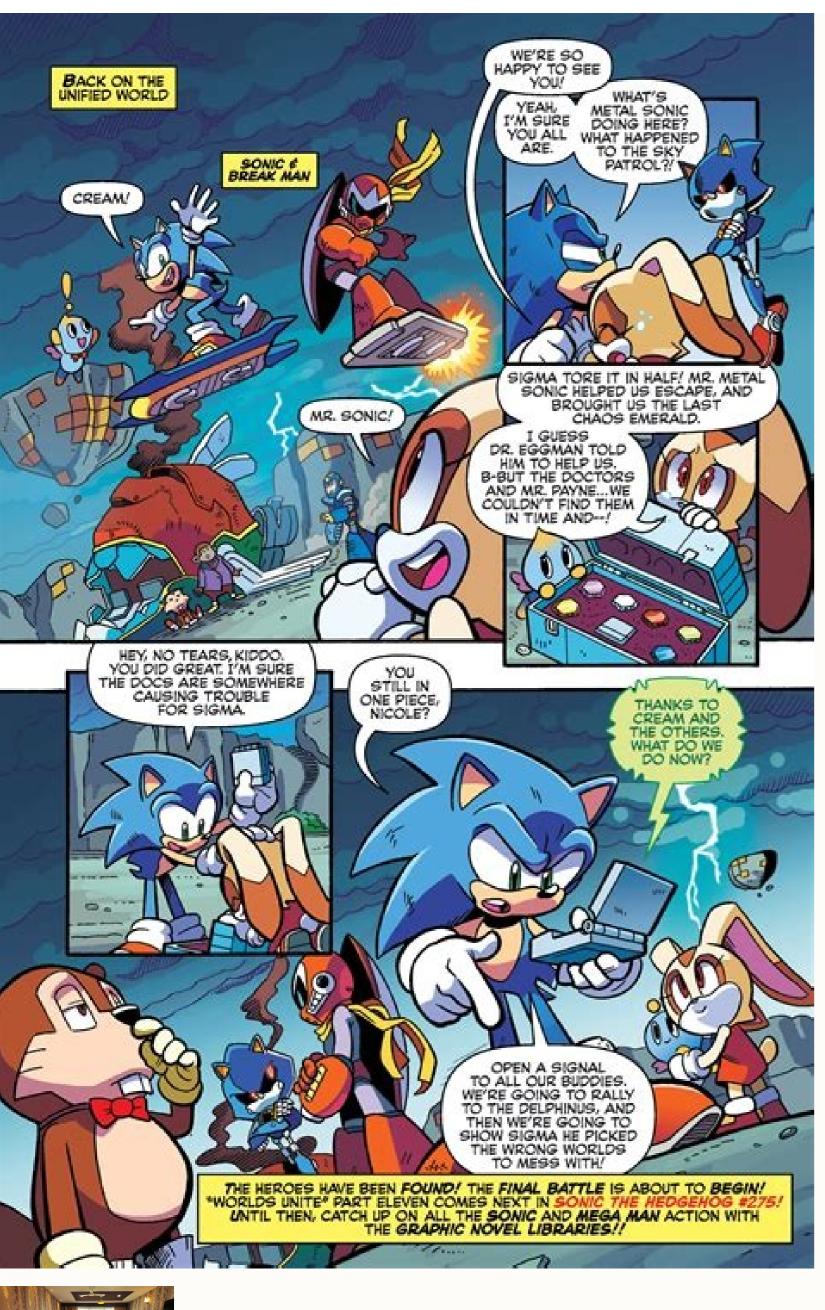
Bloodlines book 6 read online

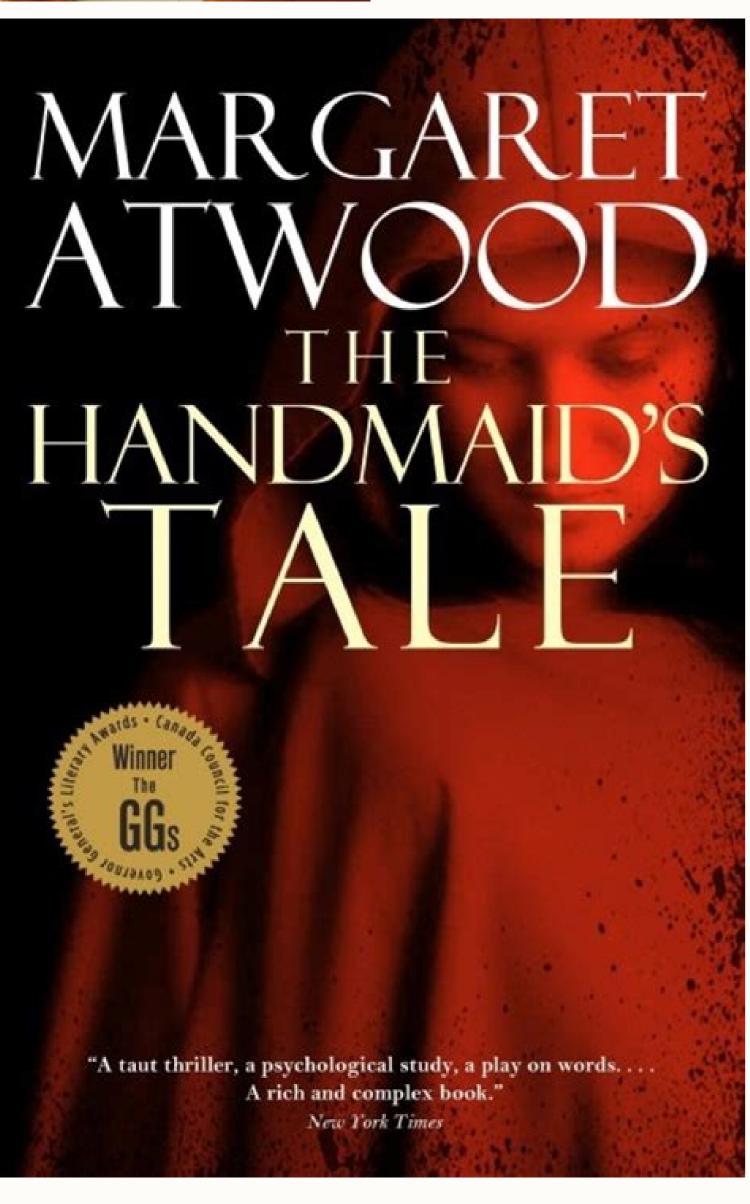
I'm not robot	reCAPTCHA
---------------	-----------

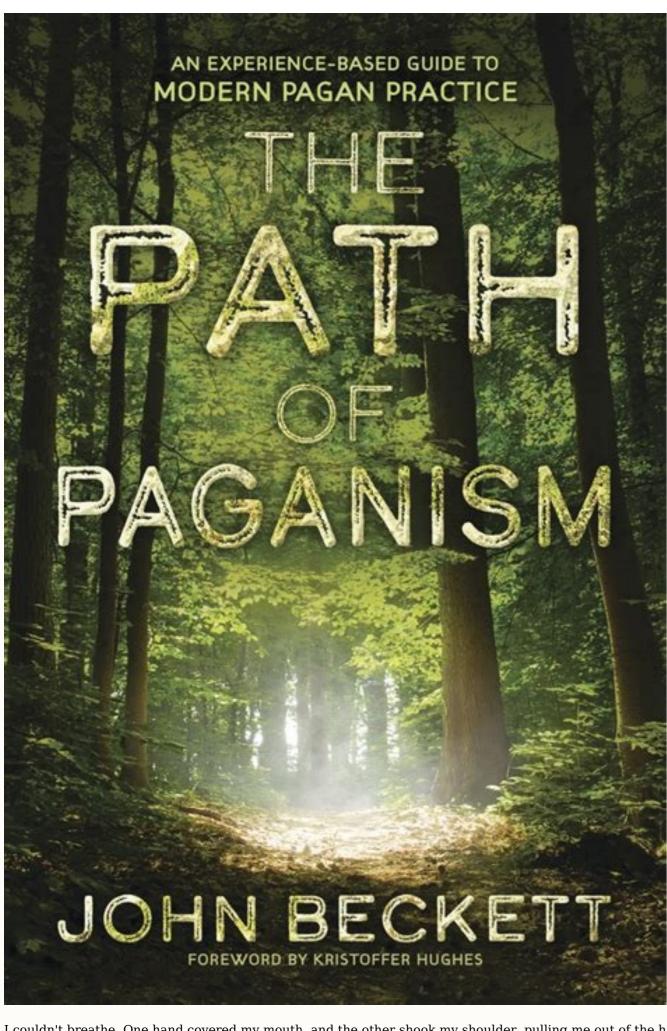
Continue











I couldn't breathe. One hand covered my mouth, and the other shook my shoulder, pulling me out of the hard sleep. In a single heart strike, I thought of a thousand crazy thoughts. Became for me! My eyes were crazy madly into the dark room until his father's face was brightened. I was silenced my hammer, completely ashamed. He let it go and retreated to look at me coldly. I was sitting in bed, my heart still beats fiction. 'This?' "Sydney." You won't wake up. Of course, it was his only apology for me until his death. "You have to dress and make a national team," he continued. "Ouickly and quietly. Find me down in the office. I felt my eyes disappearing, but I didn't hesitate to answer. There was only one acceptable answer. "Yes sir." Of course.' "I'll wake your sister. He turned to the door, and I jumped out of bed. "Zoe? I was crying." Why do you need it? "" Smowly, "he admonished," hurry and get ready. And remember the mountain. Don't be your mother. "He closed the door without a word. Because I was suspended this summer for bad behavior. What about it? What if I ended up transported to the rehabilitation center and which I replaced Zoé? For a while the world hovered around me and I got into bed to settle down. Rehabilitation centers. Young alchemists like me were nightmares, mysterious places where those who were too close vampires were dragged to learn what exactly happened was a secret I never wanted to know. I was guite sure that "rehabilitation" is a great way to say "brainwashing". Ni when I didn't see only one person to return, and to be honest, he seemed half a man. It was almost a zombie guality and I didn't even think of it what they could do to return it if. In my mind, my father's desire resonated to hurry and tried to drive away the fear. I remembered my second warning and I also made sure I was moving quietly. My mother slept easily. Normally wouldn't mind if walking surprised usI couldn't breathe. One hand covered my mouth and the other shook my hand, waking me from a deep sleep. In a single moment, a thousand crazy thoughts went through my head. It happened. My worst nightmare had come true. You are here! You came for me! My eyes darted wildly around the dark room until they focused on my father's face. I'm still down, totally disoriented. He let go of me and stepped back to cool me off. I sat up on the bed, my heart still pounding. 'Dad?' "Sydney." You won't wake up. Of course, that was his only excuse that scared me to death. "You have to dress up and make yourself a national team," he continued. "Quick and quiet. Meet me below during the rehearsal. I felt my eyes widen but didn't hesitate to answer. Only an acceptable response came. 'Yes indeed. Naturally. "I will wake your sister. He turned to the door and I jumped out of bed. "Zoe?" I called. - Why do you need it? "Shh" - punishes. "Head up and be ready. And remember - keep calm. Don't be your mom." Without another word he closed the door and left me to watch. The panic that had just subsided began to rise again. Why would he need Zoe? Awakening upwards later meant the alchemy trade and had nothing to do with it. Technically not me anymore because I was suspended this summer for bad behavior. What if they brought me to the relay center and Zoya replaced herself? The world floated around me for a moment and I reached for the bed to steady myself. Storage Centers They were nightmares for young alchemists like me, secret I never wanted you to know I was pretty sure "re-education" was a good way of saying "brainwashing" I only saw one person coming back and to be honest he looked like a human because she was hardly a zombie. th, and I didn't even want to think about what to do to make it. I urged my father to hurry, my thoughts echoed as I tried to shake off my worries. With his second warning in mind, I also made sure to move quietly. My mom got some sleep. It usually doesn't matter if she catches us Recently, however, he was not a philanthropist against his husband (and daughter) to employers. When the angry alchemists left me last month with my family, this house retained the entire heat of the prison camp. Mass discussions about my family exploded and my sister Zoe and I often found quietly quietly. Zoe. Why does Zoé need? The question burned me as I ran to prepare. I knew what "delivered meant. It was not possible to wear jeans and t-jas. Instead, I wore gray pants and flawless white shirts. A darker anthracite gray sweater passed, which was carefully boring with the black belt in the city. The small golden cross that I always weater passed, which was carefully boring with the black belt in the city. The small golden cross that I always weater passed, which was carefully boring with the black belt in the city. The small golden cross that I always weater passed, which was carefully boring with the black belt in the city. The small golden cross that I always weater passed, which was carefully boring with the black belt in the city. The small golden cross that I always weater passed, which was carefully boring with the black belt in the city. two hours of sleep, he had already walked in all directions. I connected it just like me, then I covered it with a thick coat of paint in the spread was the spread of light powder. I have no time to do anything. The whole process took me six minutes, which may be a new post for me. Be careful again to awaken your mother. The living room was dark, but the light spread through the door of my father looked at me from head to toe and showed my confirmation of appearance when he gives: just protects criticism. "Sydney," he said suddenly. "I think you know Donna Stanton. The big alchemist stood by the window, crossed his hands, the weather is robust and slim, like in my memory. I spent a lot of time with Stanton, although I am not saying that we are friends - especially some of my events are a kind of "vampire action to the window, crossed his hands, the weather is robust and slim, like in my memory. I spent a lot of time with Stanton, although I am not saying that we are friends - especially some of my events are a kind of "vampire action to the window, crossed his hands, the weather is robust and slim, like in my memory. I spent a lot of time with Stanton, although I am not saying that we are friends - especially some of my events are a kind of "vampire action to the window, crossed his hands, the weather is robust and slim, like in my memory. I spent a lot of time with Stanton to the window, crossed his hands, the weather is robust and slim, like in my memory. I spent a lot of time with Stanton to the window, crossed his hands, the weather is robust and slim, like in my memory. I spent a lot of time with Stanton to the window, crossed his hands, the weather is robust and slim, like in my memory. I spent a lot of time with Stanton to the window, crossed his hands are a lot of time with Stanton to the window, and the window to the wi assigned to the house". Three more alchemists. All men were introduced to me as Barnes, Michayson and Horowitz was younger, twenty. This was founded by tattoo artists. They were all dressedBusiness casual wear in unspecified colors. Our goal has always been to look good, not to attract attention. Alchemists have played in black for centuries, long before humans dreamed of living in other worlds. When the light hits the face just right, every alchemist reveals a lilac tattoo identical to mine. My anxiety rose again. Was it some kind of interrogation? Evaluating, does my decision to help a renegade half-vampire mean my loyalties have changed? I crossed my arms over my chest and kept a neutral expression, hoping to look cool and confident. If I still had a chance to defend my position, I was going to make a strong case. Before anyone else could say a word Zoe entered. She closed the door behind her and stared at it with wide-eyed horror. My father's office was huge—he built an addition to our house—and easily supported all the residents. But as I watched my sister take the stage, I knew she felt overwhelmed and trapped. I recognized his eyes and tried to express silent sympathy. It must have worked because she ran towards me looking a little less scared. "Zoe," said my father. He let his name hang in the air like that, letting us both know he was disappointed. I immediately guessed why. She was wearing jeans and an old sweatshirt, and her brown hair was pulled up into two cute but messy braids. She would be "presentable" by another person's standards, but not by her own. I felt myself pinched and tried to hold myself taller and more attentive. Convinced that his disapproval was felt, our father introduced Zoe to the others. Stanton nodded as politely as she answered me, then turned to my father. "I don't understand, Jared," Stanton said. "Which one will you use?" "Well, that's the problem," my father said. asked Zoe. . . But I'm not sure she's ready. Actually I don't know. She had only the most basic training. But given the recent Sydney. . . experience. . . "My mind immediately started putting the pieces together. First, and most importantly, it looked like I wasn't going to be sent to rehab. At least for now. It was something else. My earlier suspicions were correct. There was a mission or mission and someone wanted the substance he had turned to Zoe for, unlike some of her other family members she had never betrayed the alchemists. My father was right when he said she only had himInstruction. Our work was inherited and many years ago I was chosen by another family alchemist. Karlya was overtaken by my older sister and was now in college and too old. Instead, he taught Zoe as security insurance in case something happened to me, like B. a car accident or a vampire, torn apart. I made the front without knowing I was going to say it until I said it. I was just sure that I couldn't let Zoe get involved in the alchemists' plans. I was more worried about his safety than I was at the re-education center - and I was very scared. "I talked to my action committee after it happened," I said. "I had the impression that they understood why I did what I did. I have everything you need to need yourself, much more than my sister. I have a real experience. I know it works together and again. "If my memory serves me, too many real experiences," Steel Dry said. "For example, I would hear these 'causes,'" Barnes said, using the air centers with his fingers. "I'm not thrilled because I threw a half-formed girl in there, but I also find it difficult to believe that someone who helped a vampiric criminal" is perfect for the service. He hid my anger. Showing my true feelings wouldn't help my business. - I understand, sir, sir, but in the end, Rose Hathaway was found innocent of the crime he was charged with. Technically I saw that you are not helping the perpetrator. "My actions helped find the real killer. "Let us too - and they didn't know she was 'innocent,'" he said, "I said. "But I believed it was. Barnes Snacks. - and Here's the problem. You should have believed that the alchemists should have told them and not run with their far-fetched theories. At least they had to present evidence to their bosses. Nn I explain that it was not the evidence that kept me rose, but the inner feeling that he was telling the truth? But I knew he would never understand. We've all learned to believe their worst family. To tell you that I saw truth and honesty in it will not help me here. Telling them that another vampire forced me to help her was even the worst explanation. The alchemists could only understand one argument. 'AND. ;; ;; I didn't sayBecause I wanted to get all the benefits. I was hoping to get a better promotion and job if I had revealed it. "I immediately took every self-control that I had to say. I felt humiliated by such a confession. As if I were really pushed to such extreme behavior! I felt thin and superficial. But as I knew, it was something that other men, even my father, shared equally contemptuous looks. Only Stanton seemed suspicious, but then he saw him more than them. My father looked among others and expected further comments. When no one came, he shrugged. "If nobody has objections, I would prefer to use Sydney." Not because I understand perfectly because you need it. There was a slightly accusatory tone in his voice because he had not yet been completed. Jared Sage did not like being excluded. "I have no problem using the big girl," said Barnes. "But keep the youngest around until the arrival of others, if they have reservations." Who knows how many "others" will join us. My father's study was not a stadium. The more people came, the more important it was. I came up with goosebumps while I wondered what mission could be. saw alchemists cover great disasters from one or two people. How big should something be for needed so much help? Horowitz spoke for the first time. 'What do you want me to do?' "Still Sydney," said Stanon firmly. "Even if it doesn't go away, it won't hurt to make the spell stronger." It makes no sense to hire Zoe until we know what we will do. I have to have thrown my eyes on the naked and pale faces. YES. Until he was free. Once the tattoo has been amazed by the righteousness of our mission. I still believed in the truth, but I would like to talk about how much part of my life they would consume. Horowitz built a folding table in a distant corner of my father's study. He slapped her and turned me a friendly smile. He told me "right move". "Take the ticket." Barnes has been hit don't agree with the look. 'Please. You can show some respect for this ritual, David. Horowitz just pushed. He helped me lie down, and although I was too afraid of others to smile broadly, I hoped my gratitude would show in my eyes. His other alchemists gathered and shook hands in front of them. Must be a hierophant, I take it. Most of what the alchemists did was based on science, but some tasks required divine help. After all, our primary mission to protect humanity was based on the belief that vampires are unnatural and contrary to God's plan. "Oh my God," he said, closing his eyes. "Bless these elixirs. Remove their figurative evil, let their life-giving power shine through us thy servants." He opened his purse and took out four bottles filled with a crimson liquid. big bottle. I felt a tingle in the air and the contents of the bottle turned to gold. He handed the bottle turned to gold. He ha to show my cheek. After that, Horowitz's shadow fell "It won't be much, but nothing like it when you get it initially. It's just one touch," he explained. "I know," I said. I've already been re-registered before. "Thank you." skin, and I tried not to get involved. I did, but like he said, Horowitz didn't get a new tattoo. He just blew a small amount of ink into my old tattoo, charging his power. good sign. Perhaps Zoya is not in danger yet, but they certainly would not talk about repeating me if they only intended to send me to a retraining center. "Could you tell us briefly about what happened in the meantime. - Are you waiting? my dad asked. "I was just told that you need a young girl." The way she said "young girl" sounded like the role of one person. I fought a wave of anger at my father. That's who we were to him." situation," I heard Stanton say. I would get answers. "With Moroi," I sighed more easily. They are better than hard. Any "situation" confronted with an alchemist has always been associated with one of the vampire races, and I have never gathered alive instead of killing a day. They sometimes looked at almost people (even if I wouldn't say it to anyone here) and lived and died like us. However, the Strigoi was distorted by the nature of the whims. They died by killing the vampires created when the stroke forced the victim to drink blood or when morality was intentionally deprived of another life by drinking blood. The situation with Strigoi generally ended with someone's death. There were various scenarios in my head when I considered the problem that encouraged the alchemists to act this evening: a man who noticed something with the tails, an eater who fled and became public, morally treated by human doctors.;;; With such problems, we, alchemists, mainly encountered me, I was formed easy to face and hide. But why they need a "young girl" has remained a mystery. "You know they chose the queen of their girlfriend last month," said Barnes. In practice, I saw my eyes take it. Everyone mumbled their consent in the corridor. Of course, they knew it. The alchemists paid great attention to moral politicians. Knowing what vampires were doing, it was very important to hide them from the rest of humanity and protect the rest of humanity. It was our goal to protect our brothers. Know that we were seriously perceived by your enemy. The girl she had chosen after the queen, Vasilis Dragomra, like me, was eighteen "Don't bend," said Horovich gently. I didn't think it was me. I tried to rest, but thinking of Vasilis Dragomir, I thought of Rose Hathave. I was wondering if I didn't think so fast that I no longer have a problem here. Fortunately, Barnes just continued the story and did not mention my indirect link with the girl's queen and her employees. "Well, no matter how shocking we are shocked by some of their employees. There have been many events and disagreements. No one tried to attack the Dragomir girl, but probably because she was so well protected. His enemies therefore seemed to find a way out: her sister. "Jill," I said that I can't abstain to speak. Horowitz asked me to move and I immediately regretted drawingAbout my knowledge about me and Moroi, However, in my mind, the image of Gillian Mastrano, like all Moroi, is long and provocative, always with large, light green eyes. And there was a good reason for this. At the age of fifteen, Iill revealed that Vassilis was his illegal sister, which made him the only member of the royal family. It was also committed to the confusion I got into this summer. "You know your laws," Tandon continued after a silence of embarrassment. He announced that we were all thinking about Moroi's laws of tone. Choose a ruler? It didn't make sense, but what can you expect from unnatural beings like vampires? "And Vasilisa must be a member of the family to protect your throne. Thus, they decided that they would remove their families if their enemies could not raise them directly. "With non-verbal meaning, the cold shower moved onto my back and commented again without thinking. Did something happen to Jill? This time, when I filled the needle in Horovik, I chose at least a moment, so there was no risk of tearing the tattoo. I bite my lips to keep me from telling me more and dreaming about Chase's father's eyes. It was the last thing I wanted to do with my insecure situation to take care of Moroi. Jill didn't have any strong independence, but the idea of someone trying to kill the same age as her fifteen year old daughter was terrible, no matter what. "It's indefinitely," Sondon said. "He was attacked, we know a lot, but we can't tell you if he really hurt. Despite this, it's good now, but the initiative is running on your farm, which shows that you are a high-level traitor. Barn is disgusted. "What can you expect? How can he get rid of each other for a long time without attacking each other. We need it somehow, and that means it means keeping this girl safe. Maybe you can't trust yourself, but you can trust us." Pay attention to Moroi Alchemists. "We must make a girl- said Michael. - At least until the Morians cancel the law that means it means keeping this girl safe. Maybe you can't trust yourself, but you can trust us." Pay attention to Moroi Alchemists. "We must make a girl- said Michael. - At least until the Morians cancel the law that means it means keeping this girl safe. Maybe you can't trust yourself, but you can trust us." Pay attention to Moroi Alchemists. people, so we have to hide it among people. His words were despised. "But it is also extremely important that it remains hidden from people." Our breed cannot know that they exist. "After consulting the quards, we decided on a place that we are safe for him, both from Moroyev and Strigoyev," said Stenton. "In the hands of her and the people who stay unnoticed with her, we only need an alchemist for your needs if there are any difficulties." My father smiled. - This is a waste of our resources. Not to mention that it is unbearable for those who are forced to stay with it. I had a bad foreword about what would happen. "Sidney appears here," said Stenton. "We want him to be one of the alchemists who accompany the shelter." 'Who?' My father called out. "You can't be serious." 'From where?' The tone of the stent tone is calm and smooth. - They are the same old, so that living together is not suspected. And Sydney already knows about the girl. Of course, it won't be as "unbearable" as other alchemists. The undertext was loud and clear. I haven't got rid of my past yet. Gorovich stopped, raised the needle and gave me the opportunity to talk. My mind was worrying. Some answers were welcome. I didn't want to look too sad. I had to make my good fame again with alchemists and show that I am ready to fulfill my orders. However, I didn't want it to sound like I vampire or her analogue "It's never fun to spend time with one," I carefully said with a cold, arrogant voice. "No matter how much you do. But I will do everything you need to protect us and everything is okay and of course we won't send him there even more because the girls don't do it. 'What do you want to say?' My father was still not satisfied with it and I was worried that more time would change my commitment.- How many of them come? "They send Dhampira," Michael said. "One of their guardians with whom I don't really have a problem. The place we chose should not be striga, but if not, they are better in the fight against these monsters than we. The guards were specially trained dhampics who served as bodyguards. "You're welcome," Horovks said, retreating. The system did not allow me to talk to ordinary vampire people. I tried not to think about the second part, where this magic came from. Tatu still looked confused, scared and terrified at my side. "It may happen that another moroj appears," Stanton continued. To be honest, the less we hid, the better, but ... once I Iwaszkow. Never mind. "Where is?" My father asked. - Where will you send them? A great question. I thought about it. My first full work about alchemics sent me to Russia from half the world. If the alchemist planned to hope that I would reach the city of my dreams: Rome. Legendary works of art and Italian food seemed to be a good way to balance documents and vampires. "Palmsprings," Barnes said. "Palmsprings?" I repeat. I wouldn't expect it. When I think about film stars and golf fields. Not a Roman holiday, but not in the Arctic. Stanton's lips are arranged in a small, crooked smile. "It's in the desert and has a lot of sun. Completely undesirable stripes. - Wouldn't that be undesirable for the morojs? I asked, thinking forward. Moroje did not burn in the sun like the striga, but its x -ray made Morea weak and sick. "Yes, yes," Stanton admitted. But this slight inconvenience is worth it. As long as Moroje stay indoor most of the time, this will not be a problem. This is the other Moro from the congregation and ... The sound of the opening door of the car and the overall roar outside the window drew attention. "Oh," Michaelson said. - Is there a little more? I'll take them out. He left the office and probably went to the front door to let anyone get in. A minute later, when Michaelson turned to us, I heard a new voice. "Well, Dad could not come, so he sent me," he said a new voice. The closet door opened and my heart stopped. No, I thought. Everyone is not just his. "Jared," he said, realizing my father, noticing my father, who didn't look at me almost all night, smiled. "Whale! I was wondering how you did it. They both changed hands and a wave of disgust took me." This Keith Darnell, "Michaelson said, presenting it to others. - Tom Darnell's son? "The same thing, Keith said with joy. He was about five years older than me, the blonde hair was slightly lighter than mine. I knew he was attractive for many girls. I believe that he knows Seij. Kit Kit first looked at Zoya with his blue eyes, which was just a little bit of color. A glass eye looked foolishly forward and never moved. In anger. This annoying, stupid, screwing eye winks! But why not? We all heard the accident that cost his eyes. I thought the loss would stop the annoying burn. "Little Zosia! Bak Look at yourself for adults, "he said softly. I am not an aggressive person in any way, but suddenly I wanted to cut him because he was looking at my sister like this. He managed to smile at him, and when he saw his familiar face, he felt clearly relief. But when Keith returned to me, all this charm and kindness disappeared. The emotion was mutual. The growing inside me, was so crushing that it took my sister like this. time to at least formulate a little answer. "Hello Keith," I said dryly. Kit did not even try to obey the courtesy. He immediately returned to senior alchemists. - What's doing here?"I know you invited Zoe," said Senton, "but thinking we decided it would be better to play this role." Her experience by sending fear of previous activities. "No," he answered quickly, turning a blue look at me. "She will never come, I'll never trust all the vampire lover. We take her sister. Page 2 2