

Sample from Last Mercy by Torque Stone

“Lin’Dahl isn’t a city—it’s a wound.”

Rain slicks the steel veins of Lin’Dahl, where neon flickers like dying gods and justice is just a rumor with a gun. The city doesn’t welcome the soft. It devours them. In this necropolis, hope is currency and blood is cheaper than loyalty.

They call her Rae.

They whisper it like a prayer—or a curse. A ghost in leather and bone with eyes like emerald flame. She moves like smoke. Kills like poetry. And when she comes for you, she’s the last thing you’ll ever see.

Mercy isn’t kindness. It’s choosing who suffers slow and who dies quick.

Midnight rain hisses against the club door as she kicks it off its hinges. Sanctum XIII: red light, latex, and sin. Vampires and mortals freeze mid-breath when she enters. Her coat clings to the curve of her waist, her blades gleam against her thighs, and every shadow in the room forgets how to breathe.

Someone whispers, “Last Mercy.”

The priest on the altar barely lifts his head before her silver stake punches through his jaw and out the back of his

skull. Blood paints the stones in a halo of crimson. She breaks the chains from the half-dead girl and says only one word—Run.

The club erupts into panic. Rae walks through it untouched, the storm incarnate.

Outside, rain falls harder, washing the blood from her hands but not from her mind. In the distance, sirens wail like broken hymns. Somewhere behind her, the city exhales relief—and fear.

Back in her apartment, she strips away the night. Steel walls, no softness, no light—just a place to fight or bleed. The hunger curls beneath her ribs, ancient and electric. It isn't thirst. It isn't lust. It's both, and more.

The door opens without warning.

Viking stands there—broad, rain-soaked, eyes burning with the same fury that keeps her alive. He doesn't speak. He never has to.

She walks to him, bare feet on concrete, until her body touches his. The air breaks between them.

"I told you not to come," she whispers.

"I don't give a fuck," he answers.

And then the storm inside her finally finds a name.

 [Read the full novel: Last Mercy by Torque Stone – Books2Read Universal Link](#)