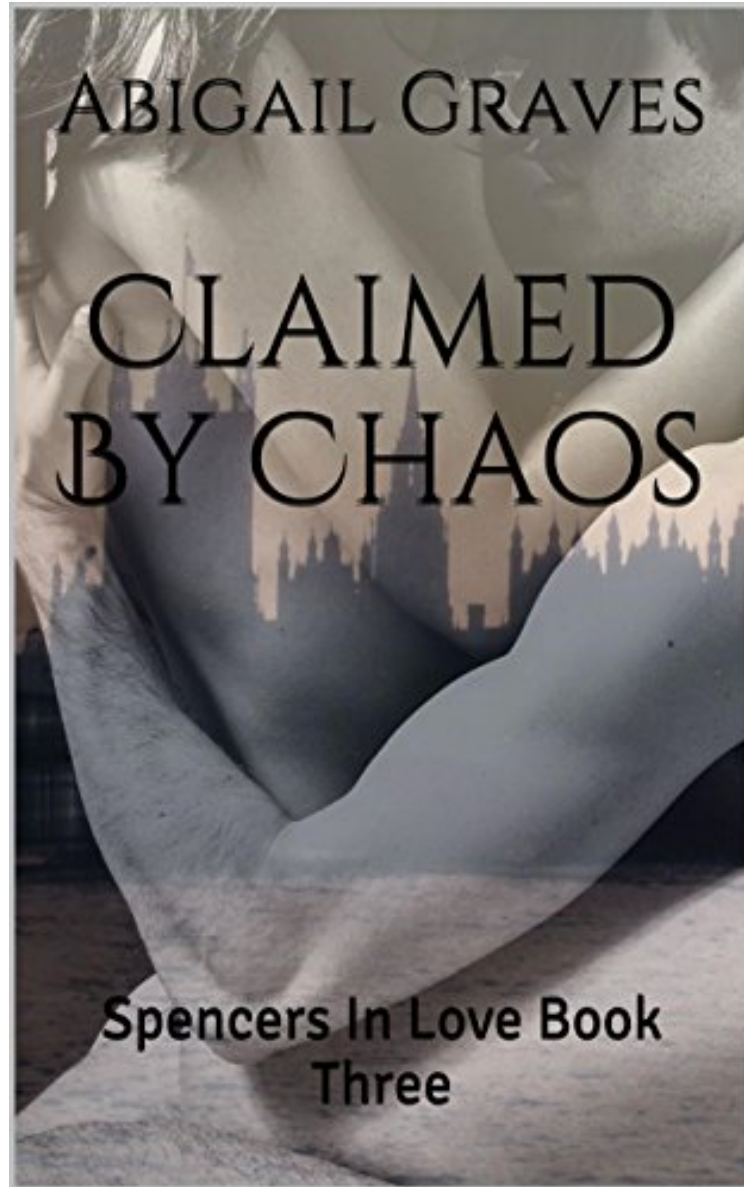


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Claimed By Chaos: Spencers In Love Book Three (English Edition)

Von Abigail Graves

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Von Abigail Graves : Claimed By Chaos: Spencers In Love Book Three (English Edition) before purchasing it in order to gauge whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Claimed By Chaos: Spencers In Love Book Three (English Edition):

Kundenrezensionen Hilfreichste Kundenrezensionen 0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Sir Alastair's story Von Kindle Junkie Now I've read all three in the series. The typos do not get better, but the story is

otherwise engaging.

KurzbeschreibungThe ton has long considered Sir Alastair Spencer aloof, awkward and rude. His only saving grace has been his good looks, his fortune and his family. For Alastair, the ton is nothing more than a nuisance and to be avoided at all costs. To those he loves, he always been reserved and quiet, yet loyal and fiercely protective. Vivacious and mischievous, Giselle lures Alastair into the ton, intrigue and love. Steeped in her own mysterious past, Giselle must decide if she has the strength and courage to take the biggest gamble of her life. Can she let go of her past and risk her heart on a future with Alastair? Alastair found a footpath and turned, towing her along. The path became narrow until it opened into a small clearing. In the shade of an ancient tree hung a swing. Giselle felt tears sting her eyes and her breath caught in her throat. Alastair released her hand and went to the swing. He stood behind it and held the ropes as he waited for her. Mademoiselle. His voice was low and sensual. Giselle felt as if she was being pulled toward him, her feet carried her without any thought as his eyes held hers. She stopped before him and leaned between the ropes and brushed her lips against his. She let her lips cling to his for a moment before she turned and sat. Alastair gripped her waist and pulled her back until she rested against his chest. His arm slid around her and his lips pressed against the hollow beneath her ear. He was so solid behind her, his arm so strong as it wrapped around her, Giselle felt small and delicate. She let her head fall to the side so he could explore her neck with his mouth. His teeth grazed her skin and he laved the spot where her pulse beat. Goosebumps spilled down her arms and she moaned softly. Alastair stepped back, pulling her feet further from the ground and let go. Giselle floated through the air and his hand pushed gently against her bottom when she returned to him. She swung easily back and forth for a few minutes before he caught her against his chest again. This time, his teeth nipped the corner of her shoulder as his hand curved around her ribs and slid to cup her breast. Giselle shut her eyes and gasped as he squeezed. Alastairs tongue traveled up her neck until it found her ear. His fingers closed around her nipple, through her gown and his teeth teased her ear lobe. She shivered and whispered his name as he rolled his fingers around the pebbled peak. She could feel his erection pressing against her bottom and heat exploded between her thighs. He lifted his head and released her and she glided though the air again. Dizzy and panting, Giselle gripped the ropes and tried to breathe as his hand stroked her back and bottom every time he pushed her forward. Every time she swung back toward him, she held her breath, waiting for him to stop her. Alastair pushed her, teasing her backside as she swung higher and higher. After several minutes, his arms closed around her and she was suspended against him. He was so taut and hard behind her, heat and hunger poured from him. Giselle let her head fall back as his lips fell. She opened for him and his tongue danced against hers. One hand curved around her breast as the other slid around her hip and dipped between her legs. Alastair angled his head and took their kiss deeper. Giselle moaned softly as she parted her thighs. His hand cupped her through her gown before it slid away. She started to protest before she felt the fabric of her skirts sliding up her legs until his hand closed around her thigh and traveled upwards. KurzbeschreibungThe ton has long considered Sir Alastair Spencer aloof, awkward and rude. His only saving grace has been his good looks, his fortune and his family. For Alastair, the ton is nothing more than a nuisance and to be avoided at all costs. To those he loves, he always been reserved and quiet, yet loyal and fiercely protective. 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