

Excerpt for:

## **Razor's Traitorous Heart: The Alliance Book 2**

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Razor blinked several times in an effort to clear his vision. He remained perfectly still as he ran an assessment over his body. Every part of him felt bruised and beaten. He ignored the throbbing in an effort to assess what was minor damage and what could be life-threatening. A low curse echoed through the cockpit when he realized that he was still face down. The only thing holding him in place was the seat harness. There was nothing else between him and the ground far below. The windshield of the helicopter was missing on his side.

He slowly raised his hand to wipe at the blood that kept blurring his vision. A deep cut ran just above his right brow. His arms were fine but excruciating pain in his left leg hazed his vision when he tried to move it.

Drawing in a deep breath, he lowered his chin until he could look down at it. A shaft of metal, over six inches long, was embedded in his upper thigh. He turned his head so he could look at the pilot. The male hung lifelessly from his harness. A thick metal rod protruded from his chest.

“Hey, is anyone alive in there?” A soft voice called out from behind him. “Oh God!”

Razor turned his head as far as he could but from the position he was in he couldn't see who had called out. He could only feel it. A deep heat mixed with the pain running

through him. Frustrated, he closed his eyes and wrapped his hand around the top of the metal in his leg and pulled in another deep breath in preparation for the pain that would come with removing it.

His eyes jerked open when he felt slender fingers close around his wrist. “Wait,” the husky voice whispered next to his ear. “Let me make sure it didn’t hit an artery. If it did, you’ll be dead before I can get you to safety.”

Razor turned his head and breathed in the sweet scent of wildflowers. A low moan escaped before he could contain it. The heat inside him flared again, rushing through him at such a speed that he had to close his eyes again to calm the dizziness.

“I am dead either way,” he murmured as the metal around them creaked and shifted again.

“Not on my watch you aren’t,” the voice replied with a trace of amusement. “Now, keep your pantyhose on. I’m going to reach around you and attach a strap to you so I can release the harness and free you. Is your other leg good?”

Razor’s eyes jerked open and his breath hissed out when the most beautiful almond-shaped brown eyes, mere inches from his face, looked back at him with a combination of humor and fear. The first thought that went through his mind was that this was the female from the image he had been studying right before the crash. The second and most disturbing was that she was in imminent danger.

“Leave me,” he ordered with a dark growl. “It is too dangerous. The whole thing could collapse at any moment. Get out now. I will get myself out if I can.”