

Chapter 1 : Tristan & Danika Series by R.K. Lilley

Bad Things is about Tristan and Danika, and their train wreck of a love story. This series can be read as a standalone, or with the Up in the Air series. Bad Things is a full length novel, at roughly , words.

I heard it from a room away, as he said something offhanded to my boss, Jerry, and still I knew somehow that he would change my life. The other man that spoke was a stranger, but his voice was deep and it sort of rumbled through the house until it reached me. I had an instant and positive reaction to it. I had mixed feelings about men in general, having a rather sordid past with them as a whole, and having recently gone through a nasty breakup with a real piece of work. Still, I knew right away that I adored the sound of that deep, masculine voice. I dropped the pile of clothes into the clean laundry pile in the clean corner of the room. My laundry skills were negligible, to put it nicely. It was well understood that I pretty much sucked at the housekeeper part of that arrangement, but it seemed to work for us all. Beverly and Jerry, dysfunctional exes, and awesome co-parents that they were, had become my closest friends and two of my favorite people on the planet. I was dressed like a slob in too short black cheer shorts and a washed out gray UNLV sweatshirt, my straight black hair pulled into a rough ponytail, and not wearing a scrap of makeup, but I went to meet the newcomer anyway. My five favorite animals on the planet dogged my steps as I padded down the hallway. I saw at a glance that the stranger was young, sexy as hell, and straight-up Trouble with a capital T. I knew trouble when I saw it, it being a very old friend of mine. A theme song even played in my head when I felt the big T getting close. Four Kicks was that song, and it cranked up to full volume with my first glance at him. He was tall, and built like a linebacker, both muscular and massive. He wore a tight black T-shirt that showcased every starkly muscled inch of his chest. His tattooed arms were folded across his chest in a casually attentive stance, but his presence commanded the room. His face was handsome, with clean, even features that were dominated by pale golden eyes. Those dimples were pure big T. His pitch-black hair was cropped short, with dark stubble lining his jaw. His easy smile was playful, but still managed to be sinister. It was a heady combination for someone who was on a first name basis with the big T. Jerry turned to see what the other man was smiling about. He was a middle-aged man, short and balding, with a slight build. His face was far from handsome, with close-set eyes and a big nose, but I thought he had one of the best smiles in the world. Bev was going to kill him. Jerry had a spotty history with helping out what he always thought was the latest rising star. He had big dreams of managing the next big rock band, and he took those dreams to extremes. He and Bev were both technically attorneys, but she was the only lawyer in the house that you could call employed. Jerry was too busy collecting unsigned bands to practice law. I gave Jerry a pointed look. She said that if you brought home one more out-of-work musician, that she was going to kick you out, and then I would get upgraded to a bigger room. Tristan has a job. You need to think up something better before Bev gets home. Oh lord, I thought, Four Kicks by Kings of Leon playing at full volume in my head as I heard his voice at close range. I knew that we were going to be a dangerous combination. Bad things were going to happen if we spent too much time around each other. I was really just trying to help Jerry out. I tensed as I heard the loud garage door opening across the house. I gave Jerry a stern look, sometimes feeling like his mother, even though he was forty-five, and I was barely twenty-one. I pointed at him. I hate lying to Bev. I was nowhere near nonchalant about the deception I was about to undergo, and I wanted him to know it. Beverley was my hero. No one had ever helped me as much, or been as supportive of me, as she had. Plus, I just liked her. He is a plain old out of work student, and crashing for one week on the couch. We met at UNLV last semester. Ivan and Mat caught sight of me and the dogs swarming at my heels and rushed me with huge whoops. Ivan was an unabashedly diabolical eight-year-old, and Mat was a precocious six-year-old, and the two of them combined were more than a handful, but I loved them to pieces. Mat went straight for a tackle to my midsection, while Ivan caught the biggest dog, Mango, in a bear hug. Mango was a tan-colored bloodhound. She was nine years old and left a trail of slobber in her wake. She was a terrible guard dog. Mat squeezed my waist so hard that he drew a little grunt out of me. The second biggest dog, Dot, took exception to the rough handling. He growled menacingly at the six-year old. He was a big black Belgian Shepherd, and none of us had any doubts that he

was a good guard dog. A little too good, in fact. I shushed Dot, hugging Mat back. He was a skinny blond kid with gorgeous blue eyes. You gonna help me make them, or you want to go play while I cook? It just made me laugh. Ivan straightened, looking around at all of the adults and pursing his lips. He had light brown hair, was tall for his age, and had soft brown eyes like his dad. He was a funny kid. He had moments of being a shameless brat, but just as many moments of absolute charm. You go on and play. Typical eight-year-old, only paying attention to the one making cookies. Beverly and I shared a look. He swore under his breath, but followed her. I headed over to the kitchen. I felt Tristan following me. The house was set up with an open floor plan. It was huge, but the entryway, living room, dining room, kitchen, and family room all shared one massive space, so it was a straight shot into the kitchen once I got around the giant L-shaped sofa that dominated the living room. The house was a strange combination of shabby chic, leaning way further in the direction of shabby. It was colossal, and in one of the nicest gated communities in Vegas, but the house was lined with outdoor carpeting and the furniture was in desperate need of an update. The only saving grace in the house was the spectacular artwork that she collected. New carpet would be ruined in just a few weeks by her unruly dogs and crazy kids, and the dark green leather sofa had the entire back gnawed off. I had to unlock the latch that had been installed on the side of the refrigerator before I opened it. I heard a clear, disappointed groan behind me. I turned to look at Tristan, arching a brow at him. They were counter-productive to my peace of mind.

Chapter 2 : Rock Bottom (Tristan & Danika Book 2) - calendrierdelascience.com

Bad Things is about Tristan and Danika, and their train wreck of a love story. This series can be read as a standalone, or with the Up in the Air series.

Book 1 in the bestselling erotic romance series by R. Tristan and Danika have a story told so realistically by R. Off the charts sexy, soul-baring emotion, and explosive A very well written novel at that. Off the charts sexy, soul-baring emotion, and explosive chemistry between the two mix together here into pure literary gold. Being insanely attracted to bad boys has never helped make it easier. One look at Tristan, and every brain cell she possessed went up in smoke. This man was trouble with a capital T. It was a given. Bad boys were bad. Considering her history, it was crazy to think otherwise. So why did crazy have to feel so damn fine? For as long as she could remember, Danika had been focused on the future with si[Erotic Romance Get This Deal: Prices can and do change frequently. Always check the price before placing your order. All listings are accurate at the time of this publication. Customers outside the US may pay more. Has this offer expired? Sign up for our newsletter and never miss a deal! Get the Latest Top-Rated Deals! Please enter your email:

Chapter 3 : Bad Things (Tristan & Danika #1) read online free by R.K. Lilley

Bad Things (Tristan & Danika, #1), Rock Bottom (Tristan & Danika, #2), and Lovely Trigger (Tristan & Danika #3) Tristan & Danika Series. 3 primary works € 3.

I am soooooo in the mood for a bad boy angsty-heartache train wreck of a love story like this! Those two just kill me. You must read *Bad Things* first though. It felt like I waited forever for this book to come out. So worth the wait. Read it like today. The next one, *Lovely Trigger* is due out early Feb and continues and concludes a heart shattering love story. I agree with Cat, R. Being insanely attracted to bad boys has never helped make it easier. One look at Tristan, and every brain cell she possessed went up in smoke. This man was trouble with a capital T. It was a given. Bad boys were bad. Considering her history, it was crazy to think otherwise. So why did crazy have to feel so damn fine? For as long as she could remember, Danika had been focused on the future with single-minded purpose. Tristan came along and taught her everything there was to know about letting go, and living in the present. She fell, hard and deep. Of course, that only made her impact with the ground that much more devastating. *Bad Things* is about Tristan and Danika, and their train wreck of a love story.

Chapter 4 : Bad Things (Tristan & Danika #1) - Read Novels Online

T + D = Trouble. Danika hasn't had an easy life. Being insanely attracted to bad boys has never helped make it easier. One look at Tristan, and every brain cell she possessed went up in smoke. This man was trouble with a capital T. It was a given. She knew better. Bad boys were bad. Especially for.

Lilley He studied the delicious smelling cookies for a long moment, then gave me a sidelong smile. You two have to try these. He was too bossy for my taste, or at least, I told myself that. He nodded, bringing the plate over to us. He swatted my hand away. He offered the plate to Bev first. She took one, thanking him. I folded my arms over my chest, and just looked at him. I was trying hard to talk myself into refusing to eat a cookie, just to spite him, the bossy son of a bitch. He flashed a dimple at me, his golden eyes filled with mirth, and had the utter nerve to grab one with his own hand and hold it up to my lips. I took a bite, the smell and his charm irresistible to me. I closed my eyes, groaning as I chewed. I heard Bev making a similar noise. The man was not all talk. His cookies were as good as he claimed. It was just the perfect flavor combination of salty and sweet, and the texture was perfect, not too gooey, but melt in your mouth soft. I barely had to chew. Finally, after taking my time with the first bite, I opened my eyes to look at him. He was still smiling at me, his hand still holding the cookie to my mouth for another bite, but there was heat in his eyes now. I grabbed the cookie out of his hand, taking another bite. He nabbed one for himself, taking a huge bite. I watched him chew, transfixed by the hard line of his jaw as it worked. Finally, I made myself look away, finishing my cookie with slow, savoring bites. The boys rushed the kitchen right as I was finishing, and Tristan handed them cookies and paper towels, introducing himself. He was at ease with the kids, and they seemed to take to him instantly, just like everyone else had. The man was like a charm grenade. Dot saw the leashes first, and rushed to the door, tail wagging. Bev had a huge backyard, but the dogs still loved their walks. I got them all ready, intending to leave whether Tristan joined me or not. He caught up to me as I was slipping out the door, holding it open for me. The crazy chicken lady. You have to tell me this story. What exactly is a crazy chicken lady? Residents can rent out stalls. Most of the stalls are used for horses, but this one lady uses them for her prize chickens. He had a way about him that was so hard for me to resist, especially the way he gave me every ounce of his attention with single-minded focus. I really needed to get out more. She has prize chickens. She lives right by the stables, and as far as I can tell, spends most of the damn day there. Coffeecup can get to the stables in under two minutes, and nab a chicken just seconds after that.

Chapter 5 : Bad Things (Tristan & Danika #1)(8) read online free by R.K. Lilley

Bad Things (Tristan & Danika #1) Danika hasn't had an easy life. Being insanely attracted to bad boys has never helped make it easier. One look at Tristan, and every brain cell she possessed went up in smoke.

As always, I was gratified to hear him laugh. My lips turned up in a happy smile. Not everyone could appreciate my brand of sarcasm, and I relished the fact that Tristan seemed to find it endlessly entertaining. I learned a long time ago not to get between my mom and one of her boyfriends. He could be like a carefree kid at times, and almost too intense at others. I felt like I was missing some piece of the puzzle where he was concerned. One thing was certain; neither men were a puzzle that I expected to solve any time soon. Tristan let go of my hand, which left me feeling a little bereft. I could admit to myself that I loved it when he held my hand. It made me feel so connected to him, for such a small contact. His mother was a surprise to me, for several reasons. She was young, or at least she looked very young. The biggest surprise by far, though, was that she was very obviously Hispanic, with a thick accent. Danika, this is my mother, Leticia. I blinked, thrown for a bit of a loop. There was a very obvious resemblance between the three of them. Their features all had a similar, striking cast, thought her eyes were black, and her skin was a few shades darker. Her thick black hair fell in heavy waves to her mid-back. She gave me a smile, and it was lovely, but I noticed that Tristan must have gotten those dimples of his somewhere else. She hugged me like family, kissing me on both cheeks. You may call me Mama, if you like. I never get to meet any of the girls Tristan spends time with. You must be special. I thought she had a good point. The table was small, but loaded with food. I shot him a wry smile for that one. Tristan sat to my right, and for some crazy reason, I felt his big hand squeeze my knee after he sat down. If he wanted to play the teasing game, I thought I had a distinct advantage. I shook myself out of that distracting thought process as everyone began to dish out the food. Leticia had a heaping serving on my plate before I could tell her it was too much. The cheese enchiladas already had my mouth watering when Tristan spooned some black beans and rice onto my plate, and Leticia followed it with scoops of fresh pico de gallo, guacamole, and sour cream. Mother and son were tag-team overfeeding me, and I kind of loved it. Leticia blessed the food, and I dug in eagerly. Enchiladas were my favorite, and these ones were a perfect combination of everything. I thought it was the sauce that made it so perfect. He was staring at me, and the look in his eyes was downright sinful. I swallowed, my jaw going a little slack with want as the hand on my knee caressed me, moving just a touch higher. I was wearing shorts, so it was skin on skin, and more than a little distracting. I quickly snapped out of his little spell, glancing at Leticia and Jared. I took another bite, shooting him a glance. Even more asinine, my left hand moved to cover his under the table, rubbing over his knuckles softly, then harder. I thought about touching him way more than I actually touched him, and so when I did, it always seemed to escalate way too fast. His hand was moving higher, and my own traitorous hand was only encouraging it, kneading his fingers harder into my thigh. Leticia flushed with pleasure. Dessert consisted of stiff margaritas, which I thought said a lot. This family could drink, tiny mother included. I was stuffed, and just a touch tipsy when the meal ended. I found myself lounging on a comfortable sofa in the TV room that directly connected to the kitchen, as Tristan and his mother cleaned up after dinner. I had a clear view of mother and son working in the kitchen together. Jared joined me on the couch, sitting close, making a point to follow my gaze to his brother. Are you a big sister? That pain never seemed to lessen. I swallowed hard, his prying not making me want to lash out, as it would have with Tristan. I felt no compunctions about lashing out at Tristan, but somehow I did with Jared. It felt like Jared and I were on equal footing, but somehow, even at his sweetest and most amiable, I always felt that Tristan had the upper hand, and in a way, that made it hard for me to open up to him. I kept my eyes on Tristan where he was helping his mother in the other room, and my voice very impersonal. I tried my best, but I was a shitty big sister. How old are you? How old was she? You should try to find her. Exhaustively, from Lucy, and Bev, and even a few times, Jerry. Everyone was always telling me that I was too hard on myself, apparently even people that I barely knew these days, thought so. The fact was, I expected a lot from myself, and I was often disappointed. Tristan turned, getting a good look at his brother and I, sitting close and clutching hands. Still, I was surprised when he strode right to us, his

eyes boring straight into Jared. He squeezed my hand lightly before standing and following his brother. I could imagine what was going on back there. And certainly his brother was capable of that. He was a genuinely nice guy, and I really thought he had just been offering comfort after asking a few too many awkward questions.

Chapter 6 : Bad Things (Tristan & Danika Book 1) - calendrierdelascience.com

Tristan walked me through every step of the cookie making process, and I pretended to pay attention, but that attention kept wandering to his spectacular arms while he worked.

He was stubborn, to be sure. And I want to take you dancing again. What do you say? I held out for maybe five seconds before I was smiling back at him. Should tide me over for a solid two hours. He gave me a once-over that was borderline indecent, then went back to cracking eggs. I watched him work, studying the myriad of tattoos on his arms, and the ones that showed through his white T-shirt. That effectively shut me up again. Within ten minutes, he had the kitchen smelling divine. I moaned as the aroma of sizzling bacon reached me. His gaze flicked to me, then quickly away. He had the pancakes done first, prepping a heaping plate for Mat. Tristan handed off the plate, and I brought it to Mat in the living room. The dogs always picked up any scraps they happened to leave behind. By the time I got back into the kitchen, Tristan had a biscuit breakfast sandwich waiting for me. He handed it to me with a paper towel, then took a huge bite out of his own. The smell of the eggs and bacon had me salivating, and I tore into the sandwich. I had to close my eyes with the first bite, chewing very slowly to savor every second of it. He was staring at me with a look in his eyes that made my toes start to curl. He set down the uneaten half of his sandwich, striding out of the kitchen. I hated that guy, in fact. I usually thought that guy was a douche bag with little to no redeeming qualities. I liked to keep sex in a separate category from all other parts of my life. Things just worked better that way, for all parties involved. But God, the body on her. And she walked around in a skin-tight tank top and tiny shorts most days, confident about her body in a way that drove me wild. I even thought her personality was sexy. She never tried to play it cool. She let me know what was on her mind before I had to wonder. I was fed up with that shit. Danika was like a breath of fresh air. Yes, I definitely should have found a quick hook-up last night, I thought, yet again. I stroked my rock hard cock, thinking about her rosebud mouth, and her striking gray eyes. And her shapely little body. Her waist was so tiny I could have spanned it with my hands, but she had the sexiest curves—and the way she walked. Even her voice made me hard. She had a soft, steady voice, her tone even, as she gave me shit about whatever she pleased. We both crashed for three hours, me on the couch, and Danika on her bed. I wore a dark, collared shirt and jeans for our night out. If he had to ring the bell, that might wake the boys, and then there might be hell to pay. I loaned it to a buddy, who needed to drive to L. I felt my jaw clenching, though I knew it was unreasonable to be jealous. I shot Danika a warning look when Kenny told us where we were headed. She seemed to get the point, but her grin was infuriating. Still, the bouncer at the door recognized us on sight, and let us in with one small nod. Getting in was always half the battle. We found Doug at one of the main bars in the club. He nodded when he saw me, waving me over. His bar was so packed that I had to shoulder my way in. She was cute, and shot me some very inviting looks. I smiled, not really considering it. Danika gave me a mischievous smile as we slid onto the cushioned VIP bench. You should try her enchiladas. They put mine to shame, especially since I was missing some of the ingredients for pico on top. He left the second my mother told him she was pregnant. Never bothered to look him up. My mother would never tell me a thing about him. It was selfish, but I felt comforted by the thought that she and I had both experienced something so painful. Is your mother in Vegas, too?

Chapter 7 : Bad Things (Tristan & Danika Book 1) |

danika I had the strangest shiver of premonition rock my body the first time I heard Tristan's voice. I heard it from a room away, as he said something offhanded to my boss, Jerry, and still I knew somehow that he would change my life.

Chapter 8 : Read Tristan & Danika Series online free by R.K. Lilley

The tempestuous sequel to Bad Things picks up where the first book left off. Reeling from a profound loss, Tristan and Danika struggle to pick up the pieces and build a life together, but the hard habits of a lifetime are not so easy to escape.

