

Straight and no one would ever have to know...

Perfect
SEDUCTION

MIA LONDON

Perfect Seduction excerpt

Alex took the first train out of New York to Kingston on Saturday morning. She dozed on and off during the two-hour ride. Thoughts of Cole rattled through her head. She only vaguely remembered him when growing up. At one point, she sort of recalled Aidan and Cole were on the same baseball team. Maybe because they were three years apart, they didn't socialize with each other's friends much. If Cole were gay then, she'd have no way of knowing.

Regardless, the evidence all started coming together and it made sense. Alex surmised that Lauren had to go to Paris and take care of their aunt's estate, so the only way she could do that would be to have a decent replacement for herself. And that replacement was Cole. Alex knew from conversations with Aidan that the spa was highly exclusive, attire was optional, and the clientele were only female, which explained the gay part.

Cole was probably the first and only male at the place. Who knew what skills Cole possessed that made him highly qualified, but that didn't matter. All Alex knew was that eventually for four weeks, Cole was to act gay and fill in for his sister so that she would have a job when she returned to the states.

Interesting.

Alex's grin grew. She loved a challenge. Admittedly, realizing Cole wasn't gay delighted Alex to no end. She was attracted to Cole from the moment she laid eyes on him. She was drawn to him. The flashbacks of him eyeing her weren't merely to analyze her fashion or hairstyle, it quite possibly could have been about something more. And that "more" was just what Alex wanted to capitalize on.

"Alexandra!"

Alex heard her name called from across the train station. Her mother beamed at her and waved.

"Hi, Mom." She walked up to her mom, dropped her bag, and hugged her.

"Baby, it's good to see you."

"Mom, it's only been three weeks." Alex rolled her eyes as she smiled at her mother. "How's dad feeling?"

"Oh, he's feeling fine, but I am thankful you guys came up here. Your father is itchin' to go back to work. The boys keep trying to shoo him away. God bless 'em. You may see him at the house. Otherwise, you'll see him after he and Aidan get back from the hardware store for more supplies."

The women walked out the front of the station toward the car, and after her mom popped the trunk, Alex swung her bag in and closed the trunk lid.

"So what's on the agenda for this weekend?"

"The boys are working on the barn, fixing the stable doors and other repairs. Your father is repairing the electric fence." She turned toward Alex. "Thank goodness the horses haven't

realized it isn't working," she said with a grin. "You can help the boys, but when you want a little sun, come find me in the garden."

"Okay, sounds like a plan."

They chatted more during the fifteen-minute drive to the farm. Her mom pulled up beside the house in time to see Aidan and her father walk out the back door.

"Hey, pumpkin!"

Alex took off her sunglasses and swung her arms around her father. "Hi, daddy."

"We are headin' out to the hardware store, ladies. We should be back in an hour or so."

"Okay," Janine said.

"Hi sis. Bye sis," Aidan called as he climbed into the passenger seat of the pickup. And they took off for town.

"Come on in, Alex. You can drop your bag. Then I'll give you a lemonade to take to Colton. He's probably sweating to death out there."

Alex walked out the back door toward the barn about sixty yards away. As she got closer she could hear hammering. The door was wide open, and she heard music coming from inside as well. She peered through the doorway and froze.

Cole stood shirtless in denim jeans wiping his face and neck from sweat that covered his entire body. His very muscular, tan, smoking hot body. He threw down the towel on a stool and went back to hammering planks of wood on a workbench. His muscles flexed and contracted with his every movement. He hadn't shaved, and his face stubble made him look infinitely delicious. Very bad boy.

Alex licked her lips, she was almost breathless. She had seen a lot of chests in her day. Sometimes on the set, the male actors would need to make a costume change and would have no qualms doing so right in front of everyone. Nothing compared to the sight before her. He had practically no chest hair, just a smattering below his navel and smooth chiseled muscles. She could feel moisture gather at her sex.

Get it together, she chided herself.

She straightened her back and, with the glass in hand, walked over to Cole.

"Hi, Cole. Here's some lemonade. Mom thought you might be thirsty."

Cole had sensed he was being watched. He could see her silhouette in the doorway as he reached down for his hammer. Alex. He knew it was her—it was her height, her long brown hair, the curve of her hip. He wondered how long she was going to watch him before she spoke.

"Thanks," he said reaching for the glass and gulping half the beverage before taking a breath.

"Look," she started, "I owe you an apology."

He furrowed his brow. "An apology. For what?"

"Well, it was inappropriate of me to kiss you the other night when you walked me home."

He sat the glass down next to his towel and put his hands on his hips. "I should say it was," he replied gruffly.

"I crossed the line. I hope I didn't make you too uncomfortable. And I promise not to say anything else about you not being gay. I can see how wrong I was."

"What?" *What the hell is she implying?*

"I mean, it's certainly not your decision to be gay. You were probably born that way, and I, for one, think no less of you. I truly hope we can be—"

He cut her off. "What the hell are you saying, Alex? Was there something wrong with the kiss? Even gay men kiss, you know."

"Oh, I know," her eyes going wide. "And I didn't mean to insult you. I'm sure your boyfriend likes the way you kiss."

"I don't have a boyfriend," he swallowed hard, "currently."

"Well, that's okay. I'm sure it'll happen for you. There's someone out there for everyone, right?"

He wanted to reach over, wrap his two hands around her silky smooth neck and squeeze. He felt the heat rise from his gut, across his face, and out his ears. His nostrils flared. He took two steps closer to Alex. She stepped back. He took more steps closer and had her backed up against the stable door.

He'd be damned if he let her get away with thinking his kiss was mediocre.

He placed his two hands on the door over her shoulders. He tended closer and heard her ragged breath. He leaned in to the side of her face and gently blew on her neck. He moved even closer and with a fingertip, hooked her t-shirt neckline and pulled it down to expose more delicious skin. He tasted her creamy skin with the smallest touch of his tongue and felt her quiver. He proceeded to gently kiss and lick her neck. He heard a little moan escape past her lips. *Good.*

He worked his kisses up her neck, to her face and then to the outside of her lips. Her face moved fractionally, wanting more. *Double good.*

He smoothed his tongue over the seam of her lips, and she parted them. He slid his tongue into her mouth and found her tongue waiting for him.

The kiss quickly turned heated and eager.

Cole let go of her t-shirt collar and moved his hands down her shoulders to the sides of her torso. Then brazenly he grazed his thumbs over her breasts only to discover her hardened nipples. She reached her arms up and cupped her hands over his shoulders. She moaned into his mouth.

He lowered his hands to the hem of her shirt and pulled it up, exposing her stomach. This was crazy, he thought. But he couldn't stop himself. He thought about Alex for two weeks now. Clearly his body was in control, not his head.

With only the tips of his fingers, he grazed her stomach and felt her goose bumps. Then he brought her tee higher, pushing it over her breasts. His hands cupped their fullness and stroked her nipples again.

This time, he moaned.

He released her mouth and went down to her satin-covered breasts. Full, pert and waiting for his mouth. With one hand, he teased and tempted her nipple gently squeezing, twisting and tugging while his mouth sucked and played with the other. Her breathing sounded labored as she arched her back into him.

“Cole,” she breathed.

He moved his mouth to the other breast and began to torture and torment her in the same fashion. She writhed, whimpered beneath him, and pulled on his hair as she moaned.

He would keep this up until she climaxed. And moments later, she did just that. She let out a low cry and tossed her head back and forth. Cole raised his head only when she was mostly finished and watched her incredible face. He pulled her t-shirt back in place.

Slowly she opened her eyes. They were glazed over but still looking at him.

“Now *that* was a kiss, don’t you think, sunshine?”