said. Come on in, Yoshiro. The crowd began to diverge. They all turned to Yoshiru when he came through, taller than his father, carrying a thin sword. Stop, Rahab. Lay down your weapons or you will be taken from you. Stupid boy! Jezebet drugged him. Don't you have any sense? You have to work against humanity, not delay your days with Sister Nefilim! Yoshiro looked at Femi, who was still lying in a pile of grief in front of her father's leg. He planted his sword. That's my job, Yoshiro told the Dukes. Don't get along with Fema. How romantic. Rahab's voice was gently mocked. But do I have to go to the obvious? They both forgave her life the moment she started. Damage. For a moment, Rahab looked out for a moment with a dark smile. Did you know half a million people died in these walls? He asked me. These reasons are ersy about the blood of their youth. This is a great venue for our games, isn't it? I hope our two gladiators try to escape. He waved and raised his eyebrows at Yoshira and Femi, who were stunned in peace, as if they didn't believe their secret was known and that their lives had come to this. Several dukes laughed without real humour, while the rest of Nefilim distanced himself further and set as many distances as possible between himself and unfolding events. Also? Rahab threw his hands, a cruel smile on his lips, when he called the pair. Now's your chance. Run! Femi rose to her feet with a dungeon and pushed through the dukes to Yoshiro. They held hands and sprinted together the length of the broken Colosseum, side by side with the eructable spirits who put the hunt on them. Several dukes cheered with malicious joy. you. Rahab scanned the crowd and pointed to a man between the fringes. A straight-faced young man stepped with a bow on his shoulder. Kill them both, rahab ordered. My nephew gave up his jaw and hesitated just moments before the nod. He took the arrow out of the giggle on his back and turned on his bow. Despite a cold night, a belt of sweat rolled into his eye and rolled his head up his sleeve, blurting. They're escaping, you idiot! The Duke of Hate shouts. The boy at home had runners paired with his wide-eye and audible senses, and then, with the rise and fall of Adam's apple, he let the first arrow fly, just after the second. His goal was perfect. For two heartbeats, the Colosseum spirit was silent when Femi and Yoshiro fell, limbs smeared in a cat. The young man's bow of hand was shinged by his side and he moved back into the crowd, his head lowered. So that's it? Breathe in Thamuz, Duke of Murder. Where's the sport in quick-kill, I'm asking? Rahab laughed. Hold still, Thamuz. I don't think we should expect much more when we have a neph guy doing the dirty work for us. Consider this a reminder to all! Rahab's voice rang to the edges of the non-philes. Your purpose is to carry sin into humanity. If you decide to You're missing your time on earth. If you forget your fate, be sure I won't. Leave us on top. The horde sneered together, stirred and drove to get out of the presence of the Dukes. Jezebet and Alocer stood with a hundred expressions, as Nefilim put in the past. Rahab broke his knuckles and stared at the back of the last corpses. I've said for centuries that unpredictable half-breeds are bigger problems than they are worth, but you insist you have them. They're all but as stupid as humans, but as dangerous as wild animals. He smiled at himself before whispering his next thought out loud. Even God himself left them and forgot them. The Epigraph Hope is a thing with feathers that preys in the soul, and sings a melody without words, and it never stops at all . . . - Emily Dickinson Love cannot be forced, love cannot be forged. . . . PEARL S. BUCK JUNE SUMMER BEFORE SENIOR YEAR CHAPTER ONE PARTY GIRL PROMISED MYSELF THAT I WOULD NEVER WORK MY DEMONIC FATHER, WHICH POLLUTES SOULS THAT LEAD PEOPLE TO ABUSE THEIR BODIES WITH DRUGS AND ALCOHOL. I was naïve to make a vow like that. I was naïve about a lot of things. The bass was bumed through the dark room where we all danced. I climbed onto the coffee table and got rid of the ignorance of the eyes that saw me: mostly friendly, but kind of lustful, judgmental or envious. Tonight, my place on the table was less about being in the spotlight and more about the best view. I witnessed a demon whisperer whispering and I had to watch. It's been a week since I've seen one of the best shows since the New Year. Jay and Veronica were somewhere. My best friends were an official couple for four months who finally reconciled after a New Year's eve party where he kissed my nephew, Marna, daughter Astaroth, duke of pretenses. Marna shook up Jay, but she kissed him because she knew you and Veronica had strong feelings. The events of that night have become a taboo subject. Now I was looking for Jay and Veronica, but they were probably in the basement playing cards. They almost wanted to go home, but they couldn't catch me when I left the party so early. It wasn't even midnight. There was a whisperer. My heart got caught in my throat, but I kept dancing. The lively, fun atmosphere was cradled into something dark and wicked as the villainous presence moved across the ceiling like an oil slick. The grouse was stabbed in my guts. After all this time, the whisperers still me off. The spirit searched the crowd, smiled at the smiling partygoers and rumming through the biting stings. The dancers were excited about each other. The drink spilled, the voices went up, and it started to push. I stepped out of the coffee table and got into the kitchen. The demon changed course to follow. I Don't let me see people trying to stop me and talk to me as I move through the crowd. Within seconds, a dark whisperer came up to me and said, My daughter Belial, this party is too tame. I crushed my teeth and struggled with a visible shirk when my voice poured into my brain like mucus. I wanted it out of my head. Yes, I know. I sent a telepathic response to the spirit. But that's about to change. I got a warm reception in the kitchen. Raised glasses and shouts of my name. My peers have forgiven my past awkward grudges and cast me to rest. They embraced the party when, six months ago, she unnaturally burned her life like a flower forced to open in winter. What is it, everybody? I embellish my most playful smile. A week after the demon whisperers on top started stalking me. Six months. Each. Day. Until a week ago. I thought it was over. Maybe you'd prove yourself and leave me alone. Wrong. I shocked myself with my sudden and force-free will for life. They opened my eyes that night in New York. I was meant to live and fulfill my purpose. They've taken so much from me - my former dreams and aspirations. I didn't want to give up my life after everything I'd been through, so I came out and fought, despite my sensitive, angelic side. I've been looking for a lifetime of trouble with some kind of desperation. If there was a party, I was there. I used to drink, but mostly I just pretended to dress up as trends, got three piercings in one ear and two in the other, plus a belly ring, and let the stylist übercool do whatever she wanted with my hair as long as she stayed blonde. Very blonde. Because blondes had more fun, didn't they? It looked like I was having fun. Funny thing, look. Would you make us dirty kisses? One girl called. I smiled. I made up a party opportunity and called it a dirty kiss. It would become my drink, which required the drinker to lick the chocolate syrup from the bottom of the glass. I let you down with your lips. I don't have a stuff tonight. I'll do you something good, don't worry. They were cheering, and I was ashamed to be alarmed by the excitement I got from their attention. I turned to the fridge. I was good at a show under the stress of demonic eyes. Now I knew it was a lot of people behind me. The sooner I get rid of him, the better. And I was lucky. There were two trays of jelly shots at the bottom of the fridge. I said I was pulling them out. I didn't know where the party was or if the trays were stored for something special, but none of it mattered. I held the blue spikes and said, Jell-Oshots, who? They're all breathed out of their own, like I'm their hero. Egged on with the demon of dark whispers, all sense of decision-making between the parties suddenly confused. Some drivers were struck by gunfire. The clock was forgotten. The hands felt for bodies they didn't touch. It hurt me to watch spiritual work. The demon rang in my ears so i could hear it. The party's started. I woke up with the tuses behind my eyes and the grey edi. I was going down a half-full bottle of water by my bed and scrolling through the contents as events last night hovered on the surface of my slow memory. Beer bong. A drunken kiss in the bathroom between me and a random guy. People out there get sick in the bushes. Arguing with people who drank and wanted to drive. The boy from school, Matt, who fought me with the keys and tripped over his car with his girlfriend Ashley. I squeezed upright into bed and squeezed into my mouth so I wouldn't blow the water. Oh, no. Matt was driving. Oh, no, oh, no, oh, no. I grabbed my cell phone from the night closet with my hands. It was only nine in the morning, probably too early, but I didn't care. I texted Ashley to see if they got home safely, and then she held my breath until she texted me saying they were fine. I slipped out of bed with a ripped exhale and crashed into my knees, tilted my forehead in the palm of my hand. I hated this life of the non-philes. What would happen on a day when someone wasn't okay? When the night of the party with Anna Whitt caused the tragedy? It was hard to believe that I lived a blessed existence compared to other demons. My father was a good boy, but he played the role of a bad demon to perfection. When I felt calmer, I got up and went to the drawer and pulled out a little dagger with black handles. I confronted a thick slab of wood that I had joined against a wall with a life-size painted body, now covered in stab wounds. Patti was horrified. I started with a therapeutic round of throws, using memories from the past six months to excis a brain. My father's ally, the Demon Azael, ironically also the messenger of Lucifer, came to me the night six months ago when I found out that Kaidan Rowe had moved to L.A. Rahab and issued an order to keep all neph under control until further notice. Your father's under investigation, too. Good luck, daughter Belial. I hit the hand of the target with a dagger. My whole youth year sucked, especially in the second half. I've barely been able to get my ass off. The funny thing is, if you know you're never going to be able to keep up with your dreams, you can kill your motivation to keep the GPA. Instead of doing my homework, I learned to do sharp objects. I took the knife and i was aiming again. I've been haunted for six months. I had to constantly remind Patti not to show affection, and it broke my heart. We developed a sign when the ghosts were close: a scratch in the chin. She would My presence so you wouldn't see her colors. They couldn't have known she wanted to. The knife sank into the target's elbow with his thumb. And so it went around the body. I haven't cried for six months, i've been standing at Lookout Point since that day. Fear and trauma have taken their circulation. I used to hate tears, I thought my tears had weakened. I took their cleaning for granted, just like so many other things. Thud, i'm sorry. Somewhere in the world, my father was busy holding a façade like a duke of substance abuse. But he still gave me self-defense lessons right after the summit. Gruelling, hard lessons that defied my calm instincts. Thud, i'm sorry. In the eye. I wish the Kaidan had seen me. I haven't spoken to my nephos. Nothing sounded from Kai. In the deep limbs of my soul, I was worried it would get me out of my hands. I could be dead for everything I knew. Thud, i'm sorry. I had a choice of defensive maneuvers to study. My instructors wanted to focus on judo clash and fight hand in hand because I obviously had the flexibility, strength and stamina to do that. They didn't understand my interest in knives, and I didn't want to tell them that it made me feel connected to the guy I loved. I was wondering what you'd think if you saw me aiming at my throat and hitting him dead. Would you be proud or sweaty? Does he still care? When he stood at the summit in New York, he was ready to fight for my life. Thud, i'm sorry. Six exciting months without the smell of a sweet, external smell that seemed to be drawn into every memory of him. Six months of life lies to the outside world. When the dagger landed in the doll's heart, I left it there and sat on the bed hard. Even with all their terror, the events of the summit were incredible – heaven sent angels to spare me life. If they had not shown up and intervened, there would have been three more deaths that night: mine, the Qaeda and the Kopanini, who would have defended me. I got in to get a, and I picked up the phone to call Jay. I owe him an apology for another crazy night. He answered right away. What's up, girl? Hey, I said, surprised he didn't sound upset. Are you feeling all right? He asked me. Um... Yes, mostly. Dude, it's a little crazy that you're calling because I was about to call you. Were you? Yes. Can you come here? I want you to hear something. He sounded enthusiastic. Maybe he's finally gotten used to my changes. Of course, I'll be there in about. . . . Twenty? I'il see you then. When I hung up, Patti looked in my room. I told her it was safe. She took a bite at the target. The sheep of blue sadness burned the avra around her torso, but when she turned her face to me, a beautiful swam pale pink was washed away in her place. She crossed her arms. Patti's strawberry curly curls were held back with a buckle, although some and set her face slightly freckled. As always, behind her stood a mistlike guardian angel who watched our interactions with a calm assurance. The silent observations of the guardians of the people were a stunning ing in my life. Good morning, I said. Are you going somewhere? I'm going to jay's. Oh, good. I heard a smile in her voice. I haven't seen this boy in a while. Tell him I miss him. She smoothed my hair back into my pretty tail and kissed my cheek. I turned around and squeezed it. That was the one thing neph didn't have – a loving carer to accept them without a condition. Patti picked me up at a lot of nights in the middle of the night in the last few months. I hated that she had to witness everything. I will, Patti. Thanks. I love you. I took the car keys out of the closet, stable in the fresh air. It was weird driving to Jay's. I haven't been there in a while. Things have been different since he got his job and girlfriend, and since I became anna's party. I don't think anything can stay the same forever. Jay still had short hair, or she'd turn into a thick, blond sponge. The primary change in his appearance came when Jay grew two inches this spring and his softness disappeared. He was employed as an assistant to Deeray. The car smashed into the pine trees when I stopped in the driveway of a single-storey rambler. A giant lybbing sparrow stood stranded, her curtain of leaves pulling the spare grass of Jay's yard. I thought of it as an old friend when I walked up to his door and breathed in the summer smell of honey. No one knocked on Jay's house. I went in and took the rug to his room. Nice, he said when I walked in. He sat at the computer with his guardian angel, who stood directly behind him in a soft, white light. Angel nodded in greetings, but otherwise he was looking after Jay. I sat on an empty chair next to him and got an example of furious ossies to look at the word on the screen: Lascivious. Jay smiled and said, Their debut is finally out. The album's almost finished. Did they really make an album? Last time I stalked them online, there wasn't much to find. But that was good. That meant he was getting lost in music. He was fine. Jay laughed. Well, yes. What did you think they were doing in L.A.? He was only released in California for starters, but I got a censored radio version. You want to hear it? I softened up like I didn't care. I was wondering if Jay could hear how loud my heart was beating. He clicked on the link, and my plan to act disinterested, it fell apart at the sound of the first note. I kept moving, hanging on every beat, like it was a lifeline for a person. The drums. The sound was more mainstream than their usual stuff, but it still rocked. I held my breath when the texts started. I tried to warn you, but girls never listen. Do you have a protected innocence? Because they'd steal it right under your nose. Prepare for the curvature of the oss. I have a one-trace mind. You got a nice one in the back. I was good to numb in the shell, then you surprised me, and now I'm scared like hell. I don't want to feel you, I don't want to feel it. If feeling means pain, then I don't want to be real. You eat my lust, girl, you tame my rage. You let your inner vixen Roam out of the cage. The moment our lips met, I saw it in your eyes, but you saw me too. Chorus What do I want from you? I want everything. And I'm not going to share... This is not an admable matter. You can be my bad girl, I'll even be your good boy. How did the tables turn? I'll be your sweet. Chorus What do you think? All right, what? Jay asked. I swallowed heavily when I wanted a glass of water. Does it say who wrote it? He looked at me funny. Michael is the only one who writes his own poems, except for the singles they get from other sources. For? I'm just curious. Some text . . . . The sight of pity crossed his face. Oh, you thought... ... - No, no, no, no, no, it's okay/forget. I was waving my hand like she was stupid. How embarrassing. Let me check it out. He clicked around until he found information about the album jacket. yes, he says it was written by Michael Vanderson, lead singer. Cool. My throat was itchy. Thanks for letting me hear it. Any pictures? I mean, on the cover of the album? I looked at the computer, not Jay. I didn't want to catch him or his guardian angel, who makes me sad. Jay clicked a little more. They were there. The lead singer, Michael, was at the front dressed in his signed tight suits. The rest of the band was behind him. And there was Kaidan - the most of the camera in the back. He stood with his legs fragmented, his thumbs slid into his pockets and his head leaned down. His hair, which was short the last time I saw him, grew enough to keep his eyes hanging, dark brown and waving slightly at the tips. He was wearing all black, but his eyes, which were spied through the shadows of his hair, were a vivid contrast in striking blue. I caught a necklace with turquoise charm and shirked. He was even prettier than before. This mysterious, dangerous image of him has shinged into my mind. Jay's chair chair

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