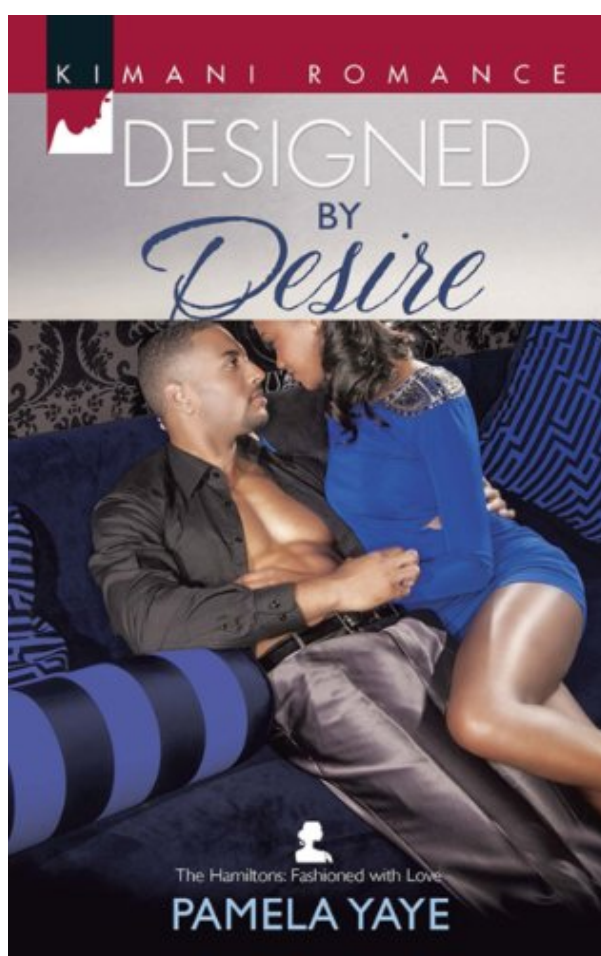
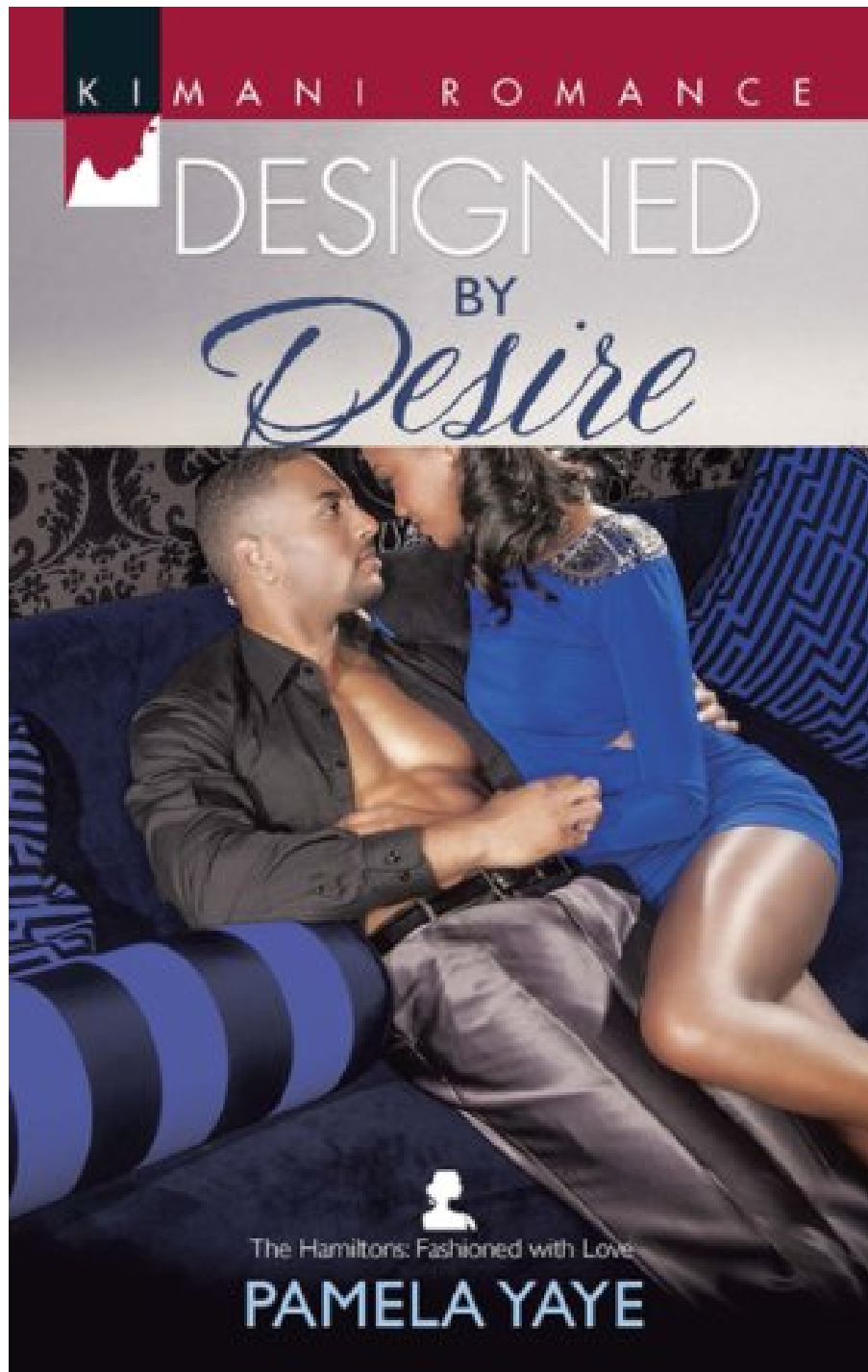


**DESIGNED BY DESIRE (THE HAMILTONS:
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behind the scenes. But ever since her sister's disappearance at Lincoln Center in New York last month, the paparazzi had been chomping at the bit for pictures of her family. And the constant scrutiny was getting to her. For as long as Brianna could remember, the media had always had a rabid fascination with her family, but these days the public's curiosity was insatiable and completely out of control.

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His stylish designer eyeglasses, blinding white smile and perfect posture gave him a studious, mature look, but Brianna suspected he was in his early thirties. He carried himself with importance, like someone who lunched with Trump, golfed with Tiger and partied with Kanye. And as he made his way through the auditorium, the buzz grew to a fevered pitch. One by one, jaws dropped and lips curled into dreamy smiles.

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DESIGNED BY DESIRE (THE HAMILTONS: FASHIONED WITH LOVE BOOK 2) BY PAMELA YAYE PDF

Passion's in vogue

A front-row seat at Paris Fashion Week is the perfect pick-me-up for Brianna Hamilton, eldest daughter of New York's most successful clothing dynasty. The once-burned designer has had it with men who care only about the bottom line. Until she meets a guy who's impossible to resist. Here, in the world's most romantic city, Brianna's giving in to desire with a sensual stranger she'll never see again.

As CEO of an international hotel chain, Collin Childs has everything...except the one thing money can't buy. So when fate reunites him with the woman who gave him the most unforgettable week of his life, he vows to overcome every obstacle standing in their way. From Paris to New York to a tropical St. Thomas paradise—in the face of danger and sabotage—Collin is slowly winning Brianna over. But can he convince her to take a chance on a love of their own passionate design?

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Most helpful customer reviews

2 of 3 people found the following review helpful.

After Fashion Week is over...what comes next

By Marilyn Gail Diamond

It's after fashion week in New York City. Mentally I never thought about what happens after a great fashion show. Designed for Desire took us there. Yes there were unanswered questions however that is the allure of continuing to read in this great tribology of books. Excellent plot and story line. If you want to mentally visualize what happens when a man finds his soul mate. Just watch Colin Childs go after Brianna Hamilton with passion. Has me on the edge of my seat wanting more.

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful.

Another Hamilton Family Winner!

By carol hale

I loved this book about Brianna Hamilton and Colin Childs. This is an great series written by several authors. I hated to see this book end. I loved experiencing Paris, New York, and St. Thomas through the main characters' eyes. Brianna and Colin had unhappy pasts and they had to decide whether to hold onto past hurts and betrayals or look to the future. Their journey accompanies sizzling romance and tender emotions that

will keep you guessing until the end.

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful.

Nice

By Debra Ann West

I really enjoyed the beginning of this book. I liked the romantic encounter of the two characters. But as the book went on, the characters began to become wishy-washy. One minute they were so in love and the next minute they weren't. Then the end came in a flash. Also we never resolved the sub plot about her sister. Maybe another book will be about that?

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A burly photographer in dark sunglasses was leering at her as he swung his high-powered camera lens in her direction.

Brianna snatched the program off her lap and shielded her face. Take that, stupid! What she really wanted to do was whack the photographer upside the head with it, but she inhaled a deep, calming breath instead.

He was supposed to be taking pictures of the glamorous models gliding down the runway, and the rows upon rows of celebrities seated along the stage, not of her—a quiet, low-key fashion designer who preferred being behind the scenes. But ever since her sister's disappearance at Lincoln Center in New York last month, the paparazzi had been chomping at the bit for pictures of her family. And the constant scrutiny was getting to her. For as long as Brianna could remember, the media had always had a rabid fascination with her family,

but these days the public's curiosity was insatiable and completely out of control.

Brianna told herself not to go there, not to think about what had happened to Bailey weeks earlier, but she couldn't stop the questions that rose in her mind. Why would someone kidnap Bailey, knock her out and plant drugs on her? Someone was out to destroy her sister's flourishing modeling career and ruin the Hamilton family name—but why? What had Bailey ever done to deserve being attacked?

Brianna blinked back the tears in her eyes. It had been almost a month since the frightening, horrific attack, and she still couldn't make sense of why it had happened. Bailey was the life-of-the-party, a beauty who lit up every room she entered and, although the modeling industry was as cutthroat as the Mafia, her sister didn't have any enemies. Not one.

Bailey was the face of Roger Hamilton Designs and a statuesque, exotic-looking beauty who was outgoing, passionate about life and outrageously funny. Or at least she used to be. Every time Brianna spoke to Bailey at the resort her parents had shipped her off to in St. Thomas, her sister sounded stressed, on edge. She refused to leave her hotel suite and spent hours on end lying in bed, reliving every second of her brutal attack.

Lights flashed in Brianna's face, causing her to return to the present. Dropping the catalog on her lap, she cheered along with the audience. Putting all thoughts of the attack out of her mind, she watched as the models commanded the stage Brianna sat in her chair, marveling at the response of the crowd, at how everyone in the room seemed to be on the edge of their seat. It shouldn't have surprised her. The vibrant, cutting-edge gowns were eye-catching, the models were stunning and the techno music was so lively Brianna temporarily forgot all about the drama surrounding her family—and the devastating secret that kept her up at night. She loved this world, loved how fashion united people from different cultures and backgrounds, and was aware how fortunate she was to be a Hamilton.

Brianna heard the buzz in the crowd and knew another A-list star had just entered the auditorium. Curious to see who the new arrival was, she tore her gaze away from the stage and searched the international crowd for the fashionably late celebrity.

That's when Brianna saw him.

A man so fine she felt her eyes widen and her mouth fall open.

The drop-dead sexy heartthrob was a full head taller than every other man in the room and moved with pride and confidence. Sporting a camel-brown coat, a white turtleneck sweater and black dress pants, he radiated a cool, casual vibe. Brianna gave him the once-over, and she liked what she saw so much that she did it again. The second time, her heartbeat pounded in her ears as she undressed him with her eyes. Her body was suddenly humming with need, so inflamed with desire that R-rated thoughts filled her mind. Brianna hadn't been intimate with anyone since her divorce and, up until now, hadn't given much thought to ending her twelve-month sexual drought.

Why would I? she thought, her eyes crawling down the stranger's slim, toned physique. It's not like I've met anyone I'm remotely interested in sleeping with.

The truth was, Brianna thought sex was overrated. Her orgasms had always been few and far between, so she'd often chosen working in her home office over making love to her husband. But there was something about the stranger with the dark, smoldering gaze and thick lips that gave her butterflies. Hot flashes. A

dizzying, intoxicating rush.

His stylish designer eyeglasses, blinding white smile and perfect posture gave him a studious, mature look, but Brianna suspected he was in his early thirties. He carried himself with importance, like someone who lunched with Trump, golfed with Tiger and partied with Kanye. And as he made his way through the auditorium, the buzz grew to a fevered pitch. One by one, jaws dropped and lips curled into dreamy smiles.

The stranger sat down in the front row beside a French pop star who had a penchant for dating bad boys, wearing see-through clothes and making sex tapes. He greeted his date with a kiss on each cheek, then cast a glance around the packed auditorium. That's when he caught Brianna staring at him. Their eyes met across the runway, and for one nerve-wracking minute they gazed intently at each other.

Brianna felt faint, spent, as if she were in a Zumba class.

A tingly sensation spread through her body. The man had to be an actor, someone iiber famous who partied with the royals and smiled down from billboards in the heart of the city. He had that look, that vibe, an aura that instantly drew people in. All around the room, women were making eyes at him, but he seemed oblivious to the stir he caused. His gaze was on her, slowly moving from her eyes to her lips.

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