



A Breathless Bride/ Bed of Lies (Mills and Boon Desire)

By Fiona, Roe, Paula Brand

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A Breathless Bride Constantine Atraeus knows controlling Ambrosi Pearls would not be complete without enticing Sienna Ambrosi back into his bed. His ex-lover, however, won't be won over with simple promises and elaborate seductions. So Constantine proposes the ultimate marriage bargain. It is a price he's more than willing to pay. But is she? Bed of Lies Banker Luke de Rossi must sell the Australian beach house he inherited from his mobster uncle, fast. But then he runs up against Beth Jones. Is she the rightful tenant? A reporter? His uncle's lover? Luke wants answers - almost as much as he wants Beth. But she has a lot to hide. And falling hard for Luke isn't helping things!

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A Breathless Bride/ Bed of Lies (Mills and Boon Desire) By Fiona, Roe, Paula Brand Bibliography

- Sales Rank: #7943777 in Books
- Published on: 2012-06-15
- Original language: English
- Number of items: 1
- Dimensions: 6.69" h x .91" w x 4.21" l, .0 pounds
- Binding: Paperback

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Editorial Review

About the Author

Fiona Brand lives in the sunny Bay of Islands, New Zealand. Now that both of her sons are grown, she continues to love writing books and gardening. After a life-changing time in which she met Christ, she has undertaken study for a bachelor of theology and has become a member of The Order of St. Luke, Christ's healing ministry.

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With a wolf-cold gaze, Constantine Atraeus scanned the mourners attending Roberto Ambrosi's funeral, restlessly seeking...and finding.

With her long blond hair and dark eyes, elegantly curved body and rich-list style, Roberto's daughter Sienna stood out like an exotic bird among ravens.

His jaw compressing at the unmistakable evidence of her tears, Constantine shook off an unwilling surge of compassion. And memories. No matter how innocent Sienna looked, he couldn't allow himself to forget that his ex-fiancée was the new CEO of her family's failing pearl empire. She was first and foremost an Ambrosi. Descended from a once wealthy family, the Ambrosis were noted for two things: their luminous good looks and their focus on the bottom line.

In this case, his bottom line.

"Tell me you're not going after her now."

Constantine's brother Lucas, still jet-lagged from a long-haul flight from Rome to Sydney, levered himself out of the Audi Constantine had used to pick up both of his brothers from the airport.

In the Sydney office for two days of meetings, Lucas was dressed for business, although he'd long since abandoned the jacket and tie. Zane, who was already out of the car and examining the funeral crowd, was dressed in black jeans and a black shirt, a pair of dark glasses making him look even more remote.

Lucas was edgily good-looking, so much so that the media dogged him unmercifully. Zane, who was technically their half brother, and who had spent time on the streets of L.A. as a teenager before their father had found him, simply looked dangerous. The outer packaging aside, Constantine was confident that when it came to protecting his family's assets both of his brothers were sharks.

Constantine shrugged into the jacket he'd draped over the back of the driver's seat as he watched Sienna accept condolences, his frustration edged by a surge of emotion that had nothing to do with temper.

Grimly, he considered that the physical attraction that had drawn him away from The Atraeus Group's head office on Medinos, when his legal counsel could have handled the formalities, was clouding his judgment.

No, that wasn't it. Two years ago Constantine had finally learned to separate sexual desire from business. He was no longer desperate.

This time if and when Sienna Ambrosi came to his bed, it would be on his terms, not hers.

"I'm not here to put flowers on Roberto's grave."

"Or allow her to grieve. Ever heard of tomorrow?" Lucas shrugged into his jacket and slammed the door of the Audi.

Constantine winced at Lucas's treatment of the expensive car. Lucas hadn't been old enough to remember the bad old days when the Atraeus family had been so poor they hadn't been able to afford a car, but Constantine could. His father's discovery of a rich gold mine on the Mediterranean island of Medinos hadn't altered any of his childhood memories. He would never forget what it had felt like to have nothing. "When it comes to the Ambrosi family, tomorrow will be too late." Resignation laced his tone as he eyed the press gathering like vultures at a feast. "Besides, it looks like the story has already been leaked. Bad timing or not, I want answers."

And to take back the money Roberto Ambrosi had conned out of their dying father while Constantine had been out of the country.

Funeral or not, he would unravel the scam he had discovered just over a week ago. After days of unreturned calls and hours of staking out the apparently empty residences of the Ambrosi family, his patience was gone, as was the desire to finish this business discreetly.

Lucas fell into step beside Constantine as he started toward the dispersing mourners. Grimly, Constantine noted that Lucas's attention was fixed on the younger Ambrosi daughter, Carla.

"Are you certain Sienna's involved?"

Constantine didn't bother to hide his incredulity.

Just what were the odds that the woman who had agreed to marry him two years ago, knowing that her father was leveraging an under-the-table deal with his, hadn't known about Roberto's latest scam? "She knows."

"You know what Roberto was like—"

"More than willing to exploit a dying man."

Constantine made brief eye contact with the two bodyguards who had accompanied them in a separate vehicle. The protection wasn't his choice, but as the CEO of a multibillion-dollar corporation, he'd had to deal with more than his share of threats.

As they neared the graveside, Constantine noted the absence of male family members or escorts. The wealthy and powerful Ambrosi family, who had employed his grandfather as a gardener, now only consisted of Margaret—Roberto's widow—the two daughters, Sienna and Carla, and a collection of elderly aunts and distant cousins.

As he halted at the edge of the mounded grave, the heavy cloud, which had been steadily building overhead, slid across the face of the midday sun and Sienna's dark gaze finally locked with his. In that fractured moment, something close to joy flared, as if she had forgotten that two years ago, when it had come down to a choice between him or the money, she had gone for the cash.

For a long, drawn out moment, Constantine was held immobile by a shifting sense of *deja vu*, a powerful moment of connection he had been certain he would never again feel.

Something kicked in his chest, an errant pulse of emotion, and instead of dragging his gaze away he allowed

himself to be caught, entangled...

A split second later a humid gust of wind sent leaves flying. In the few moments it took Sienna to anchor the honeyed fall of her hair behind one ear, the dreamy incandescence that had ensnared him—fooled him—so completely two years ago was gone, replaced by stunned disbelief.

A kick of annoyance that, evidently, despite all of his unreturned calls, Sienna had failed to register his presence in Sydney, was edged by relief. For a moment there, he had almost lost it, but now they were both back on the same, familiar page.

Constantine terminated the eye contact and transferred his attention to the freshly mounded soil, now covered by lavish floral tributes. Reasserting his purpose, reminding himself.

Roberto Ambrosi had been a liar, a thief and a con man, but Constantine would give him his due: he had known when to make his exit.

Sienna, however, had no such avenue of escape.

Sienna's heart slammed hard as Constantine closed the distance between them. Just for a few moments, exhausted by sadness and worn-out from fighting the overwhelming relief that she no longer had to cope with her father's gambling addiction, she had let the grimness of the cemetery fade.

She'd trained herself to be a relentlessly positive thinker, but even for her, the wispy daydream had been unusually creative: a reinvention of the past, where love came first, instead of somewhere down a complex list of assets and agendas. Then she had turned and for a disorienting moment, the future she had once thought was hers—and which she had needed with a fierceness that still haunted her—had taken on dazzling life. Constantine.

The reality of his clean, powerful features—coal-black hair brushing broad shoulders and the faintly resinous male scent that never failed to make her heart pound—had shocked her back to reality.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded curtly. Since the embarrassing debacle two years ago, the Ambrosis and the Atraeuses had preserved an icy distance. Constantine was the last person she expected to see at her father's funeral, and the least welcome.

Constantine's fingers closed around hers. The warm, slightly rough, skin-on-skin contact sent a hot, tingling shock through her. She inhaled sharply and a hint of the cologne that had sent her spiraling into the past just seconds ago made her stomach clench.

Constantine was undeniably formidable and gorgeous. Once he had fascinated her to the point that she had broken her cardinal rule. She had stopped thinking in favor of feeling. Big mistake.

Constantine had been out of her league, period. He was too rich, too powerful and, as she had found out to her detriment, utterly focused on protecting his family's business empire.

Bitterly, she reflected that the tabloids had it right. Ruthless in business, ditto in bed. The CEO of The Atraeus Group was a catch. Just don't "bank" on a wedding.

He leaned forward, close enough that his cleanly shaven jaw almost brushed her cheek. For an electrifying moment she thought he was actually going to kiss her, then the remoteness of his expression wiped that thought from her mind.

"We need to talk." His voice was deep and curt—a cosmopolitan mix of accents that revealed that, his Mediterranean heritage aside, he had been educated in the States. "Five minutes. In the parking lot." Jerking her fingers free, Sienna stepped back, her high heels sinking into the soft ground.

Meet with the man who had proposed one week, then discarded her the next because he believed she was a calculating gold digger?

That would be when hell froze over.

"We don't have anything to discuss."

"Five minutes. Be there."

Stomach tight, she stared at the long line of his back as he strolled away through the ranks of marble headstones. Peripherally she noticed Lucas and Zane, Constantine's two brothers, flanking him. Two security guards kept onlookers and the reporters who inevitably hounded the Atraeus family at bay.

Tension hummed through her at the presence of both brothers and the security. The bodyguards were a reality check, underlining the huge gulf between her life and his.

She registered a brief touch on her arm. Her sister, Carla. With an effort of will, Sienna shook off the shock of Constantine's presence and her own unsettling reactions. Her father's sudden death and the messy financial fallout that followed had consumed every waking moment for the past few days. Despite that, all it h...

Users Review

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Tonya Hooper:

This A Breathless Bride/ Bed of Lies (Mills and Boon Desire) book is not ordinary book, you have it then the world is in your hands. The benefit you will get by reading this book is information inside this guide incredible fresh, you will get data which is getting deeper a person read a lot of information you will get. This particular A Breathless Bride/ Bed of Lies (Mills and Boon Desire) without we know teach the one who examining it become critical in pondering and analyzing. Don't possibly be worry A Breathless Bride/ Bed of Lies (Mills and Boon Desire) can bring whenever you are and not make your carrier space or bookshelves' turn into full because you can have it in your lovely laptop even phone. This A Breathless Bride/ Bed of Lies (Mills and Boon Desire) having fine arrangement in word as well as layout, so you will not really feel uninterested in reading.

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A Breathless Bride/ Bed of Lies (Mills and Boon Desire) can be one of your starter books that are good idea. Most of us recommend that straight away because this publication has good vocabulary that will increase your knowledge in terminology, easy to understand, bit entertaining but delivering the information. The writer giving his/her effort to place every word into delight arrangement in writing A Breathless Bride/ Bed of Lies (Mills and Boon Desire) however doesn't forget the main level, giving the reader the hottest as well as based confirm resource information that maybe you can be certainly one of it. This great information can drawn you into new stage of crucial imagining.

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