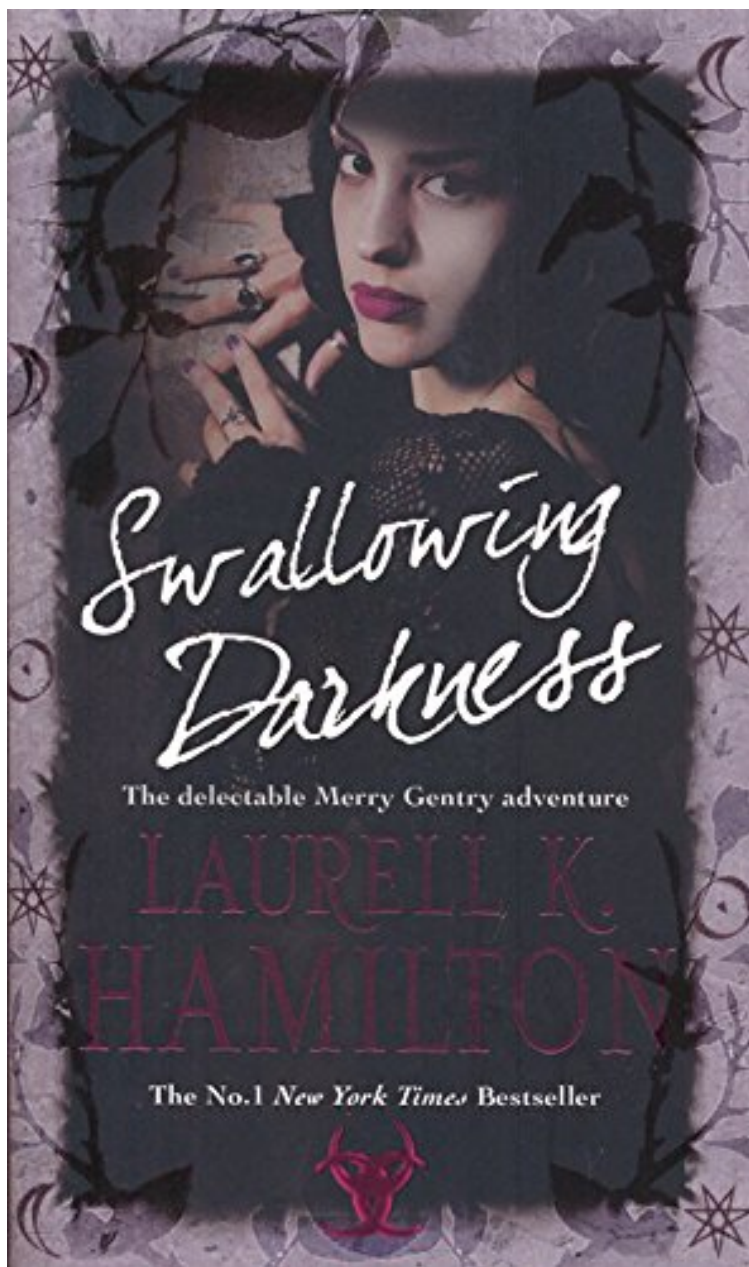


[Free] File size: 42.Mb

Swallowing Darkness: Urban Fantasy (Merry Gentry 7)



Par Laurell K. Hamilton
ebooks / Download PDF / *ePub / DOC
/ audiobook

Dtails sur le produit Publi le: 2008-12-02
Sorti le: 2008-12-02
Format: Ebook
Kindle

[Free] Swallowing Darkness: Urban Fantasy (Merry Gentry 7)

Par Laurell K. Hamilton : Swallowing Darkness: Urban Fantasy (Merry Gentry 7) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Swallowing Darkness: Urban Fantasy (Merry Gentry 7):

Download

Read Online

Description :

Prsentation de l'diteur Merry Gentry is not your average private investigator. Half human, half faerie, she's caught in a struggle that threatens not only her life, but the lives of those she desires and holds dear. Her very existence and her rightful place on the throne of Faerie have long depended on her producing an heir - and

now, after many failed attempts, she is pregnant... A triumphant moment, but revelation follows revelation: for Merry carries twins, and they have more than one father... There are those of her own flesh and blood who want Merry and her unborn children dead, but she is a fighter and wields a wild magic. And this is her world. This is where the magical and the mortal intertwine, where folklore, fantasy and erotically charged adventure collide... ExtraitChapter OneHospitals are where people go to be saved, but the doctors can only patch you up, put you back together. They cant undo the damage. They cant make it so you didnt wake up in the bad place, or change the truth to lies. The nice doctor and the nice woman from the SART, Sexual Assault Response Team, couldnt change that I had indeed been raped. The fact that I couldnt remember it, because my uncle had used a spell for his date-rape drug, didnt change the evidencethe evidence that theyd found in my body when they did the exam and took samples. You would think being a real live faerie princess would make your life fairy-tale-like, but fairy tales only end well. While the story is going on, horrible things happen. Remember Rapunzel? Her prince got his eyes scratched out by the witch, which blinded him. At the end of the story, Rapunzels tears magically restored his sight, but that was at the end of the story. Cinderella was little better than a slave. Snow White was actually nearly killed four different times by the evil queen. All anyone remembers is the poisoned apple, but dont forget the huntsman, or the enchanted girdle and the poisoned comb. Pick any fairy tale thats based on older stories, and the heroine of the piece has a miserable, dangerous, nightmarish time of it. I am Princess Meredith NicEssus, next in line to a high throne of faerie, and Im in the middle of my story. The happy-ever-after ending, if its coming at all, seems a very long way away tonight. I was in a hospital bed, in a nice private room, in a very nice hospital. I was in the maternity ward, because I was pregnant, but not with my crazy uncles baby. I had been pregnant before he stole me away. Pregnant with the children of men I loved. Theyd risked everything to rescue me from Taranis. Now, I was safe. I had one of the greatest warriors that faerie had ever seen at my side: Doyle, once the Queens Darkness, and now mine. He stood at the window, staring off into the night that was so ruined by the lights from the hospital parking lot that the blackness of his skin and hair was much darker than the night outside. Hed removed the wraparound sunglasses that he almost always wore outside. But his eyes were as black as the glasses that hid them. The only color in the dim light of the room was the glints from the silver rings that climbed the graceful line of one ear to the point that marked him as not pure blood, not truly high court, but mixed blood, like me. The diamonds in his earlobe sparkled in the light as he turned his head, as if hed felt me staring at him. He probably had. He had been the queens assassin a thousand years before I was born. His ankle-length hair moved like a black cloak as he came toward me. He was wearing green hospital scrubs that hed been loaned. They had replaced the blanket from the ambulance that had brought us here. Hed entered the golden court, to rescue me, in the form of a large black dog. When he shape-shifted he lost everything, clothes, weapons, but strangely never the piercings. The many earrings and the nipple piercing survived his return to human form, maybe because they were part of him. He came to stand beside the bed, and take my handthe one that didnt have the intravenous drip in it, which was helping hydrate me, and get me over the shock Id been in when I had arrived. If I hadnt been with child, theyd have probably given me more medicine. For once I wouldnt have minded stronger drugs, something to make me forget. Not just what my uncle, Taranis, had done, but also the loss of Frost. I gripped Doyles hand, my hand so small and pale in his large, dark one. But there should have been another beside him, beside me. Frost, our Killing Frost, was gone. Not dead, not exactly, but lost to us. Doyle could shape-shift to several forms at will and come back to his true form. Frost had had no ability to shape-shift, but when wild magic had filled the estate where wed been living in Los Angeles, it had changed him. He had become a white stag, and run out the doors that had appeared into a piece of faerie that had never existed before the magic came. The lands of faerie were growing, instead of shrinking, for the first time in centuries. I, a noble of the high courts, was with child, twins. I was the last child of faerie nobility to be born. We were dying as a people, but maybe not. Maybe we were going to regain our power, but what use to me was power? What use to me was the return of faerie, and wild magic? What use was any of it, if Frost was an animal with an animals mind? The thought that I would bear his child and he would neither know nor understand made my chest tight. I gripped Doyles hand, but couldnt meet his eyes. I wasnt sure what he would see there. I wasnt sure what I was feeling anymore. I loved Doyle, I did, but I loved Frost, too. The thought that they would both be fathers had been a joyous one. He spoke in his deep, deep voice, as if molasses, and other, thick, sweet things, could be words, but what he said wasnt sweet. I will kill Taranis for you. I shook my head. No, you will not. I had thought about it, because I had known that Doyle would do just what hed said. If I asked, he would try to kill Taranis, and he might succeed. But I could not allow my lover and future king to assassinate the King of

Light and Illusion, the king of our enemy court. We were not at war, and even those among the Seelie Court who thought Taranis was mad or even evil would not be able to overlook an assassination. A duel, maybe, but not an assassination. Doyle was within his rights to challenge the king to a duel. Id thought about that, too. Id half liked that idea, but Id seen what Taranis could do with his hand of power. His hand of light could char flesh, and had nearly killed Doyle once before. I had let go of any thought of vengeance at DoYLES hand when I weighed it against the thought of losing him too. I am the captain of your guard, and I could avenge my honor and yours for that reason alone. You mean a duel, I said. Yes. He does not deserve a chance to defend himself, but if I assassinate him, it will be war between the courts, and we cannot afford that. No, I said, we cant. I looked up at him then. He touched my face with his free hand. Your eyes glow in the dark with a light of their own, Meredith. Green and gold circles of light in your face. Your emotions betray you. I want him dead, yes, but I wont destroy all of faerie for it. I wont get us all kicked out of the United States for my honor. The treaty that let our people come here three hundred years ago stated only two things that would get us kicked out. The courts cant make war on American soil, and we cant allow humans to worship us as deities. I was at the signing of the treaty, Meredith. I know what it said. I smiled at him, and it seemed strange that I could still smile. The thought made the smile wilt a little around the edges, but I guess it was a good sign. You remember the Magna Carta. That was a human thing, and had little to do with us. I squeezed his hand. I was making a point, Doyle. He smiled, and nodded. My emotions make me slow. Me, too, I said. The door behind him opened. There were two men in the doorway, one tall and one short. Sholto, King of the sluagh, Lord of that Which Passes Between, was as tall as Doyle, and had long, straight hair that fell toward his ankles, but the color was white-blond, and his skin was like mine, moonlight pale. Sholtos eyes were three colors of yellow and gold, as if autumn leaves from three different trees had been melted down to color his eyes, then everything had been edged in gold. The sidhe always have the prettiest eyes. He was as fair of face as any at the courts, except for my lost Frost. The body that showed under the t-shirt and jeans hed worn as part of his disguise when he came to save me seemed to cling to a body as lovely as the face, but I knew that at least part of it was illusion. Starting at his upper ribs, Sholto had extra bits, tentacles, because, though his mother had been high-court nobility, his father had been one of the nightfliers, part of the sluagh, and the last wild hunt of faerie. Well, the last wild hunt until the wild magic had returned. Now, things of legend were returning, and Goddess alone knew what was real again, and what was still to return. Until he had a coat or jacket thick enough to hide the extra bits, he would use magic, glamour, to hide the extras. No reason to scare the nurses. It was his lifetime of having to hide his differences that had made him good enough at illusion to risk coming to my rescue. You do not go lightly against the King of Light and Illusion with illusion as your only shield. He smiled at me, and it was a smile I had never seen on Sholtos face until the moment at the ambulance when he had held my hand, and told me he knew he would be a father. The news seemed to have softened some harshness that had always been there in his handsome body. He seemed the proverbial new man, as he walked toward us. Rhys was not smiling. At 5'6", he was the shortest full-blooded sidhe Id ever met. His skin was moonlight pale, like Sholtos, like mine, like Frosts. Rhys had removed the fake beard and mustache hed worn inside the faerie mound. Hed worked at the detective agency in L.A. with me, and hed loved disguises. He was good at them, too, better than at illusion. But hed had enough illusion to hide the... Revue de presse "The undisputed queen of horror lovin" (DEATHRAY magazine) "I've never read a writer with a more fertile imagination" (DIANA GABALDON) "Erotic, magical, violent, sensual and thrilling... simply delicious" (BOOKSELLER) "Relentless high-paced trashiness... good fun" (SFX magazine)