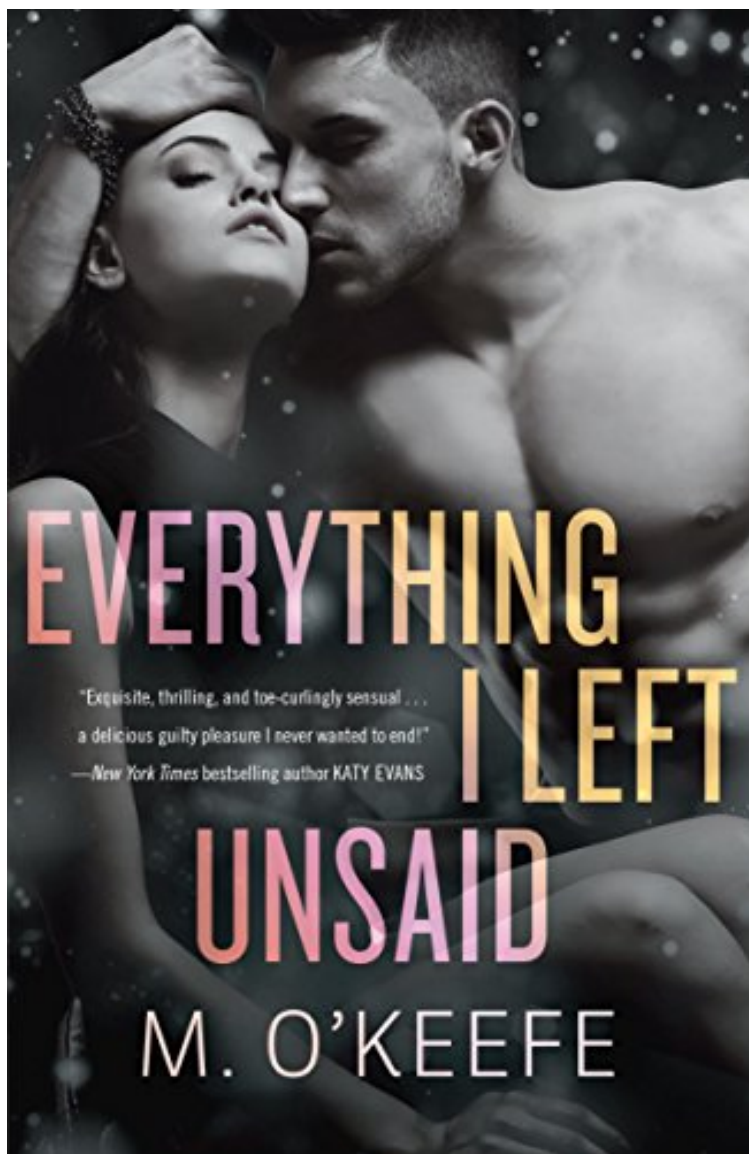


(Download ebook) File size: 57.Mb

# Everything I Left Unsaid: A Novel



*Par M. O'Keefe*  
*\*Download PDF | ePub | DOC | audiobook | ebooks*

Dtails sur le produit Rang parmi les ventes : #120331 dans eBooksPubli le: 2015-10-13Sorti le: 2015-10-13Format: Ebook Kindle

(Download ebook) Everything I Left Unsaid: A Novel

**Par M. O'Keefe : Everything I Left Unsaid: A Novel** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Everything I Left Unsaid: A Novel:

Download

Read Online

## Description :

Prsentation de l'diteurFans of Jodi Ellen Malpas, K. Bromberg, and Joanna Wylde will be unable to resist this sexy, deeply intimate tale of a woman running from her past, and the darkly mysterious man who sets her free. I didnt think answering someone elses cellphone would change my life. But the stranger with the low, deep voice on the other end of the line tempted me, awakened my body, set me on fire. He was looking for someone else. Instead he found me. And I found a hot, secret world where I felt alive for the first time. His name was Dylan, and, strangely, he made me feel safe. Desired. Compelled. Every dark thing he asked me to do, I did. Without question. I longed to meet him, but we were both keeping secrets. And mine were dangerous. If I took the first step, if I got closer to Dylanemotionally, physicallythen I wouldnt be hiding

anymore. I would be exposed, with nothing left to surrender but the truth. And my truth could hurt us both. Advance praise for *Everything I Left Unsaid* Exquisite, thrilling, and toe-curlingly sensual . . . a delicious guilty pleasure I never wanted to end! New York Times bestselling author Katy Evans I am head over heels in love with *Everything I Left Unsaid* by M. O'Keefe. Everything about this book hits the mark the exceptional prose, the brilliantly defined characters, the delicious plot, and all the wonderful, dangerous secrets. Its an absolute must-read keeper-shelf book! New York Times bestselling author J. Kenner I couldnt put this book down. Annie's story is heartbreaking, liberating, sweet, and sexy I want more! New York Times bestselling author Monica Murphy Sweet, sizzling, sexy, and heart-wrenching, *Everything I Left Unsaid* broke my heart and left me yearning for more. New York Times bestselling author Megan Hart From the Trade Paperback edition. Extrait 1 Annie Escape smelled like a thick layer of Febreze over stale cigarette smoke. I dropped my duffle bag on the patch of linoleum in front of the trailers stove and closed the thin metal door behind me. It didnt latch the first time and I had to slam it. The whole trailer shook. Ill need better locks. Not that locks had kept me safe before. Locks and sitting very still and being very small had not kept me safe at all. Everyone minds their own here. They all keep to themselves. Thats what Kevin, the park manager, had said when I put down my cash for the trailer. Its safe and its quiet and we dont truck with no nonsense. Safe, quiet, and no nonsense made this little scrap of swamp a perfect place to end my week of helter-skelter traveling. Doubling back, buying a ticket west only to go east. Buses. Trains. Out in front of my trailer, there was a used car POS Toyota with bad brakes and a broken radio. I bought it in Virginia, from a high school football player with dreams the crappy car could not hold, and drove north before heading south again. But I had to stop somewhere. I couldnt drive forever. So, seven days, hundreds of miles to here. To this place that didnt even show up on a state map of North Carolina. Home sweet home, I sighed, putting my hands on my hips and surveying my new kingdom. Kevin called it a trailer, but really it was an old RV that had rolled to a stop at the Flowered Manor Trailer Park and Camp Ground and refused to keep going. Someone had taken off the wheels and put the RV up on blocks and maybe that same someone had carefully, lovingly planted the morning glory vines to hide those cement blocks. The flowers were a nice touch, admirable really in their delusional quality, but didnt much hide the fact that it was an RV. A crappy one. In a crappy trailer park so off the beaten path it was practically impossible to find. Perfect. So, so perfect. My deep breath shuddered through me and I allowed some of the fear I lived with to lift away, like crows startled from a winter field. Usually I gathered the fear back because fear kept me safe. Fear was familiar. But in this crazy little trailer, there was no need. We dont truck with no nonsense. Good, I thought, smiling for the first time in a long time. Bravado making me giddy. Neither do I. I also didnt truck with the smell of this place. It was two steps from the kitchen to the dining area and I leaned over the Formica table and beige banquette seating to pull back the curtains and yank open the windows. A fetid breeze blew through, slipping across my neck and down the collar of my white cotton shirt. I closed my eyes because I was tired down to my bones and ... it felt good. The breeze, on my skin ... it just felt good. Different. And these days I was in the business of different. My entire life Id had long hair against my neck or pulled back in a ponytail so heavy it made my head hurt. My hair was naturally red and curly and thick. So thick. Suffocatingly thick. Mom used to say it was the prettiest thing about me. Which is one of those kinds of compliments that isnt really a compliment at all, because it leaves so much room for awful to grow up around it. But it was the nicest thing she said about me, so I took it to heart, because she was my mom. Chopping it off had been a weird relief. Not just from headaches and the heat, but this new butchered hair allowed me to feel the breeze like I never had before. The sun against the nape of my neck was a revelation. When the wind blew, my short hair lifted and the feeling rippled down my back, like a domino fall of nerve endings. I liked it. A lot. The quiet was broken by the distant, muffled sound of a phone ringing. It wasnt mine. Id left my cell in the bottom of a trash can in the Tulsa bus station. The other trailers were close, but not so close that Id be able to hear a cell phone ringing in a purse. And thats what it sounded like. The counters of my small kitchen were empty. The driver and front-seat-passenger captain seats that had been turned to create a little sitting area were both bare. There were no purses left forgotten by the previous tenant. I glanced down at the fabric of the bench seats that made up the banquettes. Am I really thinking about putting my hand in there? It looked clean enough, for all its shabbiness, but still ... disgusting things fell between seat cushions. It was a fact. The phone rang again and with it the instinct to answer a ringing phone kicked in, and I shoved my hand down into the crease between the top and bottom cushions and then wedged it along sideways, running into nothing, not even cracker crumbs or the odd toy car, until I hit the plastic case of a phone. I pulled it out and glanced at its face. Dylan. Accept. Decline. With a small brush of my thumb, I touched accept. So small a

thing. Really. In the crazy mix of drastic shit Id been doing this week answering that phone seemed like nothing. Just goes to show, I guess. Hello? Jesus, Megan, where the hell have you been? a guy said, his voice not angry so much as exasperated. Relieved, almost. Im sorry. I wedged my hand back into the cushions to see if anything else had slid in there. Money. Money would be nice. This isnt Megan. Aha! I pulled out three quarters and a nickel. The guy sighed. The kind of sigh I was terribly used to. The put-out sigh. The angry sigh. The this is your fault sigh. And I had this visceral reaction, screwed into the marrow of my bones over the last five years, to do everything in my power and some things incredibly outside of my power to appease the anger behind that sigh. To make it all okay. But those days were officially over. Sorry, Dylan. No one sighs like that at me. Not anymore. Not ever. I pulled the phone away from my ear and lifted my thumb to turn it off, but his voice stopped me just before I disconnected the call. Im sorry, he said. I got no reason to treat you like that. Is Megan there? No. Okay, I was pulled back in by an apology. Because apologies were nice and they were rare. And this guy sounded sincerely worried. Megan might be his wife. Or girlfriend. His daughter. She moved out a few days ago. She must have left the phone behind. His chuckle was deep and very masculine, and it made me think that I havent heard many guys laughing in my life. And that was too bad. It was a nice sound. She must have, he agreed. Have you moved into the trailer? My protective instincts were new and fragile but they were working, and they rose on shaky legs to stop the unthinking answer that came to my lips. I dont know this man. I dont know him at all. Just cleaning it, I said. I dont live here. I hope thats not as bad a job as it sounds. No. Its fine. Megan must have kept it real clean. I rolled my eyes at myself. Whats your name? This is a man. Not a boy. Not a guy. But a man. His voice had a low quality, a rumble and a rasp, like maybe he hadnt done a lot of talking today. Or maybe he didnt talk much at all. Or he smoked a pack of cigarettes a day which shouldnt sound so good. But it did. He had an accent something Southern. And despite his apologies he sounded ... rough. Something weird was happening to my heartbeat. You know mine, he said. I nearly closed my eyes as that dark tone sent chills across my back like a cool breeze. Dylan, I said. It said your name on the phone. Right. Well, I guess you dont have to. Layla. The name came out of nowhere. Layla was my cousin, a wild girl Id only met once but a name Id heard over and over again in Moms warnings and stories of forbearance. You dont want to end up like Layla, do you? Which was hilarious, because last Id heard Layla was an extremely popular makeup artist in Hollywood and happy. So, Moms horror stories had worked, and no, I didnt end up at all like Layla. But in this new life ... maybe Id endeavor to be more like Layla. Layla had been bold. And confident. Embarrassingly sexy to utterly staid and uptight me. Annie McKay. Are you okay? Dylan asked, pulling me away from thoughts of my cousin. What makes you think Im not? People dont end up in the Flowered Manor Trailer Park and Camp Ground because everything is going great in their lives. Tell me about it, I laughed. The relief of sitting still, letting go of some of that fear I lived with, and the ... weirdness of this call made me giddy. I felt like a stone kicked downhill. Rolling faster and faster toward something. This run-down trailer park had the market cornered on last-ditch efforts. Everything and everyone from Kevin to the morning glories out front seemed to be holding on with a white-knuckled intensity. You know the brochure did promise modern amenities, but I havent caught sight of the spa, I joked. And weedy watering holes dont count. There was silence after my words. And I knew silence as well as I knew sighs. The variations, the cold undertones. The hot overtones. The razor-edged silence that came before You got a smart mouth, girl. The heavy echoing silence that came before a backhand. Stupid joke. It was a stupid joke. I am made of stupid jokes. You just cant trust advertising anymore, can you? he asked. Especially when its on a bathroom wall in a truck stop. We both laughed, and this was officially more fun than Id had in years. Are you safe? he asked. The question with its implied concern bit into me, sweeping away my laughter like someone taking his arm over a dinner table, sending plates crashing to the floor. Tears burned in my eyes. *Revue de presse* Exquisite, thrilling, and toe-curlingly sensual . . . a delicious guilty pleasure I never wanted to end! *New York Times* bestselling author Katy Evans I am head over heels in love with *Everything I Left Unsaid* by M. OKeefe. Everything about this book hits the mark the exceptional prose, the brilliantly defined characters, the delicious plot, and all the wonderful, dangerous secrets. Its an absolute must-read keeper-shelf book! *New York Times* bestselling author J. Kenner I couldnt put this book down. Annies story is heartbreaking, liberating, sweet, and sexy! I want more! *New York Times* bestselling author Monica Murphy Sweet, sizzling, sexy, and heart-wrenching, *Everything I Left Unsaid* broke my heart and left me yearning for more. *New York Times* bestselling author Megan Hart The mystery, the excitement, and not to mention the elusive and very demanding Dylan Daniels will leave you breathless! *New York Times* bestselling author Lisa Renee Jones OKeefe is one of the best contemporary romance authors writing today. . . . Elegantly sensual and blisteringly sexual, the story

immediately hooks readers and keeps them captivated with help from beautiful writing, complex characters, and a healthy dose of secrets, while a cliffhanger ending will have them eagerly awaiting Book 2.

Breathtaking and passionately intense a must-read. Kirkus's [O'Keefe] moves skillfully into . . . romantic suspense with this excellent series launch. . . . [She] infuses the situation with distinctive life and absorbing detail. Captivating characters and a cliffhanger ending will keep readers coming back for more. Publishers Weekly Beautifully written, this richly detailed storyline, coupled with beguiling and complex characters, takes us on an emotionally charged journey filled with lust, betrayal and secrets. Captivating secondary characters only add fuel to the fire as a chance meeting between two damaged souls opens the doorway to what could be their salvation or personal hell. An incredible cliffhanger only charges your appetite for the sequel. RT Book s Intense . . . O'Keefe has deftly penned a story of hope, growth and courage peopled with complex protagonists. It's a smorgasbord of visceral emotions. BookPage I loved this novel's freshness, as well as its intelligence. . . . Everything I Left Unsaid is a powerful, compelling novel. . . . It is always satisfying to find a novel that is thoughtful and thought-provoking yet also has emotional resonance.

Everything I Left Unsaid is such a book, and I recommend it highly. Dear Author