

EXCERPT

She laughed, and the sound made the hairs on the back of his neck stand on end. She had a lovely smile and a beautiful laugh. Everything about her was beautiful, and it pleased him that she had a beautiful personality to go along with the outer package.

He entered the code at the door and flung the door wide, allowing Sonia to precede him into the interior.

“Lights on,” he commanded, following close behind her, and the front foyer became bathed in the luminescent glow of the recessed bulbs.

He heard Sonia’s sharp intake of air as her heels clicked on the surface of the white tile. For him, appearances were everything, and it was not only important to have a beautiful exterior—the interior of the home had to be splendid as well. This house fit the bill. It made quite an impression on anyone who walked into it for the first time.

The front hall opened into a sunken living room that dominated a third of the first floor, filled with comfortable chairs set up in various seating arrangements to facilitate conversation around coffee tables, and a round table at one end. Windows extended the full length of the room, and outside, the ninety-foot swimming pool looked like black ink. Beyond that was Biscayne Bay, reflecting the light of the full moon. Day or night, it was a spectacular view, and he didn’t hide it behind curtains or blinds or any other type of obstruction.

“It’s elegant but comfortable-looking,” Sonia said.

“I can’t take the credit. My interior designer worked closely with a host of people on this place.” He took a look around, as if seeing it for the first time. “She added warmth, comfort, and style.”

Sonia stepped down into the living room, and Esteban’s gaze gravitated to the delicious swaying motion of her hips. Her full behind was displayed in a pair of slacks that showed off its roundness. Biting his bottom lip, he smiled to himself. He had to get this woman into bed.

“She did a good job. Your home is beautiful.”

“She understood me and my needs. I like to collect beautiful things. Paintings, sculptures—”

“Women?” She arched a brow, a playful gleam filling her eyes.

She was flirting with him.

Esteban smiled slowly. "No, not women."

"No? You have somewhat of a reputation."

"I admit I like beautiful women, their softness and curves, and it's fascinating that they're the result of God making a mistake."

"You should be careful what you say." She sounded appalled. "A mistake?"

"Yes, a mistake. God created man, and then he realized he could do better. Then he created woman." He flashed his most dangerous grin, the one that could make a nun drop her panties.