

Chapter 1 : Perfection (Neighbor from Hell #2)(7) read online free by R.L. Mathewson

R.L. Mathewson - Welcome to the World of R.L. Mathewson. Do you want to be notified when new information is available? Then subscribe now.

The first thing that she was going to do was to put a stop to all the crap that her aggravating neighbor put her through. Now the only thing left to do was to convince her that this is anything but a game. Read Excerpt She could not wait to get inside her house and change into a pair of jeans and a tee shirt and have a good laugh about this with Jason. That is of course only if Jason had forgiven her for her little jest earlier. Hence the large piece of chocolate cake with peanut butter frosting in the doggy container she was currently holding. Jason was a big baby, but a big baby that could be bought with food. Haley looked back and bit back the curse that threatened to leave her lips. The man was following her to the door. She wanted to cry, really, she did. When would this nightmare end? She walked up to her door and plastered another fake smile on her face. Thankfully she saw that one coming and turned her head in time to receive a rather wet kiss on her cheek. She barely stopped herself from wiping her face. Faster than even she thought was possible, she had the front door unlocked and opened. She stumbled back saving herself from more slobber. Someone was going to be in so much trouble when he got home. She mentally tsked him. She opened her mouth to politely refuse when the yelling began. It sounded like Jason was right in her house. Somebody please help me! She was already running towards the direction of the screaming. She threw the door opened and nearly tripped as she came to a halt five feet into the room which put her right in front of her bed. Lucky for you I think we have plenty of lube. She was vaguely aware of her front door slamming shut and the sound of tires peeling out of her driveway. He licked his lips as he stared at the huge dessert.

Chapter 2 : R.L. Mathewson | Playing for Keeps

by R.L. Mathewson perfection by r.l. mathewson free download download perfection by rl mathewson A delightful crazy romp with another food obsessed bossy obnoxious Bradford. This book had me laughing out loud at all Trevor's crazy antics. perfection rl mathewson tuebl.

Perfection Neighbor from Hell 2 by R. Mathewson Chapter 1 "You stupid bitch, you ruined my life! Sands screamed, pulling her hand back to slap Zoe. Thankfully someone, probably Mr. Sands, already called security and the two large burly guys that she passed every morning in the downstairs lobby grabbed Mrs. Sands screamed, kicked, and screeched as she was carried off the tenth floor. With a shaky hand, Zoe reached out and grabbed her wobbly office chair and carefully sat down, making sure to keep most of her weight off the front left side wheel. Yeah, he really had and she was kicking herself for not listening to him when she had the chance. With a groan she dropped her face into her hands and wondered if anyone would notice if she left work a little early today. Of course they would, she thought miserably. The penny pinching management watched their employees like hawks, never missing a thing and ready to swoop in and attack at the slightest blunder. After three long years she was too tired to argue or care. At this point she was resigned to come in at eight-thirty on the dot and put in eight and half hours and work through her unpaid lunch break as was required and then go home to the new hell that she was beginning to hate. Of course she really should have known better since nothing in life ever seemed to go her way. She learned early on not to complain to the landlord when his or her kid had all night parties, had shouting matches until three in the morning, or when their grandkids detonated water balloons in her mailbox. So when her new neighbor, Trevor Bradford, parked his pickup truck halfway into her parking spot, leaving her with no choice but to park on the street and risk a parking ticket, she shut her mouth and sucked it up, knowing complaining would do little good. Sands standing there ready for round two. Sands standing in her cubicle opening, glaring at her with open disgust. That was a little unexpected considering she was the one who realized that five million dollars had been embezzled over the past six years and found the proof that linked Mrs. Sands to the theft. Then again she could certainly understand why he was in such a pissy mood since his wife had just screwed him over. Your employment was terminated an hour ago. I expected you to leave immediately," he said coldly. Her chair fell back with a loud groan and two of the wheels popped off and rolled off somewhere beneath her desk. Most bosses would appreciate finding out that someone had stolen from them, right? With a drawn out sigh, Mr. Sands away to step forward. Zoe automatically took a nervous step back. Sands ordered, stepping away. With a frown she looked down at the chair that had given her nothing but problems over the past three years and by this point consisted mostly of duct tape. Before she could tell him that the chair was given to her already broken the large security guard had her by the arm and her worn black purse in the other hand and was dragging her towards the elevator. She grabbed another wall. Damn cheap plastic walls, she thought as her hand slipped off the cubicle wall. She reached out and slapped her hands against the edge of the elevator door to stop the doors from closing so she could get her answer. Her hands dropped away, allowing the elevator doors to close and her world to crumble. What the hell was she going to do now? A moment later she slowly stopped in front of her house Once it was down, Zoe leaned out the window and tried to make out the color of the townhouse, pale blue, not hers, but at least she now knew that she only had two more houses to go. Just as she was pulling back, a car sped past her, crashing through a large puddle and further soaking Zoe. This day could not get any worse, she thought, wiping mud out of her eyes and jumping when somebody behind her blasted the horn. With a resigned sigh she started driving once again, but apparently not fast enough for the people behind her, who accompanied her twenty yard drive with continuous horn blasting.

Chapter 3 : R.L. Mathewson | Welcome to the World of R.L. Mathewson

Perfection is the second book in R.L. Mathewson's Neighbor From Hell series and again, one helluva funny read. Like the first book, this one has Full review now posted 5 'damned near perfect' stars!!

Perfection Neighbor from Hell 2 Author: Mathewson Chapter 1 "You stupid bitch, you ruined my life! Sands screamed, pulling her hand back to slap Zoe. Thankfully someone, probably Mr. Sands, already called security and the two large burly guys that she passed every morning in the downstairs lobby grabbed Mrs. Sands screamed, kicked, and screeched as she was carried off the tenth floor. With a shaky hand, Zoe reached out and grabbed her wobbly office chair and carefully sat down, making sure to keep most of her weight off the front left side wheel. Yeah, he really had and she was kicking herself for not listening to him when she had the chance. With a groan she dropped her face into her hands and wondered if anyone would notice if she left work a little early today. Of course they would, she thought miserably. The penny pinching management watched their employees like hawks, never missing a thing and ready to swoop in and attack at the slightest blunder. After three long years she was too tired to argue or care. At this point she was resigned to come in at eight-thirty on the dot and put in eight and half hours and work through her unpaid lunch break as was required and then go home to the new hell that she was beginning to hate. Of course she really should have known better since nothing in life ever seemed to go her way. She learned early on not to complain to the landlord when his or her kid had all night parties, had shouting matches until three in the morning, or when their grandkids detonated water balloons in her mailbox. So when her new neighbor, Trevor Bradford, parked his pickup truck halfway into her parking spot, leaving her with no choice but to park on the street and risk a parking ticket, she shut her mouth and sucked it up, knowing complaining would do little good. Sands standing there ready for round two. Sands standing in her cubicle opening, glaring at her with open disgust. That was a little unexpected considering she was the one who realized that five million dollars had been embezzled over the past six years and found the proof that linked Mrs. Sands to the theft. Then again she could certainly understand why he was in such a pissy mood since his wife had just screwed him over. Your employment was terminated an hour ago. I expected you to leave immediately," he said coldly. Her chair fell back with a loud groan and two of the wheels popped off and rolled off somewhere beneath her desk. Most bosses would appreciate finding out that someone had stolen from them, right? With a drawn out sigh, Mr. Sands away to step forward. Zoe automatically took a nervous step back. Sands ordered, stepping away. With a frown she looked down at the chair that had given her nothing but problems over the past three years and by this point consisted mostly of duct tape. Before she could tell him that the chair was given to her already broken the large security guard had her by the arm and her worn black purse in the other hand and was dragging her towards the elevator. She grabbed another wall. Damn cheap plastic walls, she thought as her hand slipped off the cubicle wall. She reached out and slapped her hands against the edge of the elevator door to stop the doors from closing so she could get her answer. Her hands dropped away, allowing the elevator doors to close and her world to crumble. What the hell was she going to do now? A moment later she slowly stopped in front of her house Once it was down, Zoe leaned out the window and tried to make out the color of the townhouse, pale blue, not hers, but at least she now knew that she only had two more houses to go. Just as she was pulling back, a car sped past her, crashing through a large puddle and further soaking Zoe. This day could not get any worse, she thought, wiping mud out of her eyes and jumping when somebody behind her blasted the horn. With a resigned sigh she started driving once again, but apparently not fast enough for the people behind her, who accompanied her twenty yard drive with continuous horn blasting. When she tried to close the window she received another little surprise when the window slid up noiselessly. She closed the door and turned to walk across the street when an odd swooshing sound caught her attention. Praying that is was just her imagination, Zoe turned around and frowned. Why did her window look weird? She pushed her wet hair out of her face and leaned forward to get a better look. She wiped her wet hands on her soaked skirt and gripped the edge of the window and tried to pull it up only to have the window slip through her hands and slide further down. The last thing she needed was for the window to slide down into the door where it would

have to stay until she could scrounge up the money to have it fixed. It took several minutes, but she managed to pull the window up several inches. One last pull should do it, she decided, gripping the window tightly and pulling as hard as she could. Finally things were- Her hands slipped and before she could grab the window it slid down quickly into the door and if the noise that followed was any indication, cracked. She stared numbly at the empty window for a long moment before she picked up her purse, not at all surprised when the strap broke off, or when the heel on her left shoe snapped off a minute later. Clutching her ruined purse to her chest, she wobbled towards the front door, only getting stuck in the mud twice and losing one shoe, the right one, before she found herself on the front stoop, searching her purse for her keys. By the time she found them she was shivering violently from the cold and close to crying for the first time in five years. She pulled off her mud soaked shoe and stockings and made her way upstairs to her bedroom and grabbed a change of clothes as she headed for the bathroom, praying that her surprisingly quiet neighbor remained that way. She quickly pulled off her soaked, coffee stained, and mud splattered skirt suit and looked it over. As long as she pretreated it and got it into the wash tonight it should be fine, at least she hoped it would. After a five minute search she found her bottle of generic stain pretreatment behind the box of condoms she bought, what was it now? Or was it five? She liberally sprayed her suit, only wondering if the pretreatment chemical would harm her suit after she sprayed it. Knowing her luck, the chemical would probably chew through the imitation silk shirt and stain the suit jacket with large weird shaped polka dots. With a resigned sigh, she left the suit on the sink counter and climbed into her bathtub and turned on the shower. For the first time all day she felt herself relax. She stood beneath the hot spray for several minutes just enjoying the hot water before she applied shampoo to her hair. A loud squeal escaped her as the water pressure suddenly dropped and the water went from comfortably hot to excruciatingly hot in seconds. Startled, she jumped back, slipped, landed on her butt, and cringed as shampoo seeped into her eyes. Taking a deep breath, she shoved her head under the hot water, silently cursing the low water pressure that was actually pushing more soap into her closed eyes. At least the water began to cool, she thought on a sigh before she squealed again seconds later when the water went ice cold and she was forced to stand up, hoping that would help the still low water pressure rinse her hair out faster. Gasping, she ran her fingers through her long thick hair and tried to hurry the process. Minutes later she was jumping out of the shower and cursing the bastard next door for not only flushing the toilet, but for taking a shower at the same time as her. The least the jerk could have done when he realized that she was also taking a shower was wait for her to finish.

Chapter 4 : Perfection (Neighbor from Hell, #2) by R.L. Mathewson

Zoe is used to taking care of herself and has long ago accepted that if anything bad was perfection by rl mathewson epub perfection by r.l. mathewson I was in a little bit of a book funk and needed something funny to read.

Perfection Neighbor from Hell 2 7 Author: Mathewson Zoe rocked, he decided as he returned to the fridge and pulled out items to make a sandwich. After he scarfed down three sandwiches and half a bag of chips he headed upstairs and took a shower. He really had to look into getting the walls reinsulated, he decided. It took him a minute before it came to him. Now he was intrigued. That meant it had to be good. It was really rather unnerving and she had to wonder how such a sweet woman married him. Zoe considered trying to walk around him, but knew it would be pointless. Now can I please go to work? He looked like he was about to say something else, but then threw his hands up in the air and finally walked off in disgust. So nice to make friends on the first day, she thought dryly as she hurried inside the trailer. Just as she placed her purse on the desk Jared stepped out of his office. Her stomach churned when she realized that she was a minute late. This really was not the best way to start her first day. Bradford," she said, trying not to shift nervously. He rolled his eyes, shaking his head good naturedly as he walked back towards his office. Not even five minutes into her first day and she was already screwing up. She felt her cheeks burn as she turned around. I thought it was the employee refrigerator," she explained to Haley, who was walking, well more like wobbling, towards her. Curious, Zoe followed her to the desk and watched as Haley sat in the chair and unlocked one of the large bottom desk drawers, revealing a really large box of tampons. Zoe felt her lips twitch as Haley shot her a mischievous smile. In an unspoken agreement they both hurried to place the ice packs in their bags and placed them in the large drawer, shutting and locking it seconds before Jason came storming into the office. It was funny how she never really thought of large muscular men as cute before, but after meeting the Bradford men there really was no other way to describe them, well other than studly and hot that is. Something told her that this woman truly enjoyed torturing her husband. What the hell is going on? Jason licked his lips as he looked his pregnant wife over hungrily. At her old job idle chit chat was not tolerated and since Zoe had been there for three years the concept of solely focusing on work was well ingrained. She walked over to the sitting area and proceeded to grab a chair and drag it. She switched her comfortable office chair out for the sturdy waiting room chair. She gestured for the woman to sit down in the comfortable chair. With a muttered, "slave driver" that startled a surprised laugh out of Zoe, Haley sat down. Zoe had to admit it felt nice and she hoped it was a sign that things were going to improve. I just got off the phone with Robinson and that jerk is giving me the runaround again. Could you look this over and see Zoe cringed as she stood up, ready to defend the poor woman who struggled until ten minutes ago to keep her eyes open. Her stomach coiled with dread as Jared placed the stack of books on the corner of her desk and approached Haley. She shifted nervously as she tried to decide what she should do.

Chapter 5 : Perfection's Honeymoon from Hell Audiobook | R. L. Mathewson | calendrierdelascience.com

rl mathewson perfection pdf espa±ol Zoe is used to taking care of herself and has long ago accepted that if anything bad was going to happen, it was going calendrierdelascience.comtion A Neighbor From Hell Series Book 2 - Kindle edition by R.L. Contemporary Romance Kindle eBooks calendrierdelascience.com 9,

Chapter 6 : Listen to Audiobooks written by R.L. Mathewson | calendrierdelascience.com

Page 3 of Other titles by R.L. Mathewson: Playing For Keeps: A Neighbor From Hell Novel Tall, Dark & Lonely: A Pyte Series Novel A Humble Heart: A Hollywood Heart Novel.

Chapter 7 : Perfection (Neighbor from Hell #2) read online free by R.L. Mathewson

Perfection: A Neighbor From Hell Novel by R.L. Mathewson Zoe is used to taking care of herself and has long ago accepted that if anything bad was going to happen, it was going to happen to her. So when she loses her job over something most bosses would probably be happy with and her life starts going down hill from there she doesn't expect it.

Chapter 8 : Playing For Keeps - R.L. calendrierdelascience.com

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Chapter 9 : Neighbor from Hell Series by R.L. Mathewson

Chapter 1 "You stupid bitch, you ruined my life!" "Mrs. Sands, wait!" Zoe cried, holding her hands in front of her face as she desperately tried to back up in her small cubicle only to bang into the cheap off-white colored plastic wall, leaving her with nowhere to go and a seriously pissed off woman holding the extra large iced coffee Zoe bought ten minutes earlier, coming her way.