
HIS UNEXPECTED LOVE

A Cuffs and Spurs Novella

ANYA SUMMERS

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This book contains fantasy themes appropriate for mature readers only.
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advocating any non-consensual sexual activity.

Chapter 1

Carter was dog-ass tired and already regretting this unnecessary trip.

If the members of his club, Cuffs and Spurs, in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, hadn't insisted and voted that he, as the owner and founder of their group, personally check out the newest hotspot for those in the lifestyle, he wouldn't be here on a catamaran in the Caribbean. Carter had a myriad number of duties back home on his ranch, the Double J. Instead of training the latest crop of quarter horses this week, he was on board the sleek ocean vessel *Goddess of the Sea*. Carter had to admit the endless blue waves and island that rose up out of the early morning sunlight, spearing the heavens with its lone mountain were beautiful. Not as awe inspiring as the Grand Tetons outside his back door, but it definitely was a sight to behold.

He knew Jared McTavish by reputation only. From what he'd gathered, Jared was a respected Master in the community. It was Tyler Jenson who'd put him and Jared in contact with each other. Carter and Ty went way back, even though they belonged to different clubs.

The only reason Carter was here in the first place was because breeding season for this year on his ranch was over. His two stallions, King Tut and Odin, had each covered a dozen females, starting this past April and ending a week ago. Had the season not already ended, they would have had to dynamite Carter off his ranch.

Typically, the only time he left his ranch was to head into town for supplies or to spend an evening in the club. Otherwise he was at home, working nearly round the clock. He had hired help for both the ranch and the running of the house. But the workload was still nonstop. And this summer had been busier than the last. While he was thankful his business was doing so well, he rarely had time to kick back and relax. And normally, when he did, he was reminded of all that he had to accomplish once his downtime came to a close. The only time he didn't think about work was when he was buried balls-deep in a sub. Fucking got him out of his mind and into the present.

And Carter hadn't been having much of that lately.

There were plenty of subs at his club in Jackson Hole whom he could scene with if he wanted to. But considering he'd had most of them once or twice already and knew which ones wanted a ring on their finger, which ones were nymphos and would fuck anything, and which ones were commitment phobic, they were all getting to be a drag.

He'd even started going outside the sub pool and picking up a tourist or two to get his jollies. But most of them were so straight-laced in the bedroom, they tended to go ape shit if he so much as put his thumb in their ass.

Carter was a lot of things; vanilla wasn't one of them.

When the ferry docked, all Carter could think about was a shower, food, and then bed. Preferably not alone. Handing the bellhop his luggage and carry-on bag, he sauntered off the boat. The gangway plank was a precarious fit for a man his size.

Carter was in shape, always had been, but he was a large man. He knew that. Anyone who saw him knew that—at six foot six, he was a bit hard to miss.

As he rounded the corner off the walkway, a blonde bullet bounced into him and would have tumbled off the dock had he not caught her by the arms. And son of a bitch but she was a looker. Miles of golden blonde hair swung from a high ponytail. She also had cornflower blue eyes that reminded him of the Wyoming sky at midday, and a petite—albeit well-endowed—frame.

“Hey, watch where the hell you’re going, damn sasquatch!” she snarled through top-heavy, rose-tinted lips that he’d love to see around his cock.

Carter narrowed his gaze and, instead of cowering or being polite, decided to show this mouthy little princess who was boss. He crowded her body, giving her as stern a glance as he could muster, and said, “Careful. Or someone might take offense to how you speak to them.”

She pursed her lips and tossed her hair back. Her gaze lifted and met his with a frank directness that lanced through him. Although, instead of shoving him away as he had assumed she would, the little sub licked her lips—like she wanted to latch those pretty lips of hers onto his body—then leaned her knockout form against him.

Christ. Her pillowy tits smushed up against his chest, sending all the blood in his head directly to his dick. Thunderbolts of desire rocketed through him when she traced her fine-boned hands over his chest and headed south. Just how far did the sub plan to take her little show?

Fuck, he prayed it was all the way. The muscles in his torso clenched as the tips of her fingers caressed him through the fabric of his tee shirt. He wanted to nudge her hands lower, toward his belt buckle and the part of himself straining against

the fabric of his jeans. Carter was all in for whatever this little wanton could lob his way, and so was his cock. Pleasure Island had become infinitely more interesting than it was previously.

“Oh, I’m sorry, Sir. I thought you would have noticed a little thing like me,” she murmured, saccharine sweet with a seductive expression on her gorgeous face that would likely lead men to their doom.

A little too sweet. That should have been the tipoff. But all his brain power was currently located in his crotch.

“You can always make it up to me, darlin,” he said, already envisioning his cock in her mouth—among other places—with her baby blue gaze looking up at him adoringly.

Her smile grew brighter and she raised a single golden brow as he bent his head down. Would she let him taste her succulent, bow-shaped mouth? Then her delicate hands still splayed against his chest, which had seemed so inviting a moment ago, shoved against him with such Teutonic force that she knocked him off his feet. She muttered, “Cool off, big guy. I don’t have time for your Dom bullshit.”

Shock riddled his form as he tumbled through the air. And then his body hit water.

The mildly warm water jarred his body as he plunged beneath the surface. The lust she had ignited transformed into fury. He hadn’t flown thousands of miles to get dunked into the ocean by an uppity sub. He surfaced, sputtering sea water from his mouth. Luckily, he’d always been athletically inclined, but swimming in his favorite boots wasn’t easy. However a lesser man would have drowned. Damn things were likely ruined by the unexpected dunking.

Fuck.

Carter swam to a nearby ladder attached to the docks and hauled himself up out of the water. He reached the top rung just in time to watch that little sub’s gorgeous ass sashay away. A large

male hand helped him up over the top until he stood, sopping wet and ready to roar.

Carter shouted, “What the fuck kind of greeting was that? Who the hell was she?”

Because he wasn’t done with that sub in the slightest. That gorgeous ass of hers was just begging for a strong hand to show her who was boss. Preferably *his* hand, with her ass bare and glowing ruby red from his touch. And then he intended to leave the island because he hadn’t traveled all this way for a headache of this magnitude. Carter had his own problems and didn’t need anyone else’s.

The man who’d helped him back onto the dock was dressed in black slacks and a long sleeved blue dress shirt. His ginger hair was longer than the average businessman’s, and his eyes were hidden behind a pair of aviators. How he could wear formal business wear in this heat and humidity was beyond Carter.

“Carter. I’m Jared McTavish. I apologize that your welcome was a bit wetter than intended,” he said in a rolling Scottish brogue.

“Yeah, well, you can charter me the first boat off the fucking island after I discipline that sub. I didn’t come here for this. I have a herd of horses to train. What kind of establishment are you running anyhow if a submissive can act out like that?” Carter demanded, his voice booming as he yelled at the man.

Jared nodded. “I understand your concern. Jenna will be dealt with at the club tonight by my hand. I can promise you that.”

“Do all the subs run roughshod over the place?” Carter asked. If so, then he was gone. That was something he ensured at his club: that submissives knew their place and how to act. When one stepped a toe out of line, she was disciplined and dealt with accordingly.

Jared shook his head and said, a grimace on his face, “No.

And I admit, I've never had one do something precisely like that. I can promise you, I will rectify the matter and see to her discipline. At least stay the night, see if I can change your mind. If not, I will have a ferry ready for you first thing tomorrow, or could even charter one of the DFC's jets to fly you home." He gestured toward a waiting golf cart. "If you would like to come with me, I will escort you to your villa. Additionally, I will have your clothes dry cleaned—on the house, of course. If there's anything that is a total loss, it will be replaced at no cost to you."

"And that sub?" Carter said. It was clear Jared wasn't remiss in his duties as a Master, but he still wasn't sold on the place.

"Will be dealt with, I can promise you that," Jared responded, his face unreadable behind his aviators.

"I want her for my week-long stay. Clearly you have some subs who need to be properly trained," Carter replied, certain he had lost his mind the moment that little thing had pressed herself against him. A saner man would walk away and find greener pastures.

Jared grimaced. "We pride ourselves on safe, sane, and consensual."

Carter snorted. "Relax. I won't hurt her. I might tan her fucking hide a few times, but I would never truly harm a sub. If that's what you think of me—"

"I mean no offense, but I protect those under my care, including my employees," Jared replied, his countenance and bearing staunchly protective. Like he would be only too happy to put Carter on the nearest boat if there was even a hint of the possibility a submissive would be harmed by him.

Carter respected the hell out of that. They did the same with any of the subs who came into their club. Fuck, he might actually like Jared, if he hadn't had such a rude and wet welcome.

"I'll stay. But I want her or I walk," Carter tossed out the ultimatum, again wondering if it was a wise move on his part.

"Understood. I will see what I can do to arrange that Jenna is

your submissive this week.” Jared said, “If you’ll follow me, we can get you situated. I’ve procured one of our exclusive luxury villas for your stay.”

Carter nodded, trailing behind him to the cart. He had a name for his little termagant. Jenna. It suited her.