

HOSTAGE



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Dedicated to my loving husband. Without your support and constant encouragement, I never would've gotten this far. God's plan for us is so much more than I could've imagined. Thanks for pushing me to be who God made me to be.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

In this journey, God has led me to some amazing people. When I started writing, I asked God to show me where to go if this was what He wanted me to do.

Starting with a small gathering of writers fifteen minutes from my house, He has perfectly placed so many helpers in my circle.

Thanks to all my writing friends at my Arkansas ACFW chapter. Without your encouragement and knowledge, I never would've kept writing.

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Thanks to all my family and friends for your words of encouragement and prayers! They worked!



“Get down!” Macy Packer shoved the senator to the ground and took cover. Gunfire erupted around them.

Bullets ricocheted over her head, forcing her to wait before returning fire. Her com-link rang out with the voices of her five-man crew, nearly deafening her, but over a short time, their voices faded. The outcome of the battle became clear.

The smell of smoke stung at her eyes and throat. Fire engulfed their helo. She yelled, “Get that bird here now!”

“Two minutes out.”

“Too long,” she muttered. Macy reloaded and rained another torrent of bullets, pushing back the insurgents making their way across the rooftop.

She grabbed Senator Marstill and rolled him beneath her.

He cried out and grabbed his head.

“Don’t move.” Ducking down, she snagged a Glock from a deceased friend, noting the blood seeping through his shirt and pooling around his body.

There would be time to mourn later. Right now, she was intent on living through this day. A bullet tore past her shoulder as she stood to move the assailants back, firing and falling back to her position.

It had all happened so quickly—the procession from the offices of the governor in Mexico City to their secondary pickup location, the rocket launcher that blew up the waiting helicopter, and now, the hailstorm of gunfire. If Jasper hadn't answered her distress call, their chances of survival would be zero.

“Get ready.”

She could barely hear the com-link in her ear as rotor wash from the helo pushed onto the rooftop.

“When I say run, you run.” She gripped the senator's collar and pulled him to her.

His eyes were glazed as he gasped for air.

“Sir, you better run hard. Don't you dare let these men die for nothing!”

The terrified man nodded. She released him and reached for the Beretta at her ankle.

“Go! Go!” the static-filled order pounded in her ear.

“Go! Now!” She stood and offered cover as the senator ran to the hovering chopper.

The helo's gunner kept them protected while the senator safely climbed aboard. Macy reached up and felt a grasp on her wrist. She tried to kick her legs onboard.

“Gotta go!”

The copter rose.

She glanced over her shoulder and saw a rocket launcher aimed at the bird. The grip on her wrist loosened when the helo suddenly banked. Spinning her body around, she took aim at the launcher but felt the grip on her wrist give way.

“Macy!”

Jasper's wide eyes were the last thing she saw as she fell. She landed on her back. Shock rippled through her body, and she fought to catch her breath. Her back, arms, and head reverberated from the force, bouncing against whatever had broken her fall.

Dizziness overwhelmed Macy. Hands grabbed her arms. She

Hostage

fought to stay conscious through the pain, but the pull on her shoulders and the scraping of her back forced a scream out of her. Her body was too worn down, her conscious dazed, and the flashes of light finally gave way to darkness.