

# TAKEN BY THE

BOSS

**JINX JAMISON**

AUTHOR OF

THE MADAME X SCHOOL OF SEX SERIES

## Copyright

TAKEN BY THE BOSS

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Electronic Publication October 2011

Cover Art by [Minx Malone](#)

CrushStar Multimedia  
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Grandville, MI 49418

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## TAKEN BY THE BOSS

"I'm not sure what's going on with you lately, Isabelle, but your work is suffering."

I look up as a manila folder lands in front of my face. The seductive scent of sandalwood flows around me and I know who it is before I look up. My boss, Sebastian Grey, is standing in front of my desk with his arms crossed.

*Damn, he looks pissed.*

I close my eyes. This isn't looking good for six-thirty on a Friday evening.

"What do you mean, Mr. Grey? I separated the data by year and subcategorized by the type of unit, just as you asked. Residential, commercial, mixed-use..." I can barely continue. My boss, the enigmatic Mr. Grey, has a peculiar effect on me. Around him I instantly lose my powers of speech, hearing and comprehension. I become a big bundle of nerves. Nerves with very wet panties.

"Yes, Isabelle, I see that. But several columns are still missing. I need the current owners of the land parcels and the asking price. I'll need this on my desk by morning." His voice lowers with each sentence until he's almost whispering. My body reacts as if he's whispering in my ear instead of chastising me. Then his words sink in and I look up in alarm.

"But... But I have plans tonight," I stammer. My on-again, off-again, sometimes-boyfriend, a lawyer on the partner track, has finally gotten a night off work. I've been horny for ages and I actually have a chance to get some and he wants me to work late?

"Going out with your boyfriend?" He practically sneers the word.

He's only met Evan once but the two took an instant dislike to each other. I've never understood why. Most people adore Evan with his ready wit and easy charm.

"That'll have to wait. This is top priority. Overtime is part of your job description, Ms. Wells."

I slump down in my seat and nod. "Of course, sir."

His eyes glitter in triumph. "Very well, then." He stands watching me for a minute before he turns and strides into his office.

As soon as he's gone I stick my tongue out. The childish act gives me little relief as I type out a quick text to Evan. The worst part is that I'm sure he won't mind. He'll probably be relieved. The next time I complain about his long hours, he'll be sure to throw this in my face.

"I'm never getting laid again," I mutter.

"What was that, Isabelle?"

I jump at the unexpected voice behind me. I swivel in my office chair to see Sebastian standing behind me. He's changed clothes and is wearing all black. The suit looks like Hugo Boss and fits him perfectly.

"Did you need something, Mr. Grey?"

His eyes narrow. "I've told you a million times to call me Sebastian. Are you trying to make me feel old?"

"No, sir." I look down at my hands, unnerved by the sudden blush that races across my face and neck. I cannot tell him the real reason I avoid saying his name, of

course. I can't tell him that saying his name, Sebastian, reminds me of all the times I've masturbated to thoughts of him. It reminds me of all the times I've screamed it out in my empty apartment, my pussy creaming all over my hand as I come thinking of him.

So I simply say, "Just trying to be professional, sir. Are you leaving for the night?"

He nods and turns to go. "Yes, I have tickets to the symphony. Don't forget. I need that report completed right away."

His footsteps echo down the hall and then a minute later I hear the telltale *ding* of the elevator. I lean back in my seat with a prolonged sigh.

Another late night working on the same stupid report.

I glare at the manila folder on my desk before snatching it up and pulling out the report I submitted to him that morning. It's covered in red marks and I shake my head. It's ridiculous to feel offended at the way he writes all over my work but it seems so elementary. So *unnecessary*. Especially since, wait, no it can't be...

I root around in the bottom of my desk drawer for the photocopy of the last report I turned in. He doesn't know that I photocopy everything before I submit it. I glance over the prior incarnation of this same report to see that, yes, the changes he's asking for now are the very same ones he had me remove a few days ago.

*Bastard.*

I throw the report down on my desk and lean back in my chair. I'm angry but I'm also perplexed. Sebastian Grey isn't the type of man to do anything without a good reason. I can't imagine that he has nothing better to do than jerk his assistant around. At

only twenty-eight, he's one of the youngest venture capitalists in the business world. He's been profiled in every major magazine and is regularly photographed with celebrities. People far more interesting than me.

So why play games?

*Maybe he just wanted to ruin your evening? You know how these brilliant types are... He's probably socially awkward and hasn't been laid in years. Wants to ruin your fun.*

Even though my inner voice is being bitchy, she does have a point. Sebastian is rarely seen with a date and most people assume he's gay. He's definitely antisocial. So maybe he does get his kicks playing games with his staff. But for some reason, this explanation doesn't sit right with me.

Well, whatever the case, I am not uber-rich like Mr. Sebastian *fucking* Grey, so if I want to receive a paycheck next week then I have to dance to his tune. I shake my mouse to wake up my computer. Luckily, I saved one of the prior drafts of this report in my personal folder so it doesn't take me long to update it. I print out the report and then walk to his office.

The door is partially open and gives an extended whine as it swings open. It's weird being in here when he's gone but it's still impossible not to react to the sumptuous layout of his office. It's bigger than my apartment and decorated like a living room in one corner, with a black leather couch, a coffee table and two chairs. I know there's a bathroom in here somewhere, too, because I've seen him emerge from his office freshly showered, his dark hair still wet behind the ears.

Just another image I use to get off to when I'm home alone.

I slap the report down in his inbox and turn to go, then stop when my gaze falls on his desk chair. My breathing speeds up as I remember the dream I had last night. I drifted to sleep, fingering my pussy and thinking of Sebastian. I dreamed I was in his chair, *this* chair, legs spread wide and propped up on the desk as he knelt in front of me and tongue-fucked me.

My feet move of their own accord toward the chair. I am panting, almost out of breath when I finally stop directly in front of it. I glance behind me, as if the very act of being in his office might summon him. Then a smile spreads across my face. He might have ruined my original plans for the evening but this will make it worth my while. He'll never know about my nocturnal adventure in his office and it will go a long way toward easing my raging sexual frustration since I won't be getting any tonight.

I sit in the chair and lean back, the supple leather conforming to the sides of my body. *Damn*. This is nothing like the cheap polyurethane crap I'm sitting on every day. It feels like being held by a lover. In a bold move, I raise one leg and prop it on the desk. I close my eyes and lay my head against the back of the seat. In this position my skirt rides all the way up my thighs. I reach down and touch the thin silk of my panties, the only thing keeping my pussy from making contact with the leather of the chair. I chuckle at the thought. Then I look down to where my scantily clad bottom rests on Sebastian Grey's chair. This is where he sits *every day*. My pussy throbs at the thought.

I reach down and trail my hand down the inside of my thigh. *It's now or never*, I think. I pull my panties to the side and plunge two fingers in my pussy.

I come almost instantly.

“Oh yes, god yes,” I murmur, pumping my fingers in and out before pulling out to circle and pinch my clit. It feels so good so I alternate a few times.

*Plunge, pump, pump, circle, circle, pinch, repeat.*

The angle is perfect with my leg cocked up on the desk. I plunge my fingers deeper, imagining it's Sebastian's cock, taking me hard and fast. My dreams of him are always of hot, fast encounters where he bends me over and fucks me so hard I can almost taste it. In my dreams, he holds my legs back or hooks them over his shoulders so my pussy is completely open, completely ready for whatever he dishes out. I whimper, imagining his cock tunneling into my body, covered in slick cream every time he pulls out.

Just the thought of him fucking me gets me so hot.

I stretch my legs wider, completely caught up in my fantasy. The stretch intensifies the sensations, so every slide of my fingers through my pussy lips feels even better. I'm so wet I can hear it as I pump away. I introduce a third finger and it feels so good, I cry out.

“Yes, Sebastian. Sebastian!”

A second later, my hand is pulled from my body. I open my eyes in surprise and shriek. “Mr. Grey!”

He pulls my leg off the desk and curls it over his arms. “I was Sebastian a minute ago, wasn't I?”

“Mr. Grey, I know I shouldn't have come in here,” I gasp and try to pull my leg back but he clamps his arm over it, holding me in place. I'm mortified but even my



horror can't erase the intense arousal I feel. I was on the edge of a colossal climax a few minutes ago and it hasn't really receded. It's hovering, waiting to swamp me with a deluge of sensation at any moment.

"No, you shouldn't have, Isabelle. But you're here and you're for damn sure going to say my name."

He thrusts two fingers into my eager, wet body and I can't help it, I scream.

"Oh my god. Sebastian. Sebastian!" My pussy clamps down on his fingers as I come. Hard. It feels like my pussy is having a seizure as it clings to his fingers, squeezing him so hard it'll be a wonder if his hand doesn't go numb.

His eyes drift closed and he growls. "Fuck yes, say it. Say my name." He's all in my face now, dark eyes glittering as he watches me take every rough plunge of his fingers. He's as talented at this as he is in everything else. He knows exactly how to stroke, his thumb rubbing up against my clit, prolonging the pleasure. Then he kisses me and I'm done for, any resistance I might have had dissolving as his tongue mirrors the action of his fingers.

I am coming apart in his arms.

A few moments later, when I can finally catch my breath again, the embarrassment returns. He pulls back and crouches at my feet, watching me from slitted eyes.

I have no idea what to say. *Sorry about finger-fucking myself in your office chair?* Not sure that would help.

"Your behavior lately has been unacceptable, Isabelle." His voice is soft, seductive.

I look up with wide eyes. It seems as though he's waiting for a response, so I nod quickly. "Yes, yes sir. I know."

He chuckles, a dark sound that skitters over my nerves and causes my pussy to cream anew. "You have no idea." He stands suddenly and then comes behind the desk chair. "Get up."

I jump up and hastily straighten my skirt. I step from behind the desk. "I really am very sorry, sir. I'll just collect my things..."

He walks around the desk until he stands in front of me. "I didn't tell you to leave. I said to get up. I just found you touching your pussy in my chair. Did you think you were going to just walk out of here?"

All the blood drains from my face. He was laughing before, so yeah, I kind of did think he was going to let me walk out, no harm done. He'd seemed like he thought it was hot when he was touching me? I back up until my legs hit the back of the desk.

He follows until we're nose to nose. "You've worked for me almost six months now, Isabelle. Do I strike you as the sort of man who allows insubordination to go unchecked?"

"No, sir." I breathe. God, he's so sexy I can barely concentrate. His dark eyes are running over my body, lingering on the neckline of my blouse before he continues down to where my skirt is still slightly hitched up.

"That's because I believe in discipline. Turn around."

I'm so startled that I just turn without stopping to think. I gasp when his arms encircle me from behind and begin unbuttoning my blouse. I allow him to slip it off my arms and then next, my bra. I'm now naked from the waist up.

A heavy hand lands on the center of my back, pushing until I'm bending over the desk. My ass pokes out and I hear his sudden intake of breath. Then he pushes my skirt up over my ass. The cool air in the room brushes over my ass cheeks exposed by my thong.

"Sir? What are you doing?"

He runs a gentle finger over the curve of my back leading to my ass. It's such a shock, a far cry from what I was expecting. Then he leans over me, his muscular chest bracketing my body.

"Do you think people should be punished when they do bad things, Isabelle? Because if you don't then I'll stop now and you can walk away."

I look over my shoulder at him and our eyes meet. In that moment, I finally understand that he's giving me a choice. I can play the game or we can both go home and pretend this evening never happened. I think of my empty apartment, my empty bed and arch back until my ass curls against him.

"I think bad girls need to be punished, *Mr. Grey*." I put a deliberate emphasis on his name.

"Mmm, I see you still haven't learned your lesson." He rubs my shoulders and presses gently until I am sprawled across the desk, my legs kicked wide, my ass on obscene display.

Then he grips the side of my thong and pulls until it rips clean off me.

“Oh, wow.” I drop my head to the cool wood of his desk as my pussy is revealed.

He kneads the skin of my ass in a way that is both arousing and relaxing. Just when I’ve let my guard down a little, he rears back and slaps my left ass cheek.

“Mr. Grey!” I wiggle as he rains down another blow on the other cheek, enough to sting like hell but not enough to really hurt me. He massages both cheeks again, the skin strangely warm and tingly. Then he slaps them, slightly harder this time.

I moan out loud.

It hurts but it’s also making me so wet.

He stops to finger my pussy, thrusting his thick, long fingers up my tight little hole until I hover on the brink of another orgasm. But I don’t want to come on his fingers this time. I want him to fuck me. Bad.

“Sebastian, please,” I plead.

“Yes, that’s the way,” he growls.

There’s a metallic *thwip* as he unzips his pants. I look over my shoulder in time to see him rolling a condom down a thick, long, juicy shaft. Oh yes, my Mr. Grey is just as impressive as I thought.

He kneels behind me and pulls my ass cheeks apart. I have no time for embarrassment because he just dives right in. I fall forward on the desk, moaning, as he attacks my pussy with his tongue. He’s like a wild man, circling the bud of my clit with

his tongue and then sucking on it before taking each of my pussy lips between his teeth and *sloowly* dragging them out.

“Sebastian, Sebastian,” his name falls from my lips over and over as he carries me right to the brink of insanity. Then he places a hand under my belly, holding me steady as he slams into me.

“Aaargh! Oh dear god,” I scream. It feels so good it should be illegal, in fact it probably is in some states. He pulls back and thrust into me again, then sets a rough, fast rhythm.

He’s so strong. I’ll probably have bruises later from where he’s gripping me so hard but I don’t even care. He holds me securely in his hands as he eases me back and forth on his cock. I scratch at the desk, my nails leaving little gouges in the wood as I hold on for dear life. It feels like he’s trying to ram through me, he’s fucking me so hard.

He grips my hair, twirling the long brown strands around his fist. “Were you going to meet your boyfriend tonight, Isabelle?”

“Ummm, he’s not really my boyfriend,” I mumble. I can’t concentrate when he’s grinding his cock into me. He pulls out suddenly and the next thing I know, I’m sitting on the desk with my legs in the air.

“Can you repeat that, Isabelle?” He caresses the sides of my pussy lips with his thumbs, holding my cunt open and easing his cock back inside. I’m sure my eyes are rolling into the back of my head because it feels so good.

“Isabelle!”

“He’s not...oh my god...he’s not my boyfriend.” I moan and arch my back as he hits my G spot. He leans over me on the desk and he’s really tearing it up now. He kisses me, swallowing all my moans. He’s licking into my mouth when I come again, my body jerking helplessly beneath his, my pussy spasming around the thick length deep within me.

“God, I want to come on you.” He burys his face in the curve of my neck and shoulder.

It sounds so hot that I shudder at just the thought. “Do it, Sebastian. Come all over me.”

He curses under his breath and then reaches down to pull the condom off. He’s watching me as he jerks himself off, so I decide to put on a show, plunging the fingers on both hands into my wet pussy and using the lubrication to roll the tips of my nipples into tight points.

That does the trick because his hand is moving faster now, the veins on his shaft standing out in stark relief to the dark, engorged head.

“Isabelle... look at you. I’ve wanted you for so long. Fuck!” His face tightens and he moans long and loud as he shudders over me. He collapses half on me, half on the desk, shooting his load all over my belly.

I reach down and twirl my fingers through his cum, carrying it up to my nipples and massaging it into the tight tips.

He watches me with dark, intense eyes. A second later, he straightens. The energy in the room has changed. I’m not sure exactly what to do, what to say. He climbs

down from the desk, turns his back to me and pulls his trousers up, refastens his belt. I grab a few tissues from the holder on his desk and hurriedly clean up.

My shirt is on the floor in a wrinkled ball and I can't find my bra. I pull my shirt on and hastily button it up. Hopefully no one else has decided to come back to the office late. I can always cover up with my jacket on the way home.

I glance at Sebastian. He still has his back to me. Should I just leave? I have no idea what the protocol is for a situation like this? Is there after-fucking etiquette? Should I thank him? The thought makes me smile a little.

Or should I just say "thanks for scratching the itch, now please don't fire me?"

"Oh, Isabelle?"

I turn slowly, my eyes wide. In the time I've been daydreaming, Sebastian has straightened his clothes and is sitting behind his desk reviewing the report I dropped in his inbox. He's calmly sitting in his chair, *the chair*, marking on my report with a red pen.

"I see that you submitted a revised copy of the market analysis report. However, I'll need you here tomorrow in case I should need any additional changes. Eight o'clock."

My mouth drops open. "Tomorrow? But tomorrow is Saturday!"

He glances up at me and his eyes dip to my hastily buttoned blouse. He licks his lips and just like that, I'm wet all over again.

"Eight o'clock, Isabelle." He looks down at the report, dismissing me, and I turn to leave on rubbery legs. Just before I reach the door, he calls out again.

“Oh and Isabelle? Don’t be late.” He puts down the report and our eyes meet.

“You know how I feel about insubordination.”

*The End.*

### **Author’s Note**

If you’ve enjoyed this book, PLEASE consider leaving a review at the major sites such as Amazon and Barnes & Noble. It’s the best gift you can give an author. I adore hearing from readers and it’s a great way for other readers to discover new books!

Stay Naughty - Jinx



## About The Author

Jinx Jamison is from New England and loves everything about the North, except the winters! She writes erotica about ordinary women finding out extraordinary things. She blogs regularly with The Naughty Girls Next Door about her series *The Madame X School of Sex*

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**UP NEXT: A SNEAK PEEK AT THE MADAME X SCHOOL OF SEX SERIES.**

SEDUCING SARAH  
*Volume 1*

THE  
MADAME X  
SCHOOL  
of  
SEX

*Jinx Jamison*

## **Sneak Peek at The Madame X School of Sex**

Ever since her fiancé left her, Sarah Caldwell has led an unremarkable life. She goes to work, she pays her taxes and she always separates the whites from the colors. The most exciting thing in her life is fantasizing about her hunky boss Quinn Sanders, who has no idea how she feels.

All she wants is the chance to do something exciting. Anything to prove she's not as sexually inept as her former fiancé made her feel.

When Quinn Sanders gets a call from an old friend, the last thing he expects to hear is that his paralegal Sarah has signed up for sex school. He left his life as Master Q behind for a reason and once vowed to never set foot in the Madame X School again.

But he's lusted after Sarah for years and if sex education is what she needs... Master Q is about to come out of retirement.

Extended Excerpt from Seducing Sarah V.1 (The Madame X School of Sex)

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### *How It Begins...*

“The Madame X School of Sex? It’s an urban legend. Doesn’t exist.”

Sarah Caldwell looked out the window of the diner. A steady stream of pedestrians flowed by on the sidewalk outside. Most were wrapped up tight in layers of cold weather armor, their coats, sweaters and scarves protecting them from the early winter chill. A man passing by caught her eye and winked. She glanced away, blushing.

“What is this about? Are you still depressed about Ian?” Candace demanded. Her blonde hair was gathered up into a messy top knot and her makeup was artfully applied to make her blue eyes seem huge.

Sarah heaved a sigh and pushed her bowl to the side. New England clam chowder was usually her favorite but her appetite lately had been off. Unless you counted the two pounds of truffles she’d inhaled the night before. She didn’t really consider chocolate as a food group, more like medication.

“I’m not depressed, just determined. Something has to change.”

Candace leaned across the table and grabbed her hands. “There. Is. Nothing. Wrong. With. You.” She squeezed her hands with each word. “I could kill that jerk for trashing your self-confidence. How is it possible that a Halle Berry look-alike has no idea how hot she is? You could have any man you wanted if you made yourself available.”

Sarah chuckled bitterly. "I am available. You don't see anyone lining up, do you?" She swept a hand over her thick, curly hair and sighed. It was long past time she owned up to her own failings.

"Making yourself available would require you to stop wearing your engagement ring." Candace raised an eyebrow when she tucked her left hand in her lap.

"This diamond is the only thing of value I have to show for the last two years of my life. I might as well enjoy it." Sarah crossed her arms and sat back in the restaurant booth. She was partially joking but reality was she hadn't been with a man in eight months.

Eight long, lonely months.

"Do you need me to stay? I could skip my class. We'll watch sappy, black and white movies and stay up all night just like we used to." Candace leaned across the booth and wiggled her eyebrows, comically. She was a student at George Washington University in the heart of the nation's capitol. Her education was everything to her so her offer was a true testament to the strength of their friendship. They were polar opposites in every way, from their skin tones to their personalities but she'd never found a better friend. It was doubtful she ever would.

Sarah laughed and shook her head. "You're almost done with your master's degree, Ace. I'm not letting you screw up now."

Candace shrugged and wound her scarf around her neck three times. She pulled on her oversized coat and flipped the hood up. "Anything for you, kiddo. You know I love you, right?"

"I love you too. Now, go!" She shooed her out of the booth with both hands. Once outside Candace passed by the picture window and waved. Then she was gone.

Sarah let the artificial smile she'd been wearing for the past hour drop. Her face was stiff from holding a smile she didn't feel, forcing laughter that wasn't genuine. But she couldn't let her friends see how dejected she really was. It would just invite more worry, more hovering.

And it wouldn't sway her from her path.

She reached into her purse and pulled out the envelope that held her plane ticket. Not that she needed to see it again, she'd studied it a hundred times since that morning. A plane ticket to Nevada. One chance to find out if she was really broken or not.

*The Madame X School of Sex? It's an urban legend. Doesn't exist.*

Sarah shook her head. "Oh, it exists. In a few hours I'll have firsthand proof."

Candace would be furious when she found out. But her friend was a natural femme fatale. She didn't struggle to have an orgasm and wasn't shy about taking her clothes off. She'd never had to wonder if there was something fundamentally wrong with her. And she'd definitely never been told she was a poor excuse for a woman, who had no clue how to please a man.

*Candace isn't the only one who'll be furious.*

An image of her boss, Quinn Sanders, entered her mind. He was her favorite erotic fantasy, from his dark good looks to his brilliant, cunning mind. Assisting him had become a daily exercise in mental torture. Wanting something you couldn't have was never easy but it was especially hard when she had to talk to him, sit near him and breathe his scent.

She shook her head hard to clear it. The last thing she needed was his disapproving albeit handsome face in her mind. The man was so uptight about everything. She doubted he'd understand her need to attend a sex therapy retreat.

Which was why she'd lied and claimed to be taking a three-week cruise through the Mediterranean.

Sarah held the envelope to her lips and closed her eyes. *Please let this work. Please let this work.*

"Madame X, here I come. I really hope you live up to the hype."

\* \* \* \* \*

Later that afternoon Sarah shut down her computer and locked her office desk drawer. She'd never taken a vacation quite this long before. It was exhilarating but a little scary too. Especially since she had no clue whether this whole thing would end up being a mistake.

"I can't believe you're leaving me for three whole weeks." Kristen, Quinn's secretary, perched on the edge of Sarah's desk. "He's always a bear when you're not here. You're the only one who can deal with him."

Sarah looked behind them at Quinn's closed door. He'd been in a strange mood ever since she returned from lunch. They were working on an estate plan for one of their oldest and richest clients. Normally, he'd double-check every page of research she prepared and ask a barrage of questions about possibilities she hadn't considered yet.

Today, he'd just said thank you. She'd been so shocked she almost left his office while still holding the file.

"Is it just me or has he been weird today?"

Kristen shrugged. "I don't know but I hope you don't enjoy the Mediterranean too much. If you run off with a cabana boy named Alejandro and leave me here alone, I will come hunt you down."

"Who's Alejandro?"

Both women jumped at the growled question. Sarah turned in her chair to see Quinn standing directly behind them. His dark hair had once again grown out long enough for him to pull it back into a short ponytail. She loved how it curled over his collar when it got too long. Along with his expressive dark eyes, he looked more suited to a motorcycle than a business suit.

Although he looked damn fine in a suit too.

Kristen hopped down and laughed nervously. "Mr. Sanders! Hello. Um...we were just talking about vacations. See you later Sarah." Kristen walked away so fast it was a wonder she didn't start a brush fire between her thighs.

"I looked over your research on Mrs. DeLanier's estate. Excellent work."

Sarah was sure her mouth must be hanging open. She blinked several times. Had Quinn Sanders come out of his office just to tell her she'd done a good job? Not that he didn't recognize her efforts. He did. It was just usually more along the lines of a nod, a quick email or a big pile of new work in her Inbox.



Nothing says *thank you* like a crap ton of new assignments.

"Thank you, sir. I tried to finish up as much as I could before leaving." She sneaked a glance at him from the corner of her eye.

"So, the Mediterranean, huh? Is your fiancé treating you to an early honeymoon?" He stood next to her desk and watched as she arranged all the items on the top in a neat line.

People passing by stared openly, not used to seeing the boss out of his office unless he was handing out more work or looking for someone's ass to ream out.

"We're not together anymore. We haven't been together in months." At his sudden stare, she sank back into her chair. "Not sure why I just blurted that out. It's so much easier not to talk about it." She twisted the ring on her left hand nervously.

"I'm glad you did. We've worked together for quite some time now. I'd like to think we're friends." He opened his mouth as if to say something else, then shook his head suddenly. He ran a hand over his face before his golden brown eyes settled on her face again. He was looking at her with an expression she'd never seen before. Like he was seeing her for the first time.

"Of course we're friends." She almost stumbled over the words, the idea was so ridiculous. Friendship didn't even begin to describe the way she felt about him. A friend wouldn't make her heart race with just a look and she was pretty sure friends didn't imagine each other naked either.

*Now, I'm imagining my boss naked in the middle of the office. This vacation couldn't come at a better time.*

"Well, I think the time off will do me a world of good. In more ways than one," she muttered. She stood and lifted her handbag over her arm.

"Well, I hope you have an unforgettable experience Ms. Caldwell." He shoved his hands in his pockets and walked back to his office.

"I hope so too," she whispered. "And I really hope I figure out how to get over you."

\* \* \* \* \*

Quinn Sanders hated to rush. He'd built his law career on attention to detail and a slow, methodical approach to research. Yet here he was throwing clothes into a suitcase as if his house was on fire. One phone call from an old friend and he'd abandoned his business and his social life. One phone call had spun his entire world on a different axis.

*Sarah Caldwell was going to see Madame X.*

The phone clipped to his belt vibrated. He yanked it from its holster and held it to his ear. His room looked like a mini-tornado had ripped through it but he didn't even care. He'd been lucky to book a flight at such a late date and if he didn't hurry, he'd miss the plane. He'd have to drive like a bat out of hell to get to the airport on time as it was.

"Yes?"

"I assume you've already booked your flight?" Madame X had a way of getting right to the heart of a matter. How she did this without ever being rude was something Quinn had yet to figure out.

"I had to pay an astronomical fare but I got a flight. I'll be there in the early morning. Thank you for giving me the heads up. This should be an interesting three weeks."

She made a non-committal sound on the other end of the line. Quinn braced himself for whatever it was she would say next. He'd known her long enough to know that the soft sound usually preceded bad news.

"I'm glad I was able to help you out but I must caution you. Ms. Caldwell is a guest of the Madame X School. If she doesn't wish to work with you for any reason, then you must respect that. I've already stretched the limits of confidentiality. My first obligation has to be to my clients. Even if you are one of my oldest friends."

Quinn nodded even though she couldn't see him. "I would never do anything to make her uncomfortable. I promise you I'll leave if she doesn't want to work with me. Besides, I used to be your employee. Let's just call this a consulting gig."

Sarah would have the option to decline him as her handler but he doubted she would. Plenty of the instructors and a few of the students at the Madame X School wore masks so she wouldn't recognize him. He was glad now that he wasn't prone to long conversation in general. It would make it harder for her to recognize his voice. Even if something about him seemed familiar, he doubted she'd make the connection or question him.

*No one* questioned Master Q.

"I'm sure Ms. Caldwell will get along with my alter ego just fine. You have no cause for worry."

Silence hummed over the line for a long moment before she spoke again. "You've been out of the game for a while, Master Q. I know you had your reasons for that and I won't pry. I just hope you know what you're doing and are doing it for the right reasons."

Quinn couldn't stop the grin taking over his face. "I know what I'm doing. Sarah Caldwell will get exactly what she needs over the next three weeks."

Madame X chuckled. "I'm sure she will. Hopefully, you will too."

\* \* \* \* \*

"I still can't believe you're doing this." Pamela shook her head, her long braids tumbling, as she watched Sarah throw clothes into an oversized Luis Vuitton suitcase. She couldn't care less what kind of bag she stuffed her belongings into but Pam had insisted she borrow the designer case. According to her friend, she needed to look "fly" while flying.

"Why are you so surprised? You're the one who told me how to find Madame X in the first place. Seriously, I'll be thirty next year. If I'm ever going to do something crazy, now's the time." Sarah pulled a pair of black three-inch heels from her closet and tossed them on top of the heap of clothes.

Pam heaved a dramatic sigh and snatched the shoes back out of the mess.

"I told you about the Madame X School but I didn't think you'd actually apply to go there. The only reason I know about it is because my crazy cousin went there last year. I never thought Miss Prim and Perfect would sign up for a sex retreat!"

Sarah scowled. "I'm not as boring as everyone seems to think. That's why you're the only person who knows about this. Candace would turn me over to the guys with the white coats if she found out."

"I know she would. It's going to be hard for me to keep this from her. You better hope she's too busy with finals to question your sudden desire to take a cruise." Pam put the black shoes back into the closet and came out with a pair of red high-heeled pumps that Sarah had bought on a whim a few months ago.

Bought but never worn.

"If you're going to do this, you might as well go all out. Be someone different for the next three weeks. Find out who you really are. You might surprise yourself."

Sarah swallowed over the lump in her throat and took the shoes Pam held out like an offering. "I hope so. Because who I am right now isn't working so well."

"Hey, hey none of that." Pam elbowed her and fixed her with a stern look. "You're amazing. Everyone can see that except for you and your asshole of an ex-boyfriend."

Sarah blinked rapidly, suddenly overcome with emotion. "You're a good friend Pam. Thanks for understanding. And for not making fun of this crazy plan."

*And for not asking what happened with Ian.*

After the breakup Candace had hounded her for weeks. Pam had finally been the one to tell her to knock it off. Either her friend was a psychic or she must have looked pretty wounded back then. Either way, Pam had never asked about her last fight with Ian. Hearing her boyfriend sneer at her inability to satisfy him sexually, after she'd discovered his infidelity,

wasn't something Sarah ever wanted to relive. She'd erase the whole incident from her brain if it was possible.

Pam shrugged. "You've been pretending to be fine for a while now but I know Ian screwed with your head somehow. I just want you to be happy and confident. If this sex place can do that for you, then I'm all for the idea. Just don't forget our plan."

Sarah rolled her eyes. "I know, I know. Call or send you a message everyday so you know I haven't been abducted."

Pam huffed and plopped down on the side of the bed. "You better or I'll call your hunk of a boss and ask him to work his lawyer magic and get the place closed down."

Sarah flinched. "Don't you dare! I'd never be able to look him in the face again." She didn't want to imagine Quinn's reaction if he ever found out about this. She'd die instantly from the embarrassment.

"Whatever. That man has a thing for you no matter what you say. I only met him once and even I could tell he couldn't keep his eyes off you."

"Well maybe the Madame X School will give me the courage to ask him out. Maybe I'll come back in three weeks as a whole new woman." Sarah forced a smile she didn't quite feel. "I am determined to think positively."

Pam crossed her arms skeptically. "Just as long as you come back in one piece. Or I'll be forced to resort to desperate measures."

Sarah picked up the packet of information she'd received in the mail a week ago. The envelope was as thick as a phone book with information, disclosures and frequently asked

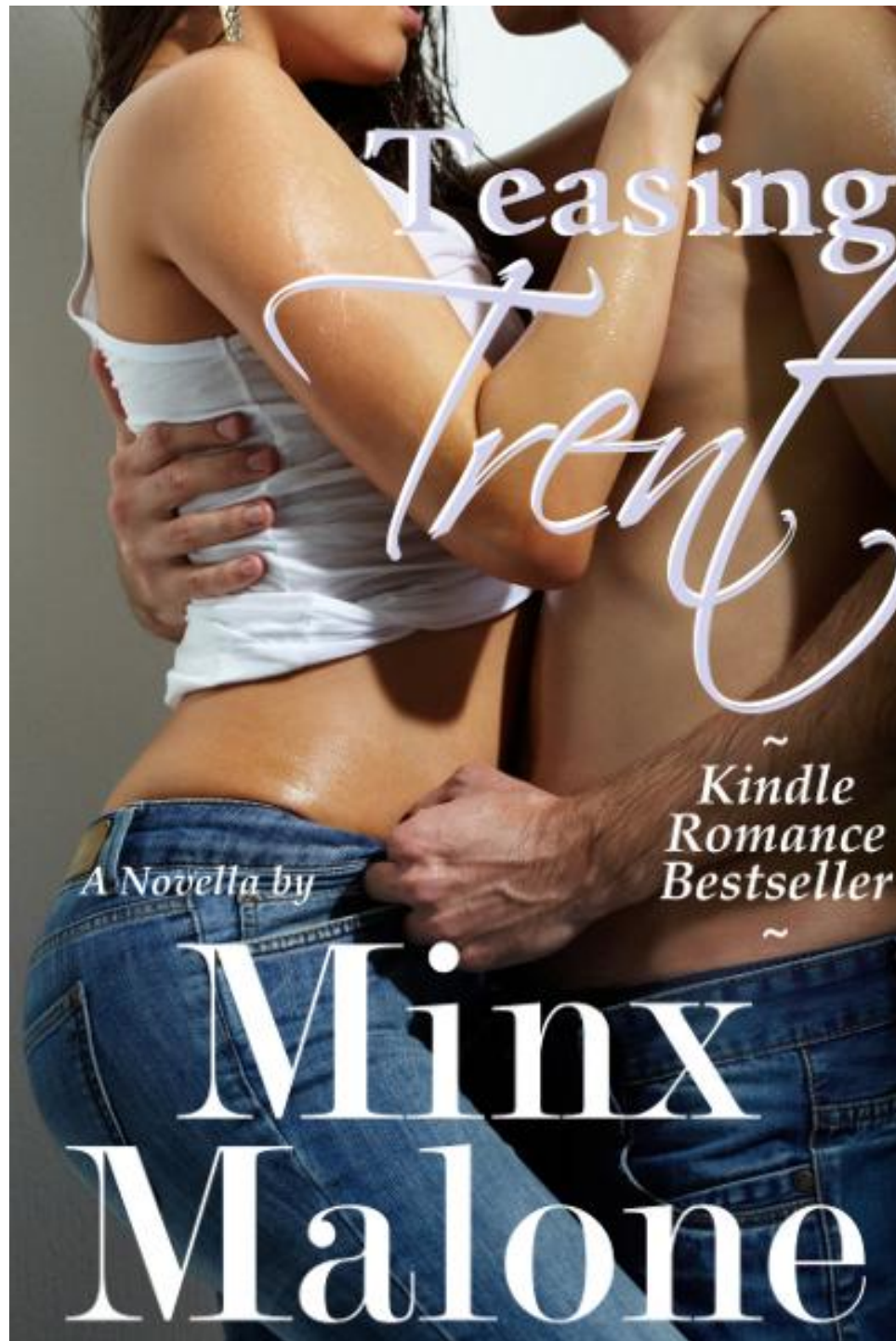
question sheets. She glanced through it briefly before deciding to read the rest on the plane.

She'd already had her doctor's office send her latest medical records and she'd read the school's safe-sex policy multiple times. Everything else could wait. Otherwise she would talk herself out of going.

And she was going.

## Sneak Peek at Teasing Trent by Minx Malone

Also Available from CrushStar Romance





When his best friend Matt was deployed overseas, the only thing he asked was for Trent to keep an eye on his twin sister. Keeping her company on her birthday should be business as usual. He just has to remember the promise he made to himself in college to keep his hands off her.

Which is getting harder and harder by the day.

Ever since Mara walked into her brother's dorm room freshman year and came face to face with a shirtless Trent, she's known he was *The One*. He's been right there with her twin brother as her biggest supporter or shoulder to cry on, whichever she needs most. The problem?

Trent has no idea how she feels.

Well, it's her first birthday without her twin and Trent's coming over to keep her company. It's the perfect time to tease him a little. A skimpy yoga outfit and a few glasses of wine later, she plans to finally have Trent exactly where she wants him.

In her bed, for as long as she can keep him there.

If Mara has her way, she'll get a whole lot more for her birthday than a Hallmark card.

Excerpt from TEASING TRENT

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# Chapter One

"Just keep your hands to yourself and you'll be fine."

Trent Townsend climbed the steps to the second floor landing of an older townhouse and knocked a fine layer of snow off his boots. Virginia winters were usually mild, but this year Mother Nature apparently had PMS. It had been snowing for the past three days and more was on the way. He was inordinately happy to be out of his house even if he knew the evening would be one step short of erotic torture.

"Anything is better than being stuck in the house watching reality TV." Cabin fever was like a disease. He couldn't eat any more cereal or watch one more rerun of Jerry Springer without losing his mind. He patted his pocket, feeling the rustle of the tiny wrapped package. This was also his first chance to give Mara her 25th birthday present since he'd been too busy last weekend.

Too busy coming up with reasons he should stay away from her.

Seeing Mara always made him hard enough to poke a hole through his pants, and he'd promised his best friend Matt that he'd take care of his sister, not drool all over her.

They'd become entirely too close over the past year. Something that had to stop when Matt's tour of duty ended next month.

"You just have to get through dinner. Keep your hands to yourself and it'll be fine."

The door in front of Trent flung open. Mara Simmons stood on the other side regarding him warily. Warm, amber eyes with long, inky lashes narrowed as she leaned against the doorframe. Her thick dark hair was twisted back from her face and left to fall loose and curly on the sides. She looked like a warrior princess ready to do battle. He groaned as his body immediately responded with a salute of its own.

"Are you still wearing your pajamas?" He cursed under his breath as he took in the sight of Mara in a curve-hugging tank top and the tiniest pair of cotton shorts he'd ever seen.

"These are my exercise clothes. I'm doing yoga." She put one hand on her hip. The top stretched across her chest in just the right way, emphasizing her petite figure. "I saw you as I was passing the window. I wasn't expecting you to come so early."

He grimaced at her choice of words. He was about to come where he stood. Her shorts were practically indecent. There were miles, just *miles* of smooth, creamy skin on display. His nails dug into his palm.

She even *smelled* good.

*She's Matt's little sister. Keep your hands to yourself.*

Trent sucked in another deep breath. He needed more than a weak mantra reminding him who would kick his ass if he screwed this up. What he needed was a bucket of ice down his pants and a blindfold.

“Why are you just standing out here talking to yourself anyway?” Mara shook her head and grabbed him by the arm. She pulled him across the threshold and closed the door behind him.

“Just thinking out loud. I do that sometimes.” Trent felt oddly defensive. Having a raging boner could do that to a guy.

“What, think?” She chuckled as he glowered at her.

“Ha ha, smart ass. I’ll remember that the next time you need my help with something.”

He turned to watch her flip the deadbolt, his eyes taking in her long legs and bare feet. She wore bright purple polish and had a little silver ring on the second to last toe of her right foot. A wave of heat almost forced him to his knees. The girl even had sexy feet. Good thing she wasn’t in the habit of going barefoot.

He turned away and busied himself with removing his jacket. He needed to focus on something else or he’d never get through the night.

Damn Matt for putting him in this position. It was just like him to join the military and play the hero overseas. His college buddy was that type of guy and someone Trent felt proud to know. Matt had come through for him more times than he could count, and the only thing he’d ever asked in return was for Trent to keep an eye on his twin sister Mara during his deployment. He wished he’d known in the beginning how hard it would be to keep that promise.

*And how hard it would be to keep my frickin’ hands to myself.*

"So, how fast can you get ready to go?" Trent folded his coat over the arm of the couch. He looked around her place curiously. She changed things often, bringing home stray furniture found at a thrift store or adding weird knickknacks picked up on eBay.

Her place reflected her eclectic spirit. Bright, wildly patterned furniture clashed with the mint green wall behind the couch. He'd helped her paint the crazy color just a few months ago. She'd said she was going for "energetic." He thought it looked like the inside of a funhouse.

"Well, I was thinking maybe we could just stay in." Mara flopped down on the couch and curled up with her legs tucked under her. In that position, her top stretched tight across her breasts. He could see tiny indentations where her nipples pressed against the fabric.

*Damn.*

"I know you had a big happy hour night-on-the-town thing planned but ... I don't know. I just don't feel like going out. Do you mind?"

Trent blinked a few times and then dragged his gaze away. He glanced around desperately. There was a yoga video playing on her TV and the lamp on the side table next to the couch cast a soft amber glow across the room. A warm smell emanated from the kitchen, making his mouth water.

"You cooked?"

She sat up and threw one of the fluffy green pillows on the couch at him. "Yes, I cooked. You don't have to sound so surprised. I made some lasagna and rented a few dvd's. I figured we could do dinner and a movie here."

She was watching him expectantly, so Trent nodded. A smile spread across her face and his heart turned over a little. He looked away and tucked his hands in his pockets. If something as simple as staying in put that look on her face, he'd gladly do it.

Trent sat on the edge of a dainty wing chair. Somewhere in the kitchen there was a soft ding and Mara hopped up.

"It's time for me to put the lasagna in the oven. It doesn't take that long to bake. Do you want a beer while we wait?"

His gaze followed the sway of her hips as she rushed to the kitchen.

"Trent? Hello, earth to Trent." Mara stood in the doorway to the kitchen, waving her hands back and forth like an air traffic controller.

He looked up, heat flooding his cheeks as he met her gaze. "Huh?"

"A beer. You want one?" She said the words slowly. Great, now she thought he was an idiot.

He gulped and nodded furiously. "Sure. A beer. Right."

She narrowed her eyes at him before turning into the kitchen. As soon as she was out of sight, Trent's strained smile fell.

It was Matt's first year in the service and he worried about Mara being alone so much, especially on their birthday. Their parents weren't keen on traveling from Florida again so soon after the holidays and Mara couldn't get the vacation time to fly down to them. Trent no longer had a girlfriend so it hadn't been any imposition to spend a little time with Mara. He'd arranged

a perfectly safe birthday dinner in a public restaurant. They'd eat, dance a little and head home, end of story.

The plan did *not* include a cozy dinner for two, followed by a movie on the couch with only a remote control as chaperone.

And it definitely didn't include licking her from the top of her head to her pretty little purple-painted toes.

*Shit.*

## Chapter Two

"So I hope you don't mind if I finish my exercise routine. The food will be ready in about an hour." Mara returned from the kitchen and set the beer down on the side table next to Trent. He was perched on the edge of a wing chair looking uncomfortable as hell. His dark blond hair was spiked up at the top like he'd been running his hands through it.

"Uh, sure. No problem." He took a sip of his beer and rubbed his hands together. He was looking everywhere but at her.

She picked up the remote control and navigated the DVD to the place she wanted to start. Not that she really *needed* the video. She'd practiced how to tease him all week and fantasized about it for years.

Tonight she would finally seduce Trent.

They'd gotten closer than ever since Matt's deployment. She knew her brother was behind Trent's sudden interest in keeping her company but she didn't mind at all. She was a big girl, despite what her brother seemed to think. It was ironic; her overprotective twin was actually *pushing* the object of her interest right in her path. If she had her way, she'd get a lot more for her birthday than a Hallmark card.

*"Namaste. Let's breathe deeply and reach for the sky."*



Following the instructions of the melodic voice on the DVD, Mara stretched her hands over her head, knowing her tank top would rise and reveal several inches of belly.

*"Now swan dive; touch the ground."*

Mara bent slowly and touched her fingertips to the polished hardwood. She peeked at Trent from the corner of her eye. He held his beer with a death grip. His sky blue eyes stood out in stark relief against the blush on his cheeks.

*"Reach for the sky again. Sun Salutations."*

Mara turned so her profile faced Trent. This way he got the full effect when she bent over. She was a little curvier than what was in fashion, but more than one of her ex-boyfriends had commented that her back view could bring a man to his knees.

She bent slowly, keeping her legs straight, her bottom pert as she touched the floor. A strangled sound came from behind her. "You okay Trent?"

He cleared his throat a few times. "Wow. You're, uh ... really flexible."

She arched her back a little as she reached toward the ceiling again. "Yeah, well, I do yoga regularly and I also jog a few times a week."

He made a soft sound that could have been anything from "Working out is great" to "Come take my clothes off."

*"Downward Facing Dog. Spread those fingers. Sink your heels to the floor."*

Mara smiled a little as she transitioned into Downward Facing Dog pose. It was one of her favorite positions anyway but it had the added bonus of letting her wiggle her bottom in Trent's face.

"Would you mind spotting me?" She smiled up at him brightly. Hopefully he wouldn't know enough about yoga to realize that people didn't use spotters.

"Sure, what do you need me to do?" He hopped up and stood next to her. She looked up in time to catch him looking at her bottom again.

"I've been having some back pain so I think I just need you to steady me as I come back up."

He moved a little closer and tentatively touched her waist. "Here?"

She stood up straight and then pulled him behind her. "Right behind me actually. We're about to do more Sun Salutations and I need a little help when I bend."

Sure enough, the instructor's soothing voice told them to reach for the sky again. Mara stretched her hands up, feeling Trent's fingers clench uncertainly against her skin as she moved. She looked over her shoulder at him and smiled. "Are you ready?"

He shook his head slowly, as if in a daze. "Not really but go ahead. I wouldn't want you to hurt yourself."

*"Now swan dive; touch the ground."*

Mara bent over slowly, angling her back so she pressed against Trent from hip to thigh.

"Oh crap ... " Trent muttered.

\*\*\*\*\*

Trent gulped. He had no doubt Mara now realized exactly how much he wanted her. The evidence of that was currently trying to poke its way through her yoga shorts. He'd never thought of exercise as sensual before but he wasn't sure if he would survive this yoga session.

He looked at where her bottom snuggled up against his groin. Her ass was full and heart-shaped, more than enough to fill his hands just the way he liked. His fingers flexed at her waist and she made a soft sound.

"Are you okay? Do you need any help getting up?" He hoped he hadn't gripped her too hard in the midst of his fantasizing. He was supposed to help her with her stretches, not imagine her stretched out on top of him.

"I'm fine. I just have a leg cramp." She sat down on the floor abruptly.

"Well at least that's something I have some experience with. I used to get them when I played football. Let me see." Trent kneeled beside her and helped her stretch her leg out. "Lie back and let me massage it out."

As soon as she stretched out on her back, Trent realized this was an incredibly stupid idea. He was supposed to look at her on her back while he massaged her thigh without being visibly turned on?

*Right.*

Well, if he did this carefully maybe she wouldn't know. He could hold her leg and stretch it out without her getting a glimpse of the Olympic-sized pole vault in his pants.

Mara startled slightly when Trent lifted her right leg and placed it on his shoulder. She looked up, and their gazes caught and held. For a long moment, Trent wondered if they were imagining the same thing : Him holding her leg up with both stark naked.

"I'm just going to apply a little pressure and you can press back against me." He leaned forward, forcing her thigh to press into her chest. "That's it. That's not too much pressure, is it? How does that feel?"

*How does that feel? You like that baby?*

"Shit." Trent closed his eyes as the erotic images played out in his mind. He opened them to see Mara watching him. She raised a hand and ran it gently over his hair.

A loud *ding* came from the kitchen and Mara jumped. Trent released her leg and moved back, appalled at what he'd almost done. Another second and he'd have hooked a finger in the waistband of those little shorts and tugged them to the side. Another second after that, he'd have been massaging her from the inside out right in the middle of her living room.

"You should go get the food Mara." He moved away from her and ran a hand over his face. She looked hurt for a second before sitting up straight.

"Sorry. I'm just in a bad mood today. I don't mean to take it out on you princess." He leaned over and kissed her lightly on the forehead before sitting on the couch.

"No problem. Thanks for taking care of my leg." She rose in a graceful motion and walked over to the DVD player. The screen went black for a few moments before the words *An Affair to Remember* rolled across the screen.

"You're going to torture me with a chick flick now? Isn't that something girls only do to their boyfriends?"

Mara looked over her shoulder and stuck her tongue out. "You're practically my boyfriend anyway. You take me out to dinner, you fix stuff when it breaks and you're the one I call when I see a bug. The only thing you don't do is..." She quickly looked away. Her cheeks flushed pink.

"I'll just go get the food now." She rushed into the kitchen.

*The only thing you don't do is make love to me.*

The thought hung in the air as palpably as if she'd spoken it aloud. Trent dropped his head into his hands and sighed. He really hoped Mara wasn't in a chatty mood. Because if their conversation went back to boyfriend duties, he feared he'd give her a demonstration of *exactly* what he could do for her.