

### 1: 12 Big Wedding Scandals of the Year

*From Liz Taylor's yellow wedding dress to Pam Anderson's bikini, these are the most daring wedding looks ever.*

In this delightfully wicked collection, four bestselling authors depict weddings at their most scandalous-and tying the knot has never been so outrageous. Steamy, sensuous, and more delicious than a piece of wedding cake, *Scandalous Weddings* is the romantic event of the season! Savor these wonderful tales of love found in the most unlikely places. Clare did not reply immediately, his gaze not on the small man beside him, who was driving the motorcar, but on the mansion facing them. Vast lawns and elm trees surrounded the four-story limestone house on this particularly glorious Sunday afternoon, and high wrought-iron gates barred the public from any access to it or the Fifth Avenue property it was on. Those iron gates were now wide open, as a few of the very last wedding guests continued to arrive in their handsome coaches and carriages, and were no cause for concern. But the trees disturbed him. They were very tall and level with the second story—they might interfere with his signal. He stepped from the motorcar, a tall, lean, inherently elegant man, clad now like the two hundred other gentlemen present, in a black dinner jacket and matching trousers, a dress shirt and white bow tie, a white carnation pinned to one lapel. Dark hair swept across his brow, carelessly combed into place. His eyes were a brilliant blue. Look for my signal, Louie. The thin, middle-aged Louie, clad in tweeds, smiled at him from beneath his felt hat, revealing a silver front tooth. Pierce eyed him then turned his attention upon the Boothe mansion. He strode briskly across the drive as Louie drove the Packard out of the way of the last few oncoming carriages. The invitation had suggested that one be prompt; the ceremony would start at precisely four P. Several couples were just entering the house as he fell into step behind them. The women were walking behind their escorts and had their heads together as they spoke in hushed tones, but he overheard their conversation anyway. There was a queue, and it had stalled. Pierce stood very still, in spite of the fact that he was filled with restlessness and impatience. I do mean, what an amazing turn of events! Who would have ever thought! Good Lord, I mean, after all, she is twenty-three, is she not? Twenty-three with her two younger sisters already married for several years now—with little Elizabeth expecting! This is so fortunate for the so very unfortunate Annabel Boothe. I mean, Jane, I must admit, I truly thought she would remain a spinster for the rest of her days in spite of the Boothe fortune. Why else would Harold Talbot marry her? He has his own fortune, you know. However, the Boothe fortune did interest him. George Boothe owned one of the most popular dry-goods emporiums in the northeast—if not in the entire country. Recently, his net worth had surpassed that of John Wanamaker, his closest rival. The foyer was huge and circular, the floor and pillars marble. Directly ahead, he could see most of the four hundred wedding guests finding their seats in the vast, domed ballroom where the ceremony was to take place. Overhead, a dozen huge crystal chandeliers hung. An altar had been set up at the very opposite end of the ballroom, framed with arches of pink and white roses and brilliantly lit up with hundreds of high, wide ivory tapers. Rows and rows of benches had been assembled to accommodate the guests, on either side of the long aisle upon which the bride would walk down. Perhaps fifty tall, wide ivory tapers on high pedestals graced either side of the aisle, interspersed with more floral arrangements. It was visually breathtaking, but Pierce remained oblivious. The ballroom interested him as much as the bride. But just outside of the ballroom, to his right, were the stairs. It was a sweeping staircase of brass and cast iron. The brunette, who was very attractive, was looking at him over her shoulder with a smile. Pierce realized she had caught him studying the house and he smiled back at her. She demurely lowered her eyes, but now the other woman turned to stare. Her cheeks became pink and she instantly faced forward, ducking her head toward her friend. I do not know. This time, he bowed. Her wedding ring, the diamond at least eight full carats, glinted on her left hand. And then the line moved forward, and George Boothe was greeting the two couples. Boothe saw him and smiled widely. Pierce smiled, a flash of dazzling white teeth, by now quite accustomed to the name that was not his. Boothe stepped closer and lowered his voice. I have scheduled a trip to Philly to look at your emporium next week and my bank has assured me, pending my inspection of the premises and your books, that there will be no problems at all. It looks as if we shall be moving forward far sooner than anticipated, my boy. Clare, knew not a whit about retail merchandising and

hardly owned the emporium Boothe would soon be visiting. However, Pierce had no intention of being anywhere in the northeast by the time Boothe put two and two together and realized he had been taken, and royally. Pierce did smile at the irony of that. He moved on, handing his hat and gloves to a waiting servant and pausing just inside the ballroom without taking a seat—so he could slip out as soon as possible. He lingered until everyone was in the ballroom then stepped just past the threshold. When the foyer was empty, not a servant or guest in sight, he took the stairs two at a time to the second floor. No one saw him. He made sure of it. One quick glance out of the window showed him that Louie might not see his signal, but there was a backup plan. He checked several doors until he came to the master bedroom, which was unlocked—not a good sign—and he quickly let himself in. The suite was an onslaught upon the senses—reds and golds competed with silks and damask and marble and wood. The vault was behind the huge Tiepolo that was hanging on the crimson-flocked wall facing the draped, canopied bed. He extracted a hearing trumpet from an interior pocket, slipped a ball of wax in his other ear, and got to work. Within sixty seconds he had opened the safe, feeling a surge of satisfaction as he did so. And then he stared. Which explained why the bedroom had not been locked. She claimed that Lucinda kept all of her jewels in the safe in her bedroom, and by damn, she had been wrong. For one moment, he felt like throttling the beautiful redhead for her misinformation—as guileless as it was. But he had no time to lose. He checked his pocket watch. Eleven minutes had elapsed since he had left Louie outside. He slammed the safe closed, replaced the painting, and tucked his hearing trumpet in one of the many secret pockets that lined the interior of his dinner jacket. He stepped to the door, cracked it, and was reassured that no one was about. There was another possibility. In the foyer, he paused briefly to compose himself, glancing at the guests in the ballroom, all of whom were now attentively and restlessly awaiting the start of the wedding ceremony. A male servant suddenly entered the rotunda. But the man paid no attention to Pierce, disappearing down another hall with very brisk strides. Pierce turned and strode in the opposite direction. As he did so, he heard the organ in the ballroom begin to play. He was relieved, and he smiled. Four hundred guests and the Boothe family would be very preoccupied for the next half an hour or so. The very solid teakwood door to the library was closed. Only four nights ago he had been drinking a very fine and very old port wine within its confines, with George Boothe himself. The notes of the bridal march washing over him, Pierce tried the knob and found it locked. Instead of being dismayed, a thrill washed over him. He extracted a ring of skeleton keys from one of his pockets, trying several. The third let him in. Pierce quickly closed the door behind him, his gaze slamming on the verdant John Constable landscape hanging over the fireplace. And when he removed it from the wall, the dark metal vault stared back at him. In less than sixty seconds he had the vault open. His pulse surged when he saw the velvet boxes and pouches inside the dark interior. Quickly, he began dumping all of the contents out. He sorted through quickly, looking for one piece in particular. And at last he found it. Pierce quickly inserted it into the specially sewn pocket that lined his dinner jacket.

### 2: Scandalous Weddings | Brenda Joyce

*Scandalous Weddings is a terrific anthology with four really good and very different stories. Jill Jones (whose stories are always Five Star) outdoes herself. Barbara Dawson Smith shines.*

Moreover, the first dance can almost be considered the centerpiece of the reception, where all eyes are on the newlyweds dancing together for the first time. According to Whisper, this bride confessed that she danced with two people at her wedding. She danced with the man she married, and the one that she wished she married. We just have a couple of questions. That has to be a pretty upsetting feeling on what was supposed to be one of the happiest days of your life. I hope this was an inside joke or something. You can never be too sure. It just feels patronizing. And this next confession is no different. This Whisper bride confessed that her wedding was a disaster. Look, we completely understand her frustration. It just makes you that much angrier! Not shocking enough for you? Where do we even start? What are you even supposed to do in this situation? Do you say anything to your husband before you give birth? Do you wait to give birth before you say anything? We need answers, people! According to Whisper, this groom confessed that his wife accidentally peed herself at their wedding due to the excitement! The groom also thought that the emotional part of that was kind of cute. We are inclined to agree with this lucky groom. That is absolutely adorable. This has us wondering if this bride and best man have some sort of history together. People always want to have the perfect wedding day and striving for that kind of perfection can cause even more stress. That is why this next Whisper confession is not only outrageous, but it is perfectly understandable. This groom confessed that he and his wife both got high at their wedding. Look, if these two happy kids want to take the edge off, who are we to say anything to them? Does it sound a little crazy getting high at your wedding? According to this bride, her wedding day was the most disappointing day of her life. Did the wedding not go as planned? Did the wedding planner screw up the reception? Either way, this is definitely an upsetting confession. Just ask this next groom. This groom confessed on Whisper that he and his wife got naked with their friends on their wedding night. This begs the question, was getting naked with their friends all they did that night? Or was there more to this story? The good news is that at least the wife and husband were both involved in this together, unlike times when it was either just the groom or the wife getting naked with someone else.

### 3: Scandalous Weddings by Brenda Joyce

*In this delightfully wicked collection, four bestselling authors depict weddings at their most scandalous-and tying the knot has never been so outrageous. Steamy, sensuous, and more delicious than a piece of wedding cake, Scandalous Weddings is the romantic event of the season!*

### 4: 16 Scandalous Wedding Day Confessions From Brides And Grooms

*Scandalous Weddings by Rexanne Becnel, Jill Jones, Brenda Joyce and Barbara Dawson Smith - book cover, description, publication history.*

### 5: Scandalous Weddings by Rexanne Becnel, Jill Jones, Brenda Joyce and Barbara Dawson Smith

*Sex has always been an undercurrent of the wedding dress. Even though white didn't become popularized in Western custom until Queen Victoria's wedding in , the now ubiquitous color came to.*

*Organizational and managerial issues in logistics Practical guide to remedial reading Reel 120. Humboldt, Lake. The system of minerology of James Dwight Dana, 1837-1868 The Contingent Object of Contemporary Art Unity and differences in religions Instructors manual with tests to accompany Basic mathematics Packaging and distribution management Impact of educational strategy on adult knowledge, dietary information, and dietary practices Affordable In-Space Transportation phase II The Christian era. Robert blitzer precalculus 6th edition Aggregate expenditure and equilibrium output GrÅñner bases and applications Delegation and agency in international organizations Federal rules of civil-appellate-criminal procedure ; Supreme Court rules Dakota Dawn (LoveSong) Zastrozzi ; and, St. Irvyne Towards freedom in housing Lens mechanism technology Letters from a World War II G.I. History of the modern world jain and mathur Diego Rodriguez de Silva y Velasquez Hungarian into English and back Official Kerrymanjoke book High frequency financial econometrics recent developments Knock knocks youve never heard before Children of Herakles. The test of my life Beginning Reading Adam Smith and the pursuit of perfect liberty In the spirit of Rabelais Facts about the war Missing the Clues of Corporate Culture Tonic of wilderness Random vibration and spectral analysis Get y for third grade The great brain series Twelve Days of Christmas Stickers Sherlock holmes books sinhala*