

(Free download) I Feel You (Ron and Travis Romance) (English Edition)

I Feel You (Ron and Travis Romance) (English Edition)

Von Alex Berry

ePub | *DOC | audiobook | ebooks | Download PDF



DOWNLOAD



+

READ ONLINE

Produktinformation Veröffentlicht am: 2011-02-13 Erscheinungsdatum: 2011-02-13 File Name:
B004NNV2SY | File size: 26.Mb

Von Alex Berry : I Feel You (Ron and Travis Romance) (English Edition) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised I Feel You (Ron and Travis Romance) (English Edition):

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Nicht so wirklich meinsVon HoneyMich hat die Geschichte nicht so berzeugt. Ich habe wirklich die zweite Hlfte ber immer gehofft, dass sie sich trennen und jeder einen anderen bekommt... Das ist doch irgendwie bld.. Ich habe mich auch gewundert, dass ich überhaupt zuende gelesen habe.. liegt aber wahrscheinlich daran, dass ich gehofft habe, dass sie sich eben NICHT bekommen!Naja drei Sterne gibts, weil ich mich offensichtlich nicht genug gelangweilt/gergert

habe, dass ich aufgehrt habe zu lesen und weil ich den Schreibstil irgendwie doch mag. Hoffe man kann mit dieser Rez was anfangen! Ich wrde es nicht noch mal kaufen!

KurzbeschreibungRons life isnt all that bad, well except his housemate is an inconsiderate jerk. The love of his life dumped him six months ago, and if that isnt bad enough, hes overweight. Of course, hes much bigger in his mind than in reality, but that doesnt stop him from going to extra measures to camouflage the extra pounds. He lusts after fine muscular men he sees around town, never expecting theyd give a plain man like him the time of day. All Travis wanted was a man who was healthy. After dealing with a dying relative the past few years, the last thing hed look at was someone slim or bony. He craved a squeezable, pinchable, healthy man with some cushion to handle his large frame. Seeing Ron all starched and pressed released a craven desire to make the polished man fly apart, in his arms. Ron cant believe someone like Travis is interested in him, but is more than willing to jumpstart his boring life down a new path. And why is it that once he and Travis start dating, men start coming out of the woodwork? Can two men so different find love? Excerpt: The waiter gave him a cloth and a weak smile before he pushed open the door to the john. He was picking off the white paper from his pants when the door opened. He looked up and froze. Standing, much taller than his five feet ten inches, in front of him was the chocolate hunk hed fantasized over last night. Hey, his fantasy greeted him in that same deep voice, while taking in the scene before him. Need help? He smiled. Heat spread up his neck and over his face. Ron attempted a smile in the face of his embarrassment. He glanced at his semi-napkin free pants. I think Ive got this. Just trying to make myself presentable before heading back to work. He brushed the wet spot again. Im Ron. He gazed at the casually dressed masculine flesh. Im Travis. They stared at each other for a minute. Ron coughed, daring to believe Travis came in here to talk to him. Rarely, did he attract men who looked this handsome or with god-like bodies. Im sorry. Im in your way. He moved, allowing the other man access to the sinks or urinals. No, I came in here to meet you. Hope you dont mind. Travis stared at him. Ron swallowed. Really? I mean wow. I dont know what to say. He looked up at Travis again. Why? He couldnt believe that word slipped from his sub-conscious into the real world. Heat sped up his neck as Travis frowned. Why? Why did I want to meet you? Or why did I want to meet you in the john? He leaned against the wall with his feet crossed at the ankles. Ron envied his cool posture. Yeah, I guess since it slipped out, I want to know on some level. Im embarrassed as hell, but why meet me? Travis nodded. I saw you walk into the restaurant yesterday, all flustered and shit. Your tie was tight, your shirt crisp and your hair in place. But, your pants and shoes were wet. Ron listened, surprised as the man recounted his version of yesterday. It didnt fit with the rest of you. I listened to your conversation and was impressed that youd do that for a friend. Some friend, Ron muttered. Theres that too. I came outside yesterday looking for you, but youd left, Ron said standing straighter in an effort to pull in his protruding waistline. I got off work late and stopped to eat. I was tired and went home to rest. Oh. You got off late again today? No. Ron swallowed, still in shock that this gorgeous hunk of perfection was interested in him. Out of the corner of his eye, he noticed the other man walk toward him. Can I call you? Travis touched his shoulder for a moment. Pleasurable tingles shot through Ron. He nodded. Words stuck in his throat. He slid his hand into his breast pocket, pulling out a business card. Grabbing a pen from the same inner pocket, he wrote his cell number. Call me whenever you have time. His body vibrated from the closeness of their bodies. He inhaled the natural musky scent and wished he could bottle Trav

KurzbeschreibungRons life isnt all that bad, well except his housemate is an inconsiderate jerk. The love of his life dumped him six months ago, and if that isnt bad enough, hes overweight. Of course, hes much bigger in his mind than in reality, but that doesnt stop him from going to extra measures to camouflage the extra pounds. He lusts after fine muscular men he sees around town, never expecting theyd give a plain man like him the time of day. All Travis wanted was a man who was healthy. After dealing with a dying relative the past few years, the last thing hed look at was someone slim or bony. He craved a squeezable, pinchable, healthy man with some cushion to handle his large frame. Seeing Ron all starched and pressed released a craven desire to make the polished man fly apart, in his arms. Ron cant believe someone like Travis is interested in him, but is more than willing to jumpstart his boring life down a new path. And why is it that once he and Travis start dating, men start coming out of the woodwork? Can two men so different find love? Excerpt: The waiter gave him a cloth and a weak smile before he pushed open the door to the john. He was picking off the white paper from his pants when the door opened. He looked up and froze. Standing, much taller than his five feet ten inches, in front of him was the chocolate hunk hed fantasized over last night. Hey, his fantasy greeted him in that same deep voice, while taking in the scene before him. Need help? He smiled. Heat spread up his neck and over his face. Ron attempted a smile in the face of his embarrassment. He glanced at his semi-napkin free pants. I think Ive got this. Just trying to make myself presentable before heading back to work. He brushed the wet spot again. Im Ron. He gazed at the casually dressed masculine flesh. Im Travis. They stared at each other for a minute. Ron coughed, daring to believe Travis came in here to talk to him. Rarely, did he attract men who looked this handsome or with god-like bodies. Im sorry. Im in your way. He moved, allowing the other man access to the sinks or urinals. No, I came in here to meet you. Hope you dont mind. Travis stared at him. Ron swallowed. Really? I mean wow. I dont know what to say. He looked up at Travis again.

Why? He couldn't believe that word slipped from his sub-conscious into the real world. Heat sped up his neck as Travis frowned. Why? Why did I want to meet you? Or why did I want to meet you in the john? He leaned against the wall with his feet crossed at the ankles. Ron envied his cool posture. Yeah, I guess since it slipped out, I want to know on some level. I'm embarrassed as hell, but why meet me? Travis nodded. I saw you walk into the restaurant yesterday, all flustered and shit. Your tie was tight, your shirt crisp and your hair in place. But, your pants and shoes were wet. Ron listened, surprised as the man recounted his version of yesterday. It didn't fit with the rest of you. I listened to your conversation and was impressed that you'd do that for a friend. Some friend, Ron muttered. There's that too. I came outside yesterday looking for you, but you'd left, Ron said standing straighter in an effort to pull in his protruding waistline. I got off work late and stopped to eat. I was tired and went home to rest. Oh. You got off late again today? No. Ron swallowed, still in shock that this gorgeous hunk of perfection was interested in him. Out of the corner of his eye, he noticed the other man walk toward him. Can I call you? Travis touched his shoulder for a moment. Pleasurable tingles shot through Ron. He nodded. Words stuck in his throat. He slid his hand into his breast pocket, pulling out a business card. Grabbing a pen from the same inner pocket, he wrote his cell number. Call me whenever you have time. His body vibrated from the closeness of their bodies. He inhaled the natural musky scent and wished he could bottle Trav