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# YOURS

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**Billionaire CEO Romance (Yours to Take, Yours to Teach, Yours to Keep)**

**CATHRYN FOX**





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YOURS: Billionaire CEO Romance  
(Yours to Take, Yours to Teach, Yours to Keep)

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ISBN: 978-1-928056-17-1

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**YOURS TO TAKE**

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“Please tell me you’re not serious?”

Jaw slack, and hands planted on the small round table, Rebecca Andrews stared at her three best friends, hardly able to believe what they were suggesting.

Lilliana James closed her palm over Rebecca’s hand and gave a reassuring squeeze. Even though the lights had been dimmed in their favorite New York piano bar, a place where they all convened after a challenging day in the courtroom, Rebecca didn’t miss the sympathy in her friend’s big brown eyes when she said, “Come on, Becs, you know as well as I do that you need a vacation.”

“It’s not a vacation she needs,” Melanie Collins piped in, running her fingers up and down the crystal stemware in a highly suggestive manner that had Rebecca’s thoughts careening in an erotic direction. She smirked and added, “What she needs is to get laid. Plain and simple.”

“Good, God,” Rebecca murmured under her breath, hoping like hell no one in the near vicinity could hear her tell-it-like-it-is friend.

“Don’t even try to deny it,” Melanie challenged playfully, her eyes gleaming with mischief.

As their conversation headed south—literally—Rebecca fished her olive out of the martini glass and gestured the bartender for another, having decided then and there that this was the perfect occasion to overturn her two two-drink rule. Hell, who could blame her for wanting to consume copious amounts of alcohol after discovering her well-meaning friends wanted to send her to some sort of sex club on a private island off the coast of Nova Scotia?

She chewed on her olive as her glance went to the tickets on the table—one for a resort called Freedom, the other for the private charter that was scheduled to fly her there first thing tomorrow. Groaning, she took in the other patrons seated around them, many of whom were colleagues, their identities masked by the lounge’s dark lighting and intimate seating. She leaned forward, desperate to keep this embarrassing conversation private, and arched an accusing brow. “How long have you three been scheming this up, anyway?”

“Just a few weeks now,” Melanie answered.

Rebecca did the mental math, her thoughts rewinding to three weeks ago, then shook her head, suddenly understanding what this was really all about. “Look, Jon didn’t break up with me. I broke up with him.” When her rebuttal was met with silence, she desperately searched for an alliance in the group. Her glance met Sophie’s and she cast her a pleading look.

But Sophie simply shrugged and said, “Just like you broke up with Justin, Matthew, Phillip...”

“And we know, we know,” Melanie said, rolling her eyes. “You just weren’t compatible.”

Rebecca held her hands up, palms out. “Okay, fine. I get it. You’re saying I’m too picky.” She frowned, and added, “It’s just that...well, we weren’t...they weren’t,” she paused, unable

to put in to words what she truly felt. How could she explain what was missing from those relationships, when she couldn't identify it herself?

She took a moment to consider the men from her past. Not only were they successful, kind and generous, they were also deeply considerate lovers. A woman in her right mind would jump at the chance to date any one of those men. She sighed inwardly. Okay, perhaps the problem really did lie with her, and *she* was the one who wasn't in her right mind. But she just couldn't seem to find a man that suited her.

If only she could figure out what it was that was lacking...

Oddly enough her thoughts drifted back to last year's trial against Montgomery Charters, specifically to Quinn Montgomery, owner of the airline, and one of the world's youngest, self-made millionaires. Rebecca always prided herself on being calm, cool and collected, inside the courtroom and out, but there was just something about that man's steely command that threw her off her game. Whenever she met those intense black eyes from across the table, eyes that looked like they could see into the depth of her soul, something always compelled her to shy away. She wasn't sure what it was about the powerful tycoon that had her reacting in such a peculiar way, she only knew that he had the ability to rattle her hard-earned control, and because of it, she needed to keep her distance.

The bartender stepped up to the table with fresh drinks, and as his presence pulled her thoughts back to the conversation at hand, Rebecca shook her head, wondering why she was thinking of the powerful and enigmatic Quinn Montgomery after all this time.

Perhaps it was the fact that her friends had booked her flight through his airline...or perhaps it was something else entirely. Either way, he was a man she never wanted to come

up against again, because the next time she wasn't so sure she could keep her composure.

"It's just a weekend away to relax, let you hair down." Melanie waved a dismissive hand like what they were suggesting was nothing more than an innocent day at the spa. Except what they wanted her to do had sex, sin and seduction written all over it. "Maybe at Freedom you'll learn to relax and stop trying to be in control of everything all the time."

Rebecca squared her shoulders and tucked a long, loose strand of hair back into the bun piled at the top of her head. "Hey, I don't always have to be in control of everything."

Her rebuttal was met with laughter. Okay, so maybe it was true, but it wasn't her fault. She'd come from nothing and had to work hard to get where she was, and it wasn't easy to loosen up and let go. Controlling every aspect of her life was how she got to where she was today.

*And where is that, some inner voice asked, only to answer with, alone every night, with nothing but a battery-operated friend to keep you warm.*

Sophie squeezed her hand and Rebecca looked up to meet a pair of big blue eyes full of genuine concern. "You've been so uptight that we just thought you could use a bit of time to yourself."

Melanie bobbed her head. "And you never know, while you're away maybe you'll figure out what it is you're looking for in a man."

"At a sex resort?"

"It's not a sex resort," Lilliana reassured her. "It's just a place where single people go to meet others."

Slipping into lawyer mode, Rebecca challenged, "But when you say *others*, you mean the opposite sex right? So in my book that's a sex resort." Rebecca picked up the ticket and turned it over in her hand, but as she thought about it, really, really thought about what her friend's were offering

her, her body began warming in the most intimate places. She wet her suddenly dry lips, her nipples tightening as she envisioned the salacious activities that undoubtedly took place on the exclusive island.

A strange garbled noise caught in her throat and she shook her head to clear it. God, she must be crazy—and the jury was still out on that—because for a moment there she actually found herself considering their ludicrous offer.

Rebecca squinted to read the fine print. “Is this place even legal?”

“Of course it is, and you leave first thing in the morning.” Melanie snatched the ticket and shoved it into Rebecca’s purse; her way of saying the topic was no longer up for debate.

Rebecca stiffened. “I don’t think—”

“Which is why we’re doing the thinking for you,” Lillian countered.

“If you’re not at the airport by nine sharp, I’ll personally drag you from your bed and take you there.” Melanie finished her drink, and grinned. “And don’t come back until you’ve had at least a dozen orgasms.”

“And we don’t want to hear a peep from you until Monday morning, when we’ll meet you at the office to hear all the juicy details,” Lilliana said. “If you call before then, we won’t answer.”

“That’s right,” Sophie added, pointing to Rebecca’s purse. “You’ve just been gifted with a ticked to Freedom. So go. Be free.”

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Quinn Montgomery took one look at the flight manifest and felt his cock swell with an excitement he hadn’t felt in a long time. As the Dom in him stirred to life, he carefully set the

paper on his desk and took two measured steps to his office window. He adjusted his tie and blinked against the bright morning rays glistening on the wings of the Cessna idling quietly on the tarmac below. He turned his attention to his ground crew, who were performing maintenance checks before today's scheduled flights, but his thoughts were too preoccupied with the names on his manifest, one name in particular, to follow their progress.

*Rebecca Andrews.*

Now what were the odds that the lawyer who'd cost his company hundreds of thousands of dollars had booked a charter on one of his crafts? A charter to a hedonistic resort, nonetheless.

His mind raced back to last year's trial, and to the lawsuit Ms. Andrews' client never should have won. How it was his company's fault that Ms. Andrews' client had booked a package through a shady travel agent, only to find herself alone and stranded on Nantucket Island during one of the year's worst storms was beyond him. Yet in the end, his company had to go good for the damages, as well as the mental stress and loss of wages that the woman had allegedly suffered.

Quinn's mouth twitched and he scrubbed his hand over his chin as he rolled back and forth on the balls of his feet. While the money was only a drop in the bucket for his company, the tricks the lawyer had used to get what she wanted from him, left him wanting to use a few tricks of his own—to get what he wanted from her.

Oh yeah, watching her from the hot seat during his trial, watching that sharp tongue of hers in action, had him wanting to find other ways to put that smart mouth of hers to work. Heat prowled through his body as he thought about how Ms. Andrews kept her control close, kept her body poised and her head held high. But during the proceeding,

every time her glance had landed on him and she lowered her gaze in a submissive move, he knew she was in denial. Damned if he didn't want to be the one to open her eyes and her body, and put her in touch with her deeper needs.

Even though they'd never crossed paths since the trial, she'd consumed his thoughts for well over a year now. He'd spent many nights thinking about the ways he'd like to strip her bare and give her ass a good hard paddling for wrongfully stealing money from his company. But the truth was, what he wanted had little to do with revenge, and more to do with showing the woman who dressed in prim and proper business suits that real control came in the form of surrender.

With his cock throbbing, and heat coursing through him, he moved back to his desk to look over the day's schedule a second time. He glanced at her name again, and his entire body came alive, because there was no denying that he'd just been gifted the perfect opportunity to help her free her submissive side. Of course, given that he'd only have one weekend, he'd have no choice but to push her limits and resort to some stronger methods to seduce the submission out of her. His fingers itched as he thought about that lush heart-shaped ass of hers and how much it needed his attention.

He inspected the itinerary closer and discovered that Jack Armstrong, a pilot that had been with the company since its early days was scheduled to depart for Freedom at nine sharp—Ms. Andrews the only passenger on board. Quinn considered her final destination. Not only had his company taken guests to the private island numerous time, he personally knew the resort well, having played there a time or two. Although this time he suspected the plane wasn't going to make it to the well-known island nestled in the Atlantic Ocean, especially if he was the one in the pilot seat.

He picked up the paper, and traced his finger over her

name as a devious plan began to formulate in his mind. As he sorted through all the naughty details, all the tricks he was going to use on her, he checked his watch then picked up his phone to call his personal assistant. After giving her a list of things he needed before take-off, he dialed a friend and called in a favor. Once all the pieces were in place, and the discreet information he needed was on its way, he crossed Jack's name off the manifesto, shrugged out of his dress jacket and grabbed his flight suit. Ms. Andrews might be looking for a little adventure at Freedom, but he'd be damned if he wasn't going to be the guy to give her what she really wanted, yet had no idea how much she needed.

Rebecca wrung her damp hands together and tried to wrestle her nerves into submission as the small plane cruised through the cloudless sky. It wasn't so much that she hated flying, it had more to do with what waited for her when they landed on the private island. But since her friends had gone to so much trouble to put this package together for her, and she truly didn't want to disappoint them, she couldn't very well say no and let it go to waste. Which was why she was currently flying over the Atlantic Ocean, on the way to some sordid sex club. That, of course, didn't mean she had to partake in any of the resort activities, whatever they might be.

She glanced at her suitcase, and relaxed a tiny bit, knowing her files were tucked safely inside. Maybe the weekend wouldn't be so bad after all. She could hole up in her room and get some work done and her friends would be none the wiser.

Pushing back into her seat, she looked at the ground below then stole a glance at the pilot negotiating the skies in front of her. He was a big man, with broad shoulders and a

hard body—one that filled out his dark flight suit rather nicely thank you very much—and gave her something to think about other than her final destination. She perused his profile, but with his hat pulled low and pair of dark sunglasses covering his features, she couldn't identify his face. She studied him a moment longer, and felt a niggling in the depths of her stomach. There was just something about him that felt familiar—something that reminded her of Quinn Montgomery—but she knew it was well below the stature of a man who ran a multimillion-dollar company to be flying a customer to a sex resort.

She turned and stared out the window for the remainder of the trip and when the plane finally landed, she looked around, detailing the small island fringed by the cold waves of the Atlantic. The makeshift runway was surrounded by lush foliage, and off in the distance, high on a hill, she spotted an impressive estate. Although upon closer inspection, it looked more like a millionaire's summer home than a lavish resort where hedonist activities took place. And if this was a sex resort, where was everyone? The place was empty. Not a single vacationer to be found.

She leaned forward and tapped the pilot's shoulder, certain he'd made a mistake. But when he unbuckled his harness, opened the cockpit door and climbed from the plane, the niggling in her stomach grew to a full blown case of panic.

*What is going on?*

The pilot widened the door even more, and with every nerve in her body on edge, she remained seated. She straightened her back and said, "I think there's been a mistake."

"There's been no mistake."

Her heart jumped into her throat because the second he spoke, the second she heard that rich deep voice, one that evoked a myriad of sinful thoughts and had her mind whirling

back to the trial of Quinn Montgomery, she knew her day had just gone from bad to worse.

“What’s going on?” she demanded, steeling herself as alarm flashed through her.

Mr. Montgomery removed his hat and glasses, and when she caught the intensity in those shrewd, dark eyes, a fine shiver moved through her, and much to her dismay she found it most difficult to hold his steely gaze.

“Welcome to Montgomery estate,” he said, his tone low, controlled as he opened his palm to her. “My summer home.”

Refusing to accept the offered hand, she forced herself to level him with a stare and climbed from the plane on her own volition. Even though he was dressed in a flight suit, everything about his demeanor screamed of sex, sin, seduction... long hard spankings.

*Okay, where the hell had that thought come from?*

Exasperated with the way he could affect her without even trying, she fished her phone out of her purse and held it high. She checked for a signal, then cursed silently. Her mind raced to her friends and their final warning last night. Truthfully, even if her phone worked here in the middle of nowhere, she knew her calls would go unanswered.

*Don't come home until you've had at least a dozen orgasms.*

Without conscious thought her glance drifted to Mr. Montgomery’s hands, and her mind took that second to think about what they’d feel like on her skin, touching her, stroking her, bringing her to orgasm again and again. Oh God! Her entire body flushed and there wasn’t a damn thing she could do to stifle the tortured moan crawling out of her throat. Just standing next to a man who could undoubtedly divide and conquer with a simple look had her feeling edgy, out of control, completely at his mercy.

He took a measured step closer and as his presence dominated the wide expanse of island, and threw her off her game,

she worked to summon a modicum of composure and asked in her best professional voice, "What do you want?"

He cocked his head, his glance leisurely moving over her face. "Relax, Ms. Andrews, you're not in the courtroom anymore." His smile came slow. "You don't get to ask the questions here."

Her towered over her, and with a stance that was both commanding and authoritative it became abundantly clear that here, on his private island, she was now playing in his territory, by his rules. No longer was she the one calling the shots.

Oddly enough, equal mixtures of excitement and apprehension trickled through her and elicited a shiver from deep within. What the hell was going on with her?

"I'm not going to hurt you if that's what you're worried about."

"I'm worried about a lot of things," she countered, shading the hot, morning sun from her eyes while trying to hide her reactions from him.

The muscles along his jaw flexed. "And that is why you're here, Ms. Andrews." Everything in the slow, calculated way he spoke did the most peculiar things to her libido.

Tension grew in her body and her thoughts raced to catch up. "What is that supposed to mean?"

Silence hung for a long time, her flesh growing hotter with each passing second, although she suspected it had little to do with the blinding rays beating down on her. "It's time to stop worrying and let someone take a few decisions out of your hands."

"Someone? Let me guess, that someone would be you?" she shot back.

Anticipation moved over his eyes when he answered with, "Of course."

She swallowed. "And how do you plan to do that?"

"You'll see," he said, the slow, promising way he drew out those two little words hinting at something wickedly intimate.

She sucked in a breath. "And what you're going to *see* is the inside of a prison, because this—" she paused to wave her arm around the isolated island—"this is kidnapping."

"Kidnapping?" He rocked on his feet like he was mulling that over. "I suppose if that's how you want to look at it, then yes, it's kidnapping." He held his hand out. "Now shall we?"

She jerked away from him. "Now, we shall not. You can take me back home right now." Folding her arms, she rooted her feet, refusing to budge.

The corner of his mouth twitched—*twitched*, like he was laughing at her. "Don't worry, Rebecca. I won't make you do anything you don't want to do."

Oh God, the rich, sensual way he said her name, the leisurely way it rolled off the tip of his tongue with such heat and hunger filled her with need and excited her in ways that didn't make sense, considering he'd just kidnapped her and planned to do God knows what to her.

*I won't make you do anything you don't want to do.*

His amusement vanished. "Now why don't you come inside, and have something cool to drink. You're flushed."

"It's hot."

He arched a brow, skepticism flashing in his black eyes. "Perhaps," he said.

Just then Rebecca spotted a middle-aged man coming their way, and her pulse leapt with hope. Maybe she could plead her case, tell him she was being held against her will, and he could call for help, get her off this isolated island. But when she glanced back at Quinn he had a knowing looking on his face.

"There are three *loyal* members of my staff here, and they answer to me only." He waved a hand. "That is

Michael, and he's here to attend to your needs during your visit."

"What I need is to get out of here," she said flatly.

Ignoring her he continued, "You'll also meet Ester, my cook, and Mario, the grounds keeper."

Michael nodded his head and greeted them both, then proceeded to grab their luggage from the plane. "Right this way, ma'am," he said, gesturing toward the foliage lined path leading up to the grand estate.

Deciding to follow, and hoping there was a landline inside the house, she pushed past Mr. Montgomery and stayed close to Michael as he led the way. Once inside the opulent, airy home, the cool air conditioning refreshing against her hot skin, she searched for a phone.

As she panned the living space, she took in the huge floor-to-ceiling windows lining the back of the house, and the magnificent view of the ocean below. Michael disappeared up the wide staircase with their luggage in tow, and Rebecca stepped forward, needing to put a measure of distance between her and the man whose mere presence had the ability to warm her blood quicker than a double vodka martini.

She examined the expensive sculptures and artwork lining the walls, making note of the dark, creamy leather furniture and polished marble floors. Even though his summer home was grand and lavish, there was still something inviting and homey about it.

She felt him step up behind her, the warmth of his body weakening her knees as he placed his hands on her hips. "You can roam at your leisure, Rebecca," he murmured into her ear, causing the fine hairs along her neck to bristle. "The truth is, I'm not going to keep you captive."

She turned to see him, but wished she hadn't. Sexual

tension arced between them, the air around them charging. She fought to recover her voice and asked, "So I *can* leave?"

"If you want to get off, you can get off." His voice dipped lower, became much deeper when he added, "But that will require you to stay."

As she caught the sexy, double entendre, her mouth opened and closed, hardly able to believe what she was hearing.

His smile turned predatory. "But you need to know that staying means following my orders."

She swallowed hard. "Look, I know what this is about. You're upset with the outcome of your trial and you brought me here for revenge."

"That's not what I'm after," he said.

"Then what exactly is it that you want from me?" She braced herself for the answer because every instinct she possessed told her revenge was exactly what he was after, and he planned to make her pay for his losses...but payment wouldn't come in the form of cash. No, it would come in another form all together.

The muscles along his jaw flexed and his black eyes shimmered when he said, "Total and utter submission."

*Oh, God, the price was higher than she'd ever anticipated.*

Her mouth opened, closed, and opened again, and while there were so many things she wanted to counter with, all she could do was croak out a heated moan.

"If you decide to stay, all decisions will be taken away from you." He waved a hand. "Here you don't get to ask questions or decide on anything."

Her limbs grew weak, and an unexpected lick of heat prowled through her body, settling itself deep between her legs.

"Michael will be back in a moment to collect you. You will follow him to your room, and put on only the clothes I

picked out for you. Nothing more, nothing less. Then you will join me for brunch on the terrace. It's a beautiful day to eat outside, don't you think?"

Rebecca just stood there staring, her mind still processing. He wanted her to put on clothes that he picked out for her? Then meet him for brunch? Was he kidding?

Indignant, and unable to believe what he was suggesting, she drew in a quick breath to refuel her addled brain and said, "If you think I'm going to wear clothes—"

"It's not a suggestion."

As blood drained to her toes, she forced her chin up. "I thought you said you'd never make me do anything I didn't want to."

"That's correct."

"Then I don't want to wear clothes you picked out for me." She gestured to the professional pantsuit draping her body. "I have my own clothes."

He stepped closer and her heart leapt as his heat and scent overwhelmed her. "I'm a patient man, Rebecca. But we only have the weekend. And it'd be wise not to push my patience too far."

"I am not—"

"Disobedience comes with a price."

Her heart hammered. "A price?"

"I'll be forced to punish you until I have your compliance. Understand?"

"Punish...me?" she asked, a shiver moving through her, but much to her surprise it was a shiver from anticipation, not fear. She planted her hands on her hips, struggling to hold her ground. "Just how do you plan on punishing me?"

For a brief second she thought she saw the corner of his mouth curl up in a grin, but his steely control was back in place when he said, "By taking my hand to your bare ass."

"Oh, God," she squeaked out, a rush of sexual energy

hitting her hard. She gulped air, and before she could get her head on straight, the vision of her draped over his lap, her ass up in the air as he spanked her, had her body quivering, almost violently.

Mr. Montgomery looked past her shoulder, and gestured with a nod. She turned to see Michael waiting for her.

“Right this way, ma’am,” he said and even though she didn’t want to follow him, she needed reprieve from Mr. Montgomery and the raw, sexual energy he emitted—not to mention the way it took her from a professional woman to a wanton hussy in seconds flat.

Hoping her legs didn’t fail her, she made her way to her room. She took in the huge bed with its cushiony, plush bedding and pillows, then turned to see the walkout deck with its magnificent view of the ocean. On her right she spotted a private bathroom, but unfortunately her suitcase was nowhere to be found.

She turned to Michael, who pressed his hands together and said, “Please, make yourself at home. If you require anything, anything at all, press the intercom and I’ll see to your needs.”

“What I need are my belongings,” she said.

“Mr. Montgomery will supply you with all you need during your stay.” He gestured toward the bed, then disappeared into the hall, closing the door behind himself. Rebecca spun around and spotted a phone on the bedside table. So she wasn’t a prisoner after all, and really could get off if she wanted to.

Her heart jumped and she hurried to it, but then another thought had her steps slowing. *Getting off would require staying...*

A low tortured moan caught in her throat and she stopped at the edge of the bed. That’s when she noticed the most beautiful dress she’d ever seen splashed across her bedspread.

Colored with vibrant streaks of blue and green, ocean hues that would accentuate her dark hair and blue eyes perfectly, she couldn't help but reach for it.

She touched the silky material and brought it to her face. God, it felt like butter on her skin. She shivered as she checked the tag, only to discover it was her size exactly. How? When? She held it up against her body and looked for a mirror, but then realized what she was doing. She dropped the silk back on to the bed, shook her head to get it on straight, and reached for the phone. She was not, under any circumstances, going to put on that damn dress—no matter how rich and luxurious it was—and meet that overbearing man for brunch. Nor was she going to spend one more second thinking about total and utter submission, the punishment that came with disobedience or what his large palm would feel like on her bare ass.

She didn't think...

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Sunshine glistened on the Atlantic waves and a refreshing breeze washed over Quinn's body as he restlessly paced back and forth on the outside patio overlooking the ocean. Dressed for brunch in a collared shirt, and beige khaki shorts, he glanced at the beautifully set table for two, the salads and smoked salmon that Ester had prepared earlier now wilting in the late morning heat. He shook his head. Rebecca would most definitely be punished for her tardiness. He glanced at his watch for the hundredth time, and while he knew she would come, he wondered what was taking her so long.

He'd purposely put her in a room with a phone, knowing if she wanted off this island all she'd have to do was pick up the receiver and make a call. But every instinct he possessed

told him she wouldn't, and his instincts had never let him down before, in his business world or in his private one.

From the way her lush body had quivered when he spoke of spankings to the way those translucent blue eyes of her had lit with intrigue when he asked for total and utter surrender spoke volumes. She was desperate for a man to strip away the cool reserve she wore like a shield, to take all decisions out of her hands and give her what she wanted. She just didn't know what it was that she wanted yet. And soon enough she'd come to understand that this set up wasn't about kidnapping, it was about rescuing.

He pushed his hair off his head and made a move to go collect her, but when he turned she was standing in the doorway, the dress he'd had his assistant pick out earlier that morning showcasing lush curves that she foolishly kept hidden beneath severe, unflattering clothing. His cock throbbed, but unfortunately, it was too soon to take her. The submissive woman buried deep inside needed to be coaxed out slowly, carefully, because the last thing he wanted to do was frighten her off.

"What took you so long?" he asked, working to keep his cool as her gorgeous body beckoned his attention.

With her hair coiled tightly on her head, she lifted her chin, but he didn't miss the quiver in her voice when she answered with, "The only reason I'm standing here with this dress on is because I'm starving." She looked at the food on the table, and frowned.

"You shouldn't have kept me waiting." He gave her a disapproving look and continued with, "It was also unfair to Ester, who went through all this trouble for us. Now instead of taking her well-earned break, she'll have to start again." As soon as he said her name, Ester stepped outside. She gathered up the plates of spoiled food and looked to Quinn for instructions.

“Please give us a minute,” he said, and she nodded in understanding before stepping back inside to give him his privacy. He turned back to Rebecca. “I’m not a man who tolerates insubordination and I don’t like to waste perfectly good food.”

“Neither do I. I didn’t mean...I didn’t think...”

“My orders were very specific. You were to dress and meet me on the terrace.”

Her cheeks turned pink. “Mr. Montgomery,” she began, sounding flustered as he stepped close, crowding her.

“It’s Quinn.”

She hesitated for a moment and he listened to her throat swallow before she began again, “Quinn, look. My intentions weren’t to spoil—”

“I’m afraid you’ll have to be punished for not following my orders.”

She gasped, but he didn’t miss the excitement backlight her big blue eyes. Christ, she was everything he knew she would be, and he was just glad that he was the guy in charge of guiding her down the path to full sensual freedom—at least this way he’d ensure she was properly introduced and cared for in the process. A thrill moved through him, and because he hadn’t felt anything so exhilarating in a long time, he grasped on to it, enjoying the sensations she aroused in him.

He stepped up to her, and she took a quick step backward, but he matched it and soon had her in his grasp. He thumbed the material of her dress, enjoying the feel of the cool silk on his fingertips before he bunched it in his palms. Pulling it higher and higher on her thighs, he slipped a hand between her legs. A cool breeze blew off the ocean and washed over them, but he suspected the quiver in her body was from his intimate touch, and not the misty air.

He looked at the bun on top of her head. “Was there an elastic on your bed?”

Her brow furrowed and her words were rushed, breathless when she asked, “No why?”

“Then why is there one in your hair?”

She blinked, looking confused for a second then answered with, “I put my hair up this morning.”

“Take it out,” he demanded.

He pressed his cock against her midriff, and a tremble moved through her. She lifted her arm, and then hesitated, like she was having second thoughts.

He leaned closer and spoke quieter. “I said, take it out.”

Her full, lush breasts, which were high and pert in the formfitting dress, rose and fell erratically as she quickly pulled the band from her hair, letting her long dark curls fall down her back. His hands traveled higher on her thigh, only to discover that she’d once again strayed from his instructions.

In a shaky voice she began, “You weren’t serious earlier, were you? I mean you’re not really going to pun—”

He made a tsking sound and when he grabbed the band on her panties, giving them a good hard yank to rip them from her hips, her words were replaced with a broken gasp.

“Quinn...” she shuddered.

He tucked the scrap of material into the back pocket of his khaki shorts, and dipped back under her dress. He slid his palm along her soft, supple skin, until he reached her backside.

Testing her, he pulled her against him, and gave a slap to her ass cheek, the sound curling around them in the most sinful way. He stifled a groan, his cock throbbing and pulsating inside his unforgiving pants.

Rebecca let out a ragged cry of pleasure and Quinn kept the satisfaction from his face as he spun her around. He crushed her breasts against the exterior wall of his estate as

he caged her with his chest. He put his mouth close to her neck, and whispered, "Were there panties on your bed?"

"I just thought...I decided..."

"Everything that happens here, every choice involving you is mine to make, not yours. So from this moment on, you're to stop making decisions, and enjoy the freedom that comes with that." He kept her pinned to the wall, his hard cock pressing into the small of her back. "Speaking of Freedom, that is your safe word."

"Freedom?" she murmured, her voice husky.

"Yes, if you don't like what is happening, all you have to do is say that one word and I'll stop."

She angled her head to see him and when she opened her mouth, like she was about to speak the word that would put an end to her initiation into the BDSM world before he even began, he warned, "Be careful, Rebecca. Only use it when you really mean it, only when something is happening that you don't want. But you can be assured that I plan to give you everything you want."

A noise caught in her throat and he sensed her mounting desire when she shifted her hips, pushing up against him. The movement was slight, but it was a clear sign that she wanted this to happen every bit as much as he did.

He cupped her ass, sliding the silk material over her lush contours, and she hissed in response to his soft seduction, which was about to turn a little rough and forceful, the way she needed it.

"Now, about this punishment..."

When her knees seemed to give, he anchored her to his body and walked her to the table. He sank down into one of the chairs and her dark lashes blinked rapidly over expressive blue eyes, her hair falling seductively over her shoulders as she stood there staring at him. Quinn couldn't help but smile at her compliance, at how fast she was catching on. It takes a

very strong woman to submit, and an even stronger one to do it so quickly.

He lifted her dress to expose her sex, his smile widening. "Such a pretty pussy." He reached out and stroked her satiny lips, a growl rising in his throat. "Shaved so nicely. Just the way I like it." His glance met hers. "It's almost like you knew."

As delight danced in her eyes at his praise, he gripped her hips, laid her across his lap, and took full control of her body as he prepared to divvy out equal amounts of pain and pleasure. He lifted her dress to expose her perfect backside, and oddly enough passion and possession moved through his blood, because there was something very profound, very moving in knowing that Rebecca was trusting him so honestly and openly, gifting him with her body in a way she'd never given it to another.

He drew in air to center himself, because there was no denying that he'd dreamt about this moment for a long time, no denying that there was something about this woman that had the ability to breathe new life into him.

It was all he could do to keep his hands from shaking when he caressed her lightly, then lifted his hand to give her creamy skin a good hard whack.

She squealed, and he pressed a hand to her back to still her.

"Oh. My. God," she cried out.

He smacked her again, the bright red outline of his palm on her ass filling him with a new kind of hunger. He widened her legs, and when the sweet scent of her arousal reached his nostrils, he clenched down hard. He slipped his hand between her creamy thighs and she move against him, her actions so telling. She needed release. She needed him.

"Next time," he said, coming perilously close to her clit,

but never touching. "I expect you to do exactly as instructed."

"Yes," she cried out, grinding her pussy on his thigh.

He widened her pretty pink lips, and he could feel the impatience thrumming inside her. Her clit was so swollen and ready, and with just the right amount of pressure he knew he could get her off. But disobedience was never rewarded, and that would be her first lesson.

She writhed, but he pulled his hand away from her cunt. "Bad girls are punished, not rewarded."

"Quinn..."

"Yes?" he asked, sliding his hand to her ass to give her another hard slap.

A cry lodged in her throat as the sound carried in the breeze. "I need you to touch me. I'm so close. Put your fingers inside me. Now," she demanded.

He exhaled slowly. "You don't get to make decisions or demands, Rebecca. Have you already forgotten that I'm in charge of you and I'll decide when you come?"

Hot and wet, her liquid heat glistened in the sun as her pretty pink pussy cried out for his attention. As much as he wanted to put a finger inside her, to stroke deep and bring her to orgasm, it wasn't part of his training. He removed his hands from her body, leaving her aching for more.

Ignoring her cries of protest, he lifted her from his lap. With her hair in disarray, and her dress gathered around her hips, she stood before him, her chest heaving, her mouth opening and closing in gasping fits. She flicked him a glance, her expression a mixture of embarrassment and frustration as she stood there, like she was waiting further instructions.

*Good girl.*

He studied her for a long time, then said, "Fix yourself."

She obliged and when Ester came out with their food, Quinn stood and pulled a chair out for Rebecca. He leaned

into her and whispered, "Please sit and enjoy this lovely food that Ester has once again prepared for us."

Looking mortified, Rebecca glanced at the food, then averted her gaze. "I...I have to go."

"Sit down, Rebecca."

She visibly shivered as she lowered herself in to her chair, and when Quinn put his mouth close to her ear, and whispered, "You did good, Rebecca," his words of praise seemed to do something to her, give her a sense of purpose.

"When you learn to obey, you'll be rewarded. But in the meantime, don't even think about touching yourself to finish what I started. If you do, I'll know, and punishment will be twice as severe."