



complicated for such a great guy. In the months that passed, I thought about Donovan often. But New York City had eight-million people, so what were the chances I'd run into him? Then again, what were the chances I'd run into him a year later...when I'd just started dating his boss?

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. 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 business—his own tall, gorgeous, full-of-himself damn business—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. I couldn't help but sneak hidden glances at the condescending jerk on the other side of the room. 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 us—telling elaborate, embarrassing stories about our fake childhood. My date suddenly went from boring to bizarrely exciting. When it was over and we parted ways, I thought about him more than I would ever admit, even though I knew I'd never see him again. I mean, what were the chances I'd run into him again in a city with eight million people? Then again... What were the chances a month later he'd wind up being my new sexy boss?

I met Bianca in an elevator. She was on her way to interview me when we got stuck. The beautiful raven-haired reporter assumed I was a delivery guy because of the way I was dressed. She had no clue I was really Dex Truitt, the wealthy, successful businessman she'd dubbed "Mister Moneybags" her afternoon appointment.

A new, sexy standalone from #1 New York Times Bestseller, Vi Keeland. The first time I met Hudson Rothschild was at a wedding. I'd received an unexpected invitation to one of the swankiest venues in the city. Hudson was a groomsman and quite possibly the most gorgeous man I'd ever laid eyes on. He asked me to dance, and our chemistry was off the charts. I knew it wasn't a good idea to get involved with him, considering the wedding I was at. But our connection was intense, and I was having a great time. Though the fun came to a screeching halt when Hudson figured out I wasn't who I'd said I was. You see, that unexpected invitation I received? Well, it hadn't actually been addressed to me—it was sent to my ex-roommate who'd bounced a check for two months' rent and moved out in the middle of the night. I figured she owed me an expensive night out, but I guess, technically, I was crashing the wedding. Once caught, I couldn't get out of there fast enough. As I bolted for the door, I might've plucked a few bottles of expensive champagne off the tables I passed, all while the gorgeous, angry groomsman was hot on my tail. Outside, I jumped into a taxi. My heart ricocheted against my ribs as we drove down the block—but at least I'd escaped unscathed. Or so I thought. Until I realized I'd left my cell phone behind at the table. Take one guess who found it? This is the crazy story of how Hudson Rothschild and I met. But trust me, it's only the tip of the iceberg.

From #1 New York Times Bestseller Vi Keeland, comes a new, sexy standalone novel. Bennett Fox walked into my life on one hell of a crappy Monday morning. I was late for the first day at my new job—a job I'd now have to compete for even though I'd already worked eight years to earn it, because of an unexpected merger. While I lugged my belongings up to my new office, a meter maid wrote me a parking summons. She'd ticketed a long line of cars—except for the Audi parked in front of me, which happened to be the same make and model as mine. Annoyed, I decided to regift my ticket to the car that had evaded a fine. Chances were, the owner would pay it and be none the wiser. Except, I accidentally broke the windshield wiper while slipping the ticket onto the car's window. Seriously, my day couldn't get any worse. Things started to perk up when I ran into a gorgeous man in the elevator. We had one of those brief moments that only happened in movies. You know the deal...your body lights up, fireworks go off, and the air around you crackles with electricity. His heated stare left me flush when I stepped off the elevator. Maybe things here wouldn't be so bad after all. Or so I thought. Until I walked into my new boss's office and met my competition. The gorgeous man from the elevator was now my nemesis. His heated stare wasn't because of any mutual attraction. It was because he'd saw me vandalize his car. And now he couldn't wait to annihilate his rival. There's a fine line between love and hate—and we shouldn't cross it. We shouldn't—but straddling that line could be so much fun.

A new, sexy standalone from #1 New York Times Bestseller, Vi Keeland. When I first encountered Ford Donovan, I had no idea who he was...well, other than the obvious. Young, gorgeous, successful, smart. Did I mention young? If I did, it bears repeating. Ford Donovan was too young for me. Let's back up to how it all started. My best friend decided I needed to start dating again. So, without my knowledge, she set up a profile for me on a popular dating site—one that invited men ages twenty-one to twenty-seven to apply for a date. Those nicknamed Cunnilingus King were told they'd go straight to the top for consideration. The profile wasn't supposed to go live. Another point that bears repeating—it wasn't supposed to. Nevertheless, that's how I met Ford, and we started messaging. He made me laugh; yet I was adamant that because of his age, we could only be friends. But after weeks of wearing me down, I finally agreed to one date only—my first after twenty years of being with my high school sweetheart. I knew it couldn't last, but I was curious about him. Though, you know what they say...curiosity kills the cat. My legs wobbled walking into the restaurant. Ford was seated at the bar. When he turned around, he took my breath away. His sexy smile nearly melted my panties. But...he looked so familiar. As I got closer I realized why. He was the son of the neighbor at our family's summer home. The boy next door. Only now...he was all man. I hadn't seen him in years. I left the restaurant and planned to put the entire crazy thing behind me. Which I did. Until summer came. And guess who decided to use his family's summer home this year?

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