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Damage: A jaw-dropping legal thriller to take your breath away (English Edition)

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**JOHN
LESCROART
DAMAGE**



Par John Lescroart

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Par John Lescroart : Damage: A jaw-dropping legal thriller to take your breath away (English Edition) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Damage: A jaw-dropping legal thriller to take your breath away (English Edition):

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Description :

Prsentation de l'diteurFrom New York Times bestseller John Lescroart comes an explosive look at the seductive power of revenge and the terrible costs of justice. Perfect for fans of Faye Kellerman and John Grisham. 'Damage will leave you gasping' - Suspense MagazineThe Curtlees are the most powerful family in San Francisco, unscrupulous billionaires who've lined every important pocket in the Bay Area. So when Ro Curtlee was convicted of rape and murder a decade ago, the fallout for those who helped to bring him to justice was swift and uncompromising. The jury foreman was fired from his job. The lead prosecutor's

dreams of becoming DA were dashed. And head homicide detective Abe Glitsky was reassigned to the police department's payroll office. And then Ro Curtlee's lawyers won him a retrial, and he was released from jail. Within twenty-four hours, a fire kills the original trial's star witness, and then a second fire claims another participant in the case, Abe is convinced: Ro is out for revenge. But with no hard evidence can Abe stop the violence before he finds himself in its crosshairs? How much more can he sacrifice to put Ro back behind bars and just how far across the line is he prepared to go in pursuit of justice? What readers are saying about *Damage*: 'A great plot, great characters and a lot of late nights reading just one more page' 'A righteous and very cleverly constructed thriller' 'This story built up a lot of emotion within me: empathy for the victims and hate for the perpetrators. The wish for justice was intensely felt' Extrait Prologue Felicia Nuez saw him standing up against a building across the street from the stop where she normally got off her streetcar. With her heart suddenly pounding in her ears, she turned away from the streetcar door as it opened and sat down on one of the side-facing benches just at the front across from the driver. As the car started up again, passing him, she caught another glimpse of him out of the corner of her eye. Or maybe it was him. It looked very much like him. His hair maybe a little different, longer, from the last time she'd seen him in the courtroom, but the same attitude in the way he stood. He had one boot propped up against the building, his strong white arms crossed over his chest. She knew why he was there. He was waiting. Waiting for her. Back then she used to see him everywhere, even though her mind had known that he could not find her. She'd been in witness protection. No one even knew where she'd lived. So there was no way in reality that it could happen. And yet for a year or two, she thought she saw him every day. But today? This time it was exactly him. Most of the other times, whoever she saw reminded her of him—the hair, the arms, the set of the body. But today was all him, not a collection of similar parts that, in her terror, she could imagine into the monster that he was. At the next stop she descended out into the neighborhood and heard the streetcar's door close behind her and then the brakes release and then the scraping sound as it moved ahead and left her standing alone at the curb. She did not like to spend extra money and knew she could make a cup of coffee for free at home, but he might still be there lurking and if he saw her, he might, or he would. She could not imagine. No. She could imagine. She went into the Starbucks and ordered a coffee half an hour's work at the cleaners where she was lucky to have a job, but she needed to sit quietly and to think, and also to give him time to leave if he was really waiting there to see her. How could he have found her? She took a seat at the front window where she could see him if he suddenly appeared among the pedestrians passing by. The first sip scalded her tongue and the pain seemed to break something within her. She put her paper cup down and blinked back the wave of emotion that threatened now to break over her. Bastardo! she thought. The life-destroying bastard. In her mind, she was eighteen again. Excerpt from *DAMAGE* 2010 by John Lescroart. Published by Dutton, A Member of Penguin Group (USA) Inc. Excerpted with permission from the publisher. All Rights Reserved.