



Scot On The Rocks (Red Dress Ink Novels)

By Brenda Janowitz

 Download

 Read Online

Scot On The Rocks (Red Dress Ink Novels) By Brenda Janowitz

When her ex-boyfriend, Trip, gets engaged to Hollywood's latest It Girl, Manhattan attorney Brooke Miller plans to attend the wedding. Who says a modern girl can't stay friends with her ex? Besides, Brooke's got her sexy Scottish fiancé, Douglas, to take as her date. Okay, so maybe he's not *exactly* her fiancé, but they're living together in his apartment, so she'll be getting the ring any minute, right? Wrong.

After a fight leaves her without a boyfriend (much less a fiancé) just days before the wedding, Brooke faces the ultimate humiliation of attending her ex-boyfriend's nuptials alone. Desperate to find a replacement to fill Douglas's kilt, Brooke concocts an outrageous plan to survive the wedding and win the man of her dreams, all with her dignity ever-so-slightly intact.

 [Download Scot On The Rocks \(Red Dress Ink Novels\) ...pdf](#)

 [Read Online Scot On The Rocks \(Red Dress Ink Novels\) ...pdf](#)

Scot On The Rocks (Red Dress Ink Novels)

By Brenda Janowitz

Scot On The Rocks (Red Dress Ink Novels) By Brenda Janowitz

When her ex-boyfriend, Trip, gets engaged to Hollywood's latest It Girl, Manhattan attorney Brooke Miller plans to attend the wedding. Who says a modern girl can't stay friends with her ex? Besides, Brooke's got her sexy Scottish fiancé, Douglas, to take as her date. Okay, so maybe he's not *exactly* her fiancé, but they're living together in his apartment, so she'll be getting the ring any minute, right? Wrong.

After a fight leaves her without a boyfriend (much less a fiancé) just days before the wedding, Brooke faces the ultimate humiliation of attending her ex-boyfriend's nuptials alone. Desperate to find a replacement to fill Douglas's kilt, Brooke concocts an outrageous plan to survive the wedding and win the man of her dreams, all with her dignity ever-so-slightly intact.

Scot On The Rocks (Red Dress Ink Novels) By Brenda Janowitz Bibliography

- Sales Rank: #784451 in Books
- Published on: 2007-04-01
- Original language: English
- Number of items: 1
- Dimensions: .83" h x 5.20" w x 7.95" l, .54 pounds
- Binding: Paperback
- 304 pages

 [Download Scot On The Rocks \(Red Dress Ink Novels\) ...pdf](#)

 [Read Online Scot On The Rocks \(Red Dress Ink Novels\) ...pdf](#)

Download and Read Free Online Scot On The Rocks (Red Dress Ink Novels) By Brenda Janowitz

Editorial Review

From [Booklist](#)

This rollicking debut novel finds heroine Brooke Miller in the midst of a quandary. A successful Manhattan attorney dating Douglas, a handsome Scotsman, Brooke responds to the news that her ex-boyfriend Trip is engaged to a movie star by telling a small lie and claiming that she and Douglas are engaged as well. Brooke figures Douglas is about to pop the question any day now, so she has a nasty surprise when instead of proposing, he unceremoniously dumps her and reveals his infidelity. Distraught, Brooke tries to win him back, then concocts another plan: she persuades her handsome coworker Jack to put on a Scottish brogue and pretend to be Douglas at Trip's wedding. Brooke doesn't imagine just how complicated things can get. A breezy romantic comedy with plenty of laughs. *Kristine Huntley*

Copyright © American Library Association. All rights reserved

About the Author

Brenda is a graduate of Cornell University and Hofstra Law School. She lives in Manhattan, where she has bravely attended three of her ex-boyfriend's weddings.

Excerpt. © Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved.

As I walked back to my apartment that day, on my way home from work, I had a feeling that nothing could go wrong. You know that feeling you get when everything seems to be right with the world? When the planets seem to be in alignment? One of those days when you're actually running on time, your apartment is (relatively) clean, and you haven't gotten into an argument with your mother/best friend/boss/therapist in at least a week? That was exactly how I felt as I strolled home from work down Mercer Street to my apartment on 301 Prince Street.

I had left my office that evening at 8:30 p.m., which—at Gilson, Hecht and Trattner, the large Manhattan law firm where I work—is actually considered early, so I was feeling as if I had the whole night ahead of me. And I was going home to pick up my gorgeous Scottish boyfriend so that we could go out and meet friends for supper at some fabulous little downtown brasserie where everyone is European and the waiters only speak French, so I could hardly wait. I had the perfect New York City evening planned out.

Since I usually got out of work closer to 9:00 p.m. than 5:00 p.m., I considered myself lucky to have a boyfriend who liked to eat dinner late. I once dated a math teacher who left work at 4:00 p.m. and was in bed by ten. That relationship was destined to fail. Ditto for the guy who traded foreign something or others who started his day at 3:00 a.m. and ate his dinner before I even thought about getting lunch. My boyfriend, Douglas, on the other hand, thought that people who ate dinner before 8:00 p.m. were uncivilized.

I walked into the lobby of my apartment building—the poshest building in all of Soho—with a skip in my step. The Soho Triumpher, a building so fancy that, in addition to its staff of eight doormen, it boasts a twenty-four-hour concierge who can get you into any restaurant in Manhattan (not like Douglas ever needed any such help). It even has in-house dry cleaning, like at a hotel. I said hello to the evening doorman who, despite the fact that I had moved into Douglas's apartment a full two years ago, still couldn't quite remember my name.

"Um, 32G?, he asked with a pained expression that indicated to me that he was thinking, at least, very very hard about who I was. I nodded my head yes and pulled my hair out of the bun I usually wore at work while he checked his book for deliveries. Douglas loved my hair—dark brown with natural auburn highlights that was so long it fell down my back to just below my bra strap— so I always took it down right before I got up to our apartment.

The doorman handed me a mountain of dry cleaning—five custom-made Italian suits (Douglas's), five monogrammed shirts (Douglas's) and one skirt (mine). I checked the mail and took out four bills (Douglas's) and the Barneys New York Spring Look Book (mine)—or maybe it was Douglas's. You never could tell with European men.

Balancing it all in the crook of my arm, with my oversize work bag forcing my body to lean perilously to the right, I made it to the elevator just as the door was about to close. I kicked my foot out and stopped the door with my leg. Inside, I could see a tiny little man furiously pressing the "door close" button.

"You could lose a limb trying to get to your apartment," I said to the man with a laugh. Rather than being embarrassed for not holding the elevator for me, he looked annoyed that I had made it in.

"Or you could just wait for the next elevator," he replied under his breath. And they say that chivalry is dead.

With my free arm, I pressed the button for thirty-two. My work bag slid down my shoulder, catching my long hair underneath the strap. I tried to jump up to release my hair, turning my head quickly to the left as I did so. The dry cleaning began to slip from my grip and I begged it not to fall, whispering "We're almost there," to it as if talking to a small child. The man looked at me, his expression saying, " The economy must really be bad if our co-op board let *this* woman into the building."

But I didn't care. The night would still be perfect. No doubt I would get back to my apartment, and Douglas would be waiting for me with open arms. Seeing me with all of my packages, he would grab them from me, throw them on the couch and kiss me passionately. In his charming Scottish accent, he would say, "Darling, I missed you so much today I could barely stand it," or something as equally romantic and heartfelt and we would go meet our fabulous friends for a fabulous evening out. On our way to the restaurant, he would turn to me and say, " How is it that you look even *more* beautiful after working a full ten-hour day?"

I bet that that tiny little man in the elevator didn't have a gorgeous Scottish boyfriend to go home to. Or, actually, maybe he did. He was wearing really, really nice shoes.

But I did. I walked in the door to my apartment, starving to death (because, let's face it, I'm totally uncivilized), and before I even had a second to put down our dry cleaning, my gorgeous Scottish boyfriend broke up with me.

Normally, my life isn't this complicated. You see, I'm a simple girl with simple hopes. Up until two weeks ago, all I really wanted in life was for my boyfriend Douglas to buy an engagement ring. And he did! He just didn't give it to me. But I was fine. Even though the breakup was difficult, I remained very dignified.

Well, not so much dignified as a screaming crying mess. But it's not as if I embarrassed myself or anything. Unless you'd call throwing yourself at the tails of someone's suit jacket embarrassing. Which, luckily for me, I do not. We had a very mature conversation, really, if you think about it. I sweetly said, " Please don't go! Please don't leave me!" Okay, so maybe I was screaming it at the time, but you get where I was going with that one.

"I'm sorry, Brooke," Douglas said. "It's not you. It's *me*. *You* are an amazing girl. *You* have so much to offer. It's just that this doesn't feel right. It's just not the time for us."

Now isn't that mature? So, I answered him in kind. "And it is the time for you and that—that—bimbo? What the hell is her name?"

"Beryl."

"That's not even a naaaame!" I bellowed.

"Brooke, let's not get hysterical," Douglas said. Hysterical? I was, like, so *not* hysterical. "Can't we make this friendly? Can't we try to still be friends?", "Okay. you're right. Friends." See how mature I was being?

"Right then," he said, sounding very Scottish. How I loved that accent. "I'll be going."

This *may* have been the part where I lunged for the tails of his suit jacket and he then dragged me about twenty feet to the door.

"No!" I was screaming. "No, please, no!" Okay, yes, now that I'm telling you about this, I distinctly recall being dragged across the floor screaming, " Don't go!"

Oh, please. As if you never did that, too.

As a last ditch effort, I cried, " You can't do this! Please don't go! It isn't right!" In an instant, his expression changed. *I'm getting through to him*, I thought. I lightened my viselike grip on the tails of his suit jacket.

"you're right. I shouldn't go. It isn't right."

I shook my head in agreement and breathed a sigh of relief. As visions of wild, passionate makeup sex floated through my mind, he said, " After all, I own the apartment." And with that, he opened the door.

I should never have let go of the tails of his jacket.

Really, I blame the breakup on Trip's wedding. That's when everything started to go downhill between

Douglas and me. And what's worse, everyone I know thought that I shouldn't have gone to the wedding in the first place. Somehow, everyone who knew me *just knew* that Trip's wedding would be the end of Douglas and me. (Except little old me, of course.) I really hate being a foregone conclusion.

When I told my mother that I was going to Trip's wedding, she said, " Trip's wedding? Trip who?, (As if Jewish girls from Long Island know that many men named Trip.) "Trip from law school Trip? What woman, in her right mind, would want to go to that?"

Vanessa, my best friend from law school, initially RSVP'd no to the wedding, since she assumed that I wouldn't want to attend. When she found out that I wanted to go, she later called Trip to tell him that her "big case" had settled and that she and her husband, Marcus, would be there—but not before asking me approximately 472 times if I "wanted to talk about it?"

And when I told the partner I worked for at my firm that I would be out of town for a four-day weekend to take my boyfriend to L.A. to go to Trip's wedding, even he asked me, " Why the hell would you want to do that?"

I could have sworn that I even saw my therapist look at me sideways when I told her that I was going to my ex-boyfriend's wedding.

Okay, so I understand that this isn't exactly your typical "girl goes to wedding" kind of situation. But, just because Trip is my ex-boyfriend from law school doesn't mean that I care more about this wedding or am more nervous about this wedding, or that this wedding is any different from any other wedding in any way at all! Because it's not. Trip's wedding is just another wedding. And Trip is just another friend of mine. Even if he is my ex-boyfriend.

What's an ex-boyfriend anyway? Everyone has an ex-boyfriend. Everyone. I mean, even some lesbians I know have them. Nothing special about them, right? I don't care any more or less about him just because he's my ex-boyfriend. He's just a person. And staying friends with your ex is a piece of cake. I barely ever think about him and how he may or may not have been my last chance at happiness in this cruel and unforgiving world.

Really. I have the satisfaction of having a great career and a great independent life filled with fabulous friends and, of course, even more fabulous shoes. I am such a woman of the new millennium that I can go work a full ten-hour day, keep in touch ...

Users Review

From reader reviews:

Gary Ackley:

Why don't make it to become your habit? Right now, try to ready your time to do the important work, like looking for your favorite publication and reading a publication. Beside you can solve your condition; you can add your knowledge by the book entitled Scot On The Rocks (Red Dress Ink Novels). Try to stumble

through book Scot On The Rocks (Red Dress Ink Novels) as your buddy. It means that it can to get your friend when you really feel alone and beside that course make you smarter than in the past. Yeah, it is very fortunated for you personally. The book makes you considerably more confidence because you can know every little thing by the book. So , let us make new experience in addition to knowledge with this book.

Barry Phelan:

The book Scot On The Rocks (Red Dress Ink Novels) can give more knowledge and information about everything you want. Why must we leave the good thing like a book Scot On The Rocks (Red Dress Ink Novels)? A few of you have a different opinion about guide. But one aim this book can give many info for us. It is absolutely right. Right now, try to closer with your book. Knowledge or data that you take for that, you could give for each other; you could share all of these. Book Scot On The Rocks (Red Dress Ink Novels) has simple shape however, you know: it has great and big function for you. You can seem the enormous world by open up and read a guide. So it is very wonderful.

James Ellis:

Hey guys, do you wants to finds a new book to learn? May be the book with the name Scot On The Rocks (Red Dress Ink Novels) suitable to you? The actual book was written by well known writer in this era. The actual book untitled Scot On The Rocks (Red Dress Ink Novels)is the main of several books this everyone read now. That book was inspired a number of people in the world. When you read this book you will enter the new age that you ever know before. The author explained their plan in the simple way, and so all of people can easily to comprehend the core of this guide. This book will give you a large amount of information about this world now. So you can see the represented of the world on this book.

Paul Simpson:

This Scot On The Rocks (Red Dress Ink Novels) is great e-book for you because the content that is certainly full of information for you who have always deal with world and also have to make decision every minute. This kind of book reveal it facts accurately using great organize word or we can state no rambling sentences in it. So if you are read the idea hurriedly you can have whole facts in it. Doesn't mean it only provides you with straight forward sentences but tough core information with splendid delivering sentences. Having Scot On The Rocks (Red Dress Ink Novels) in your hand like finding the world in your arm, info in it is not ridiculous one. We can say that no e-book that offer you world inside ten or fifteen minute right but this book already do that. So , this can be good reading book. Hey Mr. and Mrs. active do you still doubt in which?

Download and Read Online Scot On The Rocks (Red Dress Ink Novels) By Brenda Janowitz #ZI8C2D5FBM7

Read Scot On The Rocks (Red Dress Ink Novels) By Brenda Janowitz for online ebook

Scot On The Rocks (Red Dress Ink Novels) By Brenda Janowitz Free PDF d0wnl0ad, audio books, books to read, good books to read, cheap books, good books, online books, books online, book reviews epub, read books online, books to read online, online library, greatbooks to read, PDF best books to read, top books to read Scot On The Rocks (Red Dress Ink Novels) By Brenda Janowitz books to read online.

Online Scot On The Rocks (Red Dress Ink Novels) By Brenda Janowitz ebook PDF download

Scot On The Rocks (Red Dress Ink Novels) By Brenda Janowitz Doc

Scot On The Rocks (Red Dress Ink Novels) By Brenda Janowitz Mobipocket

Scot On The Rocks (Red Dress Ink Novels) By Brenda Janowitz EPub