

## Falling Into You Jasinda Wilder Free

Ex-Navy SEAL Stone Pressfield had a bad feeling about the proposed church missions trip to Manila, Philippines. The college-age church group plans to go Manila and help victims of the sex-trafficking industry. Stone's lingering nightmare memories about the sex-trafficking industry has him warning church leaders that the trip is a bad idea. He knows all too well that it could end in violence, and those involved aren't to be trifled with. When beautiful Wren Morgan goes missing, he has a sick feeling that he knows exactly who took her, and for what purpose. The problem is, Wren isn't just any other student. She's someone he was close to, someone he cares about. Now she's in the hands of cruel, evil men, and Stone is the only one who can rescue her before the unthinkable happens.

My name is Colton Calloway. You've heard part of my story, but it turns out there's more. My little girl, Kylie, is all grown up. Beautiful and talented, just like her mother. And just like Nell, my daughter seems to have fallen for a bad boy, one with a lot of darkness and a lot of secrets. \* \* \* You thought you knew the whole story. You thought it was over. Happily ever after for everyone. You were wrong. My name is Oz Hyde, and you've never met me. I'm part of the story, too, but I'm an aside, a quick line or two you'd all but forgotten about. Well guess what? I've got my own story to tell. Buckle up, 'cause this is gonna be a hell of a bumpy ride.

\*\*\*This novel is a contemporary second chance romantic comedy featuring mature characters.\*\*\* Dad Bod Contracting—for ALL your domestic contracting needs. Have a leaky faucet or clogged disposal? Need a new patio with intricate brickpaving designs? Want your garage transformed into a yoga studio? Dad Bod Contracting has you COVERED. Our clean, well-mannered, and friendly professionals pride themselves on attention to detail. Every job comes with a 100% customer SATISFACTION guarantee. No job is too small. Hand us your “honey-do” list and we’ll get it done, and we’ll look good doing it! A good job well done is one phone call away, so call Dad Bod Contracting today! It started with a window that was jammed shut. Pretty simple, right? All I wanted was to open the windows while I tidied the house. I’d been after my no-good husband to do it for months, but he never did. And then he shacked up with his secretary, leaving me with a pile of bills, husband-free for the first time in ten years, and with a house that was falling apart. The ad popped up on the side of my social media feed—a local contracting agency willing to do pretty much anything. Since I don’t really know a screwdriver from a ratchet, I gave them a call. And let me tell you, the ad was NOT lying. Jesse O’Neill can do it ALL...and looks amazing doing it. He fixed my window, so I called him back to fix the sagging, splintery front steps. Which led to him fixing my kitchen sink. And then he recarpeted my stairs. And then fixed the squeak in my bed. He was supposed to fix my house, not my rusty, sputtering libido. And certainly not my broken heart. p.p1 {margin: 0.0px 0.0px 0.0px 0.0px; font: 14.0px 'Times New Roman'} p.p2 {margin: 0.0px 0.0px 0.0px 0.0px; font: 14.0px 'Times New Roman'; min-height: 16.0px} span.s1 {font-kerning: none}

When you’re from a place like Clayton, PA, you either leave as soon as you can, or you never leave. We can’t even say we’re a one-stoplight town, because we don’t have a stoplight, just a traffic circle on a minor local highway. Here in Clayton, everyone knows everyone, and gossip and rumors are a way of life. So, when my high school sweetheart leaves our son and me for a woman in another state, it’s the talk of the town for months, if not years. Even my motor-mouthed, wild child of a best friend, Cora, can’t rustle up enough trouble to keep my name off their lips for more than a week or two. So, when I meet a handsome, single man not from Clayton, I assume he’s just passing through. It was just supposed to be a night of fun with my BFF before school starts—one last hurrah before lesson plans and homework and packing lunches and school pickup lines take over everything. It wasn’t supposed to lead to an intense, sizzling connection—an attraction which despite my most vehement denials goes far beyond the physical. The real question now is...will it end in another heartbreak for me and my son, or could it become a Happily Ever After?

I wasn't always in love with Colton Calloway; I was in love with his younger brother, Kyle, first. Kyle was my first one true love, my first in every way. Then, one stormy August night, he died, and the person I was died with him. Colton didn't teach me how to live. He didn't heal the pain. He didn't make it okay. He taught me how to hurt, how to not be okay, and, eventually, how to let go. Nell Hawthorne is in love with her life-long best friend, Kyle Calloway. Things are great, and they're in love, young, full of promise. Then Kyle dies in a tragic accident and Nell is forever changed. She meets Kyle's older brother Colton at the funeral, and there's a spark, but it's wrong and they both know it. The moment passes, and they both move on with life. A couple years later, they meet again in New York City, and Colton realizes that Nell has never really gotten over Kyle's death, and seems to be harboring a deeply rooted pain, something like guilt, perhaps. He knows he shouldn't get involved, but he can't help himself. Trust doesn't come easily for either of them, and they both have demons, Colton especially. Together, they learn the purpose of pain and the meaning of healing, and the importance of forgiveness.

I’m Harlow Grace, the newest, hottest face of Hollywood sex appeal, the woman every man wants and every woman wants to be... and I’m running away. I need an escape. I need to get away from the pressure, find somewhere I won’t be hounded at every step—an impossible thing to ask when I’m on billboards everywhere, from LA to Laos, Japan to Jakarta, Sydney to Siberia. So, I buy a yacht and hide out in the most obscure, remote, and unexpected place I can think of: Ketchikan, Alaska. Instead of a peaceful vacation, however, what I find in Ketchikan is trouble. The kind of trouble that’s six-plus feet of nerdy hotness I can't resist. I mean, who could? He's a genius with no idea how attractive he is, an enigma of contradictions: awkward yet confident, fascinating and flirtatious, yet aloof and evasive of physical touch. He's utterly and deliciously sexy in every way—and oh, so innocent. \* \* \* I can recite all of The Iliad and The Odyssey in the original Greek. I can do advanced mathematics in my head and memorize entire books with ease. By the time I graduated high school I had been scouted by several international soccer teams and recruited by think tanks, the NSA, and the CIA. All of which is totally useless when a

woman like Harlow Grace is standing in front of me, trying to talk to me, flirting with me, touching me. She's Helen of Troy—a woman with a face that could launch a thousand ships, a woman wars are fought over. It turns out she's not just beautiful—she's famous. A Hollywood sex symbol. A superstar known all over the world... And yet somehow she's interested in me?

Dive into the series that started it all! Jasinda Wilder burst onto the romance scene with BIG GIRLS DO IT BETTER. The groundbreaking, bestselling series continues with Big Girls Do It Married. Life was finally starting to make sense. And then he showed up...again. Now, I have to make the biggest decision of my life, and someone will end up heartbroken. I can only hope that someone isn't me. Big Girls Do It series reading order: Big Girls Do It Big Girls Do It Married Big Girls Do It On Christmas Rock Stars Do It Big Girls Do It Pregnant Big Love Abroad

I wasn't always in love with Nell Hawthorne; I was in love with a girl named India before I ever met Nell. India? She was my first love, the girl who made me want to be better than my past, better than the blood and violence. Live by the sword, die by the sword, that's what they say, right? It should have been me, that day. But it wasn't. It was her. And that changed me. Sent me down an even darker path than I'd been on before. Until I met her. Nell Hawthorne. The girl who changed everything. You know that story. But what you don't know is everything that led up to that rainy day under a tree, at a funeral.

So how did I get myself into this situation, you ask? Simple: desperation. When you're faced with being homeless and hungry or taking off your clothes for money, the choice is easier than you'd imagine. That doesn't make it easy, though. Oh no. I hate it, in fact. There's nothing I'd like more than to quit and never go into another bar again, never hear the techno beat pulsing in my ears again, never feel the lecherous gazes of horny men again. Then, one day, I meet a man. He's in my club, front and center. He watches me do my routine, and his gaze is full of hunger. Not the kind of desire I'm used to though. It's something different. Something hotter, deeper, and more possessive. I know who he is; of course I do. Everyone knows who Dawson Kellor is. He's People Magazine's Sexiest Man alive. He's the hottest actor in Hollywood. He's the man hand-picked for the role of Rhett Butler in the long-awaited remake of Gone With the Wind. He's the kind of man who can have any woman in the entire world with a mere crook of his finger. So what's he doing looking at me like he has to have me? And how do I resist him when he looks at me with those intoxicating, changeable, quicksilver eyes? I'm a virgin, and he's an American icon of male sexuality. I'm a stripper, and he's a man used to getting anything and everything he wants. And he wants me. I know I should say no, I know he's the worst kind of player...but what my mind knows, my body and my heart may not. And then things get complicated.

I need you, Ava. I am desperate. For you. For touch. For a kiss. For the scrape of your hand down my stomach. For the slide of your lips across my hipbone. The sweep of your thigh against mine in the dulcet, drowning darkness. For the warm huff of your breath on my skin and the wet suck of your mouth around me and the building pressure of need reaching release...I am mad with need. Wild with it. I cannot have you. I have lost you, as I have lost myself. And so I go in search. Of myself, and thus the man who might return to you, and take you in his arms. I loathe each of the thousands of miles between us, but I cannot wish them away, for I hope at the end of my journey I shall find you. Or rather, find myself, and thus...you. Myself, and thus us. I am taking the long way home, Ava. \* \* \* Christian, I'm losing my mind, and I don't know how to stop it. I shouldn't be writing to you, but I am. I'm friendless, loveless, and lifeless. You're out there somewhere, and still you're all I really have. I hate my reliance and dependence on you, emotionally and otherwise, and that reliance is something I'm coming to recognize. I hate that I can't hate you as much as I want to. I hate that I still love you so much. I hate that there's no clear solution to our conundrum. Even if we could forgive each other, what then? I hate you, Christian. I really do. But most of all, I don't. It's complicated. Complicatedly (still) yours, Ava

One year ago, I buried my husband. One year ago, I held his hand and said goodbye. Now I spend most of my days lost somewhere between trying to remember every smallest detail of our lives, and trying to forget it all. I fill my hours with work until I'm too exhausted to remember him, to feel anything at all. One year, 365 days—and then one knock at my door changes everything. A letter from him, a last request, a secret will: My dearest Nadia, Trust me, my love. One last time, trust me. Sometimes the epilogue to one story is the beginning of another. He was my worst enemy. He spent every waking moment devising fresh new ways of torturing me. No one has ever been able to make me cry like Matthais Bristow: my twin brother's best friend, and the person on this planet I hate most. Then, he left for college and I was free of him. For ten blessed years, I was free of his torture. Now, he's back, and he owns half of the family business I spent my entire life preparing to take over. Is this going to be a new round of his old favorite game, Make Delia McKenna Cry, or am I to believe he's actually come back with good intentions?

Ramsey Badd, last of the triplets—the wild man. An explorer, hunter, outdoorsman, and avowed, die-hard bachelor, Ramsey has watched his brothers fall one by one for Alaskan beauties. He's determined to resist. Isadora Styles—Izzy to those who know her well. She's gorgeous, sassy, and impossible. She's wild and untamable. She's smart, successful, and evasive. She's got a libido no man has ever been able to satisfy... Until she meets Ramsey Badd. He's captured her body's interest, but the real question is, can he penetrate the walls around her heart?

Falling Into YouNla Digital LLC

"Madame X invites you to test the limits of control in this provocative new novel from New York Times bestselling author Jasinda Wilder. My name is Madame X. I'm the best at what I do. And you'd do well to follow my rules... Hired to transform the uncultured, inept sons of the wealthy and powerful into decisive, confident men, Madame X is a master of the art of control. With a single glance she can cut you down to nothing, or make you feel like a king. But there is only one man who can claim her body--and her soul. Undone time and again by his exquisite dominance, X craves and fears his desire in equal measure. And while she longs for a different path, X has never known anything or anyone else--until now.."--

Ever, I don't know who I am anymore. I'm a castaway. Lost. Drowning. I love you. That's the only true thing I know, and it's all I have to hold on to. I love you. I'll love you forever. Until the day I die, and I'll love you in whatever world comes after this one. I love you so much, Ever. I miss you. Dear Jesus, I miss you. Come back to me. For forever, and after forever, Caden

"Nell Hawthorne is in love with her life-long best friend, Kyle Calloway. Their young love is invincible and life is full of promise; then one night Kyle dies suddenly in a tragic accident and Nell is

forever changed. She meets Kyle's older brother Colton for the first time at the funeral. They both struggle to move on with life as best they can. Years later, they meet again in New York City, and Colton realizes that Nell has never really gotten over Kyle's death. She seems to be harboring a deeply rooted pain, a heavy weight of guilt and regret. He knows he shouldn't get involved, but he can't help himself. Trust doesn't come easily for either of them, and they both have demons. Together, they learn the purpose of pain and the meaning of healing, and the importance of forgiveness"--Page 2 of cover.

She can't hit the snooze on her biological clock forever... Love, career, kids—Brooklyn Monroe wants it all. Her beauty company? A triumph. Her love life? Total fail. At 42, that makes motherhood her top priority. With no man in her life, she's prepared to fly solo, but her plan is derailed when a mailing list mishap turns Brooklyn into a someone-get-me-pregnant internet meme. Making her PR nightmare go away entails a soul-baring interview on national TV. And the guy asking the questions? Her all-too sexy ex. Talk show host Alec Trakas is the king of bad timing. Case in point, his heartbreaking romance with Brooklyn. Alec was all about commitment but Brooklyn was launching her start-up, and forever wasn't in the cards. Now a shot at his ultimate dream job depends on convincing Brooklyn to spill the secrets leading to her viral celebrity. It sets Alec's star rising, but puts Brooklyn in a sea of flirty men. Fate has thrown them back together. Sparks are flying. But is the timing finally right? Because having it all might not be worth the risk of losing each other again.

Remington Badd...he's just as big, just as BADD, just as foul-mouthed and filthy-minded as his brother Roman. But under that rough and wild exterior lies a secret. Juneau Isaac, a Yup'ik Inuit, is the daughter of a hiking guide father and a mother who creates works of art and sells it to the tourists. The first to go to college—the first to leave her family's ancestral home near Ketchikan—Juneau feels a deep sense of obligation to her family, to ignore the real passion that beats inside her. A roughneck smokejumper with an artist's soul hidden deep inside. An artist living a false life, harboring secrets and fostering forbidden passions. Can these two find their way to living their truths while navigating the tumultuous waters of a whirlwind romance? In a battle between familial obligation and secret dreams, will there be room for love—not to mention the wild intensity of uncontrollable lust—in these closed-off hearts?

Theia Alderson has always led a sheltered life in the small California town of Serendipity Falls. But when a devastatingly handsome boy appears in the halls of her school, Theia knows she's seen Haden before- not around town, but in her dreams. As the Haden of both the night and the day beckons her closer one moment and pushes her away the next, the only thing Theia knows for sure is that the incredible pull she feels towards him is stronger than her fear. And when she discovers what Haden truly is, Theia's not sure if she wants to resist him, even if the cost is her soul.

From New York Times bestselling author Jasinda Wilder comes BIG GIRLS DO IT RUNNING, a straightforward guide to lifelong health and wellness. No gimmicks, no counting, no measuring, just practical advice on how to eat better, get moving, and live well, delivered with refreshing honesty and humor. Do you want to start a journey to health and strength, but are afraid of failing yet another diet or exercise program? Have you ever struggled with your weight? Do you have problems losing weight and keeping it off? Do you have allergies, ADHD, PCOS, diabetes, constipation, skin problems, or insomnia? Are you worried about your kids developing unhealthy eating habits and making poor lifestyle choices, but don't know how to help them make changes? Do you want to eat healthier and be stronger, but just don't know where to start? Does the word "running" in the title of this book fill you dread? You're not alone, and there is a solution! Using her own unique life experiences, Jasinda has developed an 8-week jump-start plan, The Wilder Way, that will get you eating, moving, living well, and feeling great. BIG GIRLS DO IT RUNNING contains everything you need to succeed in achieving your goals and become a fit and fabulous health warrior: tear-out shopping lists, easy menu plans, delicious recipes, and simple, effective workouts. If you find yourself struggling and failing to manage your weight, then read this book-it will change your life! Go ahead, put on your big girl panties and let's kick some ass! Jasinda Wilder is the NEW YORK TIMES, USA TODAY and WALL STREET JOURNAL bestselling author of the acclaimed BIG GIRLS DO IT series. She's been featured on CBS NEWS and in PEOPLE and STAR magazines. Jasinda Wilder lives on a farm in Northern Michigan with her husband, author Jack Wilder, their six children, and a menagerie of animals.

Roth and I are on an open-ended tour of the world. Roth being Roth, this means missionary in Morocco, reverse cowgirl in Calcutta, bent over the bow of a houseboat in Hanoi, slow and sleepy on St. John. Anywhere and everywhere, in every conceivable position, and some I didn't know were possible. Life was pretty incredible. Until I woke up in his chateau in France, alone. On the bed next to me was a note. There were only four words: He belongs to me.

Your wedding day is supposed to be the happiest day of your life, right? That's what they say, at least. I went into that day hoping I'd get the happiest day of my life. What I got? The worst. I mean, you really can't get any worse of a day without someone actually dying. So...I may have gotten just a little drunk, and maybe just a tad impetuous... And landed myself in a dive bar somewhere in Alaska, alone, still in my wedding dress, half-wasted and heart-broken. \*\*\* Eight brothers, one bar. Sounds like the beginning to a bad joke, yeah? I kinda think so. Wanna hear another joke? A girl walks into a bar, soaking wet and wearing a wedding dress. I knew I shouldn't have touched her. She was hammered, for one thing, and heartbroken for another. I've chased enough tail to know better. That kinda thing only leads to clinginess, and a clingy female is the last thing on this earth I need. I got a bar needs running, and only me to run it—at least until my seven wayward brothers decide to show their asses up... Then this chick walks in, fine as hell, wearing a soaked wedding dress that leaves little enough to the imagination—and I've got a hell of an imagination. I knew I shouldn't have touched her. Not so much as a finger, not even innocently. But I did.

It should have been simple and straightforward—business, and nothing but business. A quick trip to Colorado to scout out a location for my newest real estate development acquisition. Fly in, drive to the location, talk the owners into selling, sign some papers, and go home. A business trip like any other, something I've done hundreds of times without issue. This time, however, I was waylaid. First by a runaway horse—and then by an angry, stormy pair of vivid blue eyes, a massive, mountainous set of brawny shoulders, a strong, powerful pair of hands, and a voice like thunder over the horizon. Will is a man out of another era, a man of stillness and action in equal measure—a man in complete possession of himself and his world in a way I've never experienced. And suddenly, somehow, he comes to possess me, my mind, my heart, and and my body, in a way neither of us are ready for, and neither of us know how to resist. What should have been a simple business deal quickly spirals out of control, becoming a struggle of life and death, a battle of hearts and passion...

I've done everything right, my whole life. I never snuck out, never partied, never drank, never even had a high school boyfriend. Got all the best grades, got into all the best schools. I received not one, but TWO Ivy League University degrees. Had the paper-perfect fiancé, the paper-perfect life. And then it all fell apart. My fiancé cheated on me with my boss. I quit my job, left my fancy, upper-crust Boston condo, dumped my cheating fiancé...quit my entire life, basically. Took to day-drinking and bingeing Netflix. And then my younger sister Lexie calls me in a panic. She needs me to come rescue her, but won't

say from what, just that I need to come get her...at her university...in New York. Which leads Lexie and I on road trip across the country. We form the no-bra man-hating day-drinkers roadtrip club...membership two. And then I...ummm...overindulge just a little bit, at a country music festival. Get harassed by assholes. Have to be saved by tall, dark, and handsome man named Crow. Crow turns my whole world upside down. He shows me what real pleasure is. Shows me what I've been missing my whole life...what a man can and should do to make a woman feel really, really good. He's bad. Dangerous. Wild. He has a bad mouth, hard fists, and a dark, mysterious past. And a talented tongue. And hands I find myself wanting all over me, in a desperate way I thought was only real in the romances I read. And now, suddenly, I find myself wanting a wild mustang of a man, an untamable force of nature...and wondering if there's room in my safe, orderly, good girl world for him. Or if maybe I can learn how to be...not so good. \* \* \* She's everything good and sweet and innocent in the world, and I'm a hard-fisted brawler, an outlaw with a bloodstained past. I'm the exact, polar opposite to everything Charlie Goode is. I want her—I want her quick mind and her soft skin, her sexy curves and her sharp tongue. I want her body, and I want her soul. But I can't have her. When she finds out about the bloody, violent truth of my past, she won't want anything to do with me. She'll run away as fast and as far as she can, because I'm not meant for a sweet, innocent thing like her. Until then, though, I plan on getting her a little dirty. Showing her some of the wild side where I live my life. Take what I can get, and enjoy the ride, and worry about the state of my heart later. You know what they say about the best laid plans, though.

Love is never easy. It's especially difficult when you love a Marine. I knew the risk when I said "I do," but I chose to love anyway. In a flash, he was taken from me, and now I'm alone. Struggling and desperate. There's no hope, no future. Just the endless cycle of day-to-day survival. But a letter returned could change all of that. Hope and love often come from the last place you'd think to look, when you least expect it. \* \* \* I was a lost, broken soul, tortured by the memories of what I'd endured. When I visited that old farmhouse in rural Texas, all I wanted to do was return the letter. Keep a promise to a friend. What I got was healing. Understanding. The chance to find a measure of peace when all I've ever known is war. We both lost everything. But in each other, we found something worth fighting for.

The size of a Kodiak bear and covered in tattoos. A heart of gold, a rough and tumble past. Confident, powerful, gentle. Wise. Artistic. Deep wild brown eyes that see far deeper into me than they should. Nothing in my life could ever have prepared me for the reality that is Ink Isaac. He's just so much more than anyone I've ever met, and my instant, inexplicable, and undeniable attraction to him leaves me reeling. But with my life recently turned upside down, the more time I spend around him, the more I realize I'm not even sure what my future looks like anymore—all know for sure is, my heart and my body want him in it, even if my mind is saying something else. \* \* \* She's a tiny little thing, all hard edges and sharp wit. All woman, with slender curves and hypnotic eyes. She's all fire and bravado, and she's melting my big, bear-sized heart, little by little. I'm utterly hooked. Willing to risk it all for her. Everything she is seems to demand that I give her everything I am. I'm just not sure if I know how to do that, if she really knows what she's asking for when she looks up at me with those beautiful, blazing hazel eyes. She sets me on fire, but are either of us ready for what that fire will do to both of us?

The 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, nothing... except a single word, on the notes line: "You." 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.

War has taken everything from me. My family. My home. My innocence. In a country blasted by war and wracked by economic hardship, a young orphan girl like me has very few options when it comes to survival. Thus, I do what I must to live, to eat, and I try very hard to not consider the cost to my soul. My heart is empty, and my existence brutal. The one impossibility in my life is love. And then I meet HIM. \*\*\* War is hell. It takes a chunk out of a man's very soul to do the kinds of things war demands of you. You live with fear, you live with guilt, and you live with nightmares. If you haven't been through it, there's no understanding it. War leaves no room for love, no room for tenderness or softness. You gotta be hard, closed off, and ready to fight every moment of every day. Lose focus for a split second, and you're dead. Now the only thing that can save me is HER.

Ever, These letters are often all that get me through week to week. Even if it's just random stuff, nothing important, they're important to me. Gramps is great, and I love working on the ranch. But... I'm lonely. I feel disconnected, like I'm no one, like I don't belong anywhere. Like I'm just here until something else happens. I don't even know what I want with my future. But your letters, they make me feel connected to something, to someone. I had a crush on you, when we first met. I thought you were beautiful. So beautiful. It was hard to think of anything else. Then camp ended and we never got together, and now all I have of you is these letters. S\*\*t. I just told you I have a crush on you. HAD. Had a crush. Not sure what is anymore. A letter-crush? A literary love? That's stupid. Sorry. I just have this rule with myself that I never throw away what I write and I always send it, so hopefully this doesn't weird you out too much. I had a dream about you too. Same kind of thing. Us, in the darkness, together. Just us. And it was like you said, a memory turned into a dream, but a memory of something that's never happened, but in the dream it felt so real, and it was more, I don't even know, more RIGHT than anything I've ever felt, in life or in dreams. I wonder what it means that we both had the same dream about each other. Maybe nothing, maybe everything. You tell me. Cade ~ ~ ~ Cade, We're pen pals. Maybe that's all we'll ever be. I don't know. If we met IRL (in real life, in case you're not familiar with the term) what would happen? And just FYI, the term you used, a literary love? It was beautiful. So beautiful. That term means something, between us now. We are literary loves. Lovers? I do love you, in some strange way. Knowing about you, in these letters, knowing your hurt and your joys, it means something so important to me, that I just can't describe. I need your art, and your letters, and your literary love. If we never have anything else between us, I need this. I do. Maybe this letter will only complicate things, but like you I have a rule that I never erase or throw away what I've written and I always send it, no matter what I write in the letter. Your literary love, Ever

From New York Times bestselling author Jasinda Wilder comes YOU CAN DO IT, a straightforward guide to lifelong health and wellness. No gimmicks, no counting, no

measuring, just practical advice on how to eat better, get moving, and live well, delivered with refreshing honesty and humor. Do you want to start a journey to health and strength, but are afraid of failing yet another diet or exercise program? Have you ever struggled with your weight? Do you have problems losing weight and keeping it off? Do you have allergies, ADHD, PCOS, diabetes, constipation, skin problems, or insomnia? Are you worried about your kids developing unhealthy eating habits and making poor lifestyle choices, but don't know how to help them make changes? Do you want to eat healthier and be stronger, but just don't know where to start? Using her own unique life experiences, Jasinda has developed an 8-week jump-start plan, The Wilder Way, that will get you eating, moving, living well, and feeling great. YOU CAN DO IT contains everything you need to succeed in achieving your goals and become a fit and fabulous health warrior: tear-out shopping lists, easy menu plans, delicious recipes, and simple, effective workouts. If you find yourself struggling and failing to manage your weight, then read this book—it will change your life! Get up, get moving, and let's kick some ass!

I was a Sixty-Eight Whiskey—a combat medic. So when I hear someone shout “MEDIC!” training just kicks in. It's automatic, immediate. I don't think I even saw the guy whose leg I tended to, not really. All I saw was him. Zane Badd. His tuxedo fit him like he'd been sewn into it, and his eyes reflected the fury and the hardness of a combat veteran, but when he looked at me, he just...softened. By the time I had his brother patched, Zane and I were both covered in blood, and I knew I had to have him. The trouble with Zane isn't getting him, it's keeping him. And the trouble with me is, even if I could hold onto a man like Zane, I wouldn't know what to do with him. It's not in my nature, and if life has taught me anything, it's to not trust anyone, least of all men like Zane. He's a warrior through and through, hard, muscular, gorgeous, tenacious, and yet oddly tender toward me. Experience and instincts are telling me to run from Zane Badd as fast as possible, but my heart and my body are telling me to stay, to hold on and not let go. Yeah, it's a conflict as old as humanity itself, but it's brand new for me. \* \* \* Life as Navy SEAL doesn't exactly prepare you for normality. Yeah, I can tend bar and goof off with my seven crazy brothers, but what do I do when the woman of my dreams—dreams I didn't know I'd had until I saw her—explodes into my life like a frag grenade? I'm trained to attack, to win, to survive at any costs, and figuring out what to do about a woman like Amarantha Quinn will take every scrap of tenacity and courage I possess. Combat is easy, it turns out, in comparison to facing your own fears and scars. And then sometimes, just when you think you've got it finally figured out, fate throws you a screwball and sends everything FUBAR.

Danika hasn't had an easy life. Being insanely attracted to bad boys has never helped make it easier. One look at Tristan, and every brain cell she possessed went up in smoke. This man was trouble with a capital T. It was a given. She knew better. Bad boys were bad. Especially for her. Considering her history, it was crazy to think otherwise. So why did crazy have to feel so damn fine? For as long as she could remember, Danika had been focused on the future with single-minded purpose. Tristan came along and taught her everything there was to know about letting go, and living in the present. She fell, hard, and deep. Of course, that only made her impact with the ground that much more devastating. Bad Things is about Tristan and Danika, and their train wreck of a love story. This series can be read as a standalone, or with the Up in the Air trilogy. This book is intended for ages 18 and up.

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