

# DIAMOND DREAMS



## *A dazzling dynasty...*

*As the only daughter of Southern California's most famous wine dynasty, Diamond Drake devotes all her waking hours to the family business. Burned by love, she's not sure she ever wants to fall in love again. But construction millionaire Jackson Wright is sweeping her up in a whirlwind romance. Is he the real thing? Or will the sinfully sexy bachelor prove to be all flash and no substance?*

## *A love that's her true destiny...*

*From the moment he sees her, Jackson is dazzled by the stunning, sultry Diamond. He knows it's dangerous to mix business with pleasure. If only diamond will say yes to a future glittering with their passion and love ...*

## Sample Chapter

Why was Diamond Drake acting like she'd never seen a handsome man before? She had three of those in her immediate family. She'd grown up with fine, and dated it too. Something about this construction worker unnerved her, and she wasn't exactly sure how she felt about it. What she did know for sure was that nothing was going to take her focus off of making Drake Wines the chic, upscale resort she'd envisioned. And speaking of visions, the one just over Taylor's shoulder was exactly what Diamond needed to bring her mind back to the singularly important task at hand—work.

With eyes still on the scene across what would become the resort courtyard, Diamond spoke to Taylor. "I'll be right back." Her long strides quickly ate up the distance between her and the group of men lounging on the ground. One was playing a video game, another two were checking out a sports magazine while a third was busy texting away. While still a couple yards away she demanded, "What's going on here?" The men looked up but before any of them could speak she looked at her watch and continued. "It's two o'clock in the afternoon, way past lunch time. And you're reading magazines and playing video games?" She pushed her sunglasses from her face to the top of her head. "Really? Are you serious?"

"Diamond, we—"

"Do I know you?" Diamond asked the man who'd been texting on his cell phone. "Because in the workplace, unless otherwise specifically indicated, I am addressed as Ms. Drake."

Mr. Sports Illustrated tried next. "Ms. Drake, we—"

She held up her hand, deflecting further comment. "Never mind with the excuses, where is your boss?"

Mr. Video Game pointed behind her. "He's right there."

Diamond turned, took one step, and ran into a wall—otherwise known as the chest of Jackson Wright.

"Whoa!" Jackson reached out to stay a stumbling Diamond. *My God...is this skin, or velvet?*

“Aw!” Diamond fell into Jackson’s arms. *Is it me or did the earth just quake?*

Later, both Jackson and Diamond would wonder about the tangible jolt of electricity that raced up their spines before coursing through their nether parts. Neither gave thought in the moment as they quickly put distance between themselves.

Jackson recovered first. “Is there a problem?” he asked, removing the large hand from around the soft arm he’d just steadied, and crossing his arms over a massive chest.

“I’d say that’s obvious,” Diamond answered, crossing her arms as well. “Your men are slacking on the job, and that is totally unacceptable.”

“My men,” Jackson began, his voice low and firm, “are on their lunch hour.”

Diamond raised a skeptical brow. “At two in the afternoon?”

“That’s right. We knew that Taylor would be conducting a walk through and wanted to get to a certain point in the work before we stopped. And since these men will also be working past their usual cut off time, this later lunch will help them get through what for some will be a twelve-hour day.” Diamond’s chin rose a notch as she continued to look at one of the most amazing examples of mankind she’d ever seen in life. “They work very hard.” Jackson’s eyes narrowed as he awaited an answer. Correction: an apology.

Diamond offered a different POV. “How hard they’ve worked will be determined during the walk through. And late lunch or no, playing video games and reading magazines on the job is not a good look.”

“With all due respect, when on their lunch hour, my men can do whatever they want as long as it’s legal.” When it came to the vineyard, it was a rare moment that someone challenged Diamond unless their last name was Drake. And when it came to nerve, Diamond realized that the man standing in front of her had plenty of it.

