

Anne Rainey

A photograph of a very muscular man, likely a bodybuilder, in a classic bodybuilding pose. He is shirtless, showing his well-defined pectorals, abdominals, and deltoids. He is wearing grey athletic shorts. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the contours of his muscles against a dark background. He has a tattoo on his right shoulder.

Sophia's
Pleasure

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Sophia’s Pleasure
by
Anne Rainey

Part I

I can't believe I'm 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 bring him pleasure. 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 I. 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 definitely 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 leather 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.”

He walks me backward until the backs of my knees hit the couch. I fall onto it and stare up at him. He smiles, then turns and closes the door I’ve just entered. I listen as the lock snicks into place and I know that the moment to back out has vanished. I feel it in my bones. I’m the one in charge of the pleasure ahead. Oh, God.

I’m relieved, because while he took the lead, he also took with it my embarrassment. I watch as he turns and comes back to me. Standing so close I can almost feel his heart beating erratic and frantic. He’s every bit as excited and it thrills me.

“Undress,” I softly order.

He starts stripping out of his clothes, wasting no time on small talk or nonsense, and before I can blink twice, he’s completely nude. He’s beautiful. The odd adjective springs into my mind as I stare at his erection. I want to worship his masculine beauty for an eternity. My grammatically correct brain flees in the face of my sexy afternoon treat. His strength is in every muscled plane of his body. I let my eyes travel over him and I stop, again, on his heavy cock. Thick, hard and long and it juts out from his body with pride. My hand reaches for it. I wrap my fingers around his girth, glad when I’m unable to encompass the thick shaft, and close my eyes on a sigh. This moment has been on my mind, day and night. From the first time I spoke to Cooper, I had dreamed wet, erotic dreams about loving him, and I mean for it to last.

I squeeze my fist, eliciting a groan from him and he pushes his groin forward, trying to attain something just out of his reach. A thrill runs up and down my spine as I feel a shot of power run through me. The skin-tight, shiny red PVC pants and spiked heels make me feel sexy and in charge. The scooped-neck vest I chose for this special occasion has little zippers over each breast and I can feel the cold metal teeth against my hard nipples. The idea of Cooper unzipping them, exposing my tits, turns me on.

“On your knees,” I order, needing to see him obey.

When he sinks down in front of me, his powerful thighs spread wide and his impressive erection bobbing up and down, I nearly come right then and there. God, it’s been so long since I’ve felt any sort of excitement. Without even touching me, Cooper is turning me inside out.

He winks just before lowering his head. “As you wish...Mistress.”

My temperature spikes. The word feels right coming from him. It feels real. “Put your arms behind your back,” I tell him. “I want your total surrender.” He quickly moves to obey and my clit begins to pulse. “You’re such a good pet,” I tell him, knowing how important praise is. Good behavior should always be rewarded. I’d learned that during my marriage with Michael. He’d been very good at rewarding me. I’d been well trained and I still miss him.

But this time around I wanted to be reborn. I wanted to watch Cooper bow for me. Beg to please me. I craved that and I knew he did too. That’s what made this moment so special. We both ached for the same thing.

Slowly, I come to my feet and walk to the coffee table where I’d placed my black bag earlier. I reached down and slid the zipper back and pulled out a wooden paddle I had tucked inside. When I came back to Cooper, I was pleased to note he hadn’t looked up. He had to be curious, but his gaze stayed obediently on the floor.

“I like you on your knees, Cooper. It turns me on.” I waited to see if he’d reply, but he stays silent. The only indication that he heard me was in the flexing of his biceps. He had drool-worthy biceps. I’d always felt he would make a lovely pet. “You show remarkable restraint, love. That pleases me. I think you deserve a treat.”

I place the paddle beneath Cooper’s chin and force his gaze to mine. Flames of desire lick over my breasts and pussy as his hot, savage gaze eats me alive. I had to swallow and take several breaths before I could speak without trembling. “Unzip my tits, pet.”

Cooper’s grin is delicious when it comes. Very slowly, he reaches up with both hands and pulls the tabs on the zippers back, revealing the round fullness of my breasts. My nipples tingle when his fingertips accidentally brush across them.

“Good boy,” I praise him. “Now, pull them out and suck my nipples.”

“My pleasure, Mistress,” he growls low as one large hand slides inside the opening he’s created. He tugs until both my breast is framed by the shiny red material. Then he does the same with the other. I couldn’t help the moan that escapes as cool air teases my sensitive tips. I keep my gaze on Cooper as he leans forward and licks. I cupped the back of his head, aching and ready for him already.

“I didn’t say lick,” I chastise. “Suck it like you were told, pet.”

Cooper hums, as if my angry tone turns him on, then he opens his mouth and sucks my tit into the hot cavern of his mouth. I grab a handful of his hair and hold him to me; loathe to let him go anytime soon. His tongue strokes the hard bud and my clit throbs, all but begging for his touch. As he moves to the other breast, suckling hard, arrows of sensation rip through me.

“Oh, God, that feels so good,” I moan as my pussy swells and dampens for his touch.

“Damn, I want to eat you up,” Cooper whispers a second before he gently bites down, nibbling on me as if I were a luscious dessert.

“Stop,” I demand and tug on a fistful of his rich, dark hair. The little sting forces Cooper to remove his mouth. “You weren’t told to bite.” I move around until I’m standing directly behind him before I bring the paddle up in the air. I watch him stiffen mere seconds before the wood smacks his buttocks. He curses, but he doesn’t move. It’s a measure of his devotion to me, to us, and my heart melts. I swat him twice more before I stop and move back to the front of him. His face is flushed and his dick is dripping with pre-cum. But he doesn’t speak. Not a single word. The wild hunger in his gaze tears at my restraint. I’m desperate to fuck. To feel all his untamed strength between my legs, stretching and filling me. God, he’s amazing and I don’t know that I deserve him. But I’m just selfish enough not to care.

When he sits gingerly back on his haunches and looks up at me, I nearly cave. Christ, even on his knees he has a commanding presence. Cooper is the type of man who doesn’t need to speak to convey an air of authority. I suppose that’s half the thrill of watching him submit. The knowledge that he never goes to his knees for anyone but me is a major turn on.

His huge cock pulses with the need for release. I lick my lips as a pearl of creamy moisture glistens the bulbous tip. No way can I resist the invitation to lick it off. I step forward and get down on my hands and knees in front of him. With his eyes on me, I lower my head over his erection and swipe my tongue around that gloriously fat cock before I suck the tasty treat into my mouth. The warm sticky liquid coats my voracious tongue. His rich taste is exactly what I need in that moment in time, but Cooper’s harsh groan forces me to pull back. His hands are fisted at his sides as his gaze pins me in place.

I knew our game had only just begun.

As I lean back, I let my palm smooth over my leather-clad hip, before venturing to the juncture between. As my fingers pass over my pussy, the soft leather hardly a barrier, Cooper's mouth thins. A trickle of sweat travels down his chest and I had the urge to trace it with my tongue.

Instead, I take my other hand and wrap it around his cock and squeeze. Cooper curses, but doesn't move. "Mm, your dick is beautiful." I smile and tilt my head to the side. "And it belongs to me, doesn't it, pet?"

"Yes, Mistress," Cooper growls. "But if you squeeze the damn thing one more time I'm going to come all over your pretty fingers."

I chuckle at his utter frustration and release him. "I'd be very upset if you decided to finish before I had a chance to play." When I move to sit on the couch I could feel Cooper's pent-up need. As I spread my thighs wide, revealing the snap closure over my crotch, his gaze lifts. "Do you like the view?"

He nods. "Yes, Mistress, very much."

I extend a hand toward him. "Come here. Crawl to me and unsnap it then."

Apparently Cooper doesn't need to be told twice. Within seconds he's sitting in front of me. My face heats as he arrogantly runs his hand over the smooth, shiny material covering my pussy. I slap him away. "Were you told to touch?"

Cooper balls his hand into a tight fist as he shakes his head. His anger at my reprimand is so brilliantly clear. I can't help the pool of moisture between my legs. "Unsnap me, pet."

Without an ounce of hesitation, Cooper pops the first snap. I shudder beneath his touch and know that when he gets his hand on my flesh I'll explode. I won't be able to help myself. I've waited entirely too long for the feel of his caress.

He pops two more snaps and I hear the deep timbre of his voice as he curses. I run my hand over his abs and hum my approval at his hard body. “You’re beautiful,” I praise him. “My beautiful lover.” I stroke a finger over one of his nipples. It pebbles for me.

“Do you want to taste my pussy? Would you like that?”

“Fuck, yes,” he says as his gaze snares mine. “I want to kiss it. I want to tongue-fuck you until you scream.” He undoes another snap, then one more, revealing my soft, bare skin.

I’m not wearing panties and I know he likes what he sees. His nostrils flare as if taking in and savoring my scent. His smile is slow and sexy when he sees the evidence of my arousal. Cooper unfastens the remaining snaps as if he has all the time in the world. When he pushes the material wide and gets an eyeful I feel his hands tremble. His restraint costs him dearly. I love him all the more for it because it’s proof how much he wants to please me. How much he’s willing to give up for me.

Cooper’s cock flexes, his balls drawing up tight. Not only weren’t there any panties, but I also waxed. He lets one finger stroke the baby-soft skin and a whimper slips from between my clenched teeth.

“I like this,” he whispers. “Such a lovely treat.”

“I hoped you’d appreciate my efforts.”

“You did this for me.” He made it a statement, but I nod in confirmation anyway. His gaze darkens with possessiveness. “Mine.”

That single word turns my legs to Jell-O. I dig my fingers into the couch cushion to keep from dragging him on top of me.

Cooper inhales my scent. “Damn, that’s sweet,” he growls as his head descends. He kisses the soft bare flesh first, as if needing to show me how much he adores the gift I’m offering him. I clutch his head between my palms.

“Oh, God,” I groan.

Cooper slips his hands beneath my ass and holds me still. “May I?”

I nod, unable to voice my commands. That time is over. All I want now is Cooper.

He swirls his tongue over and around the little knot before dipping inside my tight, hot passage. The instant my sweet cream hits his taste buds Cooper seems lost to our little game. It’s as if I’ve invaded his senses. As if I’ve slipped inside his soul. The same way he’s slipped inside mine. We breathe the same air. Feel the same drowning desire to explore each other completely.

Cooper licks my slit and a rumble emanates from his chest. I’m entranced by his feral response. “I want you needing me, Soph,” he whispers against my hot, wet flesh, “Only me. Always me.”

“I only have time for one pet, Cooper,” I admit. “And that’s you.”

There is something primitive and savage in his expression as he says, “Good, because I wouldn’t be at all happy if you decided to share, Mistress. I’m a greedy son-of-a-bitch.”

I tried to reassure him, but it was useless. Somehow he’d turned the tables. Now, the only thing I want to do is surrender. Cooper spreads my legs wider and tastes my pussy. He kisses the tip of my swollen and sensitive clit, clearly eager for my body to give him total began to move against his mouth. As he parts me with his fingers and sinks his tongue deep inside my opening I thrust against his face. He knows I’m close. He nibbles on my clit, teasing the sensitive bundle of nerves.

“I’ve never been a jealous man, but I know if any other man dares to touch you I’d happily break their hands.”

Her body shudders at his words. He moves away from my pussy and instead uses both hands to grasp the shiny red material of my pants and yank. It gives way to his strength, exposing the curve of one hip and thigh.

“Cooper,” I whimper.

“Beauty,” he says. “Sheer beauty.” He put his mouth on my inner thigh, licking and suckling until a small purplish circle starts to take shape.

“I’m going to want to mark you too,” I tell him, my voice husky with arousal.

“Imagining your pretty head between my thighs, nibbling and teasing is damned appealing.” He winks. “I’m putty in your hands, Mistress.”

Cooper begins sliding his tongue in and out of me, slowly, building my pleasure by small degrees. He uses his thumb to stroke over my clit. All too quickly I’m moaning. I bury my fingers in his hair, anchoring him to me as I ride out my glorious climax.

Several seconds later my hands fall away. Cooper stands, and as I watch, he wraps a fist around his cock and squeezes. “Yes,” I murmur, as my gaze takes in the delicious show. My lips part as I attempt to drag air into my lungs.

Cooper reaches down and cups my chin. Our gazes lock as Cooper groans, “I need you.”

I smile and stand. “I’ve needed you for too long.”

As skillfully as possible in that moment of quivery legs and fast breathing, I bend and pull off the high heels and peel away the remnants of my clothing. He feasts on me, as if imprinting my curves to memory for all time. My seductive movements seem to shred the last thread of Cooper’s control. He pumps his cock, and I’m captivated by the thick, bulbous head that’s so full and eager.

I close the distant between us. “I want your fat cock inside me.”

I could see that my breathless voice, so filled with eagerness, drives him to the very brink of madness.

“I’ve ached, Soph,” he admits in a low tone. “For you.”

“I’m sorry I took so long,” I reply, suddenly wishing I hadn’t wasted so much time wallowing in my grief for Michael.

“It doesn’t matter now.” He strokes my cheek with a single, calloused finger. “You’re here. You can put us both out of our misery.”

“Why didn’t you come to me?” I ask, even though I think I know the answer.

“At first I knew you needed time,” He murmurs. “Michael meant a lot to you and I understand that. And I was prepared to give you all the space you needed.”

His sensitive nature has my throat nearly closing with emotion. “And now?”

His large, capable hands grasp my hips and perches me on the edge of the couch. He cups my breast. “I’m just glad you finally succumbed because I was all prepared to throw myself at your feet.”

I cradle his face in my palms. “Such a giving man,” I whisper. “I’m not sure I deserve you.”

“The past doesn’t matter. We’re here now. That’s all that matters.” He lowers his body on top of mine, and begins slowly pushing into my narrow passage. “God, you feel so good. So damn hot and tight.”

I shudder. “Cooper,” I breathe out.

“Yeah, I know,” he groans, as he pushes little farther in. My pussy squeezes him. His girth pushes me beyond reason. He stops a moment. “I’m not going to last. You feel fucking amazing, Soph.”

His words filled me with excitement. As I become accustomed to his size, I start to push my hips against his, driving him in a little more. I ache to push him deep until we're merged as one.

He holds me firm. "If we don't slow down I'm going to come," he admits.

His solid, muscled body appears to be hovering on the brink of ecstasy. The knowledge tears a plea from my lips. "Fill me up, Cooper, please."

Cooper leans down and presses his lips to my throat. "Yes, but not so soon."

"Oh."

He continues to tease the jumpy pulse in my neck with his tongue. He inches his way inside of me a little farther. "God, you're big," I mutter. As his cock slides teasingly in and out. My body clenches around him like a fist. We both moan this time.

"Is it too much?" he asks. Even in his burning state he worries about hurting me and my heart melts a little more.

"It's just right," I tell him, knowing it's nothing short of the truth. Cooper is made for me. We are made for each other.

My lips part. The heat filling my cheeks and neck accompanied by my words seem to spur him on. He starts moving in a sensual rhythm, sliding in and out, taking his time, filling me to the hilt. It's not enough, would never be enough. He lifts up and hooks his arms beneath my knees and spreads me wider, then thrusts in hard, fast.

He never takes his eyes from mine, never leaves me to drift alone. When my lashes begin to close in an attempt to hold in the exhilarating sensations, Cooper's harsh, "No." causes me to open them wide. "Keep those pretty eyes trained on me. Don't close me out. Never again."

I hear his words and watch the strain on his face and the sweat on his brow. He's holding back, maintaining control. I didn't want him to be controlled. Never that. I want him as wildly uninhibited as me.

I wrap my legs around his hips and arch my bottom off the bed. The motion pushes his cock inside me so deep that I can barely take a breath. Pleasure steals over me in a wave of molten lava.

"God, Soph, I'm going to lose it if you don't stop," Cooper growls.

The muscles in his neck strain and his sinewy arms anchor me to him, effectively keeping me in place, forcing me to surrender. As Cooper reaches between our bodies and caresses my clit with one talented finger, stroking my wet heat, I shatter. I shout out his name as an explosive climax rushes through me. Tearing me in a million pieces.

That's all it takes. Cooper drives into me fast and hard, pumping like a man crazed with desire. Suddenly, he joins me, pouring every ounce of his seed inside of me. The warmth of his come fills me clear to my soul.

Several minutes later, Cooper is pouring soap into his hands and begins washing me. The hot spray of water surrounds us both with heat. It isn't long before I'm getting stirred up all over again.

Our shower takes much longer than necessary and yet I didn't want it to end.

Afterwards, he talks me into staying the night, not that it took much convincing. I want to be with him. Every second of the day. I'm in love with him. But does he feel this way for me?

As I begin to drift into sleep safely tucked into his embrace, Cooper's deep, sexy voice rouses me. When my gaze meets his, he says, "I love you with all my heart."

My heart swells with hope for the first time since losing Michael. "I was so afraid you didn't," I tell him, baring my soul.

He frowns and strokes my hair away from my face. “You should know better than that. Have I not shown you how much I care, Soph?”

“I’m sorry,” I murmur. “So sorry I doubted you. I love you so much and it scares me to feel so deeply.” Tears fill my eyes, but I don’t care. “I never wanted to be so vulnerable with a man again. Michael’s death destroyed me.”

Cooper leans down, placing both hands beside my body, caging me in. “You love me?”

I nodded, my chest filling with the warmth of our love for each other.

His lips brush mine, gently, sweetly, then he raises up an inch and groans, “It’s okay to be careful to guard your heart. Just don’t guard it against me.”

“At first it felt wrong because you’re my assistant. You were a part of my life with Michael,” she explained.

“And now?”

“Now I know that Michael wouldn’t want me to grieve for him forever.”

“No, he wouldn’t,” he agrees.

“And I can’t imagine living without you.” It’s true. Cooper is the best sort of man. Kind, gentle, loyal. My life with him would not always be easy, I knew that for certain. For all his good points, Cooper is still a very dominating man. I’ll butt heads with him quite often. And I wouldn’t want him any other way.

“What you had with Michael was special,” he murmurs. “I get that. But this love between us is real too. It’s deep and rich.” His lips brush mine and I’m inflamed by the rush of heat it elicits.

“You make me feel alive,” I explain, needing him to know everything. “I’m the luckiest woman alive because I’ve been given a second chance at love. I don’t aim to waste it.”

His smile lights my world. “Good, because I’m not giving you up. Ever.”

“Thank goodness,” I whisper as my lips meet his.

Cooper presses his mouth more fully against mine in a kind of predatory heat that I’m beginning to crave. He’s hard and demanding. I give him access to the inner recesses and he swoops in, scouring and drinking in my moans of pleasure. When he lifts a few inches, we’re both panting. I can see the love shining in his eyes. It’s there for all to witness. And I know without a doubt that loving Cooper is definitely one of the smartest decisions I’ve ever made.

THE END

Coming soon:

Part II: Cooper’s Surprise