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Von Ava Claire

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Von Ava Claire : The Billionaire's Contract (His Submissive, Part One) (His Submissive Series Book 1) (English Edition) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Billionaire's Contract (His Submissive, Part One) (His Submissive Series Book 1) (English Edition):

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Billionaire's Contract (BDSM Erotic Romance) (His Submissive) Von Lily M. "The Billionaire's Contract (BDSM Erotic Romance)" by Ava Claire is the first part in the "His Submissive" Series and it starts with the female character, Leila Montgomery, being in the "Whitmore Creighton", a PR agency for rich and famous, building and on her way to her job interview. Accidentally mouthing off to the billionaire Jacob Whitmore and after a "intimately" interview in the stairwell, Leila gets a proposition which is...to be Jacob's personal assistant and private submissive. It's a hot steamy read. I really enjoyed reading it and can't wait to read more about these two characters.

Kurzbeschreibung Recent college grad Leila Montgomery has her sights set on Whitmore and Creighton, a PR agency for the rich and famous. While she's interviewing for a position she's overqualified for, she's determined to get her foot in the door by any means necessary--but she doesn't count on accidentally mouthing off to the enigmatic billionaire at the helm of the company, Jacob Whitmore. After a hot tryst in the stairwell, he makes Leila a proposition--be his personal assistant and private submissive. Saying no could cost her dream job and a place among the wealthy and elite. But saying yes could cost her heart...The Billionaire's Contract is part one of the best-selling His Submissive series. ---- Books Available in the His Submissive Series The Billionaire's Contract (Part One) The Billionaire's Touch (Part Two) The Billionaire's Passion (Part Three) The Billionaire's Heart (Part Four) Venice Nights (The Billionaire's Girlfriend Prequel) The Billionaire's Girlfriend (Part Five) The Billionaire's Secret (Part Six) The Billionaire's Lust (Part Seven) The Billionaire's Promise (Part Eight) The Billionaire's Desire (Part Nine) The Billionaire's Past (Part Ten) The Billionaire's Trust (Part Eleven) The Billionaire's Forever (Part Twelve) ---- Excerpt from The Billionaire's Contract: "What's your name?" The authoritative snap behind his question caught me off guard, but it shouldn't have. He was worth a crapload of money and just a glance at my JcPenney skirt and worn blouse said that I was definitely not. There was no mistaking who was in charge and who decidedly was not. "M-My name?" I stammered. "Yes." He raised a brow. "Those things one is given at birth?" I cleared my throat. Rich *and* snarky. "Leila." "New hire?" Of course it was obvious that I wasn't an employee since I'd been wandering around like a dolt. And the fact that I wasn't a blond, leggy carbon copy of most of the women that strut past made me stick out like a sore thumb. I didn't trust my words to not glom to each other so I just shook my head. He frowned. "Then what brings you to my building?" "Interview," I croaked. "Research aide." "Huh," he said, running a quick hand through his hair. The dark waves crashed back around his face effortlessly. "I suppose that makes sense." The haze of being in his presence was starting to wear off and the dismissive tone of his voice made me jut my lip out defiantly. "What is that supposed to mean?" Surprise flitted across his face. "That research seems a suitable fit for you." "Somewhere tucked in a dank cubicle where the cameras wouldn't dare venture?" As soon as the retort came out I slapped a hand over my mouth. Jesus Christ, Lay! Calling out Jacob Whitmore? Right before your interview?! Something unreadable flashed in his eyes and before I could apologize effusively or duck out of the building, he reached out and gripped my forearm. "You're coming with me." His tight hold made a protest rise in my throat, but he was on the move, bobbing and weaving as he drug me along like an anchor. Eyes cast our way only took us in for a moment before dutifully glancing away. As we marched past the main elevator and made a sharp left down a darkened corridor, fear began to bubble in my gut. Where was he taking me? And even better, why was I letting him take me anywhere? Just as I gathered the backbone to pull from his hold, he retrieved a slender id card from his breast pocket and swiped it through the reader. A green light flashed and he pushed open a metal door, gesturing for me to enter. I glanced in and my heart raced when I scanned the poorly lit stairwell. "After you," he said smoothly. I took a small step backward. "My interview-" "I'm about to administer a preliminary interview," he cut in. "Personally." The erotic edge to his words should have made me run, kicking and screaming, in the opposite direction. Instead, the throbbing in my heart was met by a pulsing decidedly lower. ****Now Available: The His Submissive Series Complete Collection (Part One-Part Twelve)