

Chapter 1 : Read Blindfolded Innocence (Innocence #1)(15) online free by Alessandra Torre

Blindfolded Innocence (Innocence, #1), The Diary of Brad De Luca (Innocence, #), Masked Innocence (Innocence, #2), and End of the Innocence (Innocenc.

Blindfolded, I listened hard, waiting for a sign of what was to come. Only the hum of the hotel air conditioner met my ears. Seconds passed, then a minute. Finally I heard the door open and then click shut. Footsteps, muted on the carpet, sounded from behind me, and I felt, rather than heard, a male presence pass by my side and come to stand in front of me. Close, so close I leaned backward slightly. The sound of a zipper being drawn down filled the silent room. I decided to break off my engagement on a Wednesday night at 2: I was drunk, past the point of walking a straight line, but not yet to the point of slurring my speech. Luke was not the one for me. I met Luke as a sophomore in college - emotionally vulnerable after the first "love of my life" unceremoniously dumped me 2 weeks after taking my virginity to run off with a year old blonde, pink toe-nailed, California princess. Luke was quiet, brooding, a sensitive soul who seemed absolutely terrified of me. I was bubbly, beautiful, and determined to get over my heartbreak the college way - partying myself into oblivion. I hunted Luke down, like a lioness would do to a vulnerable baby antelope, making my soul occupation getting Luke to fall completely and hopelessly in love with me. Which he did, putting me on a pedestal and worshipping daily at my whim. I demanded a proposal within six months, which he did willingly I think, and we began to plan a life together. This life plan was hampered slightly by the fact that Luke was a dreamer - with high goals but little follow-through. He enjoyed spending time with me, but little else. He worked in construction, and not in a management role, as I had originally thought, but as a laborer. My bubbly persona started to turn into more of a nagging mother role. I had ignored the annoying pokes for the last 12 months. My self-conscience had had enough of waiting. It is weird the things that enter your head during a break up. I sat on my bed, with Luke sitting next to me, and I wondered why I had never purchased a chair for my bedroom. I had a desk, along with the typical bedside table, and of course, bed - but no chair. A chair would have made this situation easier - sitting next to Luke on the bed would be too intimate, his pain was too close, and I knew I would have to fight to keep from reaching over to comfort him. I stood up, wobbled slightly, and turned to face him. I took a deep breath and delivered the bad news. I think my dramatic breakup speech was hampered slightly by the fact that we were both drunk, but I tried my best to be compassionate, coherent, and firm. I accomplished at least two of those objectives. Luke turned out to have a streak of stalker in him. As much poking and prodding that he had needed to bathe, balance a checkbook, and show up for work- it turned out he needed little or no encouragement to spend every waking moment trying to convince me to come back to him. In retrospect, maybe I should have spent less effort trying to get him to fall in love with me. I might have overshot that objective. After two weeks of avoiding my home, work, and any place I had ever frequented during the last two years, I decided to leave my crappy apartment and even crappier job and start fresh. It was good timing. Intern season was starting. I sat in the Human Resources offices with eight other interns and waited for my attorney assignment. Our internships would last for one semester; during that time we would be assigned an attorney, and for the most part, would be their personal bitch for the next 10 weeks. I had heard the stories. Liz Renfield, one of the junior partners, once made one intern cover her gynecology appointment - the intern had to sit in the cold stirrups and undergo a full exam - just so Renfield could make a depo and continue her birth control uninterrupted. Hugo Clarke is apparently the dream assignment - he takes interns under his wing and pretty much guarantees you a salaried position after graduation. I stood, smoothed my skirt, and strode to the front. I was nervous, but tried to appear calm and collected. I came to a stop in front of her and waited. I turned and walked back to my seat, passing Jennifer on the way. She gave me a tight, nervous smile which I returned. I sat down on the plastic-wrapped seat and exhaled, releasing the breath that I had not been aware I was holding. I could have gotten worse. Broward works long hours, and expects his interns to do the same, but at least I will get good, solid training. If I impress Broward, I should have no problem getting a strong recommendation for law school. Word was that Broward was tough, but not unreasonable, and fair. Orientation passed slowly, a boring drone of

questionnaires, forms, and informational videos on topics such as equal opportunity and sexual harassment in the workplace. We had a catered lunch in an empty conference room, cold ham and turkey sandwiches with chips. I munched on a Lays chip and listened to the idle chat. The conversation seemed to center around drinks after work today, and where everyone wanted to go. Julia - that work for you? I could probably cross off any social events period, until my internship was over. I smiled at him, and sensed a connection.

Chapter 2 : Masked Innocence (Audiobook) by Alessandra Torre | theinnatdunvilla.com

The official website of NYT Bestselling author Alessandra Torre. View books, order signed copies, read her blog on writing and sex.

It was how this whole thing started; it was the birth of my sexual awakening, the first loose thread that started the unraveling of my inhibitions. It almost seemed fitting that, in what could be the end of my life, I was, once again, blindfolded. I woke up in pure blackness, my senses reawakening one by one, slowly reporting grim details of my surroundings. Pure dark, so complete in its entirety that I felt a wave of claustrophobia hit me. Muffled voices, hard tones filled with anger, hate, and “most terrifying of all” glee. The rustle of fabric against my ear as I twisted my head, the sound informing my brain that I was, in fact, blindfolded. A sickly-sweet scent, coming from the blindfold, almost “but not quite” overriding the dirty, masculine stench that reeked in this room. Wet cloth in my mouth, tugging at my skin, keeping my tongue in place, the horrible aftertaste of vomit in my mouth. Hands bound behind my back with rough, scratchy rope. Ankles spread and secured to chair legs beneath me. Sitting upright, utterly secured, my body recognizing, even without sight, the bruises that covered me. My brain understood everything about the situation at once, bursting into reality in one, horrific instance, like stepping into the harsh sun, painful in its strength. I screamed through the blindfold, my effort producing only a small sound, and strained every muscle, thrashing my body from side to side, trying to free some small part of my body in at least one minor way. The chair rocked, tipped, and in an agonizingly slow motion, tipped backward and crashed to the concrete floor. The impact slammed my head back, and with one painful crack, my body stilled, all senses instantly snuffed. It was a role I knew, had been in just a couple of months earlier. But now, back in the title, with Brad De Luca as my future husband, it felt completely different. I woke slowly, pulling myself out of sleep, aided by the warm sear of his skin against my bare back, the sigh of his breath against my hair, the thrust of his pelvis as he let me know he was up in the naughtiest way possible. Yes, I could get used to this. Yes, I could spend the next fifty years of my life waking up in his arms. I rolled over, putting us face to face, his eyes still closed, his mouth curving into a smile. I studied the thick line of his lashes, the peace on his face, peace that would disappear as soon as his eyes opened, as soon as intensity stole over his features and dominance ruled the beautiful canvas of his face. Then his eyes opened, and I lost some of my breath. Five minutes later, he took that breath in a completely different way. With my back arched against the sheets, my hands deep in his hair, the glitter of diamond on my finger the only thing respectful and sane about our union. I dressed for work, pairing a gray suit and cream shirt, and was putting on earrings when Brad came out of the bathroom, wrapped in a towel, steam following him into the room. He stopped short when he saw me, frowning slightly. That place that I go to during the week? I figured you could put it inside. I frowned up at him, tugging with my wrist until he finally released me. I dropped the subject, and you assumed I agreed. Then you should see the wisdom in it. I threw up my hands. Moving around him, I headed to the bathroom. I rolled my eyes at him. Fucking Marilyn Monroe would love that ring. Especially when I was running late. I am avoiding lots of questions, discussions, and evil stares. He looked at me with a mixture of confusion and amusement, then threw up his hands and left. With a smile, I relaxed, picking up the toothpaste tube. He was back before I had time to begin brushing. He set the ring box down with a thud on the marble counter next to me. Great first day of engager. I had a brief understanding of what it must have been like for Luke. I had been a pretty heavy-handed dictator in that relationship. I steamed my way through the entire teeth-brushing process, staring at the damn velvet box the entire time. I had absolutely no doubt that Brad would do exactly as he had promised, telling the news to anyone and everyone he met. A small part of me, one that jumped up and down and did the salsa, was happy that he was proud. Proud of me, of our relationship, of our engagement. I tried to suffocate the happy part of myself but failed miserably. I opened up the velvet box and looked at the ring again. It was so heartbreakingly beautiful, and I was terrified of falling in love with it and then one day having to give it up. I picked out the ring and slid it on, my knees weakening a little in the process. I allowed myself a brief, small happy dance in the middle of the bathroom, then put on my game face and headed downstairs. I

pulled out of the hug. That was bitchy Martha. Let me fix you something else. I stopped short when I saw my Camry, parked to the side of the garage, Brad, on his cell, leaning against it. He saw me and met me halfway, ending the call and holding out my keys, his eyes sweeping over my ring finger. I snatched the keys from his outstretched hand, stepping up on my tiptoes and giving him a brief kiss. Good luck this morning. His hand grabbed my arm and caught me as I started to get in. I caught a glimpse of his face a second too late, and he kissed me before I could move. The kiss was soft, not the typical De Luca passion-fest, and he added a second one before raising his head and smiling down at me. He leaned down, brushing his lips over my neck, then whispered in my ear. I started the engine and put the car in reverse, watching him walk around and enter the garage. Chapter 2 My car grumbled as it moved through downtown, and I reached out with a distracted hand, feeling around the inside of my purse until I found my phone. With a side of fajitas. And hid her phone. So much had slid by under their radar. I drove in silence for a moment, not sure of what to say, the pressure building as my car neared the office. But we need to celebrate. Los Compadres at six? I love the girls and wanted to share the excitement of my engagement. I turned on my blinker, pulled up, and got a ticket for the parking garage. Stuffing the phone into my purse, I pulled into a spot. Then I, with my big ass rock, opened the car door. The doomed walk of the dead through the lobby. I shielded my ring finger with my purse and smiled a brief hello to Ancient Dorothy, bee-lining for the elevators. I rode up alone, taking advantage of the silence to whisper a short prayerâ€”apologizing for any recent sins and praying for compassion.

Chapter 3 : Innocence Series by Alessandra Torre

Alessandra Torre is a USA Today Bestselling author who focuses on contemporary erotica. Her first book, Blindfolded Innocence, was published in July , and was an Erotica #1 Bestseller for two weeks.

You are the future of our company. Are you telling me you are bringing dinner to your favorite intern Woo? I wanted this man so badly it hurt. You can ask me anything you want, as long as I have the same privilege. I started the game. We were together 11 years, married for 7 of those. Hillary is a great girl, but we were too different, too incompatible. I think we both realized our mistake early on. That something would change. Nothing changed, and we separated. We both did it unrepresented. There is nothing more she could have gotten. It turns people into horrible things, and gets them to the point where they hate themselves as much as their exes. It happened to my parents, and is one of the reasons I went into this business. I make sure that I am the animal - the horrible one. This way the couple stays civil and a fair arrangement is made. It often goes astray. I had an affair that lasted the last year of our marriage. It ended before my divorce, but was the straw that broke the camels back. I think I wanted to get caught, wanted a way out. She overlooked it for a while, until my affair starting leaving her voicemails describing our indiscretions. My wife got in the way of that. I tried to break it off, and she got mad. Thought that she might have a chance if Hillary dumped me. Can we discuss something else? I went home with him, but all we did was make out. I took a taxi home afterwards. I pretended to chew and waved my hand in front of my face, making the "wait a minute" sign. He looked on with amusement, enjoying my discomfort. What is the rule with this? I multiply the real number? Or is it divide? In my panic, I just decided to go with the truth. How old are you? Did you have a long-term relationship? I was 19 when I lost my virginity, and was engaged to the second guy I slept with. We broke up about six weeks ago. He missed a big glob of marinara, and it stayed on the corner of his mouth. I handed him a paper towel and indicated the offending area. Still young and vibrant. I enjoyed the power and control it gave me. Why require that love be attached to the act? There is no sense in living a dry, sexless existence while you wait the years it could take to find your next "love", in the meantime missing out on some of your peak sexual years! If you follow that thought process, you will probably just get sexually frustrated and convince yourself that you love someone simply so you will allow yourself to sleep with him, which will only end in an unnecessary long relationship that will end with someone getting hurt.

Chapter 4 : Alessandra Torre - Book Series In Order

The Innocence book series by Alessandra Torre includes books Blindfolded Innocence, The Diary of Brad De Luca, Masked Innocence, and several more. See the complete Innocence series book list in order, box sets or omnibus editions, and companion titles.

Publication Order of Short Story Collections Just the Sex Beschreibung bei Amazon Alessandra Torre is one of the award winning authors from America who like her books based on the contemporary romance, literature fiction, erotica, and suspense genres. Other than being a well known author, Torre also works as the Bedroom Blogger for the Cosmopolitan magazine. The other things in which author Torre likes to keep herself busy include working as a guest columnist for the RT Book Reviews and the Huffington Post, and featuring in various well known magazines. One of the magazines in which she recently featured is the Elle Magazine. So far, she has written around 12 books in her writing career. All her books feature the elements of suspense and romance in abundance along with a few strong undercurrents of sexuality. She considers herself to be an indie and traditionally published author. Her main focus lies mainly towards writing erotic suspense and contemporary erotic romance stories. Other than using her original name for writing her books, author Torre also makes use of several other pseudonyms such as A. Torre for writing the different genres of her books. Among the 12 books that she has written so far, 5 have gone on to reach the top spot in the list of top erotic bestseller novels. The most popular novel series written by author Torre is the Innocence series. The first book of this series titled Blindfolded Innocence went on to become a breakout hit all across the world. In a very less time after its publication, the book rose to the top spot of the Amazon ebook charts. Later, a number of popular publishing houses got attracted towards the book. This series too is also based on the erotic suspense genre. From her house located on the Emerald Coast, Florida, author Torre devotes a few hours every day for writing the various novels of her series as well as for interacting with her fans and readers through her Facebook fan page, Pinterest, and Twitter. She always keeps them about her recent developments through these online platforms. As of today, author Torre is happily married and is blessed with a son. Other than writing novels, her hobbies include horseback riding, watching football games of the SEC, watching movies, and reading books. Whenever she gets some time off from her busy schedule, she likes to engage in some or the other creative activities. Author Torre is about to release a total of 4 books in the coming months of the year The Innocence series written by author Alessandra Torre consists of a total of 3 books published between the years and It was released by the Harlequin HQN publishing company in the year At the start of the book, Brad De Luga is introduced as a person who gets usually gets whomever and whatever he wants. Soon, he sees a new intern who recently joined his firm. But, she seems to be a difficult challenge and his prowess seems to go into an overdrive to seduce her. The intern, Julia Campbell, has come out of her recent failed engagement and appears to be enjoying her free life. She knew that Brad De Luga is not the kind of person that she should be seeing and therefore, she keeps avoiding his each and every move played on her. Julia does not want to destroy her newly started career because of a playboy. But her innocence proves to be her weak point as Brad charms her too into his bed. The sensual pleasures that Brad give Julia Campbell drive her into a different world full sexual exploration. However, if her heart gets broken once again, she might not be able to take it. This book was published in the year by the author Torre herself. In this book, Brad is described as a sinful man. He looked dangerous because of his looks and the cocky confidence which dominated his every touch and move made him even more dangerous. What was more frustrating, but ecstatic about the character of Brad was that he had the ability to back everything up all the time. Due to all these things, Julia Campbell is never able to understand what she should expect from Brad, who looks to win all the time. But, she has started enjoying it that way. The moment she let Brad seduce her, she gave up all her conventional and safe relationships. Brad seems to be determined to strip each and every inhibition of hers due to which Julia is in the danger of falling very deep in his love. As the novel progresses, the love affair of Julia and Brad takes an even more dangerous turn when a murder takes place and the suspicion leads straight to Brad and a mob. As a result, Julia begins to feel that she made a huge mistake by trusting Brad with his bad reputation as he kept

secrets from her. Jack Reacher is back! Family secrets come back to haunt Reacher when he decides to visit the town his father was born in. Because when he visits there he finds out no-one with the last name of Reacher has ever lived there. It leaves him wondering - did his father ever live there? Recommendations Every 2 weeks we send out an e-mail with Book Recommendations. Insert your e-mail below to start getting these recommendations. If you see one missing just send me an e-mail below. Featured Author Our author of the month is Canadian author Opal Carew who writes erotic romance novels. Opal has written over novels with multiple book series such as the Dirty Talk series and the Abducted series. More recently, he has covered the pharmaceutical and health care industries, specializing in issues concerning dangerous drugs.

Chapter 5 : The End of the Innocence (Volume 3) (Audiobook) by Alessandra Torre | theinnatdunvilla.com

The Innocence series written by author Alessandra Torre consists of a total of 3 books published between the years and The debut novel of this series is titled as 'Blindfolded Innocence'.

Chapter 6 : Alessandra Torre - OverDrive (Rakuten OverDrive): eBooks, audiobooks and videos for library

Photography Anouk Morgan (River-y) Find this Pin and more on INNOCENCE SERIES by Alessandra Torre by Patti O'Hara. Waw edgy emo facd totally Hiro coz she mÃ¥ skito Okay, while Victoria Justice is a face claim for Audrey- this is how I picture her in my mind.

Chapter 7 : Read Blindfolded Innocence (Innocence #1) online free by Alessandra Torre

Jessica: Blindfolded Innocence by Alessandra Torre. Womanizing lawyer meets intern this starts in the office but it is SO MUCH MORE. This is a must read possibly the greatest and worst book hangover of my life.

Chapter 8 : Alessandra Torre - Wikipedia

End of the Innocence is the third and final installment in Alessandra Torre's erotic/romance trilogy titled Innocence. I thought the addition of thriller/mystery elements was a surprise in the second book, but I obviously had know idea what Ms. Torre had up her sleeve!

Chapter 9 : Innocence Series in Order - Alessandra Torre - FictionDB

Alessandra Torre Synopsis: Blindfolded Innocence is the first book in the Innocence series by Alessandra Torre. Brad De Luca is used to getting whatever and whomever he wants. Brad De Luca is used to getting whatever and whomever he wants.