

# LOVERS, PLAYERS AND THE SEDUCER

## by J.A. Jackson

### Excerpt

A week later, that Wednesday morning at nine thirty, Nicholas sat in the conference room at his office and looked over the reports. He was a study in contrasts as he sat there hiding his emotions. He'd learned over the years how to use people and today he was using the bastard Dante Channing.

Dante Channing had a nerdy arrogance that came from having been given the best education that money could buy. He was capable at doing his job, Nicholas knew, but he had weaknesses. Many of them, he thought, as he studied him suspiciously. One of them was that he loved to hear himself talk, another was thinking that he was smarter than everybody, and then there was his need to feel he was in control. But his greatest weakness, Nicholas knew, had to be Dante's lost moral values. He would do anything to make money.

Dante passed out another report. "Everyone, Neon-Tech is a sure winner. And we have Nicholas La Cour to thank for doing the full financial check on Neon-Tech, and I must say it is now starting to show a very nice, albeit tiny, profit."

Dante watched Nicholas for a moment and then walked over and nudged him whispering, "Nicholas are you paying attention? I just gave you a compliment."

He put him on the spot.

Nicholas knew that he had been thinking about something else entirely. He'd been thinking about how glad he was that he had a programming background. He knew he'd done his homework when he'd set up a dummy corporation to do his siphoning. He needed to make some extra money the old-fashioned way, quickly, silently, and secretly.

Frustrated, Nicholas looked up at the other men in the conference room. He could tell they were glad Dante's focus was on him and not on them. His smile was carefully crafted when he looked back at Dante. He shook his head. "You know I was just doing my job Dante, but thanks for the compliment," he said with a sly smile, letting him know he'd heard every word he said.