



New Dawning International Bookfair

New Dawning International Bookfair

Boss's Super Hot Wife

\$3.49

Johnny Fullmer is taken aback when his boss asks him to help, his wife, Mirrin, with her woman's club event. When he meets the gorgeous woman, he's surprised to discover he's to take part in a date for charity auction. After Mirrin outbids everyone else, Johnny is flummoxed. What's going on?

The next morning after the secretary brought my coffee, while perusing the morning reports, the intercom buzzed. "Yes, Glenda."

"Mrs. Ronson is on line one, sir."

"She wants me?" I pictured her wearing the tiny bikini she wore at the Spring Fling shindig last month at the Ronson mansion and my groin tensed.

"Yes sir. She specifically asked for Jonathan Fullmer."

Mirrin had tried to start a conversation with me that day and on two other occasions, but my brain froze. "Thank you."

"You're welcome sir."

I couldn't think of a response that wasn't dorky and around Mirrin I wanted to be nothing but cool. "Hello."

"Yes, Jonathan. This is Mirrin Ronson. Did my husband speak with you?"

There was no way around it. Dorky or not, I was going to have to talk with the boss's beauty queen. "Yes, yesterday afternoon. Mrs. Ronson, may I ask what this all about?"

"Mir'ain. Please call me Mir'ain and I'll call you Johnny."

"Fine. What's this all about, Mir'ain."

"I'll explain everything to you when you get here."

"What if I refuse?"

She took her time answering, "That would be unfortunate," there was another pause, then, "I wouldn't advise that."

I sighed. Nothing like having the boss's wife pissed at me. "I'll be there by noon."

There seemed to be a self-satisfied pause. "Thank you, you won't be sorry. I'll meet you in the lobby."

An hour and thirty minutes later, I handed the keys for my BMW to the valet, and strode into the lobby of the Fallbrook Inn.

Like an angel in a spotlight, Mir'ain glowed compared to the dull drab inconsequential people that busied themselves around her. Her bright, friendly smile indicated her pleasure at seeing me and I felt a tiny bit more comfortable.

As she sauntered in my direction, I did the same and met her half way. She held out her hand and welcomed me in her moderately deep, sensual, feminine voice, "Thank you for coming. It's for a good cause."

I took her hand, and she edged closer. Up to now, I'd made a point of avoiding the dazzling wife of the man who signed my paychecks. I'd sensed an interest on her part and that made me nervous. Going against my nature of trying to bed every good looking female who showed an interest, I consigned myself, to admiring her from afar.

As she closed the distance between us, I no longer had the option of ignoring her. Close enough for an embrace, her gardenia scented cologne wafted into my nostrils and then she kissed my cheek.

The effect of her bouquet, her kiss, and her closeness while holding her soft, elegant hand left me intoxicated. Every ounce of breath escaped my lungs and I wasn't able to breathe again until she edged back. Moreover, my heart beat against my breastbone a million miles per hour. I lost my cool and struggled to respond to her, "I yah'um what is this' all about, m-ma'am."

She laughed. It was the first time I was ever close enough that I heard her laugh and it was delightful. "Do I make you nervous?"

[Vendor Information](#)

Customer Reviews: There are yet no reviews for this product.

Please log in to write a review.