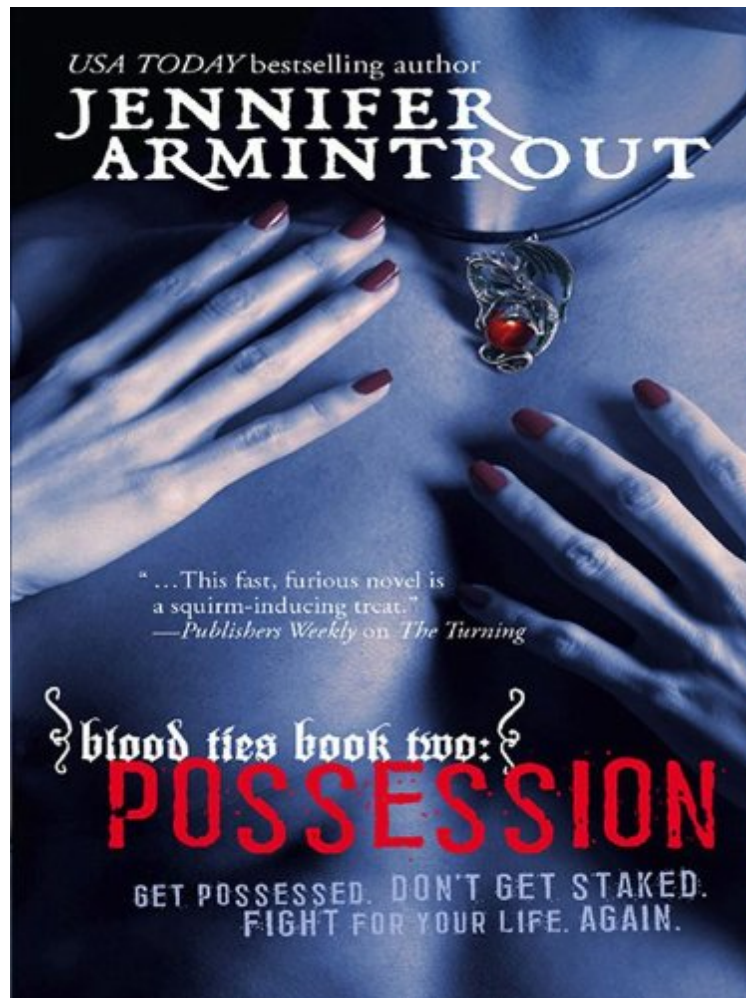


[Download free pdf] Blood Ties Book Two: Possession (A Bloodties Novel)

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Von Jennifer Armintrout

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Von Jennifer Armintrout : Blood Ties Book Two: Possession (A Bloodties Novel) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Blood Ties Book Two: Possession (A Bloodties Novel):

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen2 von 2 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Ein Band weiter und doch alles beim Alten? - 3.5 PunkteVon Geisha XGleich vorweg: Nach dem vielversprechenden "The Turning" liess der zweite Band der Blood Ties-Serie von Jennifer Armintrout "Possession" mich mit gespaltenen Gefhlen zurck. Wobei ... schlecht ist er eigentlich nicht, aber lest selbst:Die "Fangs" leiten auf Wunsch des Soul Eaters ein gewaltiges Stck Magie ein und rufen seinen Sohn Cyrus zurck ins Leben - jedoch wird Cyrus nicht als Vampir sondern als Mensch wiedergeboren. Und das ist nicht der einzige faule Zauber der auf des Soul Eaters Rechnung geht: Nathan, der ein von ihm geschaffener Vampir ist, wird von etwas besessen. Gemeinsam versuchen Carrie und Max,

Nathan von seiner Besessenheit zu befreien. Und die Pläne des Soul Eaters zu verhindern. Einerseits ist dies ein gutes Buch gewesen, dass sich nicht in bliche Schemata pressen lässt. Selbst Cyrus, uns als Bsewicht mit Sexappeal aus Band eins bekannt, erlebt hier in Menschenhaut eine gewaltige Bekehrung. Die Charaktere sind vielschichtig und gut gezeichnet. Auch die grobe Storyline ist interessant und spannend, wenn es auch insgesamt für meinen Geschmack noch ein wenig mehr Action hätte geben dürfen. Die Autorin versucht von Zeit zu Zeit kleine Horrorelemente in die Geschichte einzubauen, die für mich in diesem zweiten Band weniger funktionierten als im ersten. Wesentlicher Kritikpunkt war für mich jedoch eine gewisse "Gruppentherapie"-Stimmung. Anteilsmäßig wurde mir zuviel über Cyrus' Reue und Charakterentwicklung, Carrie und Nathans Beziehungsprobleme, Nathans Beziehungsprobleme wegen Marianne und selbst Max' Beziehungsballast berichtet. Diese ewige Psychoklempnerei erinnert mich schmerzlich an die ewigen Beziehungsprobleme der späten Anita-Blake-Romane und führen hier leider für mich zu Punktabzug in der B-Note. Etwas mehr Action und etwas weniger Problemewlzen hätten dem Buch in meinen Augen gut getan. Dennoch bin ich insgesamt nicht unzufrieden und werde auch den dritten Band wohl noch lesen - allerdings nicht mit grosser Priorität.

Blood Ties - Serie: 1. The Turning (dt. Die Verwandlung); 2. Possession; 3. Ashes to Ashes

1 von 1 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Fortsetzung von "The Turning" Von Sabrina "Possession" ist der zweite Band in Jennifer Armintrouts Blood-Ties-Serie, und man sollte vermutlich auch den ersten Band gelesen haben, da der zweite unmittelbar anschliesst und das Personal fast identisch ist. "The Turning" berzeugte durch interessante, komplexe Charaktere und eine Geschichte, die obwohl sie auf den bekannten Prmissen des Genres basiert, deutlich darüber hinausging. Diesen Trend kann die Autorin in zweiten Band erfreulicherweise fortsetzen. Es geht damit los, dass Cyrus, Schurke und einer der interessantesten Charaktere des ersten Bandes, wiederbelebt wird, allerdings nicht als Vampir, sondern als Mensch. Normalerweise finde ich nichts peinlicher, als den Bsewicht aus einem früheren Band zu "recyclen", Cyrus' Wiedergeburt geht allerdings mit einer sehr interessanten Charakterstudie einher, als er versucht, seine frühere Bosheit und Selbstsucht mit wiederentdeckten menschlichen Eigenschaften wie Gewissen und Mitgefühl zu vereinbaren. Bereits im ersten Band hatte man das Gefühl, dass Cyrus nicht nur schlecht ist, und von daher ist die Entwicklung, die er hier macht, durchaus nachvollziehbar. Warum Cyrus wiedererweckt wird, bleibt dagegen mehr oder weniger im Dunkeln, hier wird vermutlich der nächste Band Aufschluss geben. Was sicher ist, ist, dass sein Vater, der Soul Eater dafür verantwortlich ist, der gleichzeitig Nathan, einen weiteren "seiner" Vampire, in den Wahnsinn treibt. Carrie und Max versuchen, die Vampirbewegung davon zu berzeugen, Nathan zu helfen, die sehen jedoch nur einen Killer in ihm und setzen einen Attentäter auf ihn an. Während Carrie nach Cyrus sucht, versucht Max Nathan sowohl vor dem Attentäter als auch vor sich selbst zu schützen. "Possession" ist genauso interessant und spannend wie der erste Band, leidet allerdings unter den Schwächen eines mittleren Bandes, da so gut wie nichts aufgelöst wird. Am Ende steht jeder der Protagonisten mehr oder weniger alleine da, und der Leser kann nur hoffen, dass der nächste Band wirklich wie angekündigt, bereits im August erscheint, und ein befriedigenderes Ende bietet.

0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Good or? Von Amber This was a good sequel and I will be ordering the third part when it comes out. I think I preferred the first book in some way and this second book in other ways. What I did find interesting in this book was Cyrus and how his character developed.

Kurzbeschreibung My father always said fear was a weakness. Well, that's easy to say when you don't have to worry about vampire slayers or holy water. I hate fear, but undead life goes on. In the two months since I was attacked in the hospital morgue and turned into a vampire, I've killed my evil sire, Cyrus, fallen in love with my new sire, Nathan, and have even gotten used to drinking blood. Just when things are finally returning to normal as they can be when sunlight can kill you Nathan becomes possessed. And then he slaughters an innocent human. Now it's my job to find Nathan before the Voluntary Vampire Extinction Movement does, because they're just waiting for an excuse to terminate him and anyone foolish enough to help him. But it gets worse. It turns out that Nathan's been possessed by one of the most powerful and wicked vampires alive the Soul Eater. And who knows what vile plan he's concocted? With the Soul Eater and my possessed sire on the loose, I have a lot to fear. Including being killed. Again.

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Leseprobe. Abdruck erfolgt mit freundlicher Genehmigung der Rechteinhaber. Alle Rechte vorbehalten. "You dreamed about him this morning, Carrie." At the sound of Nathan's voice, my hands froze on my keyboard. "You're

watching me sleep again?" This worried me. Besides being phenomenally creepy, my sire's habit of spying on my nightmares usually flares up when there's trouble on the horizon. Before our big fight with him two months ago, I'd often wake to find Nathan in bed beside me, staring at me as though I'd disappear if he looked away. Just three weeks after that, when our new blood donor had broken in with the intent to stake us in our beds, Nathan had been sitting in my desk chair, watching over me, waiting for something, anything to happen. Rather than looming in my doorway, he'd come in and sat down on my bed there really was no place else to go, the room was so small and settled in as though he'd been invited. Not that I'd been offended. It was his apartment, and Ziggy's old room didn't feel quite like home to me. I studied Nathan as he watched me. I assumed he tried to gauge my mood. He detests arguing with me, and he'd obviously had other hopes for how the conversation would go. Tough. "So, I'm worried." At my arched brow, he acceded, "Fine, I'm irrationally angry with you." Damn him for looking good. Time stops bothering with you when you become a vampire, and Nathan was frozen at thirtytwo. Despite the pallor that comes with seventy years of avoiding sunlight, he remained just as young and handsome as he'd appeared in the photographs he'd saved from his prevampire life. More so, actually, because this Nathan was in my bedroom, in living color. Dark hair, gorgeous gray eyes, a body so toned and hard he looked like he'd been a statue of a Greek god in a past life. But it was his eyes that had made me fall for him. Even though he'd been acting tough, and threatening my life the first time we'd met, I'd seen the kindness and sorrow in them. His eyes weren't just windows to his soul. They were doors that let out things he wouldn't have been able to hide from me even without a blood tie between us. I'd turned back to my computer, where my latest dissertation on vampire physiology had waited with an impatiently flashing cursor. You can take the human out of the doctor, but you can't take the doctor out of the vampire. Or something like that. I'd been working on A Case Study of Blood Type Compatibility for Metabolic Efficiency to kill time and distract me from the craziness of the past two months. But it had inevitably caught up with me, so when Nathan had burst in I'd been typing "Crazy Yellow Tube Socks" over and over again. "You said irrationally, not me." "I can't help it." His embarrassment was evident through the blood tie, but it didn't quell my annoyance. "What's going on?" "Well, for one, I'm tired of this stupid research project" "You're tired of it? I was the one drinking AB negative all damn week." Though he chuckled, there was a wearying note to the sound. "And you've been watching me sleep, which usually means something major is about to happen. Plus, I've been having these nightmares." I covered my face with my hands, massaging my tired skin. "I'm sure it's nothing." "It didn't sound like "nothing."" The bedsprings squeaked as he stood. I dropped my hands and gave him a withering look. "Oh, he listens as well as watches." The ghost of a sarcastic smile crossed his face as he knelt beside my chair. "You make it sound so dirty." I knew he couldn't help the surge of playful lust that reached me through the blood tie, because our brains were on a weird, telepathic party line. Unless he blocked me or vice versa, we heard each other's thoughts and felt each other's emotions. If one of us had even the slightest inclination toward getting physical, the other one knew and usually acted on it. Unfortunately, the blood tie doesn't filter negative emotions out, so I always got a heaping helping of after-sex guilt. Thoughts of Marianne, his dead wife, were never far from his mind, so the punishment game usually kicked in within minutes of la petit mort. Once I felt his guilt, I added some of my own over the fact I'd helped cause it, and the resultant snowball effect was a good enough reason to avoid sex with him altogether. At least, not beyond a few just-to-get-it-out-of-our-system flings. Giving those up would be like kicking heroin cold turkey. The thought depressed me, so I put it aside. I swiveled my desk chair around and leaned back. "Seriously, why are you watching me?" "The nightmares." I shrugged, hoping to pass off my terrifying dreams as a regular occurrence. "I have a lot of nightmares." "You said his name." Nathan wasn't my first sire. Cyrus, whom I only knew as "John Doe" when he'd attacked me in the hospital morgue, had made me a vampire. He'd also nearly made me dead when I hadn't been willing to satisfy his twisted desires. When I'd turned to Nathan and the Voluntary Vampire Extinction Movement for help, Cyrus had removed one of my two hearts a strange physiological trait unique to vampires and left me bleeding to death in the alley behind Nathan's building. When Nathan found me, I'd already died. He'd revived me by giving me his blood, and it'd had the desired effect I was alive, after all. He just hadn't realized he would "re-sire" me. He'd already had a deep-seated hatred of Cyrus. Now, as my new sire, he felt it ten times stronger. He hated if I even mentioned my first sire in passing. The evil, antagonistic side of me couldn't help but do it now. "Maybe my dreams about Cyrus are a subconscious thing to rile you." He raised an eyebrow. "That's the same excuse you use for leaving the cap off the toothpaste." He was right. He's usually right. Damned sire's intuition. I shut off my computer monitor and leaned back in my chair. "I'm guessing you have some sort of theory here." "Not yet. I was hoping to form it while you tell me in detail about these dreams. Then I was going to cut you off with a big, dramatic exclamation, something along the lines of "aha!" at which point you'd find yourself impressed and slightly aroused by my genius." He shrugged. "But now, I guess I'll just settle for the detail part." I rolled my eyes and folded my arms across my chest. "I never see his face, but I know it's him." Nathan nodded, indicating I should continue. "There aren't any colors except blue." I bit my lip. "The watercolor kind of blue I remember from when I was dead." A deep frown creased Nathan's brow, a sure sign I'd piqued his interest with my story. "Are you sure it's not your superconscious working through that night?" When I had those dreams, I always saw the same things. The bright orange cat that had passed my splayed body. The thick shapes of the shadow people coming to claim me. I didn't bother Nathan with these memories. My brief death the second one had traumatized him enough. "Cut the psych

bullshit. You think I'm having these dreams for a reason, don't you?" He let out a long breath as his mind searched for nonanswers. "I suppose it could be some residue of your former blood tie to him." "But why now?" I shook my head. "It's been two months. What could have happened to reactivate the tie now?" Nathan stood, trying and failing to look unconcerned. "It could be anything. I'll have Max do some digging in the Movement files." The Voluntary Vampire Extinction Movement was a harsh, totalitarian organization demanding the death of vampires who didn't live by their strict code. Nathan had been on probation for seventy years for killing his wife, though it hadn't been entirely his fault, and by siring me he'd broken one of the...