



# TEMPTING SOPHIE

*Zoe Mullins*

One life altering event was all it took for Sophie to shut the door on the most important part of her life. After three years as Ben's submissive, Sophie says her safe word and returns his collar. But fate wouldn't let her fight cancer alone. David steps into her life as her best friend and her submissive.

It's been two years since she won the battle with cancer, but she's still too scared to give up control, no matter how much she aches to submit. David isn't sure he can give her what she needs but he's brave enough to approach the one man who can help them both.

Benjamin. He's never given up on his submissive, even when she pushed him away and began building a life without him. She's not happy and he knows it, and this time he's not going to let her fear stand in his way. To tempt her back, Ben will partner with David to remind Sophie just what she's been missing.

## EXCERPT

Sophie knew who was at the door before she checked the peephole. David had had trouble sleeping for as long as she'd known him.

She glanced at the clock. Eleven-thirty. She was a night owl, never going to bed before midnight. She didn't have to be at the office until ten tomorrow, but he had to be up in five and a half hours.

"Son of a bitch," she cursed as she quickly stripped out of her thermal-knit sweater and pulled back her hair in a high ponytail. Yoga pants and racerback bra was as sexy as she could pull off on such short notice. She grabbed a lipstick from her purse and, looking in the hall mirror, she added some peach color to her lips before opening the door.

"I'm sorry," he said, and she couldn't miss the regret in his dark-green eyes. He was angry at himself. It wasn't his fault. She'd shown him a great way to relax, to relieve the tension in his neck and shoulders so he could sleep. But it wasn't something he could do alone. She took a deep breath and let it out on a long sigh. She had to strip away that regret. That shit didn't belong to her.

She narrowed her eyes. "I don't want to hear it." She dismissed him, walking away from her door. She knew he had no choice but to follow. Not if he was going to get what he needed.

She heard him shut the door and his quiet footsteps behind her. For a big man, he was pretty stealthy, but as a cop, that was probably a job requirement.

Her penthouse was spacious, but she liked to think she had made it cozy. The dark, natural-wood dining room table with its scarred and dented surfaces was one of the focal points of the living area, along with the art that hung above the living room sectional. An art piece David had created. When he wasn't being Constable Chet Adams, David Ratchet Adams had a very soft and emotional side. She loved that about him.

Walking through the living room, she threw open the door to her office, and when needed, play room. In addition to the bright-orange chaise lounge and birch desk, was a highboy dresser where she kept her toys.

She pulled out a thick deerskin flogger. There were times when she might use a lighter flogger to build the sensation, but to give Chet the relief he needed to sleep, she didn't want to waste time. She wasn't trying to build his arousal. This was medicinal. The ache in his shoulders required relief with something heavy, with a good thud, and that wouldn't take forever to get him to the point of release.

He'd come a long way since the first time she'd taken him to a club to see what her lifestyle was all about. He'd been aghast thinking of anyone asking to be beaten. Then he'd watched the victim in question slip into subspace, his body relax in his bonds, the stress etched on his face slip away, and he'd been hooked.

Chet craved it. To give up control under the rhythmic thud of her flogger. The flogger could shred his control just as easily as a cane or a crop, though she'd used both on him when they had time for longer scenes.

Tonight was not a scene. This wasn't about sex or release. It was the equivalent of a hot toddy before bed. It was therapy. She tried not to sigh as she tested the weight of the flogger against her thigh.

"You miss it?" Chet asked, leaning against the doorjamb. He still wore his dark jeans but he'd already unbuttoned his shirt.

Something about his tussled golden-brown hair and that long past five o'clock shadow made her pussy clench. He was nearly ten years younger, but he'd been through so much. *He's an old soul*, she thought, and something in her wanted to hold him to her.

"No." She shook her head even as her body screamed *Hell yes. I want you to use that flogger on me even though you've never used one before.*

"You can't lie to me. I was with you through the worst. I get it."

She gritted her teeth. He was talking about her cancer, the helplessness and fear as the disease and then the cure ravaged her body. She never wanted to experience that sort of helplessness again.

“Did I say you could speak, pet?” She got up in his face, her body close enough to feel his heat.

Chet shook his head, lowering his eyes as she’d taught him. But with her standing so close to him, it only served for him to look down into her eyes. She saw the muscle clench in his jaw, as if he wanted to say more.

“Then lose the shirt and get into position before I send you on your way.”

She saw him smirk as she stepped back. He knew it was an empty threat. She would never not be there for him when he needed her. Even knowing that, he readily complied, pulling off the navy plaid shirt, and tight gray T-shirt he wore underneath.

Strong. Fit. Virile. And vulnerable. He shifted his feet restlessly and she knew he was about to get bratty, so she pre-empted it by tossing a pillow at him. “Assume the position.”

He rolled his eyes. He was the worst sub ever, but she had only herself to blame. He wasn’t really a sub, regardless of his need for pain now and then, and his willingness to serve her. It meant a lot to her that he trusted her enough to share that, but not so surprising.

She wasn’t really a Domme, despite her newly acquired need for control, yet somehow they made it work.

He knelt on the pillow, bracing his hands on either side of the door frame.

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