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Masters of the shadowlands pdf

LORDS OF THE SHADOWS, BOOK DAY 14Z begins with grief A phone call from a dying friend leaves psychologist Zachary Grayson determined to meet the old survivalist's request - a send-off that will comfort his grieving sons. And then becoming a deadly death threat is just the beginning... because the letter is not a hoax. Z comes out of his office into a barrage of bullets. He may take a shot at, but when the second bullet shards an empty child car seat in his car, he is shaken to the core. The horror of what would have happened if his little girl had been there prompts him to take action. Master Z is Dom, husband, father—every instinct forces him to protect those in his care. When the police can't catch his stalker, he has to take matters into his own hands. He must keep the danger away from those he loves. Secrecy and distance are the key. A funeral in Alaska is the perfect location, especially since Z won't be alone. Survivalist sons have grown into people with deadly skills. With their help, he can capture the shooter and look after his family. Until his hassle and all-too-attentive wife, Jessica, discovers she's being used as bait. I love that I can dive into the Book of Lord of the Shadows and get lost and come out feeling warm, safe and buoyant. It's like being in sub space. - Marie's Tempting Reads Even with twelve books in Masters of the Shadowlands, Cherise Sinclair manages to make each book even more passionate than the last. If you haven't read this show, you're missing out. Sinclair writes the best Doms. Point. - Under the cover of book reviews One thing I really love is how Cherise took the series and turned into a family of characters that every time I read the next novel it felt like coming home to friends. - Boundless book reviews LISTEN TO AUDIO PATTERN You know what an Irish vigil is, Grayson? Sitting in his office, Zachary Grayson took a deep breath, unable to process the question. Because his old friend had cancer. Cancer and Mako was dying. Grayson? Sadness thickened Zachary's voice. Yes, Mako, I know what a wake is. Well, man, my sons are going to handle the funeral, but would you do me solid and set up a happy send-off for later? I don't want all the sitting with body shit. Find a place with decent booze where whoever shows up can raise a glass and tell a few stories. Share the stupid shit I did when I was younger. So the boys can remember me alive, not in a box in the ground. I can do it. Zachary rubbed the sting out of his eyes. Hell. Keep it. I'll even tell one or two, the first sergeant. Maybe about how a bunch of street-high kids ended up in the Alaskan wilderness. As raspy laughter chimed through the phone, Zachary knew cancer could steal the sergeant's life, but He didn't scare Poppy. He never did. Good enough. My lawyer has your name and number. He'll contact you when the time comes. Poppy's coarse voice has become softer. It's been an honor to meet you, Zachary. Thank you for looking after the boys. Silence says Mako's off. Dammit, Mako. Would Zachary ever hear his voice again? Lowering his phone, he rolled his eyes at a quiet scene of white mountains and forests in Alaska, a painting he bought while visiting a friend. He had a feeling he was about to hear from Mako's lawyer. Hurling inside, he murmured an old Irish blessing. Until we meet again, may God hold you in the recess of his hand. Pushing himself away from the table, he looked up at the time. Almost five. On Mondays he kept the light so today there was no more appointment for counseling, and he had the need to hold his wife and daughter. In the waiting room he shared with two other psychologists, Ms. Ward smiled at him. Tactile but firm, she reminded him of his favorite grandmother. Almost for today, Dr. Grayson? I do. I'm going to finish the paperwork at home so Sophia can keep me company. It's not like he accomplished much when she did it. After meeting his 18-month-old despot, Mrs Ward laughed. Is there anything urgent in the mail I should deal with tonight? Here. I've already removed the spam. Mrs. Ward gave him a bunch. Zachary looked through the letters and threw the most into his basket for tomorrow. Because former patients often sent news of their progress, he opened the letter with a hand-printed address. And he froze. Dr. Grayson? Zachary? Something's wrong? In a way, yes. Quietly, he reread the letter. You arrogant asshole, you're going to pay for what you did. One bullet should do it. Looks like I received my first death threat. that's... Mrs Ward realised she wasn't joking, and her face had faded. Police. You need to notify the police. I'll cut right there. The local station wasn't far away, and clients here might react badly to the influx of police. It would be best if you visited them. Making sure he didn't add any new fingerprints, he stuffed it all in a manila envelope. A minute later he emerged from an air-conditioned building into the hot humid air in early October in Tampa. Thunderstorms are breaking over the city right now. As thunder ealed from the buildings, thick raindrops splashed on cars in the parking lot. Terrified by the cracks of thunder, a small five-year-old boy, a patient of Zachary's co-worker, hunched over by the building, ignoring the rain. Calm down. It's just thunder, Cody. His mother's attempts to move him sent him further into the ball. He's not going to have a good day, is he? Zachary pulled up next to her. Dr. Grayson. Hello. He'll be better inside and out of the noise. Can I choose Up? She let out a bitter breath. Please. Putting his own concerns to one side, he touched the boy on the shoulder, projecting stillness. I'll pick you up and we'll go in where it's quieter. When the boy was unresponsive, Zachary simply picked him up, waited for his mother to open the door and went back inside. The lobby, decorated in calming blues and greenery, had comfortable chairs lining the high windows. Sit down, please, he told his mother, and when she obeyed, he put Cody in her lap. There he is. This isn't such a shoug, is it? Getting down on one knee to be level with the child, he smiled at his mother. At his age, it's normal to be afraid of our loud tampa storms. There are techniques that will help. Ask your consultant or even look online. I shouldn't have been so impatient. She hugged her son. We just moved here from Seattle, and we're used to nice quiet drizzles. These storms scare me, too. There will come a time when you will enjoy the noise and light performances. Zachary patted her on the arm before searching her trouser pockets. He usually had something tucked in, depending on which little patients he saw during the day. Ah, yes. He and a little girl were blowing bubbles this morning. He pulled out a bottle. Cody. The boy's head rose dark enough to reveal large brown eyes. Excellent. Fear has subsided enough to allow the child's natural curiosity to wake up. I have a job for you. Pulling out a plastic ring, he blew out a large balloon. When he landed on Cody's knee and snapped, the boy's eyes widened. And his lips are all over. Almost there. Zachary was holding the ring again. Every time a bubble gets close, I need you to take a breath and blow it up. As Cody squirmed to sit down, Zachary dropped his voice in a pseudo-warning. If it lands on you, you lose a point. Are you up to work? I can do it! Zachary blew a bubble towards him, and the boy inflated heavily to scare away the bubble. It's a wonderful job. Do it again. Another bubble. Another success. And the storm is forgotten. Looking up, Zachary welcomed his mother's gaze. Moving somewhere calmer and providing diversion will usually work. Bubbles have the added benefit of requiring deep breathing, which settles in itself. Her face was thoughtful, she nodded slowly. He has a right to be scared, and I overreacted. I'll do better next time. It's a ghost. Zachary blew up another balloon and laughed when Cody inflated it into the air. Good job. After handing the bottle over to his mother, he said: The storm should move on within minutes. Have fun. Thank you. Her eyes sparkled briefly with tears as she hugged her son. You turned fighting into a party. Thank you very much. You're pretty welcome. At the door, Zachary stopped. Death Someone wanted to kill him. Although most of the threats were from someone who fired, this sender sounded serious. A signature would certainly be useful. He couldn't think of anyone who held so much anger towards him. As Zachary went outside, he looked back. No one pointed a gun at him. Other people who worked in the building were leaving, rushing to escape the downpy. Two cars came through. Lightning flashed, and a second later thunder was thundering through the sky. Pulling the collar against the rain, he quickly stepped down the slope to his car, conveniently close. Parking space was one of the privileges of the owner of the building. As he crossed in front of the car, the hair on the back of his neck rose. He turned around in a fast circle. There he is. The man was standing, half hidden, in a high fire hedge next to the building. Posture was unmistakable. He was holding a gun pointed at Zachary. The gun barked, almost drowned from sizzling lightning. A series of pains ripped out Zachary's upper arm while a dove between two parked cars. There's another shot, this one louder. The heart strikes, he pulls out his phone and looks around the front of the car. The shadow next to the building is gone. Shaken, Zachary closed his eyes and slowly exhaled. That was too close. He inhaled twice more before a quick self-assessment. He had a cleft in his shirt and bleeding gouge high on his deltoid that stung like hell. The cold ran cold fingers into his spine. If he hadn't moved, the bullet would have gone through his chest. On the rise, he spotted a hole in the front windshield where the second bullet passed. Okay, you'd have some evidence for the police. More than a bloody hand. Frowning on blood, he opened the back door and picked up paper towels next to Sophia's car seat. And he froze in horror. After passing through the windshield, the bullet went through the front seat and fragmented the top edge of the car seat. If his daughter had been with him... Like Mako, death was no stranger to him. But this... No one was ready for this. Fear for his family rose in him like a tsunami. Tsunami.

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