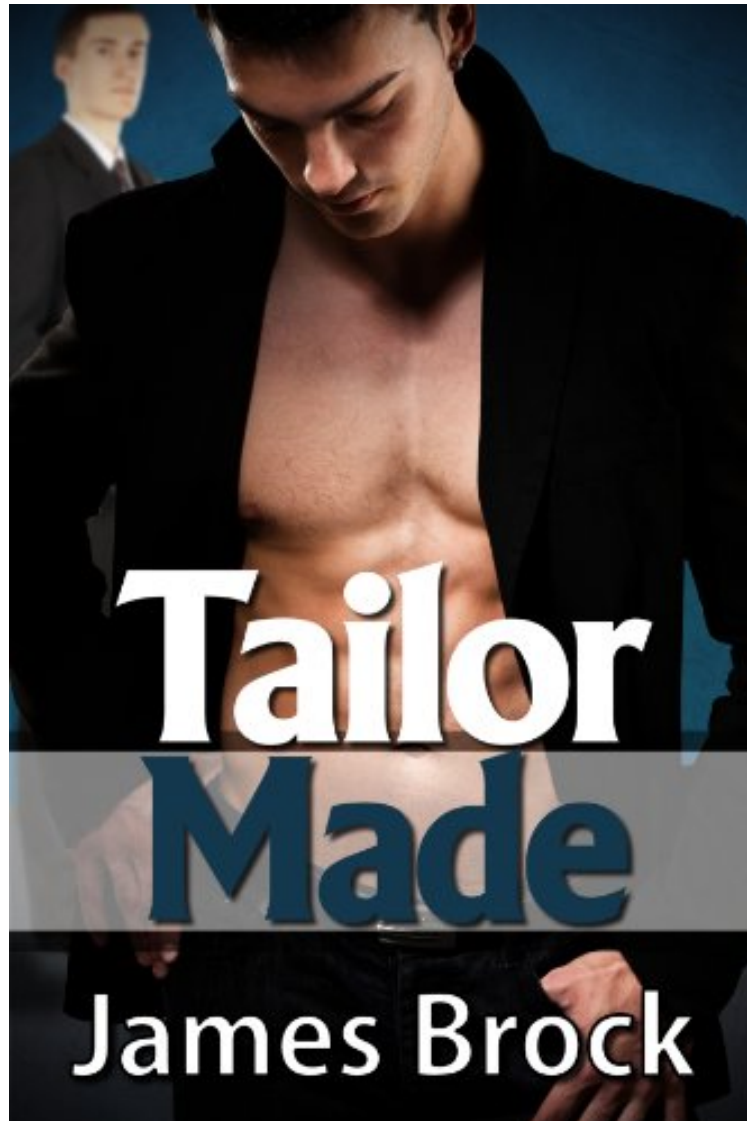


(Download free ebook) Tailor Made (English Edition)

Tailor Made (English Edition)

Von James Brock

*audiobook / *ebooks / Download PDF / ePub / DOC*



Produktinformation -Verkaufsrang: #468441 in eBooksVerffentlicht am: 2012-04-18Erscheinungsdatum: 2012-04-18File Name: B007VQQX7A | File size: 62.Mb

Von James Brock : Tailor Made (English Edition) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Tailor Made (English Edition):

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. A little confused about this story...Von Y.Y.I don't think I understood this story very well. What was the purpose? The big revelation was kind of stupid. Bowen was a liar and cheater and he used Wyatt and kind of sold him to his business partners and Wyatt still forgave him and got together with him. Yes, Bowen might have had a difficult childhood and

life overall with a drinking mother and neglectful father, it still doesn't give him the right to be a jerk. And he really was one... Kind of a waste of money :/

KurzbeschreibungEscaping life on a farm, sexy Wyatt Taylor runs to the nearest city after college where he finds and loses both love and employment. Down but not out, the handsome young man rebounds by landing the coveted position as assistant to powerful Portland, Oregon, business tycoon, William Bowen. Cold and precise, the mogul has a rarified life of privilege that leaves no room for error. Thrust into a world of jet set travel and caviar, Wyatt is given little direction about his new career and is fitted with a designer wardrobe. Clothes may not make the man, but Wyatt loves the beautifully tailored suits, wearing them like modern armor without realizing a connection between the way he looks in his new work uniform and Bowens clients. Aside from being handsome, William Bowen has everything: an estate, private plane, and clients worldwide. Only his taste in men is questionable. His astoundingly poor judgment in that area confuses everyone around him, including his flippant, funny, and in-charge property manager who befriends Wyatt but has his own reason for not telling all of the secrets of Bowen Industries. A sudden change in Wyatts personal life while on a business trip is followed by a bonding night for Wyatt and William Bowen, the long simmering feelings Wyatt has held toward the boss since the day of his interview nearing a boiling point. Wyatt is still blissfully unaware of his true role in the operation of Bowen Industries, however. Can two men from opposite sides of the tracks find a level field for a relationship, or will the truth behind the faades keep them apart? Excerpt:My office in Bowen tower was as good as a Mercedes when it came to pick ups. With the private bath, view of the city at night, intercom, and flat screen mounted on the wall, I was all but assured a romp on the (leather!) sofa with no one the wiser that I had been in after hours. I had also come to really love those suits hanging like armor in a neat row in the closet. The tailor had fitted them to my body so that every crease fell perfectly and my crotch had, frankly, never been better showcased. Life was good for a change. I had a nice umbrella of cash put aside, a secure if vague job at times with a hot if distant employer, a sex life that might not be the envy of anyone else, but it was certainly constant and keeping ME happy. But the umbrella I had carefully put together was not going to withstand the monsoon that swept in about then. *****Show us what you are made of, baby! James encouraged. Yeah, dance man, dance! my ex shouted from the sofa where he was tangled with the former bestie. So I danced. Meaning, I gyrated, rotated and started peeling off clothes. They were enjoying my show so noisily that none of them heard the front door open and close for someone just now joining our new early morning soire. Down to my underwear, a particularly tight and low cut pair of briefs, one arm lifted high above my head with the other shoved deep into my crotch, eyes closed and head thrown back, I was hot and I knew it. In my groove, I snapped my face down to the roar of the crowd while using my thumb to roll the band of my underwear down to expose my thick black pubic hair. Opening my eyes, focus being a challenge at that point, I found myself face to face with William Bowen. KurzbeschreibungEscaping life on a farm, sexy Wyatt Taylor runs to the nearest city after college where he finds and loses both love and employment. Down but not out, the handsome young man rebounds by landing the coveted position as assistant to powerful Portland, Oregon, business tycoon, William Bowen. Cold and precise, the mogul has a rarified life of privilege that leaves no room for error. Thrust into a world of jet set travel and caviar, Wyatt is given little direction about his new career and is fitted with a designer wardrobe. Clothes may not make the man, but Wyatt loves the beautifully tailored suits, wearing them like modern armor without realizing a connection between the way he looks in his new work uniform and Bowens clients. Aside from being handsome, William Bowen has everything: an estate, private plane, and clients worldwide. Only his taste in men is questionable. His astoundingly poor judgment in that area confuses everyone around him, including his flippant, funny, and in-charge property manager who befriends Wyatt but has his own reason for not telling all of the secrets of Bowen Industries. A sudden change in Wyatts personal life while on a business trip is followed by a bonding night for Wyatt and William Bowen, the long simmering feelings Wyatt has held toward the boss since the day of his interview nearing a boiling point. Wyatt is still blissfully unaware of his true role in the operation of Bowen Industries, however. Can two men from opposite sides of the tracks find a level field for a relationship, or will the truth behind the faades keep them apart? Excerpt:My office in Bowen tower was as good as a Mercedes when it came to pick ups. With the private bath, view of the city at night, intercom, and flat screen mounted on the wall, I was all but assured a romp on the (leather!) sofa with no one the wiser that I had been in after hours. I had also come to really love those suits hanging like armor in a neat row in the closet. The tailor had fitted them to my body so that every crease fell perfectly and my crotch had, frankly, never been better showcased. Life was good for a change. I had a nice umbrella of cash put aside, a secure if vague job at times with a hot if distant employer, a sex life that might not be the envy of anyone else, but it was certainly constant and keeping ME happy. But the umbrella I had carefully put together was not going to withstand the monsoon that swept in about then. *****Show us what you are made of, baby! James encouraged. Yeah, dance man, dance! my ex shouted from the sofa where he was tangled with the former bestie. So I danced. Meaning, I gyrated, rotated and started peeling off clothes. They were enjoying my show so noisily that none of them heard the front door open and close for someone just now joining our new early morning soire. Down to my

underwear, a particularly tight and low cut pair of briefs, one arm lifted high above my head with the other shoved deep into my crotch, eyes closed and head thrown back, I was hot and I knew it. In my groove, I snapped my face down to the roar of the crowd while using my thumb to roll the band of my underwear down to expose my thick black pubic hair. Opening my eyes, focus being a challenge at that point, I found myself face to face with William Bowen. ber den Autor und weitere Mitwirkende James Brock spent his childhood on a homestead in central Alaska with no electricity, indoor plumbing or running water. Reading by oil lamp was the family hobby, with James quickly moving from The Bobbsey Twins and The Boxcar Children to Dorothy Parker and Robert Benchley. Stories by James have been published in many gay magazines, and writing featured in The Seattle Standard, The Seattle Gay News, along with two Alyson Publication anthologies. He has sold comedy material to Joan Rivers and Phyllis Diller and his novel Men Overboard!, a comic murder mystery set on an all gay cruise, is available on . His first gay romance, Panda Heart, can be found at Beau to Beau publishing. James lives in Seattle where he enjoys running water and warm porcelain.