

LOCK AND KEY

By JH

© 2004 by JH

All rights reserved.

Author's Note: This excerpt is not intended for sale, and is not be used in any form to generate profit.

First electronic printing February 2004.

Excerpt from Lock and Key:

By the stern look on his face, she understood that Carter wasn't going to humor her.

"Fine, he doesn't know. What exactly does he know?"

For some odd reason, she was nervous. This entire deal was ludicrous. After Carter had caught her red-handed, she was expecting an arrest, a hearing, a lawyer. But instead, he'd lounged there by the office door and looked at her, at the keypad, and at the open vault. He smiled. And out of the blue, he offered a legit job. Secretary he'd said. Balked at the idea, she tried to protest and that smile turned into a smirk as she tried to rationalize with him. He'd taken out his cell phone and pressed a button. "SFPD, please." At that, her ego took a major dip and she'd agreed. Secretary, her. From the pretty profitable researching and acquisitions career she'd been doing to an office job...it was a big difference. Her hair was pulled half up, her skirt ended just at her knees...she looked professional, right? With her features, she probably looked like she was in high school. Great.

"Don't worry, Jules. You should be fine. I told him you graduated with a degree in computer programming," which was true, "and that you'd be helping with consultation as well as being the 'administrative executive assistant'." He even did air quotes, mocking the title she'd used. "I just don't think you want to tell him exactly how we met...it wouldn't be very wise."

She nodded.

When he opened the door, the bright sunlight filtering through the wide windows nearly blinded her. Squinting and using a hand to shield her face, her eyes adjusted and took in the tall shadowed figure. By the time she recognized what she was seeing, her jaw dropped.

Tall and lean, Kyle Wright was one impressive specimen of man. Long legs clothed with jeans that fell so nicely she didn't think it was fair, broad shoulders connected to well muscled arms--that were definitely not the result of a gym, and a face that made her speechless. Chiseled jaw with slight stubble, dark brown hair that had been recently buzzed to a military cut, and stark cheekbones that accentuated his masculinity and male beauty. He made her nervous. When the man extended his hand, she grasped it and noticed how tanned it was, how it completely enveloped her pale one. She noticed the warmth, the roughness. When he shook it, she inhaled and felt the power, the confidence--and she realized she'd been holding her breath.

"You must be Julie Law." He smiled.

Oh dear god.

At her silence, he leaned forward.

"Welcome to W&B Securities."

Her stomach flopped, her heart fluttered, and she experienced blinding lust.