

(Pdf free) Blindsight: A Mirus Short Story (English Edition)

Blindsight: A Mirus Short Story (English Edition)

Von Kait Nolan

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Von Kait Nolan : Blindsight: A Mirus Short Story (English Edition) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Blindsight: A Mirus Short Story (English Edition):

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich.
EnjoyableVon CarradeeHighly enjoyable read, with vivid descriptions. There were a few points that were a bit heavy on the telling, and the ending was quite abrupt and left me expecting another scene, but I'll definitely move on to

reading the rest in the series.

Kurzbeschreibung Kait Nolan's Mirus series is set in a paranormal world unlike any you've visited before inventive new mythology full of fast-paced action, dark dangers, sparkling magic, and sizzling, undeniable attraction. Isla's ability as a Seer has made her a life-long captive of a paranormal crime lord. Fae assassin, Ransom, offers her a chance at escape, but when she touches his hand she sees only blood, horror, apocalypse. What reason can Ransom have for wanting to rescue her, and can she possibly trust a man who deals in death? **Please note, if your copy ends in the bar office instead of with another vision, you DO NOT have the revised edition. Please contact for the most recent version.*** Isla and Ransom's novel will be continued later in the Mirus series. In the meantime, please check out the other books in this series, starting with Genesis, an omnibus that includes Forsaken By Shadow and Devil's Eye. **EXCERPT: The city was burning. Ash drifted down like snow, blanketing the cracked pavement, mixing with the blood that leaked from broken bodies strewn in the street, on the sidewalks. In the distance the thunder of mortar shells competed with choruses of screams cut short before their crescendo. Across the street a pack of vampires dragged a pair of women--mother and daughter by the look of them down the steps of a smoldering brownstone, fighting and arguing with every step over who had rights to the kill. No one stopped to help. They were too busy running for the overturned cars that barricaded either end of the block, clamoring, climbing to escape this nightmare. All around her creatures that should have lived in the dark, in the night, or on the fringes of the human world were running amok. In the broad light of day. The dregs of Mirus society had erupted, and the ignorant, foolish humans were paying the price. A shadow blotted out the sun, and she looked up to see a dragon, glittering black wings extended in a magnificent show of strength as it hovered a dozen feet above the street. It inhaled, armored chest expanding before it opened its enormous mouth and rained fire over every living thing, Mirus and human. Isla did not feel the burn, but that didn't stop the bite of fear as she watched more people swarm in. Fae soldiers with flashing blades took formation against a small army of goblins and trolls. A pride of Felis and a pack of Wylk flanked the other side, tearing through the disorganized ranks of underworld creatures with vicious claws and fangs. Blood, so much blood. The sound of mortar shells drew nearer until she could see the tanks of the human military beyond the barricade of vehicles, surrounded by soldiers kitted out for urban warfare. They were being picked off along either side by creatures Isla didn't even recognize. As she watched, a broad-shouldered, white-faced soldier went down under a mass of razor-studded tentacles, the spray of blood soaking his nearby companions. A voice rose upon the air, overpowering the sounds of violence with a language of the ancients. Isla looked up to the rooftops and spotted a robed figure, arms raised to the heavens. In a sharp, divisive motion, he brought his hands down and apart. The ground trembled and split. Trolls and goblins screeched as they fell into the pit, and other fighters scrambled back to the relative safety of the edge to continue fighting. Backs turned, they didn't see the beasts that emerged behind them, clawing, crawling, decimating everything in their path. The staccato pop of automatic weapons announced the arrival of the military on the scene. Some of the citizens they were allegedly protecting went down in the spray of bullets. A young boy fell, motionless, across the body of a wraith. The dragon bellowed, rising up above the chaos to lay waste to the barricade and unleashing the paranormal hell on the last hope of the human race.

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