

Hellfire by January Bain

EXCERPT

What was taking so long? I let out a frustrated breath, wishing I had gone with Shay's suggestion even if we didn't live close together. Maybe the guy forgot? I texted again, trying to keep the annoyance from showing in my brief message to the driver. Crap. They'd gotten a flat tire. No promise on how soon they could pick me up.

I blew out a full breath. My feet were getting tired of standing so long in high heels. Feeling a bit ridiculous, standing there with the trophy clutched to my chest, I debated going back inside.

The sidewalk was deserted now. I stood under the marquee for the Glitter Palace. A multitude of lights gleamed down and reflected off the dark pavement, creating pretty patterns that buoyed my mood. I loved little lights. I'd strung them around my apartment to create a bit of magic to my environment. Suddenly, they flickered and went out. Odd. I glanced around. This was the only unlit place on the Strip. What was that about?

A sense of being chilled by a blast of Arctic air made me shiver. It was a steamy hot night in Vegas and certainly not cold, just a bit spooky in the shadows. Was someone watching me again?

Get inside, right now.

The words of warning pierced my skull. I scrambled to turn around on the useless shoes. Racing for the revolving door, I banged into a body, nearly knocking me off my feet.

"Careful," a male voice, low and throaty, warned.

"Sorry, excuse me," I said, trying to get around the obstruction, clutching the trophy to my chest.

A press of something against my neck made me stumble and nearly fall. Something clattered onto the sidewalk.

"Steady," the man said, grabbing my arms and helping me to stay upright.

I blinked, my vision swimming and swirling about like it had a mind of its own, unable to see him or anything else. Colder still, I shivered violently, my teeth chattering.

"Wh...at?" I had trouble saying the word, my concentration for shit.

“Let me help you. You need to sit down.”

“Yes...sit.”

“You’ve had too much to drink,” he said. His scent, a mix of chemical and sharp, washed over me pressed as I was tight against his side, offensive and off-putting.