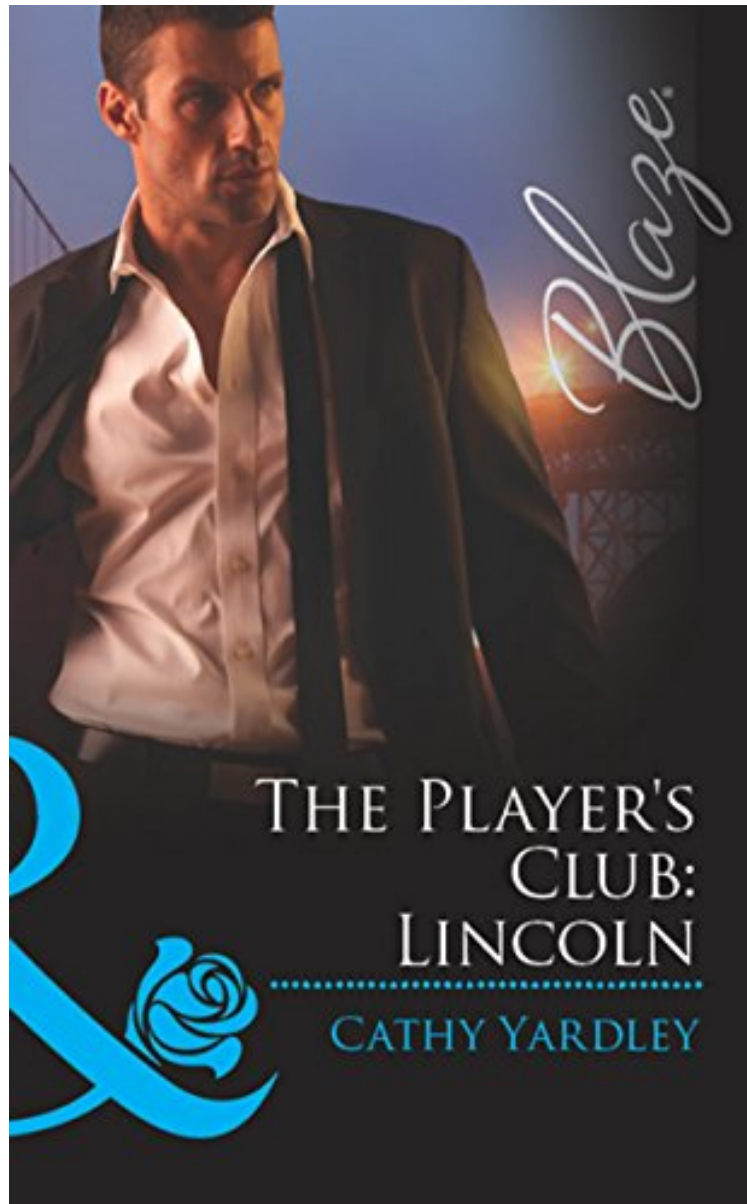


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Von Cathy Yardley

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Von Cathy Yardley : The Player's Club: Lincoln (Mills Boon Blaze) (The Player's Club, Book 2) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Player's Club: Lincoln (Mills Boon Blaze) (The Player's Club, Book 2):

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen1 von 1 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich.
Interessant und gut geschriebenVon LillyIch habe mir das Buch gekauft, weil ich von der Autorin gelesen habe"Rock your plot". Darin hat sie ein Szenenoutlet für dieses Buch veröffentlicht. Um nun genau nachvollziehen zu können, wie sie ihre jeweils beschriebenen Goals, Motivation, Conflict und Disaster in diesem Buch umgesetzt hat, habe ich es gelesen, obwohl ich kein Fan von Romantik- Literatur bin. Aber es ist aufschlussreich, wenn man weiß, was sie in den jeweiligen Kapiteln als Conflict und Disaster einstuft.

KurzbeschreibungShe needs him. He wants her. The Pledge: Juliana Mayfield, cash-strapped celebante.The Goal: A juicy reality show about joining the notorious Players Club. The Conditions: Complete three crazy initiation challenges and seal the production deal.The Complication: Lincoln Stone, steely, tabloid-phobic Club founder.Lincoln always fought to keep the Players Club exclusive and secret, and he doesn't trust the attention-seeking pseudostarlet as far as he can throw her. Only problem is, he wants to throw her down on her designer sofa and do very naughty things to her.Gorgeous Jules is about to destroy Lincoln's famous self-control and maybe the Players Club, too! The Players Club will change your life.KurzbeschreibungShe needs him. He wants her. The Pledge: Juliana Mayfield, cash-strapped celebante.The Goal: A juicy reality show about joining the notorious Players Club. 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"Thank you! Thank you!" she called, hearing the cheers and congratulations. Then she nodded to Andre, the DJ, who started spinning one of his own mixes, a contagious, absolutely kicking mash-up of the Wallflowers and Mos Def.The party was a big hit. The trick now was making sure it was a more tangible success. She ducked into the VIP section into a quiet booth and took a deep breath, letting her cheek muscles relax before they cramped. She'd actually had that happen once, years ago, when she'd been working a convention, back when she had aspirations toward being a model. After all, her mother was once a famous model, her father a famous actor, so it seemed only natural that she do something with the fame that seemed her birthright.What a fiasco that had been, she remembered with a smirk. The modeling world wanted skinny, wanted basically adolescent boys without the dangly bits. Unfortunately, she'd been given certain physical assets that meant she wasn't going to pass for a hipless, flat-chested kid anytime soon.Fortunately, she seemed to have managed to stay famous simply by being well, famous. And having a trust fund from her parents' fortunes hadn't hurt. She glanced up at the tap on her shoulder. Then her eyes went wide."Bernie," she said, surprised enough to stammer. The gentleman sat across from her, his gleaming white hair styled perfectly, his navy blue suit as out-of-place at the nightclub as a penguin at a flamingo convention. "I, ah, wasn't expecting to see you." "I imagine you weren't," Bernie responded, blinking owlishly at the strobe lights. It was midnight, and the frail older man looked as if he ought to be in bed. In fact, he looked as if there was nowhere he'd rather be. "But you did send the bills for this party through the office, so I thought I'd check up on you. Seeing as you weren't answering any of your phones or emails." She winced. She had been dodging him. And the hangdog expression he was wearing, right this second, was precisely why.With a name like Bernie the Accountant, one would think he'd be a wise guy, a number-cruncher to mobsters. Instead, Bernie was a quiet-voiced Southerner with an even worse weapon: the Disappointed Look.He looked at her soulfully. "Juliana, we've discussed your spending before, on countless occasions. Looking at your profit-loss statement, I can't help but feel that you're ignoring my advice." She squirmed against the dark leather banquette, like a butterfly on a pin. "This is a legitimate business expense." The Look got more intense. If his eyes got any bigger and soulful, he'd be a basset hound. "How do you figure a birthday party is a business expense?" "It's all just for publicity, Bernie," she assured him in a low voice, hoping nobody was paying attention. "Do you remember how I told you I was talking to some television producers, trying to get a reality TV show?" He nodded, still looking skeptical. "Every time I get into print, or have my picture on the websites, I build my brand," she said. "That's all this is. By tomorrow morning, I'll be on every tabloid for dancing on the tabletops and swimming topless in champagne that happens later, don't worry," she said, at his shocked expression. "You can leave before then. My point is, it's all calculated." He pursed his lips, more disapproval than disappointment, which she could handle. She'd been bucking disapproval since she hit high school. "And when is this reality show deal supposed to go through?" She bit her lip. "These things take time," she hedged. "I don't have anything in writing, but I've got some clear interest." "Juliana," Bernie interrupted sadly. "I don't think you have that kind of time." She laughed, and it sounded carefree and sincere even as ice formed in the pit of her stomach. At least all those

acting lessons weren't going to waste. "Oh, Bernie. Always the pessimist." "If you'd only picked up your messages," he said. "You'd know. We didn't have enough money to cover the caterer for this thing. I don't even know how your utilities stay on." "It's not that bad." She winced. "Dear," he said, and the very gentleness of his tone told her exactly how dire the situation was. "You're going to lose the condo if you don't get some kind of income, and soon." Her throat choked up, preventing her from speaking. "We need to come up with a plan, Juliana." He patted her hand, awkwardly, as though he'd just told her someone had died. "You've been running with rich celebrities and high-society trust-fund kids, you've been blowing through what little you've had set aside and your parents have been borrowing off your trust fund, besides that." Juliana scowled. They'd set up her trust fund because it was something rich people did. They were now pillaging it, because, as it turned out, modeling dried up no matter how beautiful you were and her father's acting had never matched the drama he managed offstage. "You've got a month, maybe two, tops," Bernie finished, his voice grim. "Come into the office, and we'll figure out a strategy to get you back on your feet. But things are going to have to change. We both know that." He stood up, then patted her shoulder, too. She got the feeling if she'd been standing, her normally staid accountant would have hugged her. She probably would have let him, too. Right now, she was too shell-shocked to do much of anything. How had it gone this wrong, this quickly? She'd seemed fine only a year ago. Even six months ago hadn't seemed that dire. Maybe she just hadn't been paying attention. "Hey, Jules," her friend Carolyn said, bouncing next to her in the booth, spilling some champagne in the process. Carolyn was a ditzy redhead, but she was also the police chief's daughter which meant that any trouble she got into usually got hushed up, quickly. Carolyn wasn't exactly her best friend, but she did come to all the parties Juliana threw, especially if the bar was open. "This party is off the chain! The music, the food. Hell, even the red carpet! Who has one of those at a birthday party, anyway?" "Only the infamous Juliana Mayfield," a drunken voice said, as a red-haired man stumbled into the booth. Juliana frowned, annoyed. "Who let you in, George?" "Oh, you know, my good friends Benjamin, Benjamin and Benjamin," he said, waving a few bills at her. Carolyn laughed, delighted, her eyes lighting with avarice. George Macalister was a world-class party-guy, rich and absolutely dissolute. They'd been party buddies, back in the day. But she'd seen a little too much of him in action he was good at spending money and good at making other people feel worthless because they weren't as rich or as well-connected as he was. Also, he continually tried to make her, with plenty of lewd suggestions, not to mention the grabby hands. How do men actually think that's attractive? Does that ever work? Juliana smiled tightly, gauging whether it was worth getting the bouncer to toss him out or not. The thing was, George was a big guy on the...