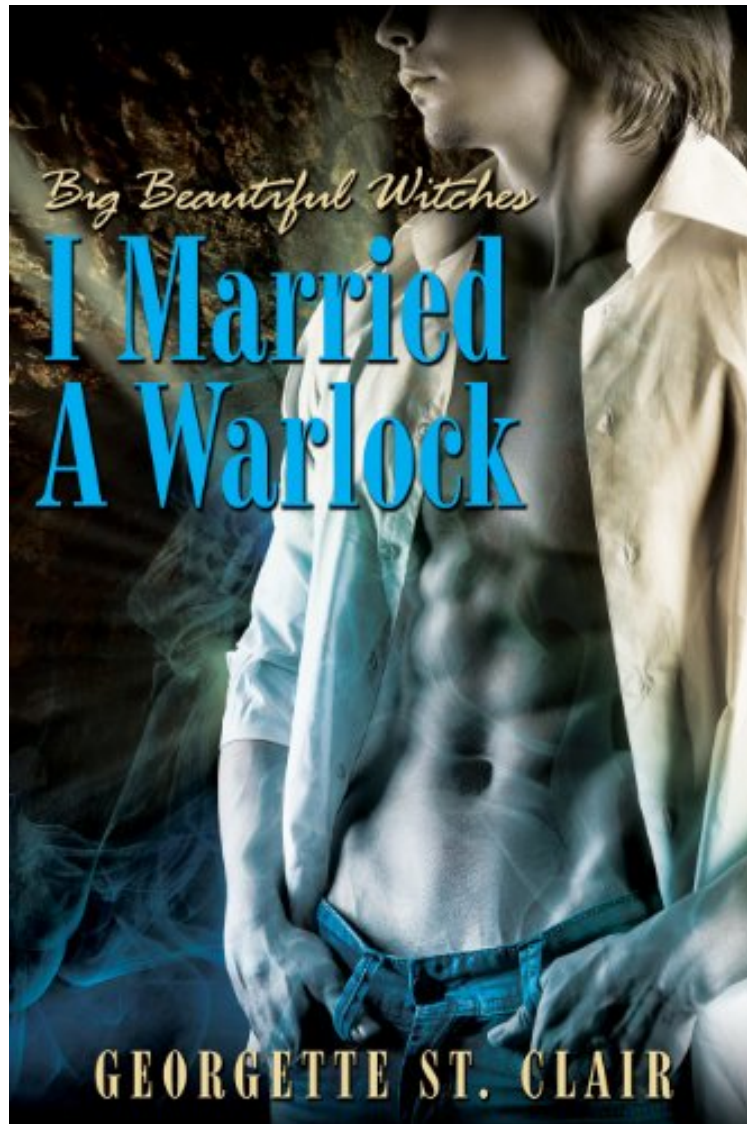


(Online library) Big Beautiful Witches: I Married A Warlock (BBW Romance) (English Edition)

Big Beautiful Witches: I Married A Warlock (BBW Romance) (English Edition)

Von Georgette St. Clair

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Von Georgette St. Clair : Big Beautiful Witches: I Married A Warlock (BBW Romance) (English Edition)
before purchasing it in order to gauge whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Big Beautiful Witches:
I Married A Warlock (BBW Romance) (English Edition):

Kundenrezensionen Hilfreichste Kundenrezensionen 0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. I (wish,
I) married a Warlock Von Customer Sehr tolles Buch. Es hat mich total mitgerissen, weil er sehr realistisch geschrieben

worden ist (abgesehen von den Hexen und Warlocks). Viele Autoren, die in diesem Genre schreiben verstehen es nicht, wann das Wort "Liebe" am Besten gesagt werden sollte. Viele lassen die Geschichte so vorran preschen, ohne dass man als Leser soweit ist. Georgette St. Clair hat diesen Moment perfekt abgepasst als "the L-bomb" geplatzt ist.

Kurzbeschreibung Every witch in Twin River City is eagerly primping for the annual Crystal Ball, where they will have a chance to be claimed by a warlock except for Big Beautiful Witch Fiona, of course. The one warlock she yearns for, the sinfully sexy Enforcer Erik Bloodstone, would never claim a chubby girl like her would he? Hes been flirting with her for years, but she knows its in jest which makes it sting all the more. To make matters worse, hes investigating a series of warehouse thefts in her rundown neighborhood, so she can never get away from him and give her aching heart a break. As Erik and Fiona grow closer, she comes to realize he may be leading a double life and leading her on. Will the night of the Crystal Ball finally reveal the truth about Erik and his mysterious plans and will the truth break her heart? EXCERPT: Lazy from the heat, they strolled to his car, his hand resting casually on her shoulder. When she climbed in, he buckled her seatbelt, his arm brushing her breasts as he did. Now thats just police harassment, she informed him. He climbed in next to her and put his hand on her thigh. What about that? That is just wrong. Very wrong, she said, and then moved his hand up further. Thats better. His fingers tightened on her thigh, and she shuddered, liquid heat rippling through her veins and settling between her legs. Vixen. If I crash the car, Im telling the insurance company that its your fault. During the daytime, there was a ruined beauty to the Graveyard, the beauty of antiques and the ancient patina of rust. The sun beat down on them, warming her skin, and they drove north with the windows rolled all the way down. The wind streamed through Eriks golden hair. His fingers skimmed up higher on her leg, sending streaks of heat shooting through her body, and she leaned back in her seat. Desire pulsed between her legs and she stifled a low moan. Kurzbeschreibung Every witch in Twin River City is eagerly primping for the annual Crystal Ball, where they will have a chance to be claimed by a warlock except for Big Beautiful Witch Fiona, of course. The one warlock she yearns for, the sinfully sexy Enforcer Erik Bloodstone, would never claim a chubby girl like her would he? Hes been flirting with her for years, but she knows its in jest which makes it sting all the more. To make matters worse, hes investigating a series of warehouse thefts in her rundown neighborhood, so she can never get away from him and give her aching heart a break. As Erik and Fiona grow closer, she comes to realize he may be leading a double life and leading her on. Will the night of the Crystal Ball finally reveal the truth about Erik and his mysterious plans and will the truth break her heart? EXCERPT: Lazy from the heat, they strolled to his car, his hand resting casually on her shoulder. When she climbed in, he buckled her seatbelt, his arm brushing her breasts as he did. Now thats just police harassment, she informed him. He climbed in next to her and put his hand on her thigh. What about that? That is just wrong. Very wrong, she said, and then moved his hand up further. Thats better. His fingers tightened on her thigh, and she shuddered, liquid heat rippling through her veins and settling between her legs. Vixen. If I crash the car, Im telling the insurance company that its your fault. During the daytime, there was a ruined beauty to the Graveyard, the beauty of antiques and the ancient patina of rust. The sun beat down on them, warming her skin, and they drove north with the windows rolled all the way down. The wind streamed through Eriks golden hair. His fingers skimmed up higher on her leg, sending streaks of heat shooting through her body, and she leaned back in her seat. Desire pulsed between her legs and she stifled a low moan.