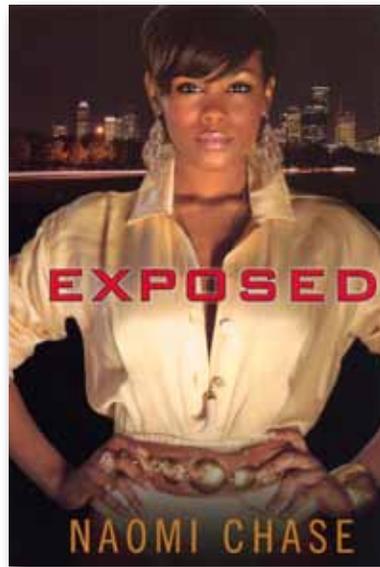


An excerpt from **EXPOSED**

by Naomi Chase

Coming February 2011



Tamia strode briskly into the large conference room. A tall, broad-shouldered man stood at the huge picture window that overlooked the glistening downtown skyline. Dominic Archer, a Crucian-born businessman who'd made his fortune selling prepackaged Caribbean food products.

“Good morning, Mr. Archer. I apologize for keeping you wait—”

As he turned from the window, Tamia promptly lost her train of thought. The man was at least six four and copper brown, with sleepy dark eyes and a manicured goatee that framed full, sexy lips. Beneath his expensively tailored Gucci suit, his body looked well-toned and muscular. Solid as a rock.

Oh dayum, Tamia thought. This brotha is foine!

Recovering her professionalism, she stepped forward with an outstretched hand. “Tamia Luke,” she introduced herself.

He clasped her hand, his eyes roaming her face. “Dominic Archer.” His deep voice held a hint of a lazy island lilt. The scent of his expensive cologne wafted up her nostrils, subtle yet intoxicating.

Tamia smiled at him. “It’s a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Archer. Are you sure you don’t want anything to drink?”

He smiled, revealing a set of straight white teeth. “No, thank you. I’m fine.”

Yes you are. Clearing her throat, Tamia motioned to the long glass conference table. “Please have a seat.”

Once they were both settled at the table, she got right down to business. “I understand that you want a memorable advertising campaign to launch your first Caribbean-style restaurant.”

An excerpt from EXPOSED

by Naomi Chase
Coming February 2011

“That’s right.” As Dominic leaned back in his chair and casually crossed his legs, Tamia’s gaze was drawn to his Dolce and Gabbana black calfskin leather loafers. The man had style, which bode well for their collaborative partnership.

“I want something that’s gonna grab people’s attention,” he explained to her. “Something that’ll lure customers who’ve never even *thought* about trying Caribbean food. And I want something that’ll drive as much traffic as possible to my restaurant.”

Tamia smiled at him. “Then you’ve definitely come to the right agency. We have a proven track record of satisfying our clients’ needs.”

“So I’ve heard.” Dominic’s eyes gleamed. “I’ve been a fan of your work for years.”

“Really? I’m so glad to hear that.” Tamia was thoroughly stoked. “Now, before my team gets started on developing the creative concept for your ad campaign, I need to familiarize myself with your restaurant so that I can decide on an effective target market. So let’s talk about—”

“You’re even more beautiful than I’d imagined,” Dominic interrupted softly. Her cheeks warmed from the unexpected compliment. “Thank you.”

“No, for real. I mean it.” He held her gaze. “I always wondered what you looked like behind that black mask.”

It took a delayed moment for his words to register. When they did, Tamia’s blood ran cold.

She stared at Dominic, stunned. “W-what did you just say?” she whispered.

A slow, knowing grin spread across his face. “Does anyone still call you Mystique?”