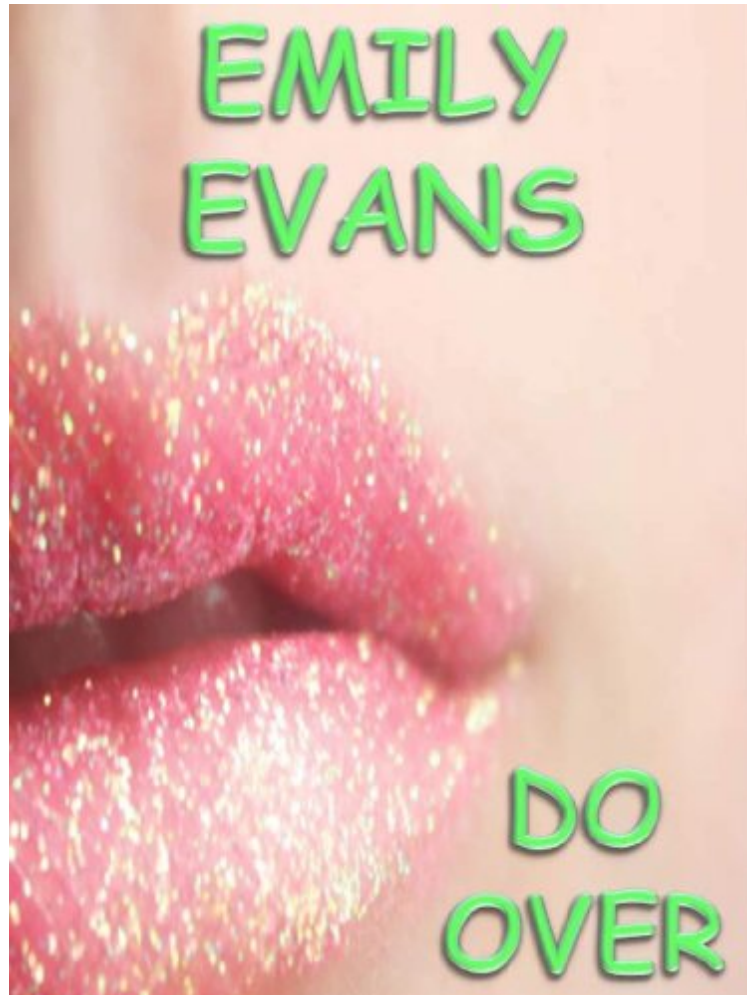


[Mobile pdf] Do Over (English Edition)

Do Over (English Edition)

Von Emily Evans

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Von Emily Evans : Do Over (English Edition) before purchasing it in order to gauge whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Do Over (English Edition):

Kundenrezensionen Hilfreichste Kundenrezensionen 0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. empfehlenswert Von emmaemily evans schreibt YA stories, die nicht nur für junge erwachsene gut und gerne zu lesen sind. mir persönlich gefällt es sehr, da die Figuren sich weiter entwickeln, reifer und erwachsener werden, und nicht in ihren "Jugendstadien" gefangen bleiben. alle ihre Bücher sind gut

Kurzbeschreibung Paisleys juggling three key plans her senior year: 1. Get her parents back together 2. Organize a stellar

prom 3. Find the perfect date Finding the perfect date--an excerpt from Do Over Copyright 2012: I read, Would you rather have someone run their fingertips or fingernails over your wrist? Treys eyebrows lifted. I dont know. Show me. He flipped his hand over, palm up with the back of his hand against the black foam bar. I swallowed and ran my fingertips over the blue veins on his wrist. His fingers twitched. I looked into his eyes when I lightly scraped my nails over the same spot. His fingers flexed and touched the back of my hand. His eyes widened and dilated. His dark green gaze dropped to my mouth. I took my hand away. Which one? Yes, he said. Both. I scribbled the answer. The cart jolted upwards another two feet and paused. He said, What about you? Huh? What did you answer? I shrugged. Ill do mine later. Trey flipped my hand over against the bar. He held it down with his right hand, and with his left rubbed calloused fingers down my palm and across the inside of my wrist. I felt the sensation from my fingertips to my elbow and reflexively tried to jerk my hand away. Trey tightened his grip, and ran his fingernails lightly over the same spot. A shiver went through my whole body. I wonder if the order matters? He ran his fingertips over my skin next. The tingles were amazing. I shivered and yanked free. Staring hard at the questionnaire, I drew a column down the page and wrote my answer: Both. Lights came on around the fair, refusing to let the day end as red, gold, and pink streaked through the sky with the sunset. The evening breeze pushed the cart and shifted Treys brown hair across his forehead, hiding his injury. He slid an arm over my shoulders. Whats the next one? Kurzbeschreibung Paisleys juggling three key plans her senior year: 1. Get her parents back together 2. Organize a stellar prom 3. Find the perfect date Finding the perfect date--an excerpt from Do Over Copyright 2012: I read, Would you rather have someone run their fingertips or fingernails over your wrist? Treys eyebrows lifted. I dont know. Show me. He flipped his hand over, palm up with the back of his hand against the black foam bar. I swallowed and ran my fingertips over the blue veins on his wrist. His fingers twitched. I looked into his eyes when I lightly scraped my nails over the same spot. His fingers flexed and touched the back of my hand. His eyes widened and dilated. His dark green gaze dropped to my mouth. I took my hand away. Which one? Yes, he said. Both. I scribbled the answer. The cart jolted upwards another two feet and paused. He said, What about you? Huh? What did you answer? I shrugged. Ill do mine later. Trey flipped my hand over against the bar. He held it down with his right hand, and with his left rubbed calloused fingers down my palm and across the inside of my wrist. I felt the sensation from my fingertips to my elbow and reflexively tried to jerk my hand away. Trey tightened his grip, and ran his fingernails lightly over the same spot. A shiver went through my whole body. I wonder if the order matters? He ran his fingertips over my skin next. The tingles were amazing. I shivered and yanked free. Staring hard at the questionnaire, I drew a column down the page and wrote my answer: Both. Lights came on around the fair, refusing to let the day end as red, gold, and pink streaked through the sky with the sunset. The evening breeze pushed the cart and shifted Treys brown hair across his forehead, hiding his injury. He slid an arm over my shoulders. Whats the next one? ber den Autor und weitere Mitwirkende Emily Evans writes witty, escapist Young Adult Romance. She is a graduate of Texas AM University (whoop!). A world traveler and avid reader, she can be found at www.EmilyEvansBooks.com.