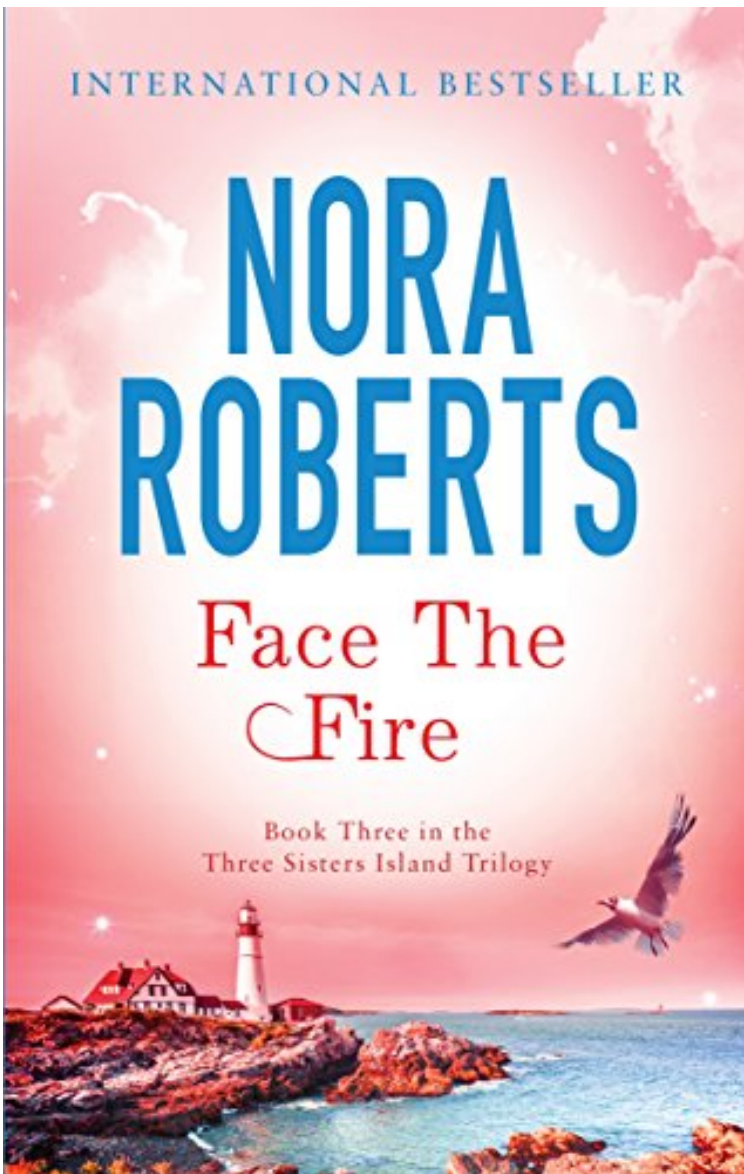


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Face The Fire: Number 3 in series



Par Nora Roberts
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Description : Description du produitThe final book in the New England-set trilogy that began with Dance Upon the Air and Heaven and Earth.

Prsentation de l'diteurMia Devlin knows what it's like to love with all your heart - and then watch your love walk away. Years ago, she and Sam Logan shared a bond built on passion, legend and fate. Then one day Sam fled Three Sisters Island, leaving Mia determined to live without love. Now Sam has returned, with hopes of winning back her affections. Angry, hurt and deeply confused, Mia refuses to admit she still has feelings for him. But she will need his help - and his powers - to face a terrifying challenge. There is only one chance left to save the island from a centuries old curse. Mia and Sam must find a way back to each other again - or lose everything..comSetting: Three Sisters Island Sensuality: 7 A stunningly beautiful,

powerful witch who possesses the gift of Fire, Mia Devlin locked her heart away when Sam Logan rejected her youthful love and left Three Sisters Island. Eleven years later, Sam returns to the island to claim Mia and take over his family business, the Magick Inn. Passion still burns between them, but Mia refuses to trust the man who once tore her life apart, leaving her grieving and alone. It's imperative that they find a way to resolve their thorny, complicated relationship for time is running out and the deadline for breaking a centuries-old curse is near. Mia has the steadfast aid of her two sisters of the heart, powerful witches that rule Air and Earth, but without Sam's help, even Mia's powers may not be enough to keep her alive until the deadline. And unless Mia makes the right choice about her heart and Sam, evil may win in the final confrontation, destroying all their lives and Three Sisters Island as well. Face the Fire is the third and last book in bestselling author Nora Roberts's trilogy of witches, magic, and an age-old curse that began with Dance upon the Air and Heaven and Earth. This novel boasts a vivid seaside setting, sympathetic characters, and enough details about the practice of magic to intrigue the most cynical of readers. This is Roberts at her best. Don't miss it. --Lois Faye Dyer

Extrait From Face the Fire: From across the street, he studied Caf Book.

He should have known Mia would have taken what had been a neglected building and turned it into something lovely, elegant, and productive. The front window held a display of books and potted spring flowers scattered around a lawn chair. Two of her deepest loves, he mused. Books and flowers. She used them both in a way that suggested it was time to take a break from the yard work, sit down and enjoy the fruits of the labor with a ride in a story. He stood where he was, hands in his pockets, until he realized he was procrastinating. There was little more turbulent than Mia Devlin in full temper. He expected her to lash out at him in blistering fury the minute she laid eyes on him again. And who could blame her? Then again, he thought with a grin, there was little more arousing than Mia Devlin in full temper. It would be; entertaining to strike words with her again. Just as it would be satisfying to soothe that temper away. He crossed the street and opened the door to Caf Book. Lulu was behind the counter. He'd have recognized her anywhere. The tiny woman with a gnomes face almost swallowed up by silver-framed glasses had, essentially, raised Mia. Because Lulu was ringing up a customer's purchases, he had a moment to look around the store. The ceiling was pricked with lights for a starry effect and made the prospect of browsing through books a festive one. A cozy seating area was arranged in front of a fireplace with a hearth, scrubbed and polished, used as a haven for more spring flowers. Glossy blue shelves held books an impressive array, he reflected as he wandered through, and as eclectic as he would have expected of the proprietor. No one would ever accuse Mia of having a one-track mind. His lips quirked as he saw that other shelves held ritual candles, Tarot cards, runes, statues of faeries, wizards, dragons. An attractive arrangement of another of Mia's interests, he thought. He'd have expected nothing else there, either. He plucked a tumbling stone of rose quartz from a bowl, rubbed it between his fingers for good luck. Though he knew better. Before he could replace it, he felt a blast of frigid air. Smiling easily, he turned to face Lulu. Always knew you'd come back. Bad pennies always turn up. This was his first barrier, the dragon at the gate. Hello, Lu. Don't you hello-Lu me, Sam Logan. She sniffed, skimmed her gaze over him. Sniffed a second time. You buying that or do I call the sheriff and have you hauled in for shoplifting? He laid the stone back in the bowl. How is Zack? Ask him yourself, I don't have time to waste on you. Though he had her by a foot in height, she stepped forward, jabbed her finger at him, and made him feel twelve years old again. What the hell do you want? To see home. To see Mia. Why don't you do everybody a favor and go back to where you've been gallivanting these past years? New York City, Paris, and oo-la-la. We've all done fine without you taking up space on the Sisters. Apparently. He gave the store another casual look. He wasn't offended. A dragon, in his mind, was meant to be devoted to its princess. In his memory, Lulu had always been up to the job. Nice place. I hear the cafe's particularly good. And that Zack's new wife runs it. Your hearings just fine. So listen up. Go on and get. Not offended, no, but his eyes turned edgy, the green in them deepening. I came to see Mia. She's busy. Ill tell her you stopped by. No, you won't, he said quietly. But she'll know in any case. Even as he spoke, he heard the sound of heels on wood. It could have been a dozen women, descending the curving steps in high heels. But he knew. As his heart stumbled in his chest, he stepped around the bookshelves and saw her just as she made the last turn. And the look, that one look at her, sliced him into a thousand pieces. The princess, he thought, had become the queen.