

## Excerpt

We pull up to the house way after everyone's bedtime. Allison was asleep even before we pulled out of Meghan's driveway. It's been a long time I've felt this content.

I look over at Cooper, who looks far away in his thoughts.

He's been like that all evening.

Once we get home, he quickly takes Allison out of her seat. Luckily she changed into her pyjamas before we left Meghan's.

"I got her, babe, get the bags."

Matthew is continuing his 'celebrating' by staying over at his friend's house. Usually I would say no, but like Cooper said, it's like he just won the cup.

"Okay."

By the time I get inside and sort through all the wet things, I sense him before I feel him wrap his hands around my waist.

"Babe, come outside with me." Something in his voice makes my heart pound. My hands are getting clammy just walking outside with him.

We get to the hammock, and he sits down on it, making it like a swing. His feet are on the ground in front, and the back of the hammock against his back halfway. "Sit on me," he demands.

"I can't. I'm going to throw you over." I stand there in front of him. He rubs his hands up and down the back of my legs, kissing my stomach. I'm still wearing my sundress from this afternoon.

"I won't make you fall, I promise."

I comb my fingers through his hair, looking down into his blue eyes. They're like the key to his soul, always bright. Tonight they look clouded, like a storm is brewing.

"Okay," I whisper and straddle his lap. I'm surprised we don't topple over, but Cooper has his feet planted on the floor, so we aren't going anywhere.

"Baby." I look at him. "You're scaring me." I'm sure he can hear my heart beating in my chest.

"I've never felt like this." He whispers, "I've had women, many women, but none were like you." He kisses my chest right above my breast.

"Okay." I twirl his hair through my fingers.

"When I looked over at you today and saw you sitting with James, my breath caught in my throat."

"Honey." I pull his hair so he looks up at me. "James and I, we are the past. Way, way in the past."

“You made a life with him, you made a home with him, you have kids with him.” His voice trembles.

“I had all that, I made a home with him. I had kids with him. He threw that away. He tossed it aside.” I’m trying to calm my nerves. I’m scared that this is it. This will be the last time that I hold him.

“Cooper.” He looks up at me, and I snap, my heart snaps. “No, you don’t get to decide this, you don’t get to toss me aside because you think you know what I want or need.” My heart is literally hurting. It’s aching. I blink away the tears that are forming in my eyes, continuing what I have to say. “If you don’t want me, just say it, but don’t you dare try to cop out of this giving yourself a clear conscience.” I drop my hands to my sides, looking into his eyes. I lean forward, kissing his eyes. “I’ve had many years with a man who not only looked through me, he passed by me, not stopping to look at me. But you, you see me.”—I kiss his cheeks—“I’ve had many years not smiling. Now I smile so much my cheeks hurt. I smile for no reason at all. I smile at you and because of you”—I kiss his lips—“I’ve had many years of little kisses, but none of them made my heart flutter like yours, none of them left me breathless because of them, none of them I longed for.” I can’t stop the one tear that has rolled down my face. “I want you, I want this”—I point from him to me with my hand—“I want this more than I care to admit”—I put my forehead on his, our eyes watching each other—“I want you to want me,” I whisper the last part, my heart hoping that he does pick me, that he picks us.

“I want you,” he says softly. “I want all of you. I want your mornings. I want your afternoons. I want your nights. I want your tomorrows, baby. I want it all. I was so scared you would want what you had, and not want what we have.”

I don’t say anything anymore. I just lean in, kissing his bottom lip, hoping he opens up for me, and he does. He opens so our tongues touch each other, and I know I’m home.

I want to get under his skin and it still wouldn’t be close enough. I fumble with his shirt, trying to rip it off his body. When my hands touch his chest, I make little traces of imaginary infinity signs all down his chest, hoping he feels it. He pulls down the tube part of my dress, bringing my bikini top with it. My nipples peak with the cold air on them. Cooper’s thumbs circle around my nipples, then he places his finger in the middle of my chest, making an infinity sign, all while looking into my eyes.

My need for him is all-consuming. He squeezes my breast, rubbing down to my ass. When both his hands cup my ass, he just palms it, pushing me more to him.

“Honey.” I’m stopped by his tongue invading my mouth. I’m invaded by his scent. His hand makes its way under my dress, moving my bikini bottoms to the side.

He enters me easily with two fingers, making me gasp. “Always ready for me, always.” With my head tossed back, he kisses down my neck with his tongue all the way to my nipple.

He takes it into his mouth, sucking deeply, sending shock waves all down to my core. “Honey, please.” I look down at him. “Be with me.”

He withdraws his fingers from me, then opens his shorts, freeing himself.

“Be with me, baby.” I lift myself till I’m positioned over him where I slowly slide all the way down, one inch at a time. I feel him stretching me open while he invades me.

I look into his eyes, hoping he sees what I feel. I move up and down again, all the while looking at him. He’s beautiful. He’s everything I’ve ever dreamed of, and he’s mine.

He picks me up by my hips, bringing me to the top of his dick before bringing me down again.

“Honey.”

He lifts his feet off the ground, making us swing back and forth, putting him deeper into me. It’s like we are on a swing, so I push back, making him go back, him pushing forward, both of us wanting to go deeper and deeper. I’m close, so close. I know he is too because I feel fuller.

“Honey, I want you with me.”

“Babe, I’m there.” He grabs both my shoulders, thrusting down on him where I come apart. I squeeze him, taking him with me. He is groaning out his release, all the while we look into each other’s eyes. His blue eyes are clearer than before, more at peace, more calm. He kisses me deeply while still in me, the aftershocks of my orgasm still squeezing him.

“Stay with me tonight?” I ask him.

“What about Allison?” he says, knowing that I never want to cross that line.

“It’s okay. We can set an alarm, wake up together. Say yes, please.”

“As long as I’m with you, it’s yes, it’s always yes.”