

Chapter 1 : Read Treasure Your Love (Surrender Your Love #3) online free by J.C. Reed

Your will have to read Treasure Your Love. This was a romantic trilogy that would beat out most of the who-done-it books launched in As I read Reed's notes at the end of the Treasure Your Love, Reed promise to give me more details about Jett and Brooke with a release in December.

Connor was having one of those days. Connor had failed to secure another job he applied for. He is long term unemployed and has been applying for any job he is capable of doing within reasonable travelling distance. The most common reason he gets for being turned down is due lack of experience, which Connor never understood. He usually applied for store work, warehouse assistant amongst others. They fought over the most trivial things from who would clean the house the next week to what they were having for tea. It really was pathetic Connor thought. It seemed to get worse with each passing year. This understandably made Connor angry. What were his parents hiding? Still, at least he had family. His mother had no parents, siblings, cousins or anyone except her husband, Connor and her three daughters. His mother was a very kind hearted woman who would always do the best she could for her children. But the lack of any family from her side mystified Connor. Another thing that puzzled him was her lack of knowledge on history and customs. She was also a little clumsy as well though but that could be due to a medical condition. She was also extremely reluctant to talk about her childhood. Connor took a few things with him; spare clothes, his laptop and tablet, headphones, solar powered chargers and mobile phone. He went to some woods he spent many an hour in in his youth, camping with friends. His friends however moved to other parts of the country due to jobs or university and they eventually stopped communicating. Deciding to rest in the peace of the woods, he set up his tent and listened to music on his phone and made his tea, a small tin of vegetable soup. After watching a film on his laptop, he decided to get an early night and quickly fell into a restful sleep. Connor woke rather groggily. These woods looked similar, but they were no doubt different. Looking around he noticed that everything looked Deciding to find out what was going on he began to pack up his tent. After doing that he picked a random direction and started walking, sticking to what seemed to be a dirt path. After walking for about two hours he was at the edge of the woods and what he saw took his breath away. Coming out into the clearing, a vast stretch of lush green hills and towering mountains in the distance adorned the landscape. Whilst it was several miles away, he could clearly see a castle on the mountainside. As it was the only civilisation he could see he decided to head in the direction of the castle, fear beginning to grip him as the reality of the situation began to hit him. The weather however, looked good. There were a few clouds in the sky but no sign of rain yet, so he decided to waste no time and set forth on his short journey. As different thoughts went through his mind on his current situation, he caught a glimpse of something out of the corner of his eye. Looking over to get a better view, he only caught a glimpse for all of a second before whatever it was disappeared behind some clouds. Was that a Pegasus? The rest of the journey went by without any more sightings. As he approached the castle, it towering structure standing proud and high, he could see a drawbridge and portcullis where he supposed would be an entrance. Looking around a bit more he saw something else. Or rather someone else. Taking a deep breath, Connor walked towards the gates where he could see armour clad guards on sentry duty. They turned their heads towards him and went wide eyed in amazement, but did not say anything; to him or each other. Connor carried on walking, not wanting to do something that would attract unwanted attention. Walking through the streets of this strange place, he took in what was around him. The buildings, the environment And they were looking at him too. As he continued to walk through the streets, ignoring the dirty looks and remarks he was getting from some of the ponies, in particular the well dressed ones, he saw a way to the castle and made his way there, assuming there would be someone in authority there that could help him. As he approached the castle however, he heard someone shout. The force of the impact was great enough that the back of his head hit the ground and knocked him out cold. This was a creature that was unlike anything she had ever seen. She stood staring at the strange creature for a few seconds before calling for assistance from the castle guard who, upon seeing the creature, sent a request for Princess Celestia to attend immediately. Within minutes she arrived and the ponies all bowed to the Princess. I understand there was a request for my

assistance and came to see what the issue was. What is the problem? Spitfire was the one to answer. As I was plummeting to the ground I saw this She saw a creature she had never seen before. A seemingly bi-pedal male that wore clothing of sorts. He also had a large bag and a metal suitcase with him. Despite not knowing what this creature was she did not want to see him suffer and decided it would be best to tend to his needs. I will look after his belongings," said Celestia with an air of authority. The unicorn guards levitated the creature with their magic and took him promptly to the infirmary. You are not too gravely injured are you? Had I hit the ground my injuries could have been worse. Most likely from the appearance of the strange being. Though he was unconscious I sensed nothing malevolent from him. You do not need to worry. I will be dealing with this situation myself. After returning to the castle, Celestia walked into the infirmary to check on the condition of the creature. Inform me at once when he awakens, I wish to speak to him," the Princess said with a gentleness unmatched by others, "Also how is Group Captain Spitfire? I told her to take a few days off to recover. I will leave you to your work now Doctor. Despite the ten beds in the room, he was the only one occupying a bed. Feeling something heavy at the foot of the bed, he looked down to find a certain sleeping Pegasus. Eyes widening in realisation that this is very real he asked aloud a very understandable question.

Treasure Your Love is the conclusion to the Surrender Your Love series. We finally get some much anticipated answers as Brooke and Jett try to carryout their plans for their own happily ever after. Unfortunately fate may have other plans for them first.

I swallowed past the lump in my throat and put the centerpiece back in place. He signed deals and a lot of them; he whisked off his clients to expensive restaurants and stunning vacation destinations. Did he really expect me to believe he and Kim never got intimate on such an occasion? He walked over to me. No one is, except you. Someone able to change his feelings for me. I narrowed my eyes in surprise. Peering into my heart, his gaze lingered on me too long, making me nervous. He was so tall I had to lean all the way back to look into his green gaze. Green like a haunted forest reflecting the morning sun. So deep and dark I would have dipped my fingers in it to stain my soul. Because haunted he was we both were by our pasts only he knew better how to deal with it. As Jett regarded me, I could see the color of his eyes shifting the way it often did, depending on his mood. Lighter when he was tired. Darker when he was agitated or infuriated. I realized I was getting to know him. And right now he was downright angry. His expression challenged me to tell to truth. Hidden layers that I still have to get to know. That whatever attracted me to them would pass. He shook his head. Your wet panties are proof enough. His hot breath sent a delicious shiver through me. The mere mentioning of my ex was enough to make him jealous. If it upset him seeing me with others and he was ready to never ask, then it was time for me to let go of my dark thoughts. If I win, I want to go back to our apartment, and I want to torture you in your own walls. I like the idea of you punishing me. But to be honest, right now I like the idea of fucking you, in every possible position, even more. He looked like he meant it. I laughed as he walked over to his black bag to retrieve a set of cards. And for the first time I wondered why he had brought such a huge bag. What was he hiding in there? I was losing big time. As much as I wanted to cross my arms over my chest to express my frustration, I first needed them to hide as much skin as possible. I could see them written all over his face as he pondered all the things he wanted to do with me, to me. Sitting inside the open pavilion in the backyard with barely any clothes on, I felt more exposed than ever. In the yard, where anyone could see us lounging, laughing, and being competitive half-naked. If you ask nicely. If I could have wiped the smug smile off his face, I would have. With every loss, Jett requested that I remove one piece of clothing, and with every protective layer removed, his smug grin widened. He had already removed my shoes, socks, business suit, and bra oh, God. Was he sniffing my blouse? You know six is my favorite number. He sniffed my blouse again. Jett evaded my assault, laughing, as his gaze focused on the sides of my breasts where they seemed to spill out of my hands. Like a summer dream. My father used to say I was the best Spades player. What drove me even more crazy was the fact that he always seemed to know my next move. I had to win, just for the sake of stopping him from turning me into a mirror image of his wanton, sex-starved self. Maybe this time I was lucky. Nobody could win six times in a row. Just one out of seven. He was sitting in a wicker chair, relaxed, as he surveyed me the way someone would look at potential prey. His gaze brushed over my neck, my exposed breasts, then moved up to my lips. He was clearly relishing his pre-coital fantasies, unleashing roaring chaos inside me with just a glance. So sure of himself, which made me nervous and unable to think. Damn, I needed my brain to work and fast before it was too late.

Connor is your average guy in his mid-twenties. He has a stable home life but can't help but feel his parents are hiding something from him. After going camping, he wakes to find himself in Equestria and sets out to make the most of his time there.

I was standing in front of the large windows in my new office, watching the busy street below. Hundreds of people passing by, barely acknowledging each other. Twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, something was always happening. I could feel their rush of excitement, the dread, the stress, the anticipation, and their uncertainty whether a particular day would turn into an episode of a comedy, a tragedy, or anything in between. I liked the idea of them chasing their dreams and their futures. Just the way I had once been. Ever since I was hired by Jett Mayfield, I had entered a whirlwind of chaos. I had met the man of my dreams in the city of my dreams. New York, the city that never sleeps, was my home; Jett was the man I wanted to be with, and while everything seemed perfect, I felt something was missing: A soft knock on the door made me flinch. We had been close to becoming friends when I started working at Mayfield Realities. Now she was distancing herself, which I attributed to my change in position. The past two weeks she had been eyeing me with suspicion, her previous friendliness replaced by badly disguised arrogance. She was holding a huge bouquet of red roses decorated with pearls in between their velvet petals. I gaped at the rich burgundy color and the exquisite perfection of the petals. She placed the rose bouquet on my desk. Mayfield asked me to personally take these to you. As if sensing my thoughts, she turned, her light blue eyes piercing through me with disdain and something else. The kind that could turn melting lava into ice. If looks could kill. Of course Emma knew. In the last two weeks, Jett and I had tried to keep our contact at work limited to a strictly professional level, but of course there were subtle signs: Or maybe it was the way we had been sitting together—too close, too intimate—my frantic heart threatening to burst out of my chest with each beat. Surely, if I could hear it, then others might as well. The door closed behind her, and I was alone again. For my beautiful, pregnant girlfriend, Jett P. Thanks for the wild ride yesterday. I smiled and turned the card around. We have a deal to go over. Ever since starting this position, Jett had involved me in various company deals, telling me he trusted my judgment. I had learned the ins and outs of his company, the projects they had been working on, dealing with the top clients and seeking out the most desirable properties. So, naturally, when Jett inquired if I wanted to go over a new deal, I was ready to jump at the opportunity. Not only did I enjoy working with him, to me this was another excuse to see him. It had been hours since I last saw him, and already I missed him like crazy. I fished my mirror and lipstick out of my handbag to fix my makeup, and tucked a few stray strands of hair out of my face. Happy with the result, I grabbed my smartphone and acquisitions folder, and left my office. The folder contained all my research, notes on past and current deals, my schedule, and daily to-do list—in case Jett needed anything. My stomach twisted into knots, and my knees began to shake with apprehension as I knocked on his door. I had yet to get used to his briskness and one-syllable commands. I opened his door and stepped in, catching my breath. He was sitting in his leather chair, his dark hair framing his face, the newspaper in his hands hiding his green eyes. His jacket was thrown carelessly on a visitor chair, and the sleeves of his white shirt were rolled up, exposing his strong forearms. His shirt clung to his broad chest, leaving little to the imagination. He looked like the kind of man you could be obsessed about. Just looking at him, I had to force myself not to smile. He remained silent so I continued, filling the silence. Jett folded the newspaper and placed it on his desk, and stood, his intense gaze finally fixing on me. His expression was unreadable as usual, but there was something in his eyes. He was watching me, taking in my every movement, which made me nervous. Ever so slowly, he walked around his desk, his height both intimidating and arousing me. His lips curled into a dazzling smile. His green eyes sparkled, reminding me of a dark wild forest. I could stare into them forever and lose myself in their depths. His fingers clasped my chin, forcing my head up. I drew a shaky breath and held it, both mesmerized and terrified by his proximity. His thumb brushed my chin while his other hand traced my hips. His body moved against me, pinning me against the closed door, knocking the air out of my lungs. My body was like a button for him—easy to press, and the heat was on.

Every cell of my body wanted him and protested whenever my brain tried to keep at bay the cascade of lust wreaking havoc within me. And then his lips were on my neck, biting, nibbling, turning millions of my sense buds into sparks. His hands cupped my ass. Ever since challenging me to a game of Spades in Italy, Jett had been delaying the inevitable. His touch became more focused. His mouth was so close to my lips, I could smell the faint aroma of coffee, mint, and his intoxicating scent. He knew how I felt about cheating. His teeth grazed the sensitive spot behind my ear, then moved down my neck. Are you really up for it? Within minutes, we stepped into the cold afternoon air. Visitors and co-workers were gathered in groups, turning as we walked past.

Chapter 4 : Treasure Your Love (J. C. Reed) » Read Online Free Book

Treasure Your Love Quotes (showing of 9) "Believe me when I tell you this: the easiest choice is always the wrong one. Choose the path that matters in the long term, the choice that would never hurt others.

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Chapter 6 : Treasure Your Love Poem by Seema Chowdhury - Poem Hunter

Followers, 1, Following, Posts - See Instagram photos and videos from Treasure Your Love (@australianweddingrings).

Chapter 7 : Treasure Your Love (Surrender Your Love, #3) by J.C. Reed

Treasure Your Love was an exciting, romantic, and fulfilling conclusion to the series. All my questions were answered, the characters were left in a good place. There is a note in the back stating that though the series is concluded, Reed will release a story that revisits the characters in the future, which should be fun.

Chapter 8 : Treasure Your Love (Surrender Your Love #3) - Read Novels Online

Our new desktop experience was built to be your music destination. Listen to official albums & more.

Chapter 9 : Treasure Your Love (@australianweddingrings) â€¢ Instagram photos and videos

A styled wedding by Christa Elyce Photography + Two Be Wed Round Top, Texas.