

1: Bossman - Vi Keeland - La biblioteca de Genxis

Vi Keeland is a #1 New York Times, #1 Wall Street Journal, and USA Today Bestselling author. With millions of books sold, her titles have appeared in over ninety Bestseller lists and are currently translated in twenty languages.

Reese What a waste of smooth, shaven legs. Where the hell are you? Unless you want me bloodied and bruised, I need you to call with a fake emergency. A deep voice from behind me caught me off guard. He continued without looking up. The least you can do is put in a little more effort. You eavesdrop on my call and give me your unwelcome opinions, all while staring down at your phone. Then I watched as his head rose, eyes following a leisurely path starting at my ankles, up over my bare legs, and lingering at the hemline of my skirt before continuing to trace their way over my hips, coming to rest briefly on my breasts before finally settling on my face. These are my eyes. The streak illuminated his face, and I could see him clearly for the first time. Not what I was expecting. But this guy was gorgeous. Dressed entirely in black—simple and sleek, yet there was an edge to the way he looked. Strong, masculine features—a square, rugged jaw coated with day-old stubble on sunkissed skin, a straight, prominent nose, and big, sexy, sleepy eyes the color of chocolate. Those were now staring intently at me. Without dropping my gaze, he lifted his arms from his sides, holding them up over his head. Try to enjoy the rest of your evening, sweetheart. Martin was sitting with his hands folded when I returned to my seat at the table. Where are you when I really need you? Around the middle of the story—at least I think it was the middle—I noticed the jerk from the bathroom walking past our table. He smirked at me after taking a look at my rambling date and my disinterested face. Curious, I followed his path to get a look at who he was here with. Dyed blonde, pretty in a slutty sort of way, with a heaping amount of boobage falling out of her low-cut dress. She made googly eyes at her date as he returned; I rolled mine. My eyes must have lingered a minute too long, because the guy from the bathroom caught me staring at him. Across the restaurant, he winked, arched an eyebrow, and tipped his glass in my direction.

2: Bossman by Vi Keeland

Bossman. From New York Times Bestseller, Vi Keeland, comes a sexy new standalone novel.. The first time I met Chase Parker, I didn't exactly make a good impression. I was hiding in the bathroom hallway of a restaurant, leaving a message for my best friend to save me from my awful date.

Vi Keeland - Bossman. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the publisher, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law. This book is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to actual persons, things, living or dead, locales or events is entirely coincidental. Jessica Royer Ocken Cover model: Gilberto Fritsch Cover designer: Where the hell are you? Unless you want me bloodied and bruised, I need you to call with a fake emergency. A deep voice from behind me caught me off guard. He continued without looking up. The least you can do is put in a little more effort. You eavesdrop on my call and give me your unwelcome opinions, all while staring down at your phone. Then I watched as his head rose, eyes following a leisurely path starting at my ankles, up over my bare legs, and lingering at the hemline of my skirt before continuing to trace their way over my hips, coming to rest briefly on my breasts before finally settling on my face. These are my eyes. The streak illuminated his face, and I could see him clearly for the first time. Not what I was expecting. But this guy was gorgeous. Dressed entirely in black—simple and sleek, yet there was an edge to the way he looked. Strong, masculine features—a square, rugged jaw coated with day-old stubble on sunkissed skin, a straight, prominent nose, and big, sexy, sleepy eyes the color of chocolate. Those were now staring intently at me. Without dropping my gaze, he lifted his arms from his sides, holding them up over his head. Try to enjoy the rest of your evening, sweetheart. Martin was sitting with his hands folded when I returned to my seat at the table. Where are you when I really need you? Around the middle of the story—at least I think it was the middle—I noticed the jerk from the bathroom walking past our table. He smirked at me after taking a look at my rambling date and my disinterested face. Curious, I followed his path to get a look at who he was here with. Dyed blonde, pretty in a slutty sort of way, with a heaping amount of boobage falling out of her low-cut dress. She made googly eyes at her date as he returned; I rolled mine. My eyes must have lingered a minute too long, because the guy from the bathroom caught me staring at him. Across the restaurant, he winked, arched an eyebrow, and tipped his glass in my direction. He was certainly more interesting than my date. When a waiter stopped by his table, I watched as beautiful bathroom guy pointed in my direction and spoke. When I turned back, the jerk and his date were standing. Reading his lips, I could make out some of what he was saying—something about joining an old friend, I thought. Then suddenly, they were walking right toward our table. Is he going to say something to Martin about what he overheard? Reese and I go way back. Instead, he pulled out a chair for his date and introduced her. Martin, on the other hand, looked disappointed that our twosome was now a foursome, although I was certain he would never voice it. He looked to Chase as he sat. Surprisingly, it was Martin who broke it. This was his little game. My parents split up when I was in eighth grade, and I had to transfer to a new school. I was pretty miserable until I met Reese here on the bus the first week. She was the off-limits pretty girl, but I figured I had no friends to bust my balls if I asked her on a date and she turned me down. Surprised the shit out of me when she agreed to go. Anyway, I was young, with a healthy dose of testosterone, and I got it into my head that she was going to be my first kiss. All of my buddies back at my old school had already gotten theirs, and I figured it was my time. So, when the dance was coming to an end, I tugged Buttercup out of the crappy crepe-paper-and-balloon-decorated gymnasium and into the hall for some privacy. Of course, since it was my first time, I had no idea what to expect. But I went for it—got right in there and started to suck her face. I was so floored listening to his story. After a minute, the kiss started to feel awfully wet, but I was into it, so I kept going and going, not wanting to be the first one to pull away. Reese had gotten a nosebleed in the middle of the kiss, and both of our faces were covered in smeared blood. Chase reached out and touched my

arm. Those were some good times we had. Right after the other incident, we broke up. Since our little incident was so long ago. In fact, the rest of the evening went on pretty much the same way. Chase told elaborate stories about our fake childhood, unafraid to embarrass himself in the process, and kept us all amused. Outside of the restaurant, Martin, Chase, and I all handed the valet our tickets. She was also practically rubbing up against his side as she clung to his arm while we waited for our cars. I took the keys and lingered with the door open. I hope we can do this again sometime. God, it felt good. Then he did the strangest thing! He wound my long hair around his hand a few times and closed it into a fist, using it to tug my head back. His eyes lingered on my lips as I looked up at him, and for a brief second, I thought he might kiss me. Then he leaned down and kissed my forehead. Feeling eyes on me, I looked up while putting my seat belt on. Chase watched me intently. It looked like he wanted to say something, but after a few heartbeats, it felt strange to sit and wait any longer. Taking a deep breath, I pulled away with one last wave, wondering why it felt like I was leaving something important behind. Chapter 2 Reese " Four weeks later One hundred and thirty-eight, one hundred and thirty-nine, one hundred and forty. The last ceiling tile"the one all the way in the corner of my bedroom closest to the window"had cracked. I needed to call the super and get that replaced before it screwed up my daily count and started to cause me stress instead of helping alleviate it. Taking a deep, cleansing breath, I shut my eyes and focused on the sound of my own breathing. In and out, in and out. Eventually finding my calm, I hauled myself up off the carpet, freshened up my makeup, and poured a glass of wine before grabbing my laptop. I browsed the New York marketing job posts on Monster. Because job hunting sucks. I mean, I did have that page and all. This time when the man leaped into my thoughts, before I knew it, I was typing Chase Parker into the Facebook search bar. My gasp was audible when his face popped up. The flutter I felt in my chest was pathetic. I clicked to enlarge the photo. He was dressed casually, wearing a white T-shirt, jeans with a rip at the knee, and black Chucks. It was a good look for him. After spending a full minute appreciating his sexy face, I zoomed in and noticed the emblem on his T-shirt: I wondered if he lived nearby. None of his bio was set to public. In fact, the only picture I could see was that one profile picture. Although tempted, I decided against it. After several more minutes of daydreaming about the man, I gave myself an adult pep talk. You need to find a job. You have only one week of work left after this one. Get your ass off of Facebook. It worked, and for the next fifty minutes I scoured the help wanted ads for something"anything" that sounded remotely cosmetics-marketing related, or even just remotely interesting.

3: Bossman- Vi Keeland - Libros Gratis XYZ (EPub, mobi, pdf)

Vi Keeland has never disappointed, and Bossman has only helped to solidify my love of her writing and that this author is an automatic one-click author for me. If her name is on it, I will be buying it.

I was hiding in the bathroom hallway of a restaurant, leaving a message for my best friend to save me from my awful date. He overheard and told me I was a bitch, then proceeded to offer me some dating advice. So I told him to mind his own damn businessâ€”his own tall, gorgeous, full-of-himself damn businessâ€”and went back to my miserable date. When he walked by my table, he smirked, and I watched his arrogant, sexy ass walk back to his date. Of course, he caught me on more than one occasion, and winked. When the gorgeous stranger and his equally hot date suddenly appeared at our table, I thought he was going to rat me out. But instead, he pretended we knew each other and joined usâ€”telling elaborate, embarrassing stories about our fake childhood. My date suddenly went from boring to bizarrely exciting. Funny, Poignant, Heartwarming, Sexy and Sweet all in equal measure, Bossman will pluck your heartstrings until you feel like an invisible hand is squeezing your heart to bursting point. I had all the feels reading this one â€” ALL the feels. It was so so good. Chase is a refreshingly different CEO than the typical dominant type you usually read about in these kind of books. He was happy to stand back and let his employees shine, and I loved that about him. I loved Reece â€” she really spoke to the career-driven part of my persona. While she did her damndest to resist Chase, the man is irresistible and soon they were indulging their sizzling hot chemistry. The sex scenes were brilliantly written and I loved these two together. Of course, as soon as Reece entertains the possibility of them as a couple, his past comes back to haunt him. He falls apart and pushes her away and it was heartbreaking. I felt their mutual pain and I cried for our tortured hero. I loved the writing and the witty banter between our loving pair. It also had the perfect amount of angst and drama. I can find nothing to fault because it was exemplary in my opinion.

4: REVIEW : Bossman by Vi Keeland ~ Jeris Book Attic

Title: Bossman. Author: Vi Keeland. Series: n/a. Release date: July 18th Rating: 5 Stars. Blurb: From New York Times Bestseller, Vi Keeland, comes a sexy new standalone www.enganchecubano.com first time I met Chase Parker, I didn't exactly make a good impression. I was hiding in the bathroom hallway of a restaurant, leaving a message for my best friend to save me from my awful www.enganchecubano.com

No doubt about it. In true Vi Keeland fashion this book follows one sexy, cocky hero and his sassy female counterpart. The dynamic between Chase and Reese is utter perfection! I felt every burn of tension and love. Added together they are an inferno. And I happily bathed in their flame. What really sets this book alight though is the story line. Yes we have a woman getting with her Boss and a witty, sexy adventure to get them there. The intrigue and suspense that builds through this story is what held me most captive. It built up to a truly powerful crescendo that was executed seamlessly. My heart hurt and my breath caught. Bossman from start to finish is a beautiful, breath taking read that not only made me grin like a Cheshire cat, burn up hotter than a flame and laugh but it also made me swoon, fall in love and FEEL! Every single time the writing gets more seamless, the words flow more intricately and the story even better, each and every time Vi tops her previous work of art and this one is now my favourite! I am blissfully happy after reading this book. I was hiding in the bathroom hallway of a restaurant, leaving a message for my best friend to save me from my awful date. He overheard and told me I was a bitch, then proceeded to offer me some dating advice. When he walked by my table, he smirked, and I watched his arrogant, sexy ass walk back to his date. Of course, he caught me on more than one occasion, and winked. When the gorgeous stranger and his equally hot date suddenly appeared at our table, I thought he was going to rat me out. My date suddenly went from boring to bizarrely exciting.

5: Review: Bossman by Vi Keeland – My YA & NA Book Obsession

If you are searching for a ebook Bossman by Vi Keeland, Joe Arden in pdf form, then you have come on to faithful site. We present full variation of this book in PDF, DjVu, ePub, txt, doc forms.

6: Read Bossman -Read Any Books/Read Any Books Online For Free

UÅ¼ytkownik Mysia wgraÅł, ten materiaÅł, 7 miesiÅł...ce temu. Od tego czasu zobaczyÅł, o go juÅ¼ 12, osÅłb, z nich pobraÅł, o dokument. Pobierz plik pdf.

7: Bossman – Vi Keeland – KÅłnyv – Moly

A new standalone novel from #1 New York Times bestselling author, Vi Keeland. The night I met Drew Jagger, he'd just broken into my new Park Avenue office. I dialed before proceeding to attack him with my fancy new Krav Maga skills.

8: Bossman (Audiobook) by Vi Keeland | www.enganchecubano.com

From #1 New York Times Bestseller Vi Keeland, comes a new, sexy standalone novel. My relationship with Hunter Delucia started backwards. We met at a wedding – him sitting on the groom's side, me sitting on the bride's.

9: Vi Keeland - Bossman. En - PDF Free Download

La primera vez que conocÃa a Chase Parker, no tuve exactamente una buena impresiÃn. Me estaba escondiendo en el pasillo del baÃ±o de un restaurante, enviando un mensaje a mi mejor amiga para que me salvara de mi horrible cita.

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