

# Tempted By The Badboy Billionaire (BWWM, Billionaire, Badboy, Romance Book 1)

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## Tempted By The Badboy Billionaire

Briony Ash has always had a thing for bad boys. Now, at thirty-four, she's trying to change her ways. She has a good job, great friends, and she's ready to settle down. So when she meets the handsome and kind Nick Dalton, she feels her wishes may have finally been granted. Sure, Nick has a lot of money, but he's worked hard to get to where he is in life, and she admires that about him. Nick, on the other hand, wouldn't usually go for a woman like Briony. She's too sweet, and doesn't run in his usual circles. But there's something about him that makes him unable to stay away. He's honest with her about everything he does in life. Except one thing – how he makes his money. But she doesn't need to know that, does she? Would it change the way she views him if she knew?

Find out in the first instalment of this brilliant two part series by Alicia Beckton of BWWM Love.

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Contents

[Want Two FREE BWWM Romance Books?](#)

[Stories In This Series](#)

[Chapter One](#)

[Chapter Two](#)

[Chapter Three](#)

[Chapter Four](#)

[Chapter Five](#)

[Chapter Six](#)

[Chapter Seven](#)

[Chapter Eight](#)

[Chapter Nine](#)

[Chapter Ten](#)

[Chapter Eleven](#)

[Chapter Twelve](#)

[Chapter Thirteen](#)

[Chapter Fourteen](#)

[Chapter Fifteen](#)

[Books By BWWM Love](#)

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### [Amazing BWM Books By Alicia Beckton](#)

#### Chapter One

##### Briony

Briony Ash was on her way to work and all set for another regular day in the office. It was one of those interesting weather days, where the sun felt strong despite how early it was, but the clouds looked ominous. It was the sort of day where you couldn't tell just from looking up what sort of a day it was going to be. Just in case, she packed a coat. Her car had given her troubles that morning, yet another signal that it was time to get a new one, so she had taken the bus. Sometimes she took the bus regardless of car troubles. There was something soothing about the slow and rhythmic way the bus would trudge along to work. There was also no fighting for parking in the small underground parking space allocated to the staff at work. Of course, most of the time taking the car was simply more ideal, mostly because she arrived a good half an hour early. But today was a bus day, and she was glad for it.

The bus ride had been an interesting one. She'd sat next to an old lady who seemed determined to talk; something Briony usually hated. But the old lady was sweet, and had spun some interesting tales. Briony had no idea how true the stories were, especially as most of them seemed too farfetched to be real, but they'd been fun to listen to regardless. If there was one thing she appreciated more than anything, it was someone who knew how to tell a good tale. The woman had gotten off a stop before her, and she almost wished she had taken down her details.

She got off the bus now and made her way to work, completely unaware that someone was watching her. She turned the corner and then jumped when a hand reached out to touch her. Her first thought was that she was getting mugged, so she grabbed onto her bag and got ready to flee. But when she turned around she was face to face with her ex-boyfriend. The fact that he was someone who had mugged many people before was not a fact that went unnoticed to her.

Lance Olsen was thirty years old, four years younger than Briony in age, and even younger in mentality. He had that fun quality about him, and that quirky dimpled smile that made it impossible not to like him despite the many wrongdoings he had done in his life. He wasn't a good person, but Briony had always been the sort of person who gave everyone a chance. She always found a way to see the good in someone, which was why Lance had taken such a fancy to her. They had met a few years ago when he'd tried to steal her bag from a park bench. She'd screamed so loud that he'd run away. He'd tried a second time and, instead of screaming, she'd simply spoken to him. She'd looked him right in the eyes and asked him why he would do something like that to her. He'd been so taken aback that he'd ended up talking back to her. Nobody had ever had that reaction to him before. Also, Briony was a beautiful woman. She had long dark hair, which she chose to either keep naturally curly or straightened, and a curvaceous figure. She had a very natural look about her that didn't need fancy clothes or makeup to make her beautiful. Briony was a good person with a great heart. Her only downfall was that she always seemed to fall for bad boys. And Lance Olsen had fit the type perfectly. It wasn't just that she wanted to turn them into better people, but there was also something about the thrill of being with someone on the wrong side of the law that she liked. She had no idea why she was like this because she never did anything wrong herself. She always abided by the rules. She'd been swept up by Lance and the two of them had become an unlikely couple for a while. However, as with most of her ex-boyfriends, it didn't take long for her to realize that she'd made a mistake. Bad boys were only fun for a while. And at thirty-four years of age, she was ready to be with someone whom she could marry and have a family with.

The problem with Lance was that she hadn't really broken up with him. He'd gone to jail for minor theft eight months ago. She'd taken that as a signal that the two of them were no longer together, but seeing him again had jolted her. She just hadn't been expecting this and she was not prepared for it. He was smiling at her now and he was all dimples.

"Hi, Briony," he said, with a mischievous smile.

She smiled back despite herself. "Lance! You're out of jail."

He grinned. "I sure am."

"Are you okay? How was it?" she asked. She'd hated the thought of him being in there, even though she knew he deserved it.

"You're just as sweet as always, Briony," he said. "It was fine. You know me, I've done that before. I was actually in with some old friends."

Briony laughed. "You make it sound like you went to the spa or something."

"Not quite. But it wasn't half bad. Anyway, I'm still glad to be out. You know me. I don't do well in confined spaces. I get bored so easily. I'm so glad I bumped into you. Come on, let's go get something to drink. Or some breakfast. I'm starving."

"I can't. I have to get to work. I'm already running a bit late."

"Oh come on, can't you bunk work just one day to be with me?" he pleaded. "I've thought about you so much."

"I'm sorry, Lance. I can't. I really can't. I have such a busy day at work today."

He smiled. "That's what I like about you, Briony. You always abide by the rules."

She chuckled. "Unlike some people I know. Do you think being in jail changed you?" she asked him, even though she knew what the answer would be. As he had just said, he had been to jail before and he always turned back to his old ways.

He smiled. "I'm going to try, Briony."

She nodded. She didn't believe him but she always hoped he was telling the truth. "I hope so. You could do so much more with your life, you know. You could be so much. You are a great guy. If you want to be, of course."

"You always did have faith in me. So, what do you say to the two of us hooking up again? I know it's been a while, but I've missed you. I thought about you so much in jail. I told all the guys about you."

Briony shook her head. "I can't, Lance."

"Why not?"

"Because I can't be with a guy who steals. I can't be with a guy who is always on the wrong side of the law. When you went to jail I made a promise to myself that I would not go down that path again. It's not fair on me. I gave you a chance, I believed in you, and you promised me that you

would never steal again. But you did. I had all this time to think about it, and all this time to decide that I would move on from this. It's so good to see you again and I really do wish you all the best of luck for the future. You know I will always have a soft spot for you, but you and I are not meant to be."

"Come on, Bri. Give me a chance," he said. He flashed her one of the smiles that always made her melt.

"I can't," she said, even though it wasn't easy. A part of her just wanted to skip work and go off with him but she knew that would be the worst thing to do. "I have to go. I'm so late."

"Okay, I'll let you go. But I'm staying at the same place as I was before I left. So you know where to find me if you change your mind. And I really do hope you change your mind, Bri. We could be so good together."

Briony shook her head and then walked away. Why did she have to have such a soft spot for the guy when she knew he wasn't a good person? She tried to push the thought away and headed to work. Her boss glared at her when she walked in and she mumbled her apologies and rushed over to her desk. She sent her boss an email to explain the car situation and how she had to rely on the bus and promised she would work half an hour late to make up for the lost time. She wasn't sure why she bothered, because so many other people came in late each day and never once cared to apologize. But Briony had always prided herself on her work ethic and, if she wanted that promotion she so desperately craved, she had to make an effort for it.

Briony worked as a writer for a popular lifestyle magazine. She'd always enjoyed writing, and it had always been her dream to work for a magazine. Of course, as with most writers, what she really wanted was to one day write a novel, but she figured this was a fantastic start for her. She was good at what she did too, and her boss was usually very happy with the articles that she produced. She prided herself on her attention to detail and made sure that every article was thoroughly researched and edited before submitting them. Unfortunately, she didn't get much say in what she wrote, so some months saw her writing incredible stories with deep meaning, and other times she wrote frivolous fluff. Even more unfortunate was the fact that the frivolous fluff was what most people enjoyed the most. She switched on her computer and opened up the document on what articles were needed for that week. Three fluff articles and one journalistic piece. She smiled. That was fine. She could live with that. She would write those three articles quickly and then spend most of her time perfecting the other one. When it came time to handing out the promotions, she was going to be chosen. She was sure of it.

Briony worked hard that day, harder than she had in a long time. She remembered the old lady on the bus and the stories she had told her. She wondered if perhaps that woman had been a novelist. She certainly had the right stories for it. Maybe she should catch the bus more often. It gave her a wonderful insight into people that a trip in her car would never give her. That gave her an idea for a new article, and she quickly emailed her boss her ideas. Briony didn't usually get to choose the articles, but she always pitched her ideas anyway. Every now and again her boss would like one of them, so it was always worth it.

Briony was one of the last people in the office at the end of the day, but she smiled when she saw that her friend Chelsea was also in the office. They both stood from their desks at the same time and chuckled.

"You finished?" Chelsea asked.

"I am. My eyes are going blurry from looking at the screen too long." Briony realized that she had

forgotten to take as many breaks as she usually did during the day. Because she spent so much time at her desk, she tried to get up and get moving as often as possible, even if it was just a simple walk to the kitchen. But today she'd been so focused on the job that she'd barely moved. Her legs ached and she promised herself not to do that again.

"Want to go for a quick drink?" Chelsea asked.

"I can't. I took the bus in today and I'm not sure what time the last one goes to my house."

"I'll take you home, silly. Come on, one quick drink."

Briony grinned. There was no way she could turn down having a drink with Chelsea. Especially since the alternative was sitting at home on her own. "Deal."

Briony had met Chelsea on her first day at the magazine. Chelsea had started only a few weeks before, but immediately took her under her wing. She was that sort of person. She had a protective streak that came out often and she'd taken a quick liking to Briony. Since then the two of them had become best friends. Despite both working at the magazine, they did different things so there was no chance of rivalry between them. Chelsea worked as one of the layout designers and was often the person responsible for taking Briony's stories and placing them perfectly in the magazine. They'd often spoken about starting their own magazine but this was a pipeline dream that they weren't really sure would happen. Still, it was always fun to dream. Maybe one day the two of them would actually make it happen, but for now they were both happy at the magazine and keen to get some more experience under their belt.

They headed over to the small pub down the road. It was their favorite place to go. During the day it was a café, but at night it turned into a pub. It was small and inviting, and the best place to sit and chat. It was also so close to the office that they could walk there. They took a table in their regular spot and ordered a glass of wine each.

"You worked hard today," Chelsea said to her.

"So did you," Briony pointed out.

"Yeah but you worked harder. Every time I tried to get your attention you had your head down and tongue out."

Briony laughed. Chelsea was always telling her that when she worked hard she stuck her tongue out. She'd even taken a sneaky picture one day as proof after Briony had said she didn't believe her. "I was late for work this morning so I was trying to prove myself."

"Oh, you don't need to prove yourself. You're the hardest working person at the office. Why were you late? Oh, you took the bus, you said. More car troubles?"

"I took the bus. Yeah, more car troubles. I really need to get that sorted out one of these days but I am having a hard time letting go of that car. It has been a part of my life for such a long time. But that wasn't the only reason I was late. I bumped into Lance."

Chelsea gasped. "He's out of jail?"

"He sure is."

"Oh wow, time went a lot faster than I thought it would. What was it like seeing him again?"

"It was nice. He's..." Briony sighed. "Oh you know how I feel about him. I know I don't love him. I mean, sometimes I don't even like the guy. But I just can't help feeling sorry for him. I think he's a good guy underneath it all. He wants to get back together with me."

"Tell me you said no," Chelsea said. Chelsea had never liked Lance.

"I said no," Briony said.

"And yet why do I get the feeling you are actually considering it?"

"I'm not."

"You are."

Briony sighed. "I... oh, I don't know."

"Briony, I know you have a soft spot for guys like him, but just remember who he is. He's a thief. And he lied to you. He used to tell you he was out working, when what he was really doing was stealing from innocent people. Remember that old lady he stole from? He hit her to get her bag. Come on, Bri, you don't want to be with a guy like that, do you? You surely don't really think you should be with him?"

"I guess you're right. I have a tendency to forget all the bad stuff. I can't help myself. It's not the first time I've done that either. I think he's just been out of my life for so long that I have forgotten. But I know that I shouldn't be with him."

"I know. You're a good person, and that can be both a great thing or a terrible thing depending on the situation. In this situation, it's not a good thing at all. And you see the good in everyone, even those who don't deserve it. And I'm telling you now, Bri, Lance does not deserve a second chance from you. But listen, you shouldn't be with someone like that. You need to move on from this. When he first went to jail you told me that you were ready for a new start. That you wanted a nice, normal and stable guy. Someone like my Gary. That's what you said."

Briony nodded. Gary was a lovely guy. A bit on the boring side maybe, but a good decent man that treated Chelsea right. And he made Chelsea so happy. Surely she deserved someone like that too. "You're right. I know. I guess seeing him again just brought back some old feelings, that's all. But I know that I can't be with him. I told him no and I did mean it."

"Good. I'm glad. Now, how about you finally let me set you up with someone?" Chelsea said.

Briony groaned. "Ah you know how much I hate getting set up on dates."

"But you've never even given me a chance. Come on, you're my best friend. I know you. I wouldn't set you up with someone horrible. At least give it a try. It will help keep your mind off Lance. You deserve to be with someone wonderful."

Briony knew her friend was right. Lance had hurt her and he was not the right guy for her. But she needed a distraction so that she didn't fall back into her old ways. She reminded herself that she had made this promise to herself a long time ago. And maybe Chelsea really would find her the right guy. It was worth a try anyway. "Okay fine, you can set me up with someone."

Chelsea squealed. "Wonderful. Leave it up to me."

"I hope I don't live to regret this," Briony said.

"You won't."

## Chapter Two

### Nick

Nick Dalton was watching a movie about poker. He had gone into the city to meet with his work partner but he'd gotten the times all wrong. So, with three hours to kill, he'd gone to see a movie. He couldn't remember the last time he'd been to the cinema alone, but there was something quite nice about it. Engulfed in the darkness, he felt free with his thoughts and emotions. He decided he would do this more often, but he knew that saying it and doing it were two separate things.

The movie was an appropriate one for him. It was all about poker, and it took him back to the way things had been when he'd first gotten involved in such a crazy world. He'd been young and fascinated by it. It was his uncle who had first introduced him to it. Without much of a father figure, he'd turned to his uncle for all the big decisions in life. Looking back, he now realized this was probably not the wisest move, but at the time it sure felt like it. In fact, it had been the most exciting time of his life, and a feeling he tried to hold onto every time he wondered what on earth he was doing. Nobody could say he had a boring life that was for sure. Then again, not many people even knew what he did for a living, so they were none the wiser.

There were times when Nick felt like he lived two separate lives. The life he showed to other people, and then his real life. There were also times when he wasn't sure which life he wished was real. Watching the movie now, he felt a surge of adrenaline for the game, and wished he could go back in time and relive those days when he really felt the same way. He tried to push that aside now and did his best to concentrate on the movie. It was a great movie and, when he left the cinema, he overheard a couple saying how farfetched it was. He chuckled to himself. They had no idea how realistic the movie had been, clearly created by someone who knew the business well. Yet, he could completely understand why a regular person who had no dealings in this world would see it as unrealistic. It was a strange business to be in, that was for sure.

He looked at his watch and saw that he only had ten more minutes until his meeting started, so he headed over to the restaurant to get a table. He always conducted business with Charles at restaurants rather than seedy pubs and clubs. It gave the impression that they were doing nothing wrong. Of course, they also always chose a place where they could speak freely without anyone overhearing them. This restaurant was perfect for it. It was a relatively classy restaurant, but tables were set far apart and the music was somewhat loud. It was the sort of place that took great pride in privacy, and Nick appreciated this.

Charles arrived on time, as always. They liked to call each other friends but, other than work, they didn't have much dealings with one another. Charles was ten years Nick's senior, and had been in the business a lot longer. He was a tall man, with a large stomach that announced his presence before he did. He had one of those larger than life personalities, with a guffaw for a laugh that you couldn't help but laugh along with. He was definitely one of those guys you either loved or hated. Over the years, Nick had swayed between the two, and had eventually settled on a middle ground. Charles wasn't a bad man, but it was clear that the most important thing in his life was money. It was why he did so well. He had always been able to separate emotion out of the equation and

because of that he was one of the richest men in the world. Not that many people knew that. Charles was very discreet about how much money he had. Most saw him as rich, but not billionaire rich. Then again, it was the same for Nick. Not many people knew quite how much money he had. It was one of the biggest tricks of the business, not to let people know the truth.

"Charles, good to see you again," Nick said, as he stood up to greet his partner.

Charles shook his hand. "Good to see you again too. Sorry about the mix up earlier."

"Oh, it's not a problem. My mistake. I got the times completely wrong."

"What did you do all this time? Or did you go back home?"

"Actually, I went to see a movie," Nick said.

"You did? By yourself?"

Nick laughed. "I sure did. It was surprisingly great. I should do that more often."

"Wow, I can't remember the last time I went to see a movie, let alone a movie by myself. I should do that again."

"You should. And you won't believe what the movie was about."

"Don't tell me it was some weird porn movie," Charles said, a little too loudly. That was another reason why Nick liked to have meetings where nobody could hear them. He was pretty sure Charles was a little on the deaf side because he always spoke just an octave too high. And when he got excited about something, which happened quite often, his voice got even higher. Either that, or it was from years of being in clubs where you had to shout to get heard.

Nick laughed. That was such a Charles sort of thing to say. "No, it wasn't porn. It was a movie about poker."

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