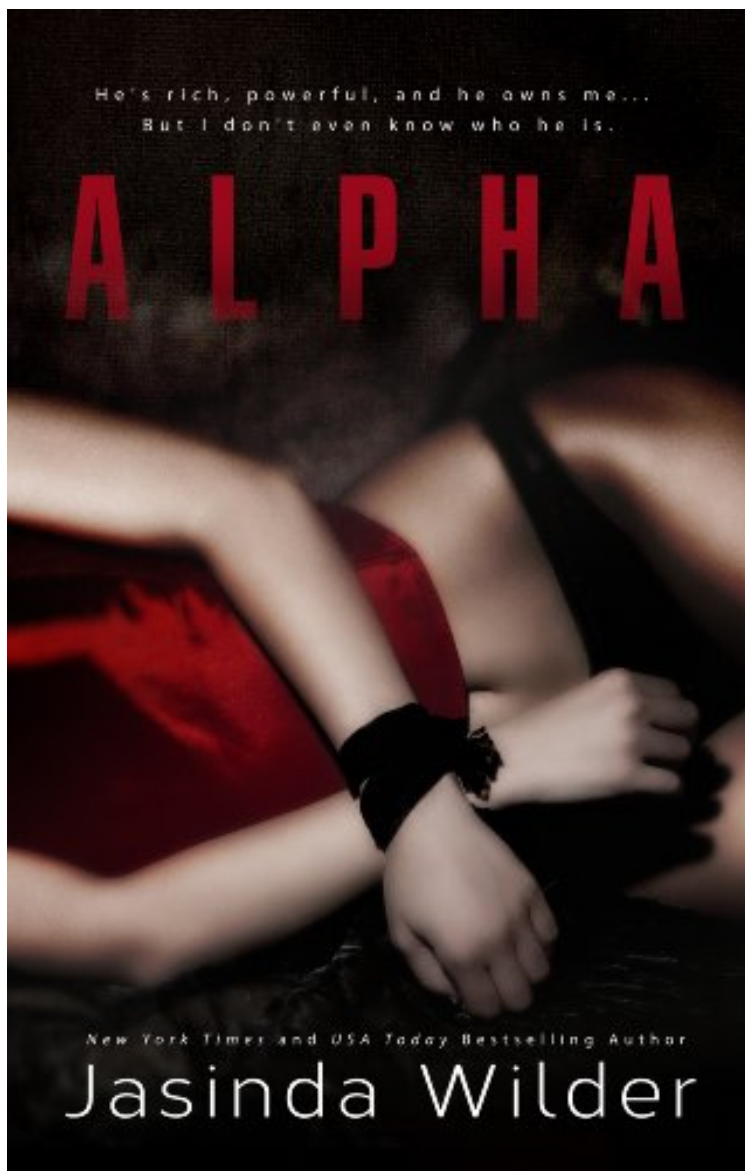


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Alpha (English Edition)

Von Jasinda Wilder

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Von Jasinda Wilder : Alpha (English Edition) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Alpha (English Edition):

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. okVon LauMuss mich der anderen Rezension anschließen, ab etwa der Hälfte geht es nur noch um den Sex, den die beiden haben. Die Szenen sind zwar gut geschrieben, aber irgendwann wirds einfach langweilig...Die Geschichte entwickelt sich sehr langsam, aber dennoch unerwartet. Daher vier Sterne, denn abgesehen von den langwierigen Bettszenen,

wars ganz schn zu lesen....die Forsetzung hrt sich zwar spannend an, aber 4.99 ist sie mir nicht wert.0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Mix of Pretty Woman and 50 Shades of GreyVon Hoener, BirgitSort of Pretty Woman meets 50 Shades of Grey, at least that was my impression. Completely unrealistic, even for a sort of dark modern fairytale, and still: interesting characters, no plot really to speak of, but well told enough to keep me reading until the end. There were a couple of inconsistencies, and some spelling errors, but not too many.1 von 2 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Zu viel Sex, zu wenig SpannungVon AnnaWollte die Sexszenen am liebsten schon berblttern, hatte aber Angst, dass ich irgendwas Wichtiges berlese.. dem war nicht so, htte ich ruhig berblttern knnen, es passiert immer und immer und immer wieder dasselbe. Story eher flach. Muss man nicht gelesen haben.

KurzbeschreibungThe first time it happened, it seemed like an impossible miracle. Bills were piling up, adding up to more money than I could ever make. Mom's hospital bills. My baby brother's tuition. My tuition. Rent. Electricity. All of it on my shoulders. And I had just lost my job. There was no hope, no money in my account, no work to be found. And then, just when I thought all hope was lost, I found an envelope in the mail. No return address. My name on the front, my address. Inside was a check, made out to me, in the amount of ten thousand dollars. Enough to pay the bills and leave me some left over to live on until I found a job. Enough to let me focus on classes. There was no name on the check, just "VRI Inc.," and a post office box address for somewhere in the city. No hint of identity or reason for the check or anything. No mention of repayment, interest, nothingexcept a single word, on the notes line: "You." Just those three letters.If you receive a mysterious check, for enough money to erase all your worries, would you cash it?I did.The next month, I received another check, again from VRI Incorporated. It too contained a single word: "belong."A third check, the next month. This time, two words. Four letters. "To me."The checks kept coming. The notes stopped. Ten thousand dollars, every month. A girl gets used to that, real quick. It let me pay the bills without going into debt. Let me keep my baby brother in school and Mom's hospice care paid for. How do you turn down what seems like free money, when you're desperate? You don't. I didn't.And then, after a year, there was a knock on my door. A sleek black limousine sat on the curb in front of my house. A driver stood in front of me, and he spoke six words: "It's time to pay your debt."Would you have gotten in?I did.It turns out \$120,000 doesn't come free.KurzbeschreibungThe first time it happened, it seemed like an impossible miracle. Bills were piling up, adding up to more money than I could ever make. Mom's hospital bills. My baby brother's tuition. My tuition. Rent. Electricity. All of it on my shoulders. And I had just lost my job. There was no hope, no money in my account, no work to be found. And then, just when I thought all hope was lost, I found an envelope in the mail. No return address. My name on the front, my address. Inside was a check, made out to me, in the amount of ten thousand dollars. Enough to pay the bills and leave me some left over to live on until I found a job. Enough to let me focus on classes. There was no name on the check, just "VRI Inc.," and a post office box address for somewhere in the city. No hint of identity or reason for the check or anything. No mention of repayment, interest, nothingexcept a single word, on the notes line: "You." Just those three letters.If you receive a mysterious check, for enough money to erase all your worries, would you cash it?I did.The next month, I received another check, again from VRI Incorporated. It too contained a single word: "belong."A third check, the next month. This time, two words. Four letters. "To me."The checks kept coming. The notes stopped. Ten thousand dollars, every month. A girl gets used to that, real quick. It let me pay the bills without going into debt. Let me keep my baby brother in school and Mom's hospice care paid for. How do you turn down what seems like free money, when you're desperate? You don't. I didn't.And then, after a year, there was a knock on my door. A sleek black limousine sat on the curb in front of my house. A driver stood in front of me, and he spoke six words: "It's time to pay your debt."Would you have gotten in?I did.It turns out \$120,000 doesn't come free.