

Hearts On Fire displays poignant examples of how love doesn't always have to equal romance and how sacrifice doesn't always equate to loss.

Hearts on Fire

By T. Renee

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Fire

T. RENEE

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First Edition

**The Hearts On Fire trilogy
books in order.**

Book One:

Hearts On Fire

Book Two:

Burning Love

Book Three:

Love, Ash & Ember

Prologue

The Fire Spring 1983

The glass from the steel grey house began to burst, and the blast pierced the air like a scream for help. Shutters fell from the sky, pleading for salvation as the fire from within grew and became bolder and more fierce with every passing moment. As the fire engine approached, one couldn't help but notice how out of place, how out of sync this now one-alarm fire seemed to be.

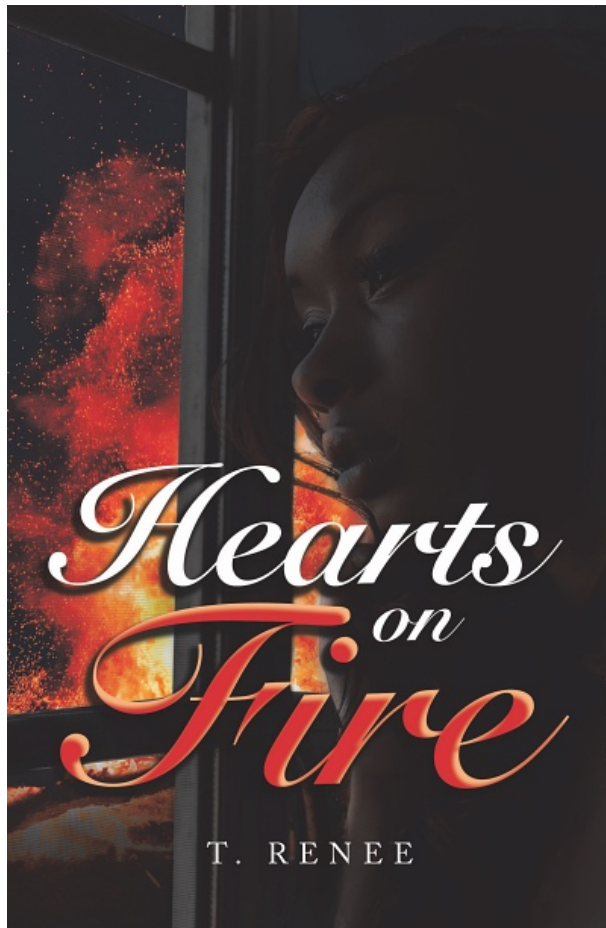
The world surrounding the home was calm and serene. The property the house sat on was well manicured. The tulips on the farthest edge of the lawn were oblivious to the danger they were in as they basked in the beautiful sunny day the rest of the community was enjoying with them. Spring had shown up right on time. The sky was a perfect blue with big fluffy clouds one could get lost in while laying around on a field watching them pass through the sky. The sounds of children's laughter were carried on the gentle breeze, their innocent giggles hit one's ears like a soft, heartfelt happiness that made you shut your eyes and smile to yourself. And then there was 3119 Phillis Way, impeding on the day's serenity, and defiling everything around it.

Smoke poured out of the glassless windows and began to block the once picturesque sky as the fire engine got closer to the house. The men in the truck could hear the torturous screams of glass and metal as the truck continued to race down the street to the home. Their morale steadily dropped as the listened to each

horrendous scream and their faces grew grimmer as they lost their fight to hold on to the happiness of the day and surrendered it to the fire. The men in the truck conceded to what lay before them and shut their eyes as they listened to the house wail. It let out a scream so volatile it could be heard over the sound of the engine's sirens. Finally face to face with the thief that had stolen the blissful afternoon from them, the six-man team stormed out of the truck, faced off with the house and began their assessment on how to best calm the beast within. After a few moments of deliberation, they decided it would be best to take reserved approach. It seemed to be the best way to ensure everyone's safety; so, they hit the house from the outside front and back. They attacked each obnoxious flame filled room from the ground floor while staying outside.

They got rid of as much of the red bandit as they could see from outside the structure before they sent in anyone to try and attack it head on. Fifteen minutes had passed since they turned their hoses on but the end was finally in sight. They made their way to the second floor of the home and managed to extinguish the majority of the flames on that level as well, while still taking the fire on one room at a time. After clearing the third and final bedroom, the blast of water coming from the hose was now aimed down the hall to the final room on that floor; the bathroom. The high pressure of the water as it came full speed down the hallway completely knocked the door off its hinges. The door to the bathroom fell inside the room but never hit the floor. As the men approached the doorway with the hose still spraying, the door moved. The door, half on the ground, with the top half about twelve to fourteen inches off the ground now raised itself another two inches and appeared to be trying to push itself sideways. The men looked at each other and shut down the water, the water which at this point had stopped fighting the fire and

decided to have a confrontation with a dilapidated door. As the men curiously approached the bathroom to examine the door further there was a sudden collective gasp, as they all saw for the first time...a hand, and it was wrapped around the side of the door shaking—the hand was completely overtaken by convulsions as it shook violently beneath the weight of the dead wood that it was trying to lift.



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