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Light a Candle For the Beast: A Beauty and the Beast Retelling: A Dark Fairy Tales Novella (English Edition)



Par Echo Shea
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Description :

Prsentation de l'diteurIf youve ever been caught in a riptide, pulled down into the water, then you know me. Or, more accurately, what Im like when Im angry.Delia was beautiful, smart, and kind. He wasnt. He said he loved her, but he didnt know what love was. He was manipulative and cruelmore than a thief. A beast.All she wanted was a rose These are the words on my sisters grave. Her sadness, her obsession, forever a reminder I didnt--couldnt save her.Im not vindictive or cruel. Im simply as the river--my memory is winding

and my reach is long. I watched him steal her beauty, her essence. Watched him become a beast. He thought he'd get away with it, thought he'd go free. I lay a rose upon my sister's grave. Light a candle for the beast. Presentation de l'diteur If you've ever been caught in a riptide, pulled down into the water, then you know me. Or, more accurately, what I'm like when I'm angry. Delia was beautiful, smart, and kind. He wasn't. He said he loved her, but he didn't know what love was. He was manipulative and cruel more than a thief. A beast. All she wanted was a rose. These are the words on my sister's grave. Her sadness, her obsession, forever a reminder I didn't--couldn't save her. I'm not vindictive or cruel. I'm simply as the river--my memory is winding and my reach is long. I watched him steal her beauty, her essence. Watched him become a beast. He thought he'd get away with it, thought he'd go free. I lay a rose upon my sister's grave. Light a candle for the beast.