

[Mobile ebook] Almost Paradise (English Edition)

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Von Isabella Ashe

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Von Isabella Ashe : Almost Paradise (English Edition) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Almost Paradise (English Edition):

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen1 von 1 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Schne, romantische Geschichte mit vorhersehbarem Verlauf!Von SarahIch hatte mir dieses Buch runtergeladen, da ich gerne englische Liebesromane lese. Mir hat es Spa gemacht das Buch zu lesen, da es nicht besonders schwer geschrieben

und somit leicht verständlich ist. Es ist perfekt für lange Winterabende gemacht und doch relativ schnell durch zu lesen, weil man sich schon nach kurzem sehr gut in das Buch und die Atmosphäre hineinfinden kann. Die besagte Atmosphäre in der im Buch beschriebenen Stadt 'Libertad' kann man sich gut vorstellen und nach den anfänglichen Schwierigkeiten der Hauptperson Sabrina in dieser Stadt, lernt man all die schönen und familiären Seiten Libertads kennen. Ich würde das Buch weiterempfehlen, für Leute, die gerne englische Romane lesen und denen ein Happy End wichtig ist. Mir ist es meistens wichtig, dass Bücher gut ausgehen, auch wenn sie dann grottelhaft ziemlich vorhersehbar werden. So war es auch in diesem Fall, was mich allerdings nicht sonderlich gestört hat, da es kurz vor Schluss nochmal spannend wurde. Mir hat das Buch sehr gut gefallen, auch wenn mir manche Stellen schon ein wenig zu unrealistisch schulzig waren. Trotz allem 4* und ich würde das Buch nochmal lesen!

Kurzbeschreibung When Dr. Sabrina Chandler volunteers to run a medical clinic on a tropical island, she's running away from her problems -- a broken engagement, a domineering father, and her own insecurities, just for starters. She never anticipated meeting a man as irresistible as dive resort owner Max Donovan. She soon finds that she'd rather face raging typhoons and a dengue fever epidemic than the prospect of a broken heart. Max isn't looking for a wife, and Sabrina has life back in Los Angeles. Is this just a vacation romance, inspired by clear blue water, perfect beaches, and a few steamy nights together? Will they be forced to go their separate ways -- or could this be the real thing? **EXCLUSIVE EXCERPT** For a moment, when Max heard Sabrina call his name, he blamed his overheated imagination. He heard her call again, this time with a frightened edge to her voice. He swore softly under his breath. Of course. The blackout. He'd forgotten to tell Sabrina about the lamp in her room. He caught up his own battery-powered lamp and hurried out of the bathroom, through his living room, and to the door where Sabrina waited. When he flung it open, she nearly tumbled into his arms. Max, I'm sorry to bother you -- it's just so dark, and I -- He laid a hand on her shoulder to steady her. It's okay, Sabrina. I should have warned you. The powers are unreliable here. It goes out at least once a day, sometimes more. He averted his eyes from the V-shaped neckline of her silk pajamas, and the alluring shadow between her breasts. In the golden glow of the lamp he could see the row of mother-of-pearl buttons running down the center of the short-sleeved top, and he couldn't help but imagine what it would be like to undo them one by one, possibly with his teeth. Grimacing, Max forced the sensual image from his mind and led Sabrina back toward her room. Inside, he showed her the lamp on her desk. The power should come back on within an hour or so. Meanwhile, there's this. He switched on her lamp, which added its pale glow to the light of the lamp he already held. Oh, God, I feel really stupid. Sabrina sank down on her bed and pressed her palms to creamy cheeks, now colored faintly pink with embarrassment. I guess I saw the lamp this morning, but I got nervous and forgot all about it. She glanced up and gave Max a tremulous smile. His answering chuckle caught in his throat. He could smell the perfume she wore, the same light, spicy citrus scent that impaired his ability to think rationally. It could have happened to anybody. Max, he should return to his own rooms. If he didn't, he worried that he might take advantage of his undeniably desirable guest. She sat on the bed with one bare foot tucked up under her opposite leg. The silk of her pajama bottoms outlined long, slender thighs. Max gritted his teeth and fought the surge of heat in his loins as a torrent of sensual images flooded his mind. God, but she was beautiful. Will you be all right now? he asked. She nodded. Well, then, if you're sure. . . . Good night, Sabrina. Good night, Max. Thank you. She stood and gave him a brief, friendly hug. Almost involuntarily, his arms tightened around her. Her eyes widened, but with curiosity rather than alarm. She had twisted her pale hair into a knot on the back of her head, and as she lifted her head to meet his eyes the knot undid itself and her hair slipped down and fell over her shoulder like a length of shimmering rope. Her lips, scrubbed clean of lipstick, were pale pink and faintly moist. They seemed to invite his kiss. For a moment, Max waged an internal battle, a battle he found all too easy to lose. He dipped his head and covered her mouth with his. At first the kiss was casual. 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