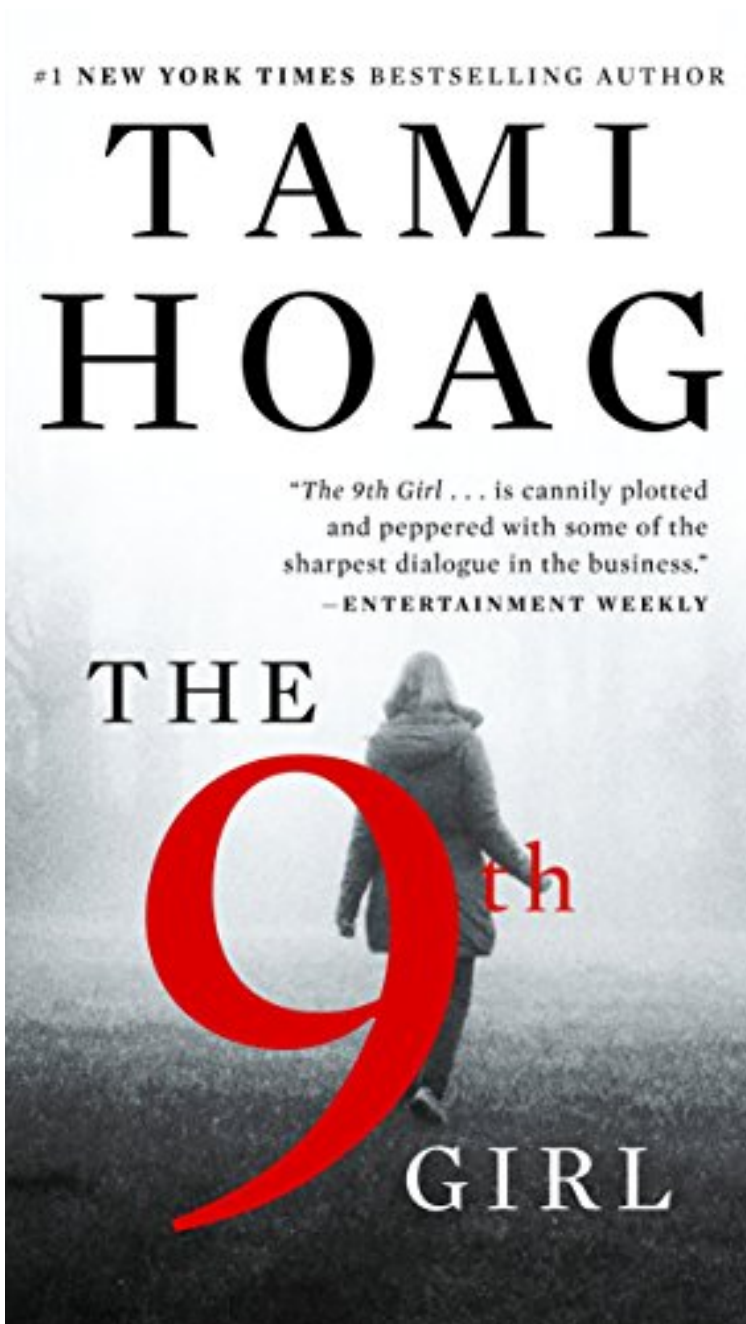


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## The 9th Girl



*Par Tami Hoag*  
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### Description :

Prsentation de l'diteur#1 New York Times bestselling author Tami Hoags fan-favorite Minneapolis investigators, Sam Kovac and Nikki Liska, hunt a serial killer in this haunting thriller. On a frigid New Years Eve in Minneapolis, a young woman is found brutally murderedthe ninth so far this year in a string of grisly slayings. Homicide detectives Sam Kovac and Nikki Liska fear that its the work of a serial killer they

call Doc Holiday, a transient who has brought his gruesome game to a new and more terrifying level. But as Kovac and Liska uncover the truth, they find that the monsters in the ninth girls life may live closer to home.

And even as another young woman disappears, they have to ask the question: Which is the greater evil the devil you know or the devil you dont? Extrait 1 New Years Eve. The worst possible night of the year to be the limo driver of a party bus. Of course, Jamar Jackson had really not found a night or an occasion when it was

good to be a limo driver. In the last two years working for his cousins company, he had come to the conclusion that the vast majority of people hired stretch limos for one reason: so they could be drunk, high, obnoxious, and out of control without fear of being arrested. Getting from one place to the next was secondary. He drove the Wild Thing a twenty-passenger white Hummer with zebra-print upholstery. A rolling nightclub awash in purple light, it was tricked out with a state-of-the-art sound system, satellite television, and a fully stocked bar. It cost a months rent to hire on New Years Eve, which included a twenty percent gratuity which was what made hauling these assholes around worth the headache. Jamar worked hard for his money. His evenings consisted of shrieking girls in various stages of undress as the night wore on, and frat boys who, regardless of age, never lost the humor of belching and farting. Without fail, driving party groups always involved at least one woman sobbing, one verbal and/or physical altercation between guests, some kind of sex, and a copious amount of vomit by journeys end. And Jamar handled it all with a smile. Twenty percent gratuity included was his mantra. On the upside: These experiences were all grist for the mill. He was a sociology grad student at the University of Minnesota with a masters thesis to write. His customers for this New Years Eve were a group of young attorneys and their dates, drunk on champagne and a couple of days freedom from seventy-hour workweeks. His assignment for the evening was carting them from one party to the next until they all passed out or ended up in the hospital with alcohol poisoning. Sadly, the night was young by New Years Eve standards, the booze was flowing, and if he had to listen to Maroon 5s Moves Like Jagger one more time, he was going to run this fucking bus into a ditch. Twenty percent gratuity included . . . His passengers were loud. They wouldnt stay in their seats. If one of them wasnt sprawled on the floor, it was another of them. Every time Jamar checked the rearview he caught a flash of female anatomy. One girl couldnt keep her top from falling open; anothers skirt was so short she was a squirming advertisement for the salon that did her bikini wax. Jamar tried to keep his eyes on the road, but he was a twenty-five-year-old guy, after all, with a free view of a naked pussy behind him. They had started the evening at a private party in the tony suburb of Edina, then moved to a party in a hip restaurant in the Uptown district. Now they would make their way to downtown Minneapolis to a hot club. The streets were busy and dangerous with drivers who were half-drunk and half-lost. Compounding the situation, the temperature was minus seventeen degrees, and the moisture from the car exhaust was condensing and instantly freezing into a thin layer of clear ice that was nearly impossible to see on the pavement. An unwelcome complication on a rotten stretch of road that was pockmarked with potholes big enough to swallow a man whole. Twenty percent gratuity included . . . Jamars nerves were vibrating at a frequency almost as loud as the music. His head was pounding with the beat. He had one eye on the girl in the back, one eye on the road. They were coming into a spaghetti tangle of streets and highways crossing and merging into one another. Hennepin and Lyndale, 55 and 94. The girl with her top down started making out with Miss Naked Pussy. The hoots and hollers of the partygoers rose to a pitch to rival Adam Levines voice. . . moves like Jagger . . . I got the moves like Jagger . . . Jamar was only vaguely aware of the box truck passing on his left and the dark car merging onto the road in front of him. He wasnt thinking about how long it would take to stop the tank he was driving if the need arose. His attention was fractured among too many things. Then, in a split second, everything changed. Brake lights blazed red too close in front of him. Jamar shouted, Shit! and hit his brakes in reflex. The Wild Thing just kept rolling. The car seemed to drop then bounce, the trunk flying open. Now his attention was laser focused on what was right in front of him, a tableau from a horror movie illuminated by harsh white xenon headlights. A woman popped up in the trunk of the car like a freak-show jack-in-the-box. Jamar shrieked at the sight as the woman flipped out of the trunk, hit the pavement, and came upright. Directly in front of him. He would have nightmares for years after. She looked like a fucking zombie one eye wide open, mouth gaping in a scream; half her face looked melted away. She was covered in blood. The screams were deafening then as the Wild Thing struck the zombie. Jamars screams, the screams of the girls behind him, the shouts of the guys. The Hummer went into a skid, sliding sideways on the ice-slick road. Bodies were tumbling inside the vehicle. There was a bang and a crash from the back, then another. The Hummer came to a rocking halt as Jamars bladder let go and he peed himself. Twenty percent gratuity included . . . Happy New Years fucking Eve. Revue de presse Praise for Tami Hoag One of the hottest names in the suspense

game. People One of the most intense suspense writers around. Chicago Tribune One of the most intelligent and crafty suspense writers working today. BookReporter.com [Her] reputation is well earned. South Florida Sun-Sentinel With complex characters and crisp, believable dialogue, [this] is a sophisticated thriller. Houston Press Without a doubt, Ms. Hoag knows how to take her readers on a frightening ride on a twisting highway of evil.--New York Journal of Books Chilling the story zooms along to a satisfyingly creepy conclusion. USA Today Hard to put down. The Washington Post A first-rate thriller with an ending that will knock your socks off. Booklist A snappy, scary thriller. Entertainment Weekly Captivating. Publishers Weekly A chilling thriller with a romantic chaser. New York Daily News Hoag's cliff-hanger scene endings and jump cuts leave the reader panting and turning the pages as fast as possible. Boston Globe [A] no-holds-barred, page-turning thriller. Philadelphia Inquirer Slick and satisfying. Cleveland Plain Dealer A strong, disturbing tale. The Flint Journal An exciting page-turner. Kansas City Star This is her best to date [a] tautly told thriller. Minneapolis Star Tribune