

## A GOOD DOSE OF PLEASURE



*One sexy Morgan man may have finally met his match in a talented and beautiful young widow.  
But will their ambitions come between them?*

*When artist Anise Cartier leaves Nebraska for L.A., she's finally ready to put the past and its losses behind her. She's even taken a new name to match her new future. And she soon finds a welcoming committee in the form of one very handsome doctor, Gregory Morgan. Their attraction is instant. So is their animosity.*

*Anise's goal is to start an art gallery, while Gregory is in a fierce competition for a multimillion-dollar medical research grant. His opponent for the coveted funding is not Gregory's only problem. The beloved artist community where Anise plans to set up shop is the same location slated to be demolished to make way for the new research center. Soon, it's a battle between art and science—one that neither Anise nor Gregory intend to lose. Their passion is intense, but can this heated war of wills lead to a lifetime of red hot love?*

### Sample Chapter

Almost six weeks to the day from when she received her acceptance letter from The Creative Space, Anise landed at Los Angeles International Airport. Her aunt, Aretha, met her curbside, just outside baggage claim. “Hello, Shirley,” she said, giving her niece a heartfelt hug.

Anise hugged her back, and after they'd placed her luggage in the trunk and settled into the car, she said, “Aunt Ree, please call me Anise.” At her aunt's questioning look, she continued. “Mommy named me after my grandmother, and while I loved her dearly, I always hated that name. Shirley never fit me. I've done a lot of soul searching since my mother's death. Her passing taught me how short life is and caused me to think a lot about how I want to live the rest of it . . . on my terms. It's time to mark a brand new chapter, to live my life a whole different way. That began with changing my name. It has legally been changed to Anise, Anise Cartier.”

“Cartier?” Aretha asked with raised brow. “Like the watch?”

“You could say that,” Anise replied with a laugh. “But when the idea came to me to change my first name, it's not what I had in mind. Carter sounded too plain to go with Anise so I just spiced it up a bit.”

“No pun intended, huh?”

“Ha! That's right, auntie. No pun intended.”

“Hmm.” Aretha looked at Anise with an unreadable expression. After turning from Sepulveda Boulevard and merging into the parking lot otherwise known as the 405 Freeway, she shrugged and gave her niece's leg an affectionate pat. “I think Shirley is a pretty name. Changing it sounds extreme to me. But I'm happy that you're taking control of your destiny, baby, so make no mistake, I'll support you every step of the way.” There was a sparkle in Aretha's eye as she continued, “Welcome to Los Angeles, Anise Cartier.” She pronounced the last name with a haughty accent and elaborate sweep of her arm, causing them both to break into laughter. Anise's

heartbeat increased as she took in the sights whizzing past her. *I'm in frickin' Los Angeles, California, baby!* Just as she thought this, a warm breeze swept across her face and settled around her shoulders. This had happened several times in the past few weeks. *Mommy.* Anise batted away tears at the knowledge that her mother was indeed with her, and seemed to approve of this journey to a new life.

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The next morning, Gregory Morgan turned onto his street, having just finished a rare twenty-four hours straight at the hospital, almost half of them in surgery. His usual grind was twelve, twelve-hour shifts a month, but last night a seven-car pileup during rush hour traffic had occurred on the 10 Freeway, leaving one person dead and a dozen critically injured. UCLA's emergency room had been filled to capacity and beyond, with him and a team of four other doctors working round the clock to save lives. Fortunately, they had. Aside from the young man who'd died when his vehicle had spun out of control and been broadsided, no one else had died as a result of this unfortunate accident. Yawning deeply, he rubbed his eyes, already envisioning at least eight uninterrupted hours of deep, dreamless sleep on his king-sized memory foam mattress.

He was four houses away from his own home when he saw her: a darkly tanned treat, all legs and booty with shoulder-length hair pulled back in a simple ponytail. Beside her was a dog that could have doubled as a Shetland pony. Gregory couldn't ascertain whether she was walking her dog, or the dog was walking her. *Hello, neighbor!* He slowed to watch how her butt cheeks seemed to wink at him with each long stride, how the muscles in her calves became defined when foot met pavement, and how her arms and legs flowed in effortless synchronicity. As his pearl white Mercedes cruised alongside her, she tugged her huge dog to the side of the road and glanced over at his car. Their eyes locked. Gregory's breath caught in his chest. *Wow.* She was as beautiful from the front as she was from the back: big eyes, pert nose, big juicy lips that had him licking his own. Without realizing, he'd slowed his car almost to a stop, temporarily mesmerized by the bewitching natural beauty now half smiling, half frowning as she once again neared his car.

He was straight up busted and too tired—and interested—to care that she'd peeped his stalkerish behavior. Also missing from action was his recent decision to lay off the ladies and put all of his attention to his medical research. Right now, however, Gregory was interested in researching something else. Pressing on the brake, he pushed the button to ease down the window on the passenger side and blessed her with a grand piano smile. “Good morning.”

“Hey,” she said, with about as much enthusiasm as a nun in a porn store. The beast growled. Gregory frowned. *Great. You can ride it in a rodeo and then have it guard your house.* Both owner and dog kept it moving.

Undeterred, Gregory released the brake and pressed down on the gas pedal. He glimpsed a hint of smile before she turned her head. “Oh, it's like that? You're going to just throw a ‘hey’ over your shoulder and keep running?”

“Yes,” the stranger replied, her eyes slightly narrowed and daring as she answered. “It's *just* like that.” She broke into a sprint and cut through a neighboring yard, her four-legged protector right on her heels.

Gregory turned the corner. Beauty and the beast were nowhere in sight. He peered further down the street before turning into the alley that led to the detached garage at the back of his Hancock Park home. *That was fast. Where could she have gone?* After parking the car, he walked through the rarely enjoyed backyard that had been meticulously landscaped and into the two-story traditional home he'd purchased for a steal when the housing market collapsed several years ago. The back door opened into a hallway with the laundry room on one side and a mud closet on the other. A short walk and a turn landed one into the updated gourmet kitchen, which anchored the open-concept living space next to a mahogany staircase. Gregory didn't notice any of this as he retrieved a glass of orange juice from the refrigerator before mounting the stairs and heading for the master suite. He didn't think of his marble-encased shower with the dual rain forest showerheads as he undressed and stepped into the soothing water stream. As he washed away the tension of the stress-filled shift he'd just finished, Gregory was only vaguely aware of his surroundings. He was too busy thinking about sun-kissed skin and a dazzling smile from the stranger who'd told him it was "just like that."

