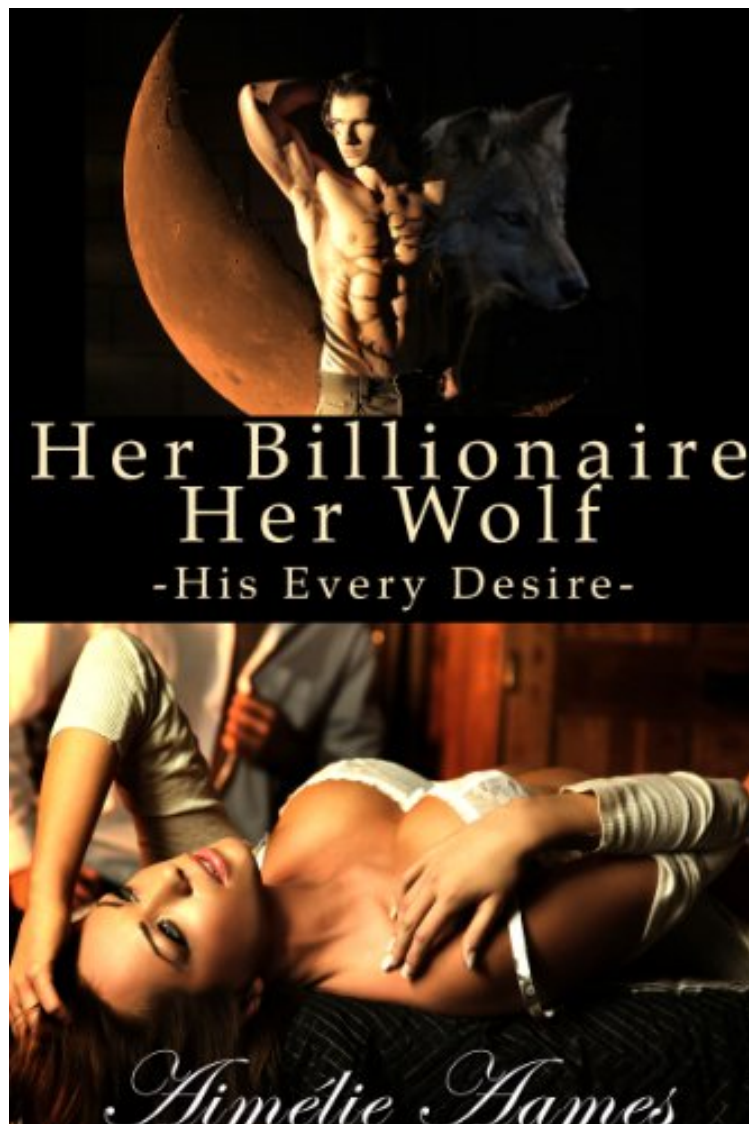


[Download] Her Billionaire, Her Wolf--His Every Desire (A Paranormal BDSM Erotic Romance) (English Edition)

Her Billionaire, Her Wolf--His Every Desire (A Paranormal BDSM Erotic Romance) (English Edition)

Von *Aimlie Aames*

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Von Aimlie Aames : Her Billionaire, Her Wolf--His Every Desire (A Paranormal BDSM Erotic Romance) (English Edition) before purchasing it in order to gauge whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Her Billionaire, Her Wolf--His Every Desire (A Paranormal BDSM Erotic Romance) (English Edition):

Kundenrezensionen Hilfreichste Kundenrezensionen 1 von 1 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. great

startVon CustomerI would have given 5 stars, had I known that with so many other special offers, this is only a few chapters of the actual book. Then you have to buy the rest... However, that said: from what I read thus far, I am definitely going to get the rest. It is interestingly written, the characters are not 2 dimensional and the "finish" left me wanting more.

KurzbeschreibungA billionaire story unlike any other--She watches him every day.For two months she has spent each lunch hour studying the enigmatic man in a restaurant always filled to overflowing; yet, for two months he is there each day in a booth all to himself.Sara thinks she is safe as she drinks in every gorgeous detail reflected in the bar's back mirror. She asks herself who he could possibly be, convinced he would never notice her...convinced that no one ever does.She could not have been more wrong.Chance brings them together and animal lust is unleashed. But what she never could have imagined is far from being the strangest part of this tale. For there are shadowy figures holding the strings offstage and the manipulation of Sara Renardine has only just begun.13,000 wordsAn excerpt:...that he would make arrangements for her job...a new, exquisite silk shirt....None of it mattered any more as she stood in his way, burning with red rage."Who in the hell do you think you are?" she said, wishing she could have shouted the words loudly enough to shatter the windows.Then, instead of raising her voice, her hand arced up in the shadows. It was slow, yet not, passing through the air as quick as an adder's strike, yet time had stilled in the near darkness and it was as though the air was as thick as syrup.Instead of slapping him hard across the face, Sara felt her wrist entrapped in an iron fist.And absurdly, she wondered what was written on the pages that drifted down to alight upon her feet while the shock of his viselike grip still vibrated down her arm.The beautiful lanterns of his eyes locked on to her own as he said, "Do you not know? Do you really not know?"His voice was calm, but his tone was glacial.Careful...you're on thin ice."I have no idea who you are," she said, then bit back the rest of what she wanted to say as his eyes softened."Then look at me," he said, his voice as calm as ever, "Right now, look at me and tell me who you think I am. The truth. All of it."Sara took a breath, then said, "You tell people what to do. You are so used to doing it, that you don't notice anymore."He stepped closer to her and the hand holding her wrist did not let go."You're arrogant. You think you're entitled."Another half step closer as he pulled her hand to his chest, forcing her palm against him. Forcing her to feel him.There are cracks under your feet."You think you own people."His other hand went to her shoulder and Sara could feel the strong beat of his heart under her palm."And, you are brave. You step in when you see someone in trouble."Then he touched the side of her neck and Sara's breath came more deeply."You are a knight. You saved me...."Pinned in the amber lights of his eyes, Sara knew that it was already too late, the uncertain footing she walked upon had turned to water as she felt herself drowning in his beautiful gaze.He bent down to her, his lips soft against her own, searching for truths other than her words.She pulled back from him, just enough to speak, her own lips brushing his as she said, "But, that doesn't give you the right."His mouth captured hers once more. Warm and velvety. She felt the light rough of a day old beard rasp gently against her skin as she kissed him back."You don't own me," she said, breaking away only to sigh as his hands slid down her sides, then back up again as he cupped both breasts. Strong thumbs drifted across the nipples studding her blouse, swelling even more under his touch."I told you I would give you cause for regret. Now, I shall give you reason for pleasure."His voice was delicious in her ears, like warm honey as he continued, "And I can promise you that it will not be the last time, not for one nor the other."Hands that could have crushed the bones of her wrist to powder only seconds before roamed freely upon her body. "Turn around...now...."KurzbeschreibungA billionaire story unlike any other--She watches him every day.For two months she has spent each lunch hour studying the enigmatic man in a restaurant always filled to overflowing; yet, for two months he is there each day in a booth all to himself.Sara thinks she is safe as she drinks in every gorgeous detail reflected in the bar's back mirror. She asks herself who he could possibly be, convinced he would never notice her...convinced that no one ever does.She could not have been more wrong.Chance brings them together and animal lust is unleashed. But what she never could have imagined is far from being the strangest part of this tale. 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