

Chapter 1 : The Marriage Trap (Marriage to a Billionaire #2) read online free by Jennifer Probst

Jennifer Probst. The Marriage Trap Reviews for The Marriage Trap "The build-up of sexual chemistry between the main characters, the anticipation, the will-they.

A strange panic roared through his system, but he stood frozen in the foyer, watching the scene unfold. He kept his voice gentle and firm. He was always discreet when it came to women, not needing his sister to try to bond with any of them, since long-term commitment was doomed from the start. The statistics alone of marriage breakups caused a shudder. She marched into the open living room and headed toward the bookcase to grab a few off the shelves. Are you still upset over your breakup? We can go slash his tires, get drunk, and watch chick flick movies. I have a place already. I rented an apartment in Verily on the river. I quit my job and lined up a new one at the local community college there. You were working on tenure! Stuffy, pompous, and boring. I hate Manhattan, too. Her long jet-black hair sprung into a whirlwind of curls, and her cocoa-brown eyes peered at him sadly from behind thick black glasses. Verily is small and quaint, and the college focuses on using creativity in literature. I can grow there. If something happened, it would be his fault. At least if she were under his roof, he could easily gauge if she was down-spiraling. Slade swung into lawyer mode. Being one of the top divorce lawyers in the state had to be good for something other than money. I want to figure things out myself. The huge open space was split into two levels with a sleek glass staircase connecting them together. Windows lined the walls and overlooked the city of Manhattan. Pricey art, bamboo floors, edgy glass tables, granite counters, and huge leather recliners completed the look of bachelor in the city. We have plenty of room here. Jane was extremely sensitive and had always struggled in such a brutal society. He watched a long line of men crush her like a gentle flower under their heels until there was nothing left but a few stray petals. He had to make her stay. I just think it would be better to wait. Do you know how many of those get closed down for fraud? What is going on with you? Kinnections is a well-respected company. I like the women I met there, and I trust them. God, stop protecting me. Slade closed his eyes briefly, grief cutting out pieces of him. The words entwined with a blame and a plea that twisted his stomach. The memory of finding her suicide attempt changed him. He wanted her safe. Yes, I may get hurt along the way, but I can handle it now, Slade. The doorman is meeting me downstairs. Part of him recognized it was important she carve her own way. With a low curse, he stalked to his computer and typed in the words. He stared at the screen for a while and made his decision.

Chapter 2 : The Marriage Trap : Jennifer Probst :

I really enjoyed Jennifer Probst first book but I think I like The Marriage Trap a bit better. Maggie Ryan is the photographer sister of Nick(the hero in the previous book), who is smart, successful and independent and great at hiding her feelings after the lonely childhood she and Nick had.

She may as well look up hero in the dictionary and wish for Superman to appear outside her condo window. I was so excited to start this book. The Marriage Bargain is one book that always stays hidden in my heart to pull out when I need comfort and what better comfort comes from that book than hiding dogs and the sexy scene that follows. I have waited to see what happened on the blind date between Michael and Maggie and we finally get that but what we get in addition is well Maggie Ryan and Michael Conte have a strained relationship to put it lightly. The fire that is between them is all-consuming and HOT! Michael has a family emergency he needs to handle but to handle it properly he needs to bring a wife back to his home town in Italy. A woman to play the role of his wife and would want nothing in return? Maggie could be the perfect woman for the part. Still, for a while, he needed her. After all, she is going to Italy to work anyway so what could it hurt? Michael gets what he wants and so does Maggie. What the hell had she agreed to? And what was it about the Ryan family that necessitated fake marriages? Probst words left me breathless. Duty and family honor can be a fickle fate. It leads you down roads you may not want to travel but those roads can lead you to your greatest desire. He would not be in his current position without his family and not just the fake marriage but the family business and the promise on a death bed. Oh, a man of honor is quite the sexy beast. The Marriage Trap is packed full of frustration, imagination, seduction, and heart break. Moments that had me clapping like a school girl, gasping at the intensity and falling in love with these characters, all of them over and over again. Maggie with her wants "She wondered why no one loved her. Wondered if anyone could ever love her. I can honestly say that Ms. Probst, borrowing the words from your beloved Count, Michael Conte, after reading this, "You wrecked me.

Chapter 3 : Jennifer Probst - Book Series In Order

*The Marriage Trap (Marriage to a Billionaire) [Jennifer Probst] on calendrierdelascience.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. The sexy second book in the New York Times and USA TODAY bestselling Marriage to a Billionaire trilogy by "one of the most exciting breakout novelists" (USA TODAY) Jennifer Probst. To satisfy his late father's wishes.*

But once in Italy, sexual tension sparks the hottest no-strings- attached arrangement on any continent. Could marriage be the most enticing trap of all? Brush up on the facts and enjoy the steamy moments. The first book, The Marriage Bargain, was one of my favorites. It was cute and enjoyable. This one had so many twists and turns. We meet Michael Conte in the first book, as well. So they went on a blind date and it actually went really well. She assumes the worst. Maggie immediately assumes he rejects to another date with her due to him being in love with Alexa. Remember though, Maggie and Nick had a pretty rough childhood with crappy parents. Wrong end of the stick and all that. Anyways, some stuff happens and Michael needs a wife, asap. Obviously he should go to Maggie. Got walls as high as the sky. She went home and told her mother and her mother told her she probably asked for it and needs to go on the pill. But it made me understand Maggie in a way I never did before. We only find this out almost at the end of the book so it all falls neatly into place. I liked his character. I felt he may have been a bit dense sometimes regarding his sisters their dad died a few years back and Michael took to the role of being guardian and protector, he took it a little too far and Maggie. If he honestly felt nothing was gonna happen then I worry about his sanity. Takes on way too much responsibility if you ask me but whatevs. Cute, sexy and funny. Completely "€! You belong with me. She buried all those messy, writhing emotions deep in a hidden secret place and pretended it was okay.

Chapter 4 : The Marriage Trap |

The Marriage Trap (Marriage to a Billionaire Series #2) by Jennifer Probst The sexy second book in the New York Times and USA TODAY bestselling Marriage to a Billionaire trilogy by "one of the most exciting breakout novelists" (USA TODAY) Jennifer Probst.

Page 8 He turned away and a stream of colorful curses shot in the air. Her body relaxed from his retreat, but his threat caused a shiver to work down her spine. She ignored the flare of disappointment from a missed opportunity. Toying with me may be fun, but eventually I will tire and force your hand. My gamble paid off. She needs to watch her stress and activity, so I intend to humor her this visit. For practice, of course. The heat of his skin pulled her in. Especially when a simple kiss beforehand may make the difference. The delicious scents of musk and man beckoned her to steal a sample. Her heart tripped at the thought of him calling her bluff, which only made her more obnoxious. No need to put ourselves through a practice run. She collided with a rock of carved muscle, and her arms came up in automatic protest to push against his chest. When she hit resistance, her fingers gripped the soft material of his T-shirt. His feet straddled hers and kept her off balance. His lips stopped inches from her own. Oh, God, what if she melted and looked like an idiot? What if she moaned when those full lips slid over hers? She could not respond. He lowered his voice to a husky purr that promised her pure bodily pleasure. Do women really fall for that line? Because if they do, they must come from the land of the stupid. She liked kissing and had experienced her fair share, but with Michael everything seemed different. His body heat reminded her of a werewolf in those Twilight films she secretly loved. His tongue probed the seam of her lips, then dove in without apology. She could have fought him if he got greedy; instead, the slide of his tongue seduced and asked for her to come and play. His stubble rubbed the sensitive curve of her jaw. His hips slanted against hers as his arms came down and cupped her rear, bringing her up to meet the hard bulge between his thighs. He caught it and pressed a bit deeper, and Maggie opened her mouth and gave in. She tried to surface and gain control of the kiss, but her mind crumbled and her body sang. He murmured her name, and her legs got shaky as she held on to him for dear life and kissed him back. How long had passed? He finally pulled away, slowly, as if he regretted ever breaking the contact. She hated herself in that moment. Instead of slapping him away, or coming up with a smart-aleck comment, she just stared helplessly. Her tongue ran over her swollen lower lip. Uneven breaths lifted his chest. She forced out the words. This will be our room for the week. Rich details made the room comfortable yet masculine, from the royal-blue throw rugs, cherrywood furniture, and lack of frilly clutter. A deep red quilt finished off the polished look of the bed that took up the center of the room. Maggie stared at the bed, a bit smaller than what she expected, and realized there was no sofa or cushy rug. What if she rolled over in her sleep? What if her fingers accidentally hit one of those sleek pec muscles and she made a fool out of herself? Irritation bit at her from the ridiculous situation so she did what she learned best. Go on the attack first. If not, I can always put a blanket on the floor. When is your Milan shoot? He shifted his weight, and the fabric of his jeans strained against the bulge dead center. His black T-shirt did nothing to hide the breadth of his shoulders and chest. Or the corded, sinewy length of his arms covered with dark hair. Her traitorous body responded to his confidence as heat burned between her thighs and her nipples tightened to achy points. Maybe it was the chase. Women always craved men who were off-limits. Especially if they obviously had it bad for another woman. Maggie groaned and quickly rummaged through her suitcase for a change of clothes. The bitterness of the image mocked her satisfaction and screamed she was a liar. And every time she gazed into those wicked dark eyes, the thought of her humiliation flashed in her mind and made her squirm. The bathroom was small but boasted a deep marble tub and a shower stall. She decided to keep it quick and have a long soak later. She stepped under the stinging jets and let the heat relax her knotted muscles. She remembered entering the expensive, intimate Italian restaurant and expecting a certain sort of man. A little too smooth. A little too attractive. Except for the attractive part. Maggie scrubbed her skin and tried to whisk the memory away. But the images flickered before her eyes. The instant connection when their hands touched, like lightning bottled up tight and released from the cap to scorch. Yes, he was smooth, and charming, and funny, but there was a sense of

realness in his core that spoke to her. She learned her one motto from experience. Control the date, control the result. For some strange reason, she opened up and gave him a peek of her inner soul. The sensual pull twisted between them, and a lightness spread through her body. Maybe she was finally ready for something more. Maybe Alexa had been right all along. He studied her in silence. Rejection had never been considered. But I think this could end up a mess. Yes, she understood it was a sticky situation, but for the first time she had been willing to take a chance. She must have misjudged the situation. She almost laughed it off, but a strange fear glinted in those eyes and made her pause. He smiled, but she noted his discomfort by the way he shifted in his seat and grabbed his wineglass. Almost as if something held him back from taking her home. The realization shook through her. The pieces of the puzzle slid and locked into place. Pain sliced deep into her core, and she barely managed to get the words out.

Chapter 5 : The Marriage Trap - Jennifer Probst - Google Books

Cute. To satisfy his late father's wishes, hot and single billionaire Michael Conte must find a bride—someone who will fit into his traditional family back home in Italy—and fast, so his engaged sister will be allowed to wed.

No way was she going there. She pushed away the memory of their first meeting and forced a smirk. That ship has sailed and left port. Luscious chocolate chip cannoli cake and pots of strong coffee were served, and a relaxed atmosphere rippled through the rooms as family and friends began making their good-byes. Tension swirled in his gut and fought with the lovely fire of the alcohol. This time he was in trouble. After the phone call with Venezia and Dominick, he decided to confront his mother with a well-placed battle plan. Michael knew sticking with the family tradition was impossible. He also realized his mother believed strongly in rules and rarely broke them. He had decided on an alternate plan that seemed brilliant. Until his other sister Julietta blew his story to rubble with a simple statement. His mind drifted to their brief conversation. Unfortunately, that included having you marry first, no matter how ridiculous it sounds. I think Venezia is planning to elope. If she does, disaster will be an understatement. Mama called the doctor and told him she was having a heart attack, but he diagnosed her with a bad case of indigestion and sent her to bed. I cannot believe Papa bought this crap. His father lured him into the trap, and his own mother shut the cage door behind him. He needed a wife and he needed her fast if he was going to clean up this mess. At least, a temporary wife. What options did he have? His mind worked with brutal efficiency until the only solution lay before him. Right now, he needed to fix this. After all, fixing family dramas was his job. Are you really getting married, or is this a scam? In order to make the plan work, everyone needed to believe it was real. The heaviness of responsibility fell over him and smothered his breath. He accepted the weight without question and moved forward. The situation swirled with limited possibilities and too little time. He decided to look for one of those elite escort services that hired out companions for big events. Of course, delaying the meeting with his mother would take careful planning, and with the opening of the waterfront, he may be diagnosed with an ulcer by the end of the week. His gaze cut through the crowd and locked with a pair of cat-green eyes. A flare of lust lit low in his gut in automatic response to the challenge. She arched one perfect brow and tossed her head in dismissal, turning her back on him. He smothered a laugh. The woman was a prickly mass of sex and sarcasm. If there was a rose beneath, she surrounded herself with a thicket of thorns to warn any prince on horseback to stay way back. Maggie Ryan was perfect for the job. What if he bit the bullet—was that the American expression? What were the odds of another woman he knew traveling to Milan for a week? At least, a tiny bit. Of course, his mama would freak at his choice, probably expecting more of a traditional, nonthreatening spouse. Her cinnamon-colored hair shimmered in the light, a straight, silky mass that fell over her cheek and hit her shoulder in a fashionable cut. Her bangs only accented exotically tilted eyes, reminding him of the endless misty green of the Tuscan fields, sucking a man in and allowing him to get lost in the fog. Her features were sharp and clear: The pewter silk of her trousers glistened as she walked and showed off a perfectly curved rear and long legs that forced a man to imagine them wrapped around his waist.

The Marriage Trap read online free from your Pc or Mobile. The Marriage Trap (Marriage to a Billionaire #2) is a Romance novel by Jennifer Probst.

The prolific author of the Marriage to a Billionaire series engages her fans completely with these books and other contemporary romance novels. She met the love of her life when she believed that all romances fail. He promised her that he would buy her first book if he could buy her dinner. They fell in love and have been in conjugal bliss ever since. Now living in the Hudson Valley, she has traveled afar, but has a lasting love for the mountains. The Business graduate spends most of her days dedicated to her family and the characters in her novels. Her Inspiration Jennifer knew, since a young age, that she wanted a writing career. She penned her first love story at the young age of twelve. The tenacious young woman understood the concept of self-motivation and the need to hold fast to her self-esteem and ideals. She learned to demand respect in a relationship. These self-directed experiences influence the penning of her inspiring romances. The imaginative, youthful Jennifer has, at different points of time, thought of becoming an airline pilot, dancer, archaeologist or vineyard owner. Her interest in the above occupations drove her to craft characters involved in them. The turning point in her writing career came when she joined Romance Writers of America. Critique sessions with her local chapter, the Hudson Valley RWA, helped her hone her raw skills and write published manuscripts. She learned not to use wordy, passive phrases and now helps other writers along their journeys. Writings Jennifer has since written countless romances that show her active, fertile imagination. She has a fondness for romantic entanglements that happen amid business relationships. Each of these novels revolve around dynamic characters, with romance blossoming in the middle of heady, business-like settings. The Marriage to a Billionaire Series She wrote the books in her Marriage to a Billionaire series with these ideas in mind. Each involves a suave billionaire making a business-like, romantic transaction with a strong, female character who, like Jennifer herself, demands mutual regard in the relationship. Characters The wealthy, charming male protagonist in these novels seldom takes life or relationships too seriously. Jennifer portrays gripping characters such as Nicholas Ryan and Michael Conte, as debonair, detached billionaire playboys. They view marriage as a transaction that ends when they satisfy their end of the deal. Each is stylish, dapper, unbelievably personable and most importantly, virile. Female characters such as Alexa Maria and Maggie Ryan are strong-willed, fiery women who see the transaction as a necessary challenge. They aim to keep to the marriage, bearing in mind the important financial goals at stake. Romance takes hold, whether the characters want it to or not. Readers pore voraciously through the pages to find out what happens to these characters who mimic those in a Hollywood Screenplay. What begins as a marriage in name gradually develops, with many heart-stopping twists. This is regardless of the rules against all entanglements and vows to keep matters strictly business. Both characters scramble valiantly to save their own interests, but do they? The novel has received remarkably positive reception from other authors. Fellow New York Times bestselling author, Lori Wilde has praised the Marriage Bargain as a charming, romantic tale destined to steal the heart. Maldavian Book Reviewers praised the passion in this novel as being explosive, yet tender. For them, the novel is a fiery romance that touches deeply. The novel also received rave reviews from Book Passion for Life. It gave the book 5 stars, with the reviewer stating that she could not put it down. She expressed her disappointment at finishing the book. Some reviewers, however, see the novel as having a predictable plot. The book has sold millions of copies over Amazon and retail bookstores, despite the mixed reviews. In this next book, Single billionaire Michael Conte, according to traditional Italian practices, must find a bride so that his sister in Italy can wed. Having problems with commitment, Michael hands fiery, free-spirited photographer Maggie Ryan a proposal on his own terms. If she promises to play the part of his fiancée during her photo shoot in Milan, he will keep away from her married best friend, Alexa, and tone his playboy flirtations down. Sexual tension erupts despite their best intentions and the false marriage develops. Hooked readers must thumb through the novel to discover what happens to their unstoppable romance. Many reviewers have left positive feedback for this book. Some say that the sexual chemistry between the main characters leaves one breathless. They dub the

novel as a fine method of escapism, filling the mind with sexually charged fantasies. Other reviewers praise the character of Maggie as being well-rounded, with vulnerability despite her sarcasm and feisty nature. For these reviewers, the electric chemistry between Michael and Maggie is a huge draw. The novel also left some reviewers dying to find out when publishers would release the next title in the series. Some readers, however, see the character of Maggie as being unnecessarily brash. They also feel that the story line could have more substance. This is yet another novel, however, that has sold countless copies, despite the mixed reception. Producers have not yet approached Jennifer for rights to turn these steamy romances into movies or television series. However, the authoress still harbors this hope. She continues to delight her readers, thrilling them with highly charged sexuality, raw male magnetism and determined female vigor. Jack Reacher is back! Family secrets come back to haunt Reacher when he decides to visit the town his father was born in. Because when he visits there he finds out no-one with the last name of Reacher has ever lived there. It leaves him wondering - did his father ever live there? Recommendations Every 2 weeks we send out an e-mail with Book Recommendations. Insert your e-mail below to start getting these recommendations. If you see one missing just send me an e-mail below. Featured Author Our author of the month is Canadian author Opal Carew who writes erotic romance novels. Opal has written over novels with multiple book series such as the Dirty Talk series and the Abducted series. Did You Know? In her mid thirties Enid Blyton went through some crisis in her life which included the death of her father. This troubled her emotionally and she began to show signs of instability. She started post marital affairs and in divorced her husband to marry Kenneth Fraser, a man she had met while she was still with her first husband. However she remained in her second marriage for the rest of her life.

Chapter 7 : The Marriage Trap by Jennifer Probst | eBay

The Marriage Trap by Jennifer Probst, , available at Book Depository with free delivery worldwide.

Page 4 She was exactly what she wanted to be without apology. Michael admired and appreciated such women, as they were too far and few between. But something about Maggie pulled him to look closer and scratch beneath the surface. Some lingering pain and need glimmered deep within those green eyes, daring a man to slay the dragon and claim her. His sudden thought startled him. He mocked the ridiculous image, but his pants still tightened around his erection. Still, for a while, he needed her. He just had to convince her to take the part. Did you enjoy your party? Happiness radiated around her figure. I got you a present. You almost killed me it was so delicious. You have meant a lot to me this past year, and I love seeing you happy. Curiosity won out and she unwrapped the gift. The simple baby booty charm with a gleaming emerald stone lay on the fluffy cotton. She sucked in her breath and pleasure filled him at her expression. She leaned forward and kissed his cheek, and he clasped her hands within his. Fortunately, since he discovered her marriage, there was never any sexual chemistry between them. Nick was the other half of her heart. But Michael believed he and Alexa were old soul mates—meant to be good friends but never lovers. Nick initially resented their friendship but even he had become both a friend and a business partner. When Lily was born, Michael enjoyed the status of honorary uncle, which soothed the occasional burst of homesickness for his own family. Suddenly, she materialized by their side, as if able to sniff out whenever Alexa neared him. She raked him with a sharp look. Her protectiveness and loyalty toward Alexa always fascinated him. How could someone who had the potential to love be so alone? Unless she had a steady lover hidden in the background? She never brought a male companion to any of the functions. Michael studied her figure but caught no softness or satisfaction, just the usual low hum of energy she always exuded. His thoughts flashed to their first date almost a year ago. The moment their gazes locked, Michael knew sexual chemistry would never be their problem. She seemed just as startled by their instant connection but played it off with an expert ease until he realized she was a contradictory bundle of emotions—a tigress caught without her roar. But his close relationship with Alexa and the threat of a messy breakup kept him from extending the evening to another date. He sought a woman who would fit in with his close-knit family and not keep herself distant. Maggie was the opposite of everything he believed he needed in a mate. But a mass of contradictions, emotions, and work, yes. If they tore each other apart, Alexa and Nick would become the victims, and since he viewed them as family, he never put anyone he cared about at risk. Not because of his own selfish needs. The raw vulnerability on her face from his rejection startled him. But there would never be a second chance with Maggie Ryan. Alexa lifted the baby charm up. Like a sulky child, Maggie backed off. The way you look is just. Emotion lodged at the back of his throat as he registered the wistfulness on her face while she gazed at her brother, then the shutter slammed down and the moment disappeared. He straightened and decided to make his move. Before you leave, can I talk to you for a minute? Maggie rolled her eyes at them. Nick shook his head at her antics but she only stuck out her tongue and led the way down the hall toward one of the back rooms. She jumped on the high platform bed and kicked her legs out in front of her. With her arms propped behind her back, her breasts pressed against the silvery top in a demand to be freed. God, was she wearing a bra? Michael tried to be casual as he leaned against the wooden beam of the four-poster bed. His curiosity was rewarded when twin points poked against the soft fabric. It was too easy to imagine her spread out on the champagne quilt as he dragged her top over her breasts with his teeth. He bet her nipples were ruby-colored and very sensitive. Seemed like the fabric alone caused them to respond. Michael fought a shudder and clawed for focus. The smoky sound beckoned like a witch casting a spell. The faint sheen of wetness gleamed in the light. I need someone to go to Italy with me for a week, pretend to be my wife, spend some time with my family, then leave. Um, let me think about this for a moment. You need me to pretend to be married to you, hang with your famiglia, stay in their house, and then return like nothing ever happened? Michael cut in front of her and kicked the door closed. She arched a brow. Surely, you have some lovely young thing just begging for the opportunity to shine in this role? Did he really think this would be easy? The temptation to lie

glimmered in those eyes, then cleared. I make enough on my own, thank you. But thanks for the offer. The final option flashed before him. But if Maggie thought it was a possibility, she may drop right into his hands. He pushed past his conscience and played his trump card. Her hair flew, then slid into place as she whipped her head up to eyeball him like a prizefighter.

The Marriage Trap (The Billionaire Marriage Book 2) - Kindle edition by Jennifer Probst. Download it once and read it on your Kindle device, PC, phones or tablets. Use features like bookmarks, note taking and highlighting while reading The Marriage Trap (The Billionaire Marriage Book 2).

Jennifer Probst Chapter One Maggie Ryan tilted the margarita glass to her lips and took a long swallow. Tartness collided with the salt, exploded on her tongue, and burned through her blood. Unfortunately, not fast enough. She still had a shred of sanity left to question her actions. The violet fabric-covered book beckoned and mocked. She picked it up again, leafed through the pages, and threw it back on the contemporary glass table. She refused to stoop to such a low. But this was completely different. Maggie cursed under her breath and stared out the window. A sliver of moonlight leaked through the cracks of the organic bamboo blinds. The demons threatened, and there was no one here to fight them back until dawn. Why did she never feel a connection? This last one had been charming, intelligent, and easygoing. She expected a sexual buzz when they finally touched—or at least a lousy shiver of promise. Instead, she got zilch. Numb from the waist down. Just a dull ache of emptiness and a longing for. Despair toppled over her like a cresting wave. The familiar edge of panic clawed her gut, but she fought back and managed to surface. She refused to have an attack on her own turf. Maggie grabbed the raw irritation like a life vest and breathed deeply and evenly. She hated pills and refused to take them, positive the episodes would go away by her own sheer force of will. Probably an early midlife crisis. After all, her life was almost perfect. She had everything most people dreamed about. She photographed gorgeous male models in underwear and traveled the world. She adored her trendy condo with no upkeep. The kitchen boasted stainless steel appliances and gleaming ceramic tile. The modern espresso maker and margarita machine confirmed her fun, Sex and the City status. Plush white carpets and matching leather furniture boasted no children and bespoke sheer style. She did what she wanted, when she wanted, and made no damn apologies to anyone. She was attractive, financially comfortable, and healthy, aside from the occasional panic attacks. And yet, the question nibbled on the edge of her brain with an irritating persistence, growing a bit more with each passing day. Maggie stood and yanked on a silky red robe, then stuffed her feet into her matching fuzzy slippers with devil horns sprouting from the top of the foot. She was drunk enough, and no one would ever know. Maybe the exercise would calm her nerves. She grabbed the piece of ledger paper and made a list of all the qualities she craved in a man. Built the small fire. Gleeful cackles echoed in her brain at the act of insanity, but she shoved them back with another sip of tequila and watched the paper burn. After all, she had nothing left to lose. Michael Conte stood outside by the waterfront property and watched the perfect disc struggle to top the mountain peaks. A fiery mingling of burnt orange and scarlet red rose, emanating sparks of fury, killing the remaining dark. He shook his head and mocked his own thoughts. He had nothing to complain about. His life was just about perfect. Michael gazed out over the water and took note of the renovations. Paved-stone pathways now snaked around rosebushes and the boats finally returned—majestic schooners and the famed ferryboat that gave children rides. Next to his bakery, a spa and Japanese restaurant courted an eclectic set of customers. Opening day was only a few weeks away after a long year of construction and sweat and blood. Satisfaction rippled through him, along with a strange emptiness. What was wrong with him lately? He slept less, and the occasional woman he allowed himself to enjoy only left him feeling more restless when morning rose. On the surface, he had everything a man dreamed of. A career he loved. Family, friends, and decent health. And pretty much his pick of any woman he craved. At least, not for him. As if something deep inside was broken. Disgusted with his inner whining, he turned and strode down the sidewalk. His cell phone beeped, and he slid it out of his cashmere coat, glancing at the number. He paused for a moment. Then with a sigh of resignation, he punched the button. What is it this time? Michael concentrated on her tirade of words, desperate to make sense between gulps of sobbing breaths. Deep breaths, then tell me the whole story. Oh, Michael, he brought me to the Piazza Vecchia and got down on his knee and the ring is beautiful, just beautiful! Dominick never called me to ask permission for your hand in marriage.

Chapter 9 : The Marriage Trap by Jennifer Probst

The Marriage Trap (Marriage to a Billionaire #2)(5) Author: Jennifer Probst His father lured him into the trap, and his own mother shut the cage door behind him.

An all-new sexy romance series featuring red-hot contractor siblings who give the Property Brothers a run for their money! Stop in and look around—you will find books a little bit naughty—and a little bit nice. Ophelia Bishop was a lovestruck teenage girl when she and Kyle Kimpton chased their dreams to Hollywood. Now Kyle has come crashing back into her life, and all her defenses are down. After all, that was where he met the heart of his inspiration—his first love. But her heart has been broken before, and she knows that Kyle could run back to Hollywood at any time. She gave up her dreams once, but maybe she can dare to change her own love story—one last time. When Ethan Bishop returns to the Hudson Valley, his body and spirit are a little worse for wear. As a former Special Forces paratrooper, he saw his fair share of conflict, and he came home with wounds, inside and out. Tightly wound and quick tempered, Mia clashes immediately with the brooding Ethan. Everything about him is irritating—from his lean muscles and piercing blue eyes to his scent of sweat and musk. But as the summer unfolds and temperatures rise, Ethan and Mia discover how much they have in common: But will their pasts threaten their fragile chance at a brand-new future? Let the game begin! Presley Cabot has come a long way from the overweight, awkward college student who fell hard for the gorgeous track star, Nolan Banks, only to be humiliated after their one night together. The plan is simple—make him fall hard for her, then dump him. She transforms herself into his perfect woman using three simple steps to spin her web. But she never planned on getting caught up in old feelings—and new promises! Nolan Banks leaves Wall Street behind to open up a brewery in his small college town. Finally ready to carve out his life away from the dreams of his family, he never expected to find an immediate attraction to the sexy corporate mogul who challenges him at every step. Can he convince her his feelings have nothing to do with the game rules, and everything to do with the woman she is? *Transform Your Passion for Writing into a Career!* Regardless of the genre, every novelist faces a difficult task. Creating authentic characters and an engaging plot are challenging enough. But attempting to break into the hotter-than-ever romance genre, which is constantly flooded with new titles and fresh faces? It can feel impossible. To survive—and thrive—you need the help and wisdom of an expert. New York Times best-selling author Jennifer Probst reveals her pathway to success, from struggling as a new writer to signing a seven-figure deal. *Write Naked* intermingles personal essays on craft with down-to-earth advice on writing romance in the digital age. Probst will teach you how to: Get the book that started it all: *The Marriage Bargain* will hook you and leave you begging for more!