

## Sophia's Pleasure – Excerpt

*Why am I doing this?*

The answer doesn't seem to matter as my body begins to respond the way I knew it would. I'm a quivering mass of anticipation. Cooper has the power to make or break me in the palms of his large, calloused hands and he knows it. The knowledge is etched on his handsome face too. But the moment he invited me into his home, he turned his body over to me. Only I can please him. Whether he comes or not is up to me. He's my blank canvas and I'm the artistic genius. Six months ago I would never have let this happen. I had it in my head to keep things professional between Cooper and me. Not anymore.

With Michael, I would have been ashamed to feel a trickle of moisture pooling between my thighs at the erotic images zipping through my head. He had always taken the reins and I had always let him. It was a good, strong relationship. But Cooper is different. Cooper isn't Michael. And I don't want to be the same Sophia with him. I want to be alluring and confident. I want him to see the part of me that I've been hiding from the world.

“Sophia, are you having second thoughts?”

I shake my head no. I'm totally sure this is what I want. To prove it, I step forward and unzip my coat. Cooper's gaze zeroes in on the skintight outfit I slowly expose. As the coat falls open, revealing the outrageous leather pantsuit, my face heats. I hear a low curse from Cooper. It isn't until I shrug my shoulders and the coat falls to the floor, exposing me completely, that I feel the full brunt of his desire. All his concentration is on me now. His gaze eats me up like candy. His hands are fisted at his sides as if he's trying to keep from reaching for me. God, how I want him touching me. Stroking my pussy and making me beg. It would feel so good because it's Cooper. The only man I trust. The only man I want. I've wanted him for months.

After the grief from losing Michael, I hid away from the world. Only Cooper had the guts to push into my gloomy personal bubble and pull me back to the living. He alone made me want to smile again. It was somewhere between him cooking for me to keep me from starving to death and him dragging me to the park to go jogging with him every Saturday morning that I realized the truth. I was falling in love with him. I didn't want to, not at first. I knew how much love hurt when it was torn away from you. After the car accident that had taken my sweet Michael from me, effectively shattering my perfect world, I told myself I'd never let a man get that close again. I'd never share my bed, my body, and certainly not my heart. Not ever.

But I hadn't expected Cooper. Hadn't anticipated his persistence. Hadn't foreseen the flash of heat that zipped through my body every single time he came near. And even though I know it's dumb to let this happen, for this one moment in time I know the universe is on hold for us. He isn't my assistant tonight and I'm not his employer. We're just a pair of lovers about to experience something exquisite.

No words are uttered as he closes the distance separating us. His palms cup my face. For a brief moment I close my eyes and savor the feel of his rough palms against my skin. I've ached a thousand times for it and now that it's finally happening it's almost overwhelming.

"I've wanted you for too damn long," he says in that deep, rough voice that I've come to crave day in and day out. "You have no idea how many times I've thought of you." He looks me over and a slow grin appears. "Although, I had no idea you owned anything quite so...sexy."

"I didn't," I confess, enjoying the feel of the butter-soft, red PVC material against my skin. "It's new."

His chocolate-brown eyes turn warm with emotion. "Did you buy it for me, sweetheart?"

I nod, and my heart speeds up. "I wanted this night to be special."

He drops his hands to his sides once more. "And you want to be in charge?"

"Yes."