

By Vi Keeland

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.

Girt. No word could better capture the essence of Australia ... In this hilarious history,

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David Hunt reveals the truth of Australia's past, from megafauna to Macquarie - the cock-ups and curiosities, the forgotten eccentrics and Eureka moments that have made us who we are. Girt introduces forgotten heroes like Mary McLoughlin, transported for the crime of "felony of sock," and Trim the cat, who beat a French monkey to become the first animal to circumnavigate Australia. It recounts the misfortunes of the escaped Irish convicts who set out to walk from Sydney to China, guided only by a hand-drawn paper compass, and explains the role of the coconut in Australia's only military coup. Our nation's beginnings are steeped in the strange, the ridiculous and the frankly bizarre. Girt proudly reclaims these stories for all of us. Not to read it would be un-Australian "A sneaky, sometimes shocking peek under the dirty rug of Australian history." - John Birmingham "Hilarious and insightful -- Hunt has found the deep wells of humour in Australia's history." - Chris Taylor, *The Chaser*

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? 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.

It didn't matter that the ref called it a clean hit. Nico Hunter would never be the same. Elle has 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. Then Nico walks into Elle's office and everything

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changes -- for both of them.

From New York Times Bestselling authors Vi Keeland and Penelope Ward comes a standalone holiday novella. Eggnog. Check. Roaring fire. Check. Hot romance book. Check! Riley Kennedy's emails keep getting crossed with her male colleague, Kennedy Riley. The infuriating man forwards them along with his annoying commentary and unsolicited advice. At least she never has to see him in person, since they work in different locations...until they come face to face at the office holiday party. As luck would have it, Kennedy turns out to be outrageously handsome...though still a jerk. Yet somehow he's able to charm her out on the dance floor-and convince her to participate in his crazy scheme: he'll go home with Riley for a Christmas party and pretend to be her boyfriend, if Riley agrees to be his date to a wedding. It sounds easy enough. Little by little, however, the act they're putting on starts to feel like so much more than a Christmas pact-and Riley's about to learn there's more to Kennedy than she ever imagined.

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?

InappropriateC. Scott Publishing

"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.

San Francisco, 1971: hippies in the streets, music and revolution in the air. The evening Marek

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Sumner opened his door to the wild-looking Felicity Powers, he knew nothing would ever be the same again. But even love and passion couldn't keep them together. Forty-three years later, having lived in the world's most dangerous places as a foreign aid worker, Felicity is back, still offering him love, passion, and adventure. But why would Marek risk having his heart broken a second time? Now a well-known author, he loves his calm, solitary life in an isolated farmhouse. He and Felicity are just too different; their relationship could never work. But Felicity is just as fascinating and joyful as ever, and that wonderful sexy magic is still there too. As for love, perhaps it's even deeper and more delightful the second time around.

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.

In the NFL, quarterbacks are kings. The right QB becomes the face of a franchise and marches his team-- and millions of fans-- on a glorious winning odyssey. The wrong QB leads his team to losses, infighting, second-guessing, and fan misery. A few become legends. Feinstein takes us inside the rarified world with five men who have achieved the highest levels

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in the NFL: Andrew Luck, Alex Smith, Joe Flacco, Doug Williams and Ryan Fitzpatrick. From college stardom to the NFL draft, from taking command of the huddle to marching a team down the field with a nation of fans cheering, you'll go inside the locker room and the huddle, the heat of battle, and the press conferences afterward. -- adapted from jacket.

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 New York Times Bestselling authors Vi Keeland and Penelope Ward comes a new, sexy

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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.

"How to kick off a great summer in the Hamptons: snag a gorgeous rental on the beach--check. Get a job at a trendy summer haunt--check. How to screw up a great summer in the Hamptons: fall for the guy with a dark leather jacket, scruff on his face, and intense eyes that doesn't fit in with the rest of the tony looking crowd. A guy you can't have when you'll be leaving at the end of the season"--Back cover.

A sexy, enemies-to-lovers standalone novel from #1 New York Times Bestseller, Vi Keeland.

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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 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.

Accidentally hitched to a dream. Now for the catch... I didn't even say "I do." One crank call and I'm insta-wife to a tattooed behemoth and mother to his kids. He's paying my idiot boss a fortune for the perfect lie. Because trouble found Miller Rush, and he found me. A rock hard, overprotective rebel with a cause. Father of the century. Abs wound tighter than his attitude. A broodylicious bull stomping around my house, barking orders. Something's got to give, okay? But it won't be me. Not my courage, even when my nosy mother smells drama. Not my heart

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set on helping two little angels and their perma-grump dad. Definitely not my body screaming Mayday because his bedroom eyes are magnets. Deep breath. It's only a few weeks. It's only a whole mess of freaky secrets. It's only pretend and I'm so not letting Miller run off with my heart. Riiight. Why didn't anyone warn me some knots can't be untied? From Wall Street Journal bestselling author Nicole Snow - a high stakes marriage mistake with a twist. One hulking superdad hero goes all-in to save his family and the wife he wasn't supposed to keep. Full-length romance novel with a Happily Ever After sugar rush.

The first time I met Caine West was in a bar. He noticed me looking his way and mistakenly read my scowling as checking him out. When he attempted to talk to me, I set him straight?telling him what I thought of his lying, cheating, egomaniacal ass.

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. My honeymoon was almost everything I dreamed it would be, a tropical paradise, turquoise water, romantic walks on the beach, and loads and loads of mind shattering sex. The only thing missing was the groom. After seven years of coasting through a relationship with Michael, my senses were numb. A week of passion with a stranger was just what I needed to clear my head and take back control of my life. But how do you move on when the man that was only supposed to be a fling somehow seeps into your soul and steals your heart?

A new, sexy enemies-to-lovers standalone from #1 New York Times Bestseller, Vi Keeland. Comment ne pas succomber à l'irrésistible ? Que peut faire Reese quand son rencard d'un soir se révèle être une véritable catastrophe ? Appeler une amie pour la tirer de là. Ou alors, obtenir l'aide inespérée d'un convive à la table voisine qui a tout entendu et a décidé qu'il allait mentir pour elle et se faire passer pour son premier petit ami. Chase ne manque pas de culot, ment comme un pro. Reese ne sait pas trop quoi penser de lui mais quand elle a l'opportunité de le revoir, elle se surprend à saisir l'occasion et quand il lui propose un emploi qui lui correspond totalement dans sa compagnie, elle ne peut pas refuser. Reese se surprend à apprécier beaucoup Chase qui ne cache pas tout l'intérêt qu'il lui porte. Mais la jeune femme sait depuis longtemps que coucher avec son patron est une très mauvaise idée. Ce n'est pas pour elle... Mais Chase n'est pas vraiment le type de patron auquel elle est habituée et il est plutôt irrésistible dans son genre.

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“Lucy Parker writes deliciously fun enemies-to-lovers perfection!” — Tessa Bailey, New York Times bestselling author
Beloved author Lucy Parker pens a delicious new romantic comedy that is a battle of whisks and wits. Ready... Four years ago, Sylvie Fairchild charmed the world as a contestant on the hit baking show, Operation Cake. Her ingenious, creations captivated viewers and intrigued all but one of the judges, Dominic De Vere. When Sylvie's unicorn cake went spectacularly sideways, Dominic was quick to vote her off the show. Since then, Sylvie has used her fame to fulfill her dream of opening a bakery. The toast of Instagram, Sugar Fair has captured the attention of the Operation Cake producers...and a princess. Set... Dominic is His Majesty the King's favorite baker and a veritable British institution. He's brilliant, talented, hard-working. And an icy, starchy grouch. Learning that Sylvie will be joining him on the Operation Cake judging panel is enough to make the famously dour baker even more grim. Her fantastical baking is only slightly more troublesome than the fact that he can't stop thinking about her pink-streaked hair and irrepressible dimple. Match... When Dominic and Sylvie learn they will be fighting for the once in a lifetime opportunity to bake a cake for the upcoming wedding of Princess Rose, the flour begins to fly as they fight to come out on top. The bride adores Sylvie's quirky style. The palace wants Dominic's classic perfection. In this royal battle, can there be room for two?

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,

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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.

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?

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?

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

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million people? Then again... What were the chances a month later he'd wind up being my new sexy boss?

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 #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

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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...

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

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about Declan. Those feelings we were trying to fake? Yeah...I wasn't pretending anymore. 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 #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 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?

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.

One type-A data analyst discovers her free-spirited side on an impulsive journey from bustling Mumbai to the gorgeous beaches of Goa and finds love waiting for her on Christmas morning. Twenty-nine-year-old Niki Randhawa has always made practical decisions. Despite her love for music and art, she became an analyst for the stability. She's always stuck close to home, in case her family needed her. And she's always dated guys that seem good on paper, rather than the ones who give her butterflies. When she's laid off, Niki realizes that practical hasn't exactly paid off for her. So for the first time ever, she throws caution to the wind and books a last-minute flight for her friend Diya's wedding. Niki arrives in India just in time to celebrate Diwali, the festival of lights, where she meets London musician Sameer Mukherji. Maybe it's the splendor of Mumbai or the magic of the holiday season, but Niki is immediately drawn to Sam. At the wedding, the champagne flows and their flirtatious banter makes it clear that the attraction is mutual. When Niki and Sam join Diya, her husband and their friends on a group honeymoon, their connection grows deeper. Free-spirited Sam helps

Niki get in touch with her passionate and creative side, and with her Indian roots. When she gets a new job offer back home, Niki must decide what she wants out of the next chapter of her life—to cling to the straight and narrow like always, or to take a leap of faith and live the kind of bold life the old Niki never would have dreamed of.

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