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You Beat The Baller

Life changed for me in three days - the day my mother died, the day my dad married Candice and the day I met Kennedy Jenner. From the moment I saw him, I was drawn to him. Like a moth to a flame, I couldn't keep away from the irresistible heat of the fire. That knowing, confident smile...those beautiful pale blue eyes...and those dimples....simply delicious. Who could resist such a beautiful strong man? Hope York transformed herself from boring small town girl into a flawless beauty on the outside. But inside, she never changed. Kennedy Jenner was a successful, wealthy and jaw dropping handsome man that could have whatever he wanted, on his own terms. And he wanted Hope. But would he still want her after he saw her for who she really was, instead of what she carefully planned for everyone to see? And will his own secret past stand in his way for getting what he really wants? "My love story all started with a letter. Only it wasn't from the man I'd eventually fall in love with. It was from his daughter. A sweet little girl named Birdie Maxwell who'd written to the magazine that I worked for. You see, once a year my employer fulfilled a few wishes for readers. Only that column didn't start up again for months. So I fulfilled some of her wishes myself. It was harmless, so I thought. Until one day I took things too far."--Provided by publisher. An Amazon Charts and Washington Post bestseller. From New York Times bestselling authors Vi Keeland and Penelope Ward comes an unexpected love story that started with a boy and girl and heats up when the man and woman reconnect. I'd never forgotten him--a man I'd yet to meet. Griffin Quinn was my childhood pen pal, the British boy who couldn't have been more different from me. Over the years, through hundreds of letters, we became best friends, sharing our deepest, darkest secrets and forming a connection I never thought could break. Until one day it did. Then, out of the blue, a new letter arrived. A scathing one--one with eight years of pent-up anger. I had no choice but to finally come clean as to why I stopped writing. Griffin forgave me, and somehow we were able to rekindle our childhood connection. Only now we were adults, and that connection had grown to a spark. Our letters quickly went from fun to flirty to downright dirty, revealing our wildest fantasies. So it only made sense that we would take our relationship to the next level and see each other in person. Only Griff didn't want to meet. He asked that I trust him and said it was for the best. But I wanted more--more Griff, in the flesh--so I took a big chance and went looking for him. People have done crazier things for love. But what I found could change everything. N.o 1 do New York Times Mais de um milhão de livros vendidos Se este homem delicioso pensa que me pode seduzir? Conheci o Hunter Delucia no casamento dos nossos melhores amigos. Eu apanhei o bouquet da noiva, ele apanhou a liga, e, porque a tradição assim o dita, dançámos juntos... muito juntinhos. Desde o primeiro momento, achei-o presunçoso, mulherego e (para mal dos meus pecados) incrivelmente sensual. Até que ele me sussurrou ao ouvido uma proposta indecente: explorar a nossa atração mútua com uma noite de sexo intenso e explosivo. Mas que convencido! Rejeitei-o, claro está! Ele é de tirar o fôlego, mas a experiência diz-

me que tenho azar com os homens que me fascinam. Ah, mas o Hunter Delucia não desiste facilmente! Passado um ano, ele está de regresso a Nova Iorque e torna a pôr a proposta em cima da mesa, para acabarmos de vez com toda a tensão sexual que existe entre nós. Oito semanas de sexo estupendo sem compromisso... O que é que eu tinha a perder? ... está muito enganado. (Bem, mas há coisas que não se planeiam...) A new, sexy standalone from #1 New York Times Bestseller, Vi Keeland. Before I even met Donovan Decker, I knew his shoe size. You see, I'd gone away for a few days, and in my haste to get out of the airport, I'd grabbed the wrong suitcase. After checking out the expensive footwear and tailored clothes, I dialed the number on the luggage tag hoping maybe Mister Big Spender might have my bag. A deep, velvety voice answered, and as luck would have it, he had my suitcase, too. Donovan and I met at a coffee shop to do the exchange. Turned out, it wasn't just his voice that was sexy. The man holding my luggage was absolutely gorgeous, and we had an immediate spark. He got me to admit that I'd snooped in his bag and then convinced me to make it up to him by letting him buy me coffee. Coffee led to dinner, dinner led to dessert, and dessert led to spending an entire weekend together. Donovan wasn't just handsome with a panty-dropping voice. He was also funny, smart, and surprisingly down to earth for a man who wore seven-hundred-dollar shoes. Did I mention he also did my laundry while I slept? Definitely too good to be true. So what did I do to repay him for his kindness? I waited until he was in the shower, then ghosted him. My life was too complicated for such a great guy. In the months that passed, I thought about Donovan often. But New York City had eight-million people, so what were the chances I'd run into him? Then again, what were the chances I'd run into him a year later...when I'd just started dating his boss? From #1 New York Times Bestseller Vi Keeland, comes a new, sexy standalone novel. My relationship with Hunter Delucia started backwards. We met at a wedding—him sitting on the groom's side, me sitting on the bride's. Stealing glances at each other throughout the night, there was no denying an intense, mutual attraction. I caught the bouquet; he caught the garter. Hunter held me tightly while we danced and suggested we explore the chemistry sparking between us. His blunt, dirty mouth should've turned me off. But for some crazy reason, it had the opposite effect on me. We ended up back in my hotel room. The next morning, I headed home to New York leaving him behind in California with the wrong number. I thought about him often, but after my last relationship, I'd sworn off of charming, cocky, gorgeous-as-sin men. A year later, Hunter and I met again at the birth of our friends' baby. Our attraction hadn't dulled one bit. After a whirlwind trip, he demanded a real phone number this time. So I left him with my mother's—she could scare away any man with her talks of babies and marriage—and flew back home. I'd thought it was funny, until the following week when he rang the bell at Mom's house for Sunday night dinner. The crazy, gorgeous man had won over my mother and taken an eight-week assignment in my city. He proposed we spend that time screwing each other out of our systems. Eight weeks of mind-blowing sex with no strings attached? What did I have to lose? Nothing, I thought. It's just sex, not love. But you know what they say about the best laid plans... From New York Times Bestselling authors Vi Keeland and Penelope Ward comes a new, sexy standalone novel. It all started with a bet. When my young son inherited half of his great grandfather's historic inn, I decided to move us both to the place where I grew up. Notice I said half of the Inn. The other half now belonged to Levi Miller, the famous quarterback who had other ideas about what we should do with the property. We won't mention that I accidentally injured him during our first meeting, causing him to get eight stitches. You could say we got off on the wrong foot. We bickered a lot as we both moved into the property while we figured things out. He wanted to unload the rundown place which, admittedly, needed a lot of work. I wanted to restore The Palm Inn to its original beauty and re-open it as a bed and breakfast. We couldn't agree on anything. So Levi made me a proposal. One he thought I would surely lose. If I could sell out the place by the time he had to leave for training at the end of summer, he would back off and let me run it. But in the weeks that followed, we got more than we bargained for while we were living under the same roof. Levi and I got closer, and before I knew it, my nightly fantasies about the brawny Adonis became a reality. Not to mention, he was so great with my son. We were in over our heads in more ways than one. Because not only was he the last man on

Earth I should be falling for because of our deal, but Levi was also my ex's older brother. And now the inn was the least of my problems. A new, sexy standalone from #1 New York Times Bestseller, Vi Keeland. The first time I met Max Yearwood was on a blind date. Max was insanely gorgeous, funny, and our chemistry was off the charts. He also had the biggest dimples I'd ever laid eyes on. Exactly what I needed after my breakup. Or so I thought... Until my real date arrived. Turned out, Max wasn't who I was there to meet. He only pretended to be until my real date showed up. To say I was disappointed would be an understatement. Before he left, he slipped me a ticket to a hockey game a few blocks away, in case things didn't work out on my actual date. I tossed the ticket into my purse and went about trying to enjoy the man I was supposed to meet. But my real blind date and I had no connection. So on my way home, I decided to take a chance and stop by the game. When I arrived, the seat next to me was empty. Disappointed again, I decided to leave at the end of the period. Just before the buzzer, one of the teams scored, and the entire arena went crazy. A player's face flashed up on the Jumbotron. He was wearing a helmet, but I froze when he smiled. You guessed it: Dimples. Apparently, my fake blind date hadn't invited me to watch hockey with him, he'd invited me to watch him play. And so began my adventure with Max Yearwood. He was everything I needed at the time—fun, sexy, up for anything, and only around for a few months since he'd signed with a new team three-thousand miles away. Max proposed we spend the summer helping me forget my ex. It sounded like a good plan. Things couldn't get too serious when we had an expiration date. Right? Though, you know what they say about the best-laid plans. From New York Times & USA Today Bestseller, Vi Keeland, comes a sexy new standalone novel. They say men like a lady in the living room and a whore in the bedroom. I never knew the sentiment was reciprocal. Until I met Jax Knight. A gentleman in public, a commanding, dirty talking rogue in the bedroom. Daughter of legendary fighter "The Saint," Lily St. Claire knows firsthand how fighters can be. As the owner of a chain of MMA gyms, she's no stranger to aggressive, dominating, and possessive men. That's why she's always kept her distance. But the day Jax Knight walks through her door she's captivated by his charm. Stunningly handsome, well mannered, Ivy League educated, and confident, he shatters all the preconceived notions she'd come to think were true about men who trained to fight. But falling for someone so soon after her breakup wasn't something she'd planned on. And definitely not something her ex plans to allow. ***Author's note*** THIS IS A STAND-ALONE NOVEL. Due to strong language and sexual content, this book is not intended for readers under the age of 18. **Book #2 of the USA Today Bestselling two part Cole series** Jack and Syd spent a week in paradise. It was only supposed to be a fling. But life can be funny sometimes, and circumstances brought them back together again. Together they seemed to have found their happy ever after. But when Sydney is offered a chance at the career she has always wanted, she must leave Jack behind to follow her dreams. Can their love survive long distance? Sydney's touring with a man every woman wants, but he only has eyes for Syd. And an unexpected tragedy leaves Jack feeling remorseful. Can the two find a way through to forever? The first time I met Chase Parker, I didn't exactly make a good impression. I was hiding in the bathroom hallway of a restaurant, leaving a message for my best friend to save me from my awful date. He overheard and told me I was a bitch, then proceeded to offer me some dating advice. So I told him to mind his own damn business—his own tall, gorgeous, full-of-himself damn business—and went back to my miserable date. When he walked by my table, he smirked, and I watched his arrogant, sexy ass walk back to his date. I couldn't help but sneak hidden glances at the condescending jerk on the other side of the room. Of course, he caught me on more than one occasion, and winked. When the gorgeous stranger and his equally hot date suddenly appeared at our table, I thought he was going to rat me out. But instead, he pretended we knew each other and joined us—telling elaborate, embarrassing stories about our fake childhood. My date suddenly went from boring to bizarrely exciting. When it was over and we parted ways, I thought about him more than I would ever admit, even though I knew I'd never see him again. I mean, what were the chances I'd run into him again in a city with eight million people? Then again... What were the chances a month later he'd wind up being my new sexy boss? A new, sexy standalone from #1 New York Times Bestseller, Vi Keeland. The first time I met Hudson Rothschild was at a

wedding. I'd received an unexpected invitation to one of the swankiest venues in the city. Hudson was a groomsman and quite possibly the most gorgeous man I'd ever laid eyes on. He asked me to dance, and our chemistry was off the charts. I knew it wasn't a good idea to get involved with him, considering the wedding I was at. But our connection was intense, and I was having a great time. Though the fun came to a screeching halt when Hudson figured out I wasn't who I'd said I was. You see, that unexpected invitation I received? Well, it hadn't actually been addressed to me—it was sent to my ex-roommate who'd bounced a check for two months' rent and moved out in the middle of the night. I figured she owed me an expensive night out, but I guess, technically, I was crashing the wedding. Once caught, I couldn't get out of there fast enough. As I bolted for the door, I might've plucked a few bottles of expensive champagne off the tables I passed, all while the gorgeous, angry groomsman was hot on my tail. Outside, I jumped into a taxi. My heart ricocheted against my ribs as we drove down the block—but at least I'd escaped unscathed. Or so I thought. Until I realized I'd left my cell phone behind at the table. Take one guess who found it? This is the crazy story of how Hudson Rothschild and I met. But trust me, it's only the tip of the iceberg. From #1 New York Times Bestseller Vi Keeland, comes a new, sexy standalone novel. Bennett Fox walked into my life on one hell of a crappy Monday morning. I was late for the first day at my new job—a job I'd now have to compete for even though I'd already worked eight years to earn it, because of an unexpected merger. While I lugged my belongings up to my new office, a meter maid wrote me a parking summons. She'd ticketed a long line of cars—except for the Audi parked in front of me, which happened to be the same make and model as mine. Annoyed, I decided to regift my ticket to the car that had evaded a fine. Chances were, the owner would pay it and be none the wiser. Except, I accidentally broke the windshield wiper while slipping the ticket onto the car's window. Seriously, my day couldn't get any worse. Things started to perk up when I ran into a gorgeous man in the elevator. We had one of those brief moments that only happened in movies. You know the deal...your body lights up, fireworks go off, and the air around you crackles with electricity. His heated stare left me flush when I stepped off the elevator. Maybe things here wouldn't be so bad after all. Or so I thought. Until I walked into my new boss's office and met my competition. The gorgeous man from the elevator was now my nemesis. His heated stare wasn't because of any mutual attraction. It was because he'd saw me vandalize his car. And now he couldn't wait to annihilate his rival. There's a fine line between love and hate—and we shouldn't cross it. We shouldn't—but straddling that line could be so much fun. From New York Times & USA Today Bestseller, Vi Keeland, comes a steamy new romance novel. The rules: No dating. No sex outside of the game. No disclosing the terms of the contract. Rules were made to be broken, right? Eight weeks ago I signed a contract. One that seemed like a good idea at the time. A handsome bachelor, luxury accommodations, and a chance to win a prize my family desperately needed. There were some rules though. Lots of them actually. Follow the script, no dating, sex, or disclosing the terms of the deal. After my self-imposed moratorium on men the last year, it wouldn't be hard to live up to my end of the bargain...so I thought. Until I realized the deal I'd made was with the devil...and I was in love with his dirty-talking brother. Author's note - Throb is a full-length standalone novel. Due to strong language and sexual content, this book is not intended for readers under the age of 18. From New York Times & USA Today Bestselling Author Vi Keeland and Dylan Scott comes a heart-wrenchingly beautiful new story... Two stories so deeply intertwined, you'll think you know how they intersect...but you'll be wrong.... Zack Martin The day I met Emily Bennett my whole world changed. Sure, we were just kids, but I was old enough to know my life would never be the same. She was my best friend. My destiny. My fate. I wasn't wrong...I just didn't know how twisted fate could be. Nikki Fallon After the death of my mother, moving from my dark and dreary trailer park to sunny California, I was focused on one thing - finding a sister I'd only just learned existed. Falling in love with him wasn't part of the plan. But he filled a void I never knew was possible to fill. He had to be my fate. My destiny. Until the day I finally found out who my sister was...and how twisted fate could be. A love letter sewn into a wedding gown ignites a scorching romance between a down-on-her-luck sculptor and an arrogant real estate heir. A sexy, enemies-to-lovers standalone novel from

#1 New York Times Bestseller, Vi Keeland. The feud between Weston Lockwood and me started at the altar. Only neither of us attended the wedding, and the nuptials happened decades before either of us was born. Our grandfathers had been best friends and business partners, at least up until my grandfather's wedding day—when his bride-to-be blurted out she couldn't marry him because she was also in love with Weston's grandfather. The two men spent years fighting over Grace Copeland, who also happened to be their third business partner. But in the end, neither man could steal half of her heart away from the other. Eventually, they all went their separate ways. Our grandfathers married other women, and the two men became one of the biggest business rivals in history. Our fathers continued the family tradition of feuding. And then Weston and I did, too. For the most part, we kept as much distance as possible. Until the day the woman who started the feud died—and unexpectedly left one of the most valuable hotels in the world to our grandfathers to share. Now I'm stuck in a hotel with the man I was born to hate, trying to unravel the mess our families inherited. As usual, it didn't take long for us to be at each other's throats. Weston Lockwood was everything I hated: tall, smart, cocky, and too gorgeous for his own good. We were fire and ice. But that shouldn't be an issue. Our families were used to being at war. There was just one minor problem, though. Every time Weston and I fought, we somehow wound up in bed. A new, sexy enemies-to-lovers standalone from #1 New York Times Bestseller, Vi Keeland. From New York Times & USA Today Bestseller, Vi Keeland, comes a sexy new novel. The first time I met Brody Easton was in the men's locker room. It was my first interview as a professional sportscaster. The famed quarterback decided to bare all. And by all, I don't mean he told me any of his secrets. No. The arrogant ass decided to drop his towel, just as I asked the first question. On camera. The Super Bowl MVP quickly adopted a new hobby—screwing with me. When I pushed back, he shifted from wanting to screw with me, to wanting to screw me. But I don't date players. And it's not because I'm one of the few women working in the world of professional football. I'd date an athlete. It's the other kind of player I don't date. You know the type. Good looking, strong, cocky, always looking to get laid. Brody Easton was the ultimate player. Every woman wanted to be the one to change him. But the truth was, all he needed was a girl worth changing for. Turned out, I was that girl. Simple right? Let's face it. It never is. There's a story between once upon a time and happily ever after... And this one is ours. Author's note - The Baller is a full-length standalone novel. Due to strong language and sexual content, this book is not intended for readers under the age of 18 From New York Times bestselling authors Vi Keeland and Penelope Ward comes a new standalone romance. Rule number one for dating your best friend's sister: Don't. Just don't do it. Especially when your best friend is dead and the last thing he made you promise him was that you'd keep an eye on his little sister, but not too good of an eye. As a musician whose longest committed relationship was six weeks, I, Holden Catalano, was the last guy on Earth who should've been messing around with Laney Ellison. The super smart girl whom I affectionately dubbed Lala since childhood was always off limits. Though that didn't stop me from thinking about her over the years, especially those times when the two of us would sneak out onto the roof and talk for hours after my buddy fell asleep. It was innocent, but I'd always held a torch for her. After Ryan passed away, I vowed to always protect Lala. That included protecting her from me. Now all grown up and a scientist, Lala needed a place to stay when she accepted a temporary research position in New York. I thought I did the right thing by offering her an apartment in the building I co-owned with my three friends. Except having her close by reignited all of those old feelings. And things started to get complicated. Especially since she was engaged. And especially since, lately, I'd noticed something more in her eyes. Desire. Lala didn't exactly look at me like the platonic brother figure I was trying so desperately to be, even though I wanted her more than I'd ever wanted anything. Yet, I was being good-on my very best behavior. But you know what they say...all good things must come to an end, right? From New York Times Bestseller, Vi Keeland, comes a sexy new standalone novel. The first time I met Chase Parker, I didn't exactly make a good impression. I was hiding in the bathroom hallway of a restaurant, leaving a message for my best friend to save me from my awful date. He overheard and told me I was a bitch, then proceeded to offer me some dating advice. So I told him to mind his own damn business—his own tall, gorgeous, full-

of-himself damn business—and went back to my miserable date. When he walked by my table, he smirked, and I watched his arrogant, sexy ass walk back to his date. I couldn't help but sneak hidden glances at the condescending jerk on the other side of the room. Of course, he caught me on more than one occasion, and winked. When the gorgeous stranger and his equally hot date suddenly appeared at our table, I thought he was going to rat me out. But instead, he pretended we knew each other and joined us—telling elaborate, embarrassing stories about our fake childhood. My date suddenly went from boring to bizarrely exciting. When it was over and we parted ways, I thought about him more than I would ever admit, even though I knew I'd never see him again. I mean, what were the chances I'd run into him again in a city with eight million people? Then again... What were the chances a month later he'd wind up being my new sexy boss? The first time I met Brody Easton was in the men's locker room. It was my first interview as a professional sportscaster. The famed quarterback decided to bare all. And by all, I don't mean he told me any of his secrets. No. The arrogant ass decided to drop his towel, just as I asked the first question. On camera. The Super Bowl MVP quickly adopted a new hobby--screwing with me. When I pushed back, he shifted from wanting to screw with me, to wanting to screw me. But I don't date players. And it's not because I'm one of the few women working in the world of professional football. I'd date an athlete. It's the other kind of player I don't date. You know the type. Good looking, strong, cocky, always looking to get laid. Brody Easton was the ultimate player. Every woman wanted to be the one to change him. But the truth was, all he needed was a girl worth changing for. Turned out, I was that girl. Simple right? Let's face it. It never is. There's a story between once upon a time and happily ever after... And this one is ours. From New York Times & USA Today Bestseller, Vi Keeland, comes a sexy new standalone novel. It didn't matter that the ref called it a clean hit. Nico Hunter would never be the same. Elle has a good life. A job she loves, a great apartment, and the guy she's been dating for more than two years is a catch and a half. But it's boring...and she strives to keep it that way. Too many emotions are dangerous. Her own past is living proof of what can happen when you lose control. Then Nico walks into Elle's office and everything changes...for both of them. But what can the tattooed, hard-bodied MMA fighter and the beautiful and always steady attorney have in common? A lot more than they bargained for. ***Author's note*** THIS IS A STAND-ALONE NOVEL. Due to strong language and sexual content, this book is not intended for readers under the age of 18. Finding a good roommate through a classified ad isn't as easy as it sounds. I was starting to lose hope. Until a knock at my door came and God answered my prayers. Except...uh...wrong prayer, God. I'd definitely requested the big guy find me a drop-dead gorgeous man on more than one occasion...just not as my roommate. Declan Tate talked me into interviewing him anyway. While he was amusing and charismatic, I wouldn't have been comfortable living with a man, so I regretfully declined. Then cupcakes showed up at my door—freshly baked by Declan and just as sinfully delicious as he was. You could say he was persistent. I eventually folded. It wasn't like I had another viable candidate anyway. Plus, I was interested in someone else. And Declan was into another woman. So it wasn't like anything would happen romantically. After he moved in, the two of us became the best of friends. We even started to give each other advice on getting our crushes to notice us. Eventually, Declan concocted an idea: we should pretend to be a couple to make our love interests jealous. I was hesitant, but went along with it anyway. To my utter shock, his crazy plan worked. Now I was dating the supposed man of my dreams, and my best friend had the woman of his. But there was one problem. I couldn't stop thinking about Declan. Those feelings we were trying to fake? Yeah...I wasn't pretending anymore. From #1 New York Times Bestseller, Vi Keeland, comes a steamy new story about a rockstar. Or two... Dimpled smile of a boy Hard body of a man Sings like an angel Fucks like the devil I was stuck between a rock(star) and a hard place. At fifteen, his poster hung on my bedroom wall. At twenty-five his body hovered over mine. Every girl's fantasy became my reality. I was dating a rockstar. Yet I was slowly falling for another man. The problem was—the two men—they shared a tour bus. Flynn Beckham was the opening act. Dylan Ryder was the headliner. What happens when the opening act begins to shine so bright, it seems to dim everything else in its wake? I'll tell you what happens. Things get ugly. From New York Times & USA Today

Bestseller, Vi Keeland, comes a sexy new standalone novel. Meet Liv Michaels It may have been seven years, but I'd know him anywhere. Sure, he's grown, filled out in all the right places, but his captivating blue eyes and cocky grin are exactly the way I remember. Even though I'd much rather forget. Liv Michaels is almost there. She's smart, determined and weeks away from landing the job she's dreamed about for years. Time healed old wounds, even her broken heart from the devastation of being crushed by her first love. Meet Vince Stone Women love a fighter, especially a good one. Lucky for me, I'm damn good. But there's one woman that isn't interested. Not again, anyway. Vince 'The Invincible' Stone is every woman's fantasy...strong, sexy, confident and completely in control. Growing up surrounded by chaos, he's learned never to get too attached. Love will drag you down. He adores women, treats them well, puts their own needs before his own...for the night anyway. With the biggest fight of his life coming up, his focus should be on training. When fate brings Vince & Liv back together again, there's no denying the chemistry is still there. But can Vince erase the old scars their past left behind? Or will Liv hurt him instead? ***Author's note*** THIS IS A STAND-ALONE NOVEL. Due to strong language and sexual content, this book is not intended for readers under the 18. A new, sexy standalone from #1 New York Times Bestseller, Vi Keeland. The first time I met Hudson Rothschild was at a wedding. I'd received an unexpected invitation to one of the swankiest venues in the city. Hudson was a groomsman and quite possibly the most gorgeous man I'd ever laid eyes on. He asked me to dance, and our chemistry was off the charts. I knew it wasn't a good idea to get involved with him, considering the wedding I was at. But our connection was intense, and I was having a great time. Though the fun came to a screeching halt when Hudson figured out I wasn't who I'd said I was. You see, that unexpected invitation I received? Well, it hadn't actually been addressed to me—it was sent to my ex-roommate who'd bounced a check for two months' rent and moved out in the middle of the night. I figured she owed me an expensive night out, but I guess, technically, I was crashing the wedding. Once caught, I couldn't get out of there fast enough. As I bolted for the door, I might've plucked a few bottles of expensive champagne off the tables I passed, all while the gorgeous, angry groomsman was hot on my tail. Outside, I jumped into a taxi. My heart ricocheted against my ribs as we drove down the block—but at least I'd escaped unscathed. Or so I thought. Until I realized I'd left my cell phone behind at the table. Take one guess who found it? This is the crazy story of how Hudson Rothschild and I met. But trust me, it's only the tip of the iceberg. I met Bianca in an elevator. She was on her way to interview me when we got stuck. The beautiful raven-haired reporter assumed I was a delivery guy because of the way I was dressed. She had no clue I was really Dex Truitt, the wealthy, successful businessman she'd dubbed "Mister Moneybags"—her afternoon appointment. "Rush and Gia's story continues in the ... conclusion to Rebel heir"--Back cover. A new, sexy standalone from #1 New York Times Bestseller, Vi Keeland. The first time I met Merrick Crawford was during my job interview. Well, technically, I'd met him twenty minutes earlier when he'd barged into a fitting room a few doors down from my appointment. I yelled. He yelled. After an argument while standing in my bra, I proceeded to smash the door into the gorgeous jerk, trying to yank it shut. As you might imagine, I was freaked out when I discovered that the rude guy was my potential new boss. Yet he didn't seem to recognize me. Or so I thought... Until we wound up bickering again during my interview and he told me to go sniff my armpit. Okay, so maybe I hadn't exactly been changing when he walked in on me. In my defense, I'd been stuck on a hot train for two hours and wanted to make sure I didn't smell. I obviously didn't expect to get the job. But somehow an invitation to a second interview arrived in my inbox. Before I left, I asked to see Merrick. I needed to know why I was even in consideration after our disastrous start. Turned out, Merrick only wanted to hire me because I was the least competent candidate. It seemed his board was making him fill the position, against his wishes. I didn't really want to work in a place where my boss expected me to fail. But I figured maybe I'd enjoy proving him wrong. It was a little thing I dubbed the boss project. What I wasn't prepared for was that there would be other things I'd enjoy doing to Merrick Crawford. Getting involved with the boss wasn't the smartest choice. But you know what they say about choices: Some we regret, some we are proud of. I just had no idea where this one was going to land. At fifteen, his poster hung

on my bedroom wall. At twenty-five his body hovered over mine. Every girl's fantasy became my reality. I was dating a rockstar. Yet I was slowly falling for another man. The problem was—the two men—they shared a tour bus. A new, sexy standalone from #1 New York Times Bestseller, Vi Keeland. Before I even met Donovan Decker, I knew his shoe size. You see, I'd gone away for a few days, and in my haste to get out of the airport, I'd grabbed the wrong suitcase. After checking out the expensive footwear and tailored clothes, I dialed the number on the luggage tag hoping maybe Mister Big Spender might have my bag. A deep, velvety voice answered, and as luck would have it, he had my suitcase, too. Donovan and I met at a coffee shop to do the exchange. Turned out, it wasn't just his voice that was sexy. The man holding my luggage was absolutely gorgeous, and we had an immediate spark. He got me to admit that I'd snooped in his bag and then convinced me to make it up to him by letting him buy me coffee. Coffee led to dinner, dinner led to dessert, and dessert led to spending an entire weekend together. Donovan wasn't just handsome with a panty-dropping voice. He was also funny, smart, and surprisingly down to earth for a man who wore seven-hundred-dollar shoes. Did I mention he also did my laundry while I slept? Definitely too good to be true. So what did I do to repay him for his kindness? I waited until he was in the shower, then ghosted him. My life was too complicated for such a great guy. In the months that passed, I thought about Donovan often. But New York City had eight-million people, so what were the chances I'd run into him? Then again, what were the chances I'd run into him a year later...when I'd just started dating his boss? A new, sexy standalone from #1 New York Times Bestseller, Vi Keeland. When I first encountered Ford Donovan, I had no idea who he was...well, other than the obvious. Young, gorgeous, successful, smart. Did I mention young? If I did, it bears repeating. Ford Donovan was too young for me. Let's back up to how it all started. My best friend decided I needed to start dating again. So, without my knowledge, she set up a profile for me on a popular dating site—one that invited men ages twenty-one to twenty-seven to apply for a date. Those nicknamed Cunnilingus King were told they'd go straight to the top for consideration. The profile wasn't supposed to go live. Another point that bears repeating—it wasn't supposed to. Nevertheless, that's how I met Ford, and we started messaging. He made me laugh; yet I was adamant that because of his age, we could only be friends. But after weeks of wearing me down, I finally agreed to one date only—my first after twenty years of being with my high school sweetheart. I knew it couldn't last, but I was curious about him. Though, you know what they say...curiosity kills the cat. My legs wobbled walking into the restaurant. Ford was seated at the bar. When he turned around, he took my breath away. His sexy smile nearly melted my panties. But...he looked so familiar. As I got closer I realized why. He was the son of the neighbor at our family's summer home. The boy next door. Only now...he was all man. I hadn't seen him in years. I left the restaurant and planned to put the entire crazy thing behind me. Which I did. Until summer came. And guess who decided to use his family's summer home this year? A new, sexy standalone from #1 New York Times Bestseller, Vi Keeland. It started out like any other Tuesday. I spent twelve hours writing algorithms for one of the largest companies in the world and then came home to work on a pet project of mine—feeding facts about the men I knew into a formula to find my perfect match before my twenties came barreling to a close. But then a man knocked on my door and handed me some papers that turned my life upside down. Apparently, a father I never knew existed had left me something in his will. That something turned out to be part ownership in a professional football team. Next thing I knew, I was learning a sport I knew nothing about by spending time with the team's quarterback who was out with an injury, a man who my formula would definitely determine was all wrong for me. Christian Knox was too handsome and confident for his own good and could have any woman he wanted. Only lately the only woman he seemed to want was me. But there was no way I was getting involved when I was now his boss, even if he was insanely gorgeous and had the dirtiest mouth I'd ever come across. It would be wrong, wouldn't it? Probably. But you know what they say about things that are wrong...sometimes they feel so right. Jack and Syd spent a week in paradise. It was only supposed to be a fling. But life can be funny sometimes, and circumstances brought them back together again. Together they seemed to have found their happy ever after. But when Sydney is offered a chance at the career she has always

wanted, she must leave Jack behind to follow her dreams. Can their love survive long distance? Sydney's touring with a man every woman wants, but he only has eyes for Syd. And an unexpected tragedy leaves Jack feeling remorseful. Can the two find a way through to forever? It started out like any other morning on the train. Until I became mesmerized by the guy sitting across the aisle. He was barking at someone on his phone like he ruled the world. Who did the stuck-up suit think he was...God? Actually, he looked like a God. That was about it. When his stop came, he got up suddenly and left. So suddenly, he dropped his phone on the way out. I might have picked it up. I might have gone through all of his photos and called some of the numbers. I might have held onto the mystery man's phone for days—until I finally conjured up the courage to return it. When I traipsed my ass across town to his fancy company, he refused to see me. So, I left the phone on the empty desk outside the arrogant jerk's office. I might have also left behind a dirty picture on it first though. I didn't expect him to text back. I didn't expect our exchanges to be hot as hell. I didn't expect to fall for him—all before we even met. The two of us couldn't have been any more different. Yet, you know what they say about opposites. When we finally came face to face, we found out opposites sometimes do more than attract—we consumed each other. Nothing could have prepared me for the ride he took me on. And I certainly wasn't prepared for where I'd wind up when the ride was over. All good things must come to an end, right? Except our ending was one I didn't see coming. A new, sexy standalone novel from #1 New York Times Bestseller, Vi Keeland. Terminated for inappropriate behavior. I couldn't believe the letter in my hands. Nine years. Nine damn years I'd worked my butt off for one of the largest companies in America, and I was fired with a form letter when I returned home from a week in Aruba. All because of a video taken when I was on vacation with my friends—a private video made on my private time. Or so I thought... Pissed off, I cracked open a bottle of wine and wrote my own letter to the gazillionaire CEO telling him what I thought of his company and its practices. I didn't think he'd actually respond. I certainly never thought I'd suddenly become pen pals with the rich jerk. Eventually, he realized I'd been wronged and made sure I got my job back. Only...it wasn't the only thing Grant Lexington wanted to do for me. But there was no way I was getting involved with my boss's boss's boss. Even if he was ridiculously gorgeous, confident, and charming. It would be completely wrong, inappropriate even. Sort of like the video that got me into trouble to begin with. Two wrongs don't make a right. But sometimes it's twice as fun. From #1 New York Times Bestseller Vi Keeland, comes a new, sexy standalone novel. It was just a typical Monday. Until the big boss asked me to make the pitch for a prospective new client. After two years on shaky ground at work because of my screw up, an opportunity to impress the senior partners was just what I needed. Or so I thought... Until I walked into the conference room and collided with the man I was supposed to pitch. My coffee spilled, my files tumbled to the ground, and I almost lost my balance. And that was the good part of my day. Because the gorgeous man crouched down and looking at me like he wanted to eat me alive, was none other than my ex, Gray Westbrook. A man who I'd only just begun to move on from. A man who my heart despised—yet my body obviously still had other ideas about. A man who was as charismatic and confident as he was sexy. Somehow, I managed to make it through my presentation ignoring his intense stare. Although it was impossible to ignore all the dirty things he whispered into my ear right after I was done. But there was no way I was giving him another chance, especially now that he was a client ...was there?

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