

Download Flash Fire Online Book PDF by Dana Marton



Synopsis:

2016 RITA Award Winner (highest industry award for romance novels)

Former SEAL turned lawless mercenary Light Walker just wants to be left alone to avenge his brother's death. He wants nothing to do with Clara Roberts, a by-the-book investigator on a secret mission, who is trying to talk (cough) badger (cough) him into helping her recover an American teenager who'd disappeared abroad. Clara Roberts isn't crazy about the uneasy partnership either. How can tequila-swilling Walker be her best option? And, dear Lord, the things that come out of that man's mouth!

Soon the sparks they generate--and the trouble they stir up--threaten to set the jungle ablaze. But as attraction grows into love, looming danger turns into all-out

war. Clara and Walker must hold on to each other and race against time to survive. Fast-paced, heart pounding, laugh-out-loud funny. Get ready for a wild adventure!

"If you enjoy books by Nora Roberts, Linda Howard, Cindy Gerard, or Anne Stuart, you will love Ms. Marton's books...an outstanding read of danger, action, thrills, heartbreak, and mystery in this fast pace action thriller." Page by Page Reviews

ON SALE FOR A LIMITED TIME --If you love romantic thrillers, don't miss this fast-paced, heart pounding jungle romance. Scroll up and grab a copy today.

Excerpt:

A machete strapped to his back, a semiautomatic slung over his shoulder, and an army knife on his belt, he walked into the cantina with a swagger that said he could beat any man in town and could take any woman to bed.

He was taller than the locals, his hair a few shades lighter, a couple of days' worth of bristle covering the lower half of his face. He wore army boots, cargo pants, and a black T-shirt that did nothing to conceal a distracting amount of muscle.

Then he finally slid off his glasses, and the next second his unerring gaze pinned Clara, and it was too late to turn away or slide down in her chair, because he'd caught her watching him.

He gave a knowing smirk as he sauntered toward her, over six feet of pure muscle and laser-focused attention.

He dropped into the chair across from Clara, his muscled thighs spread. She clamped her own thighs together. His white teeth flashed in the dim light of the cantina as he chomped on his cigar and took stock of her.

"Are you lost, Cupcake?" His I'm-a-bad-boy-and-you-know-it voice scraped along her nerve endings.

Her grandmother used to say there were men the devil put on earth to test good women. Clara was tempted to ask the guy whether he'd just zip-lined in from hell.

"Go away," she said instead.

"How can I, when your eyes begged me to come over?"

She rolled said eyes so hard, she might have caused permanent damage.

One: she hadn't begged in her life.

Two: the only thing she wanted was to hit him over the head with the bottle of tequila between them on the table. She was trying to keep a low profile, and he was drawing every eye to them.

He smiled around his cigar. "What's your name?"

DOD Investigator Clara Roberts, she badly wanted to say to wipe the superior smirk off his face. "None of your business."

His eyes were a brilliant multicolor green like the rainforest, alive and full of secrets. He let his gaze travel over her chest from left to right, then from right to left with undisguised disappointment.

He tsked. "No tits, no manners." He shook his head. "You should try to have at least one or the other. A pair of great tits covers a multitude of sins."

When his gaze reached hers again, the very fires of hell glinting in his eyes, he said magnanimously, "Don't worry about it, Cupcake. You look like the brainy type. Believe it or not, that appeals to some men. I think I read that on the Internet."

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