

Chapter 1 : Release Blitz: Raw by Belle Aurora | Rusty's Reading

Belle Aurora is twenty-something-years-old and was born in the land down under. At an early age she fell in love with reading. Boredom one summer had he.

Lifting my hands, I see that I am shivering. This man " Twitch " he does something to me. Shuffling over to my sofa, I sit and cover myself with a blanket. He chews slowly, watching me watch his mouth. Leaning forward, he holds out the candy and jerks his chin towards it. When I make no move to take any and continue to stare at him, he pulls back. When you pulled me up, I wished he was dead. He seems to like that answer. Throwing more candy into his mouth, he sucks on them and looks at me through narrowed brows. Standing, I head to the kitchen, open the top cabinet, and get out my first aid kit. Bringing it back to the sofa, I reach for his hand, but he pulls away. My type of work means I come across a lot of different types of people. Opening the bottle of peroxide, I steady my jittery hand as much as possible and pour a little on some cotton. Reaching for his hand, he watches closely as I pick it up and bring it closer to me, resting it on my knee. Not liking the idea of him being in pain because of me, I bend at the waist, lean down, and blow lightly on his knuckles. When he grips my knee tightly, I lift my head to look at him. His jaw set, his eyes hooded, he looks pissed. Wrapping an arm around my waist, he walks me down to my room, lifts the covers of my bed, and helps me in. The ferocity of presence is alarming. Laying my head down on my pillow, he pulls the covers up and over me before turning and walking away. My head begins to pound, and my heart races. What if you never see him again? Looking a little unsure of himself, he watches me. I sit up, chest heaving. Then he walks away. I accept the fact that this is how things are destined to be for me forever. Even if it was just for a little while. Not wanting to think too hard, I close my eyes and lay my head down. But all I see is blackness in its bleakest form. All I feel is gripping fear. It feels tarnished and defective. Shutting my eyes so tight that it hurts, I hear his disgusting panting and bite my lip to stop my whimper. Covering my ear with my palm, I breathe heavily, only to inhale his rancid smell. The bridge of my nose tingles. I hate him for leaving me. I hate myself more for wanting him to stay. Tears slide out of the corner of my eyes, dampening my pillow. I push harder on my ear, trying hopelessly to block tonight out of my mind. Maybe in my old life, but not anymore. I should be used to this. Comforting myself, that is. I revert back to my childhood and curl up on my side in a fetal position, lightly rocking. I need something to drown out my thoughts. Standing, I walk over to the CD player, press play, then all but throw myself back on the bed, once again curling up on my side.

Chapter 2 : Download "RAW (English Edition)" by Belle Aurora for FREE!

Author Belle Aurora, Adelaide, SA. 28, likes to talk about this. USA Today bestselling author of RAW and LEV. Coming soon RAW: Rebirth.

Burying myself deeper into the mattress, I pull the covers tighter around me and sigh dreamily. Did you forget what today is? My eyes snap open and I gasp. An annoyed looking Drew stands there. He takes one look at my body and his mouth gapes. A spaghetti-strapped tank and panties are my usual bedding combo. I moved to Australia from the US when I was eighteen. My foster mom took care of me from the time I was sixteen, and when her health started to decline, she wanted to move to be closer to her family. You should only keep a suitcase full of clothes. Undressing, I spray my body with deodorant for a good thirty seconds before tossing the can aside and rummaging for something decent to wear. I settle for a long-sleeved white shirt tucked into black slacks, and add a thin black belt. Slipping on a pair of low heels, I swipe the sleep from my eyes, release my hair from its ponytail, shake it out, and look at myself in the mirror. It could be a lot worse. Pursing my lips, I nod my head in affirmation. Stepping out of my room, Drew turns to me and does a double take. His blue eyes widen. Who needs two hours to get ready to go to the movies? Finally having located my purse and files, I walk back out to him. She only takes so long because she wants to look nice for you. Just as I thought. Tahlia takes better care of herself than her parents do. So sweet and charming. I hold her tight, smiling all the while. I love my job. Thank you so much. That is not an invitation for you to have all-nighters and get wasted, you hear? I love how blunt the Australian accent is. Smiling, I place my hand on her forearm and squeeze. You get to call me Lexi. As I approach the car, I feel him watching me. Shivers break out over my entire body. My hair stands on end. Stopping with a jerk, I try to play it cool. I try to look around discreetly. My eyes dart around, looking for the familiar black hoodie. I know I should report this. And I mean everywhere. His head lifts, and his eyes watch mine. He never acknowledges me. In fact, seeing him stirs something in me. He is lodged in my subconscious. The star of my dreams. His eyes are fierce.

Chapter 3 : Raw by Belle Aurora - online free at Epub

WOW. Just wow. Raw by Belle Aurora is just that raw. It will tear your heart out and take you on an emotional roller coaster. At times I wanted to shake Lexi, our heroine, and tell her to wake up.

How could it not? With a crazy synopsis like that, how can I resist? I see him hiding in plain sight. He makes me feel. This is my life. Just one clickedâ€”may be a snow day for meâ€”so will start todayâ€” Candace: You sold me again! I do not know what to even think of this book, I started reading it last night. I am going to keep going. Belle Aurora is one of my favorite authors. I hardcore love all of her books. Just finished itâ€”damn that was a good ass book! Book hangover fo shizzle Hang: Oooo this looks so good! But a love story, nonetheless! A one sided-one, or more? Along the lines of our dark reads exploring the relationship between kidnapper and kidnappee â€” total angsty thrillers! Lexi has been stalked for a long while, but at a very discreet level. Just followed, constantly by the same brooding mysterious bad-ass possibly homeless? And strangely feels a sort of comfort? She continues living her life: But I need to be careful. And I will be careful. As much as a person with a stalker can be. He carried her home, took care of her, and watched over her as she slept. She feels protected, safe, with him around, cinching her attachment and attraction to him. And over the course of the next few days, he continues to watch herâ€” Suddenly a feeling of contentment watches over me. And there he is. A hooded figure, hands in his pockets, walking away from me. Bubbles of warmth course through my body. Or so my gut tells me. You know that saying actions speak louder than words? His actions are speaking of him. It happened in Twilight. It happened in Beautiful Disaster and it happened in a few more that I loved. He was her hero. And it was sweet. However, over the course of a few more chaptersâ€” I became confused. To moments of absoluteâ€” ROAR!!!! I just read it last night. My first 5 star book of !!! Read it in four hours. You will not know what hit you!!! I balled my eyes out!!!! Yay u guys are thrilling me! All of the above and then some!! Keep tissues close by. Just finished and it was SO good!! The epilogue aggggghhhhh is all I have to say Rachel: Argh â€” I cant evenâ€”. This book is one of my top 5!! You are in for one heck of a ride, girlfriend Angel: My first book of the new year it set a high bar for all other books to meet. This book mind-effed the â€” eff out of me. Ditto to all above!!! No words for this book. Just finished it â€”. Words cannot come, this book was simply unbelievable â€”. The LOVE for it just keeps coming my way. This book affected us all. And I loved that the book kept me guessing. What was his deal!?!? Things that held me back somewhat: I think that would have made it all that much more intense for me. I struggled with his intensity towards her where it came to his seeming hatred of her, and how he treated her. How did that change? But it was all a lot simpler then I was expecting. To me, the ending totally made this one. Kind of took us full circle. It really will make your jaw drop. Wellâ€” I was too exhilarated to cry, I kind of had a certain feelingâ€” and Iâ€” I justâ€” Okay no more from me on that front. But it was WAY clever!! See what I did there? I recommend it for those that love these unconventional and sometimes scary love stories the way I do. And if you do have to put it down, the only thing you can think about is picking it back up. Fast-paced AND well paced. Thank you to the author for sending a review copy my way!

Chapter 4 : Book Review - Raw by Belle Aurora - Maryse's Book Blog

Raw by Belle Aurora was the book that got me into Dark Erotic Romance. She popped my cherry! Ever since then I have never been the same. This genre will always be my favorite, the raw, dark, gritty romance that I can't help but fall in love.

I can hear them again. My neighbors are fighting. The little boy screams for him to stop. I kneel down by my window. Closing my eyes tight, I cover my ears and sing to myself. I listen hard, then uncover my ears. Turning around, I stand a little, peek over the edge of the window, and see him walking fast by the side of my house. He stumbles, falls, and crawls out of my sight. I could get in a lot of trouble. Daddy would be real mad. Kneeling down out of sight for a moment, I stand quickly and creep to the doorframe. The TV plays and I hear him snore. Tiptoeing down the stairs, I sneak into the kitchen. Getting a chair from the small dining table, I stand on it and reach for the top shelf. I get what I need, slide the chair back in, and make my way to the back door. My hand reaches for the knob, grips it tight, then I still. I could get in a lot of trouble for this. My heart beats out of my chest. Turning the knob, it squeaks a little, and fear washes over me. Stopping, I turn it so slowly that it takes forever to make the rotation. Finally, I feel the latch click over, and I pull the door open. Barefoot and dressed only in my white nightie, I tread softly through the backyard, the soft grass cold under my feet, following the sound of the heavy breathing and soft crying. Finding him at the back of the property line under a tree, I see him cover his face with his hands. Slowly walking closer, I step on a twig. It breaks, and his face snaps up to look at me. It shines bright as day. I see his cheek become darker. He rubs it between his thumb and middle finger slowly. Caressing the blood, as if in apology. My daddy would be real mad. And I came to help you. We stand there, staring at each other a long time. I need to know his name. I just thought the same thing about him. He steps forward into the moonlight and I gasp. The top of his cheek is gaping. I swallow hard, trying not to be sick. His eyes never leave mine. Taking a band-aid, I open it and place it on the top of his cheekbone. The wound is too big.

Chapter 5 : Review: RAW by Belle Aurora | So Many Reads

The latest Tweets from Belle Aurora (@BelleAurora1). Aussie author of RAW, the Friend-Zoned series and Willing Captive. RAdelaide.

Chapter 6 : Read Raw (RAW Family #1) online free by Belle Aurora

Well, Belle Aurora is not that type of author. I wholeheartedly approve of her writing style. Not every story is a happy ever after that has no obstacles and turbulence within the relationship.

Chapter 7 : teaser de Dirty, Family Raw 2! - Hadas de la Lectura

Prologue. Twenty years ago I can hear them again. My neighbors are fighting. The little boy screams for him to stop. I kneel down by my window. Closing my eyes tight, I cover my ears and sing to myself.

Chapter 8 : Belle Aurora (Author of Raw)

Growing up the way I did, you'd think I'd be more screwed up than what I actually am. Soon as I turned sixteen, I left that bump in the road I called.

Chapter 9 : Raw by Belle Aurora | Book Review Bay | Romance Book Blog

Growing up the way I did, you'd think I'd be more screwed up than what I actually am. Soon as I turned sixteen, I left that

bump in the road I called home an.