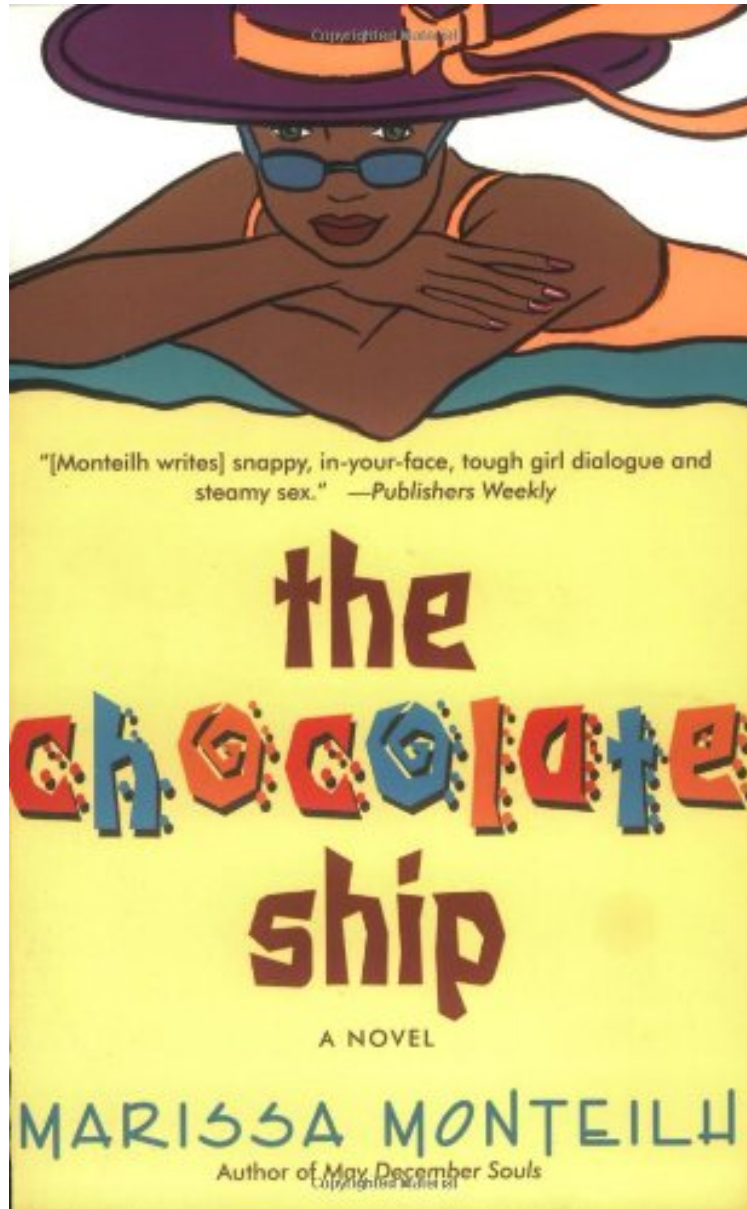


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The Chocolate Ship

Marissa Monteilh

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Marissa Monteilh : The Chocolate Ship before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Chocolate Ship:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. All Aboard!!!By Lisa Borders (Diva's Literary World)All Aboard the first ever african american owned and operated cruise ship. Mia and Miles, a couple who are on two opposite ends

until Miles finally gets it together. Kelly and Scott have jungle fever but Scott is the playa of all playas. Bianca is a single mom who finally finds love on her week long cruise. Will these couples make a love connection? Climb on board The Chocolate Ship and enjoy the week long vacation. I definitely enjoyed this book. 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Take Me On A Sea Cruise! By BookBelle I found this story entertaining and it gave me many giggly laugh out loud moments. I can sympathize with some of the characters, and I was glad to see a couple of them get their just desserts. The ending gave me a little stabbing feeling in my gut, but all things considered...there's still a happy ending! 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Not as good as I expected By tp2838 I thought the dialogue could have been better. In some areas it wasn't clear what was being said. I did enjoy the ending and happy ending for everyone in the book.

After three years together, Mia can't help wondering if she's got a real future with Miles -- who's all that and then some, as long as the words "love" and "commitment" don't creep into the conversation. But the lady's willing to put her doubts aside until after the vacation they've planned together with a group of their closest friends: a luxurious Caribbean cruise on the maiden voyage of the Chocolate Ship. The brainchild of billionaire black entrepreneur Delmonte Harrison, it's the "Love Boat" with a soulful spin. En route to Paradise, anything can happen and anything goes. Wings are sprouted, taboos are tolerated, truths are revealed, hearts are broken and reassembled -- and lovin' is served up as hot as Caribbean spice. All of a sudden Miles has a new crew of admirers. And Mia, who has caught the roving eye of the very fine Delmonte Harrison himself, is well on her way to discovering that temptation fever does not discriminate. From Marissa Monteilh, the acclaimed author of *May December Souls*, comes a sizzling, sexy, fabulous, funny, and wonderfully romantic adventure of personal discoveries and glorious reawakenings on the unpredictable sea of love.

(Monteilh writes) snappy, in-your-face, tough girl dialogue and steamy sex. --Publishers Weekly Hot chocolate. A sassy, spicy feast for the spirit. --Bookpage s About the Author Marissa Monteilh is a former commercial actress and television news reporter. A single mother of three, she lives in Los Angeles and is currently developing projects for television and film. Excerpt. Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved. Chapter One When First They Met Three years ago It had been over six months since Mia had sex. She broke up with her boyfriend of two years nearly seven months ago, but they did get together one last time after that. She did it just to see if the thrill was gone ... and it was. Perhaps she'd lost that loving feeling because she found out he'd slept with her co-worker last summer. She knew he was eyeballing this chick with a little too much intensity at the Reebok employees' Christmas party last year. But she had no idea they would run into each other again at the mall and embark upon an affair behind Mia's back. He was an airline pilot, so needless to say he was out of town quite often. Actually Mia's mother had hooked them up after taking a flight a few years ago. She bumrushed him after the flight once the stewardess informed her that he was single and lived in Los Angeles. She gave him Mia's number and he called that same day. The particular week Mia had busted him with her co-worker, he was supposed to be on a flight from Los Angeles to New York. Mia went to dinner with her sister-friend Bianca at their favorite Italian restaurant in Westwood, and bam, there was the happy little couple sitting amongst their own intimate laughter just across the elegant dining room on the other side of the bar. Before Mia and Bianca could even be greeted by their regular tuxedo-clad waiter, Bianca stopped in mid-sentence and her eyes directed Mia's vision toward the skin-crawling sight. Mia dropped her eggshell cotton lap napkin onto her empty white ceramic bread plate. From the sheer strength of her emotion, she effortlessly pushed her fancy cane seat away from the table to make room for her own departure to the sound of the rounded chair legs scooting along the hard floor. "Excuse me for a second," she told her best friend, with eyes fixed on target. She stood tall, adjusted the stretch fabric of her skintight bluejean jumpsuit around her ba-du-ka-dunk hips and placed one foot in front of the other, hearing only her quickened heartbeat and the sound of her burgundy spiked heels clacking upon the roman tile flooring. She stopped within two inches of their table and shifted her weight onto her right leg with her hands clasped behind her. His eyes met her waistline, and shame prevented him from looking up toward her face, but he knew either by her familiar sturdy build or the familiar scent of *Escape*, mixed compatibly with her chemistry, that he was busted. Her co-worker cracked a painted-on smile about as fake as a three-dollar bill as though the two simply managed to hook up because maybe he decided to interview her regarding a stewardess position, only holding hands across the table was perhaps a way of testing her mile-high people skills. Mia looked through him from the top of his sweat-beaded, tobacco-colored bald head and said, "Take a good, close look at this plump rear end as I walk away because you're never going to get it again. Have a nice evening." She nodded to her co-worker, almost giving the girl permission to continue her tryst, and after a runway pivot, Mia switched the hell out of her size thirty-eight hips, picked up her wine-colored leather purse, and motioned for Bianca to follow her out of the door. Mia and Bianca went to a cozy, much more private Thai restaurant down the street. She asked Bianca to never mention another word about it. After he'd placed fifty million "Oh, baby please" phone messages and in spite of her idle threat that he was never gonna get it again, Mia thought she would just lay the bomb nana on him one last time, just to give him a taste of what he'd be missing. After Mia tossed and turned deep into the wee hours of the morning, she showed up at his apartment wearing nothing but a coal black

trench coat and scarlet Charles David high heels. She stepped one foot in the door, dropped her coat to the floor, and as he pulled her inside, she let him go down on her with her back flat against the closed door. But the thought of the very tongue that was pleasing her giving pleasure to that woman turned her stomach. The idea of him inside of someone else's body brought tears to Mia's eyes. Or perhaps it was just the feeling of betrayal. So with a tear forced down her left cheek by the repeated blinking of her bloodshot eyes, she forced him to wear a glove and got it over with, him taking her from behind while she stood against the door, high heels and all, and even without an orgasm on her part. More tears continued to flow down her cheek as the palms of her sweaty hands repeatedly pressed against the wooden inlaid door in conjunction with his last-ditch effort at pump-mania. He got off like he'd never gotten off before. "Please, Mia. I need you so much, I ... " He lost his words in his manly explosion. Mia simply put on her coat and left. One thing was for sure, when Mia was done with a man, she was done for good. She changed her phone number and rejected every attempt he made to contact her. Today, Mia forced her heavy eyelids open to the unwelcome light of day peering through her maple-colored plantation shutters. It seemed as though she had only bonded with her slumber for fifteen minutes. Actually, it had been more than nine hours. She laid still upon her canary yellow cotton bedding, flat on her back in the exact spot she'd awoken alone ...