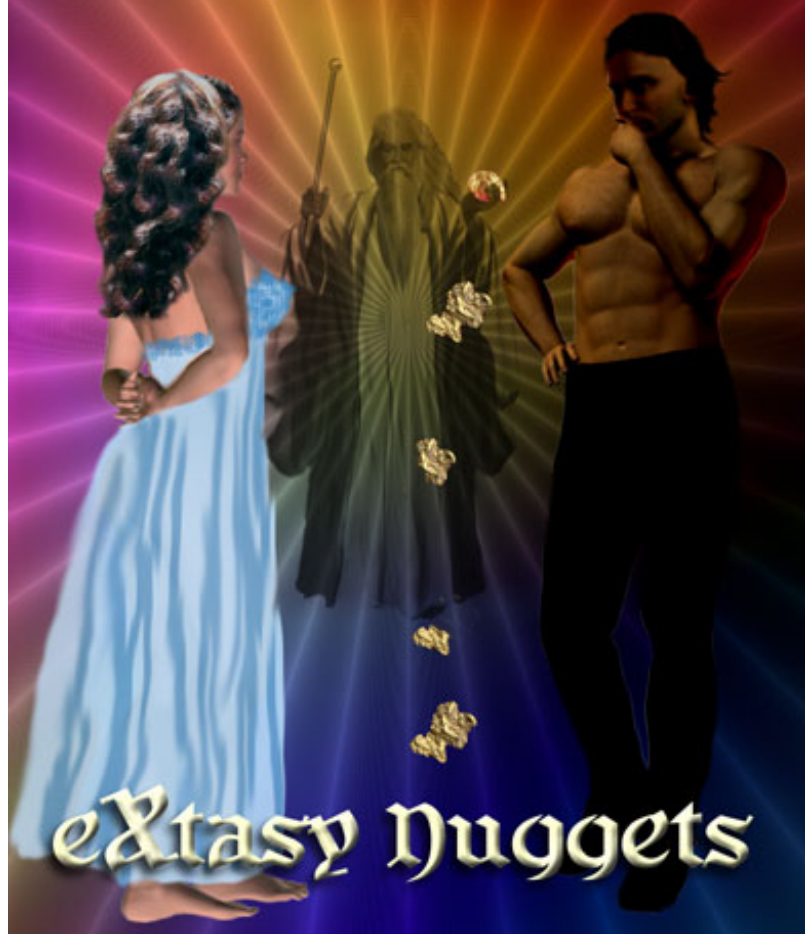


# Slow Burn

Aurora Rose Lynn



The scanning, uploading and distribution of this book via the Internet or via any other means without the permission of the publisher is illegal, and punishable by law. Please purchase only authorized electronic editions, and do not participate in or encourage the electronic piracy of copyrighted materials. Your support of the author's rights is appreciated.

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events or locales or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

Slow Burn

Copyright © 2003 Aurora Rose Lynn

Cover art and design by Martine Jardin

All rights reserved. Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilization of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, is forbidden without the written permission of the publisher.

Published by eXtasy Books, a division of Zumaya  
Publications, 2003

Look for us online at:

[www.zumayapublications.com](http://www.zumayapublications.com)

[www.Extasybooks.com](http://www.Extasybooks.com)

## *Slow Burn*

The psychiatrist ushered the curvaceous woman into his office. He almost closed the door on his thumb as he eyed her ass wiggling from side to side. She was obviously not going to be a run-of-the-mill patient.

"Where would you like me to lie down?" she asked in a sultry voice. Cornflower blue eyes shaded by gold eyelashes waited for his answer. She had a petulant look to her heart-shaped lips. And she had breasts the size of soccer balls. He glanced at his chart and noted she was twenty-eight years old.

"Do you want to lie down?" Martin Abernathy felt the sexual magnetism that, he felt certain, made her so self-confident. He wondered why he thought she was older than her twenty-eight years. Was it because she held her head so nobly? Good grief, but he was in a bad way if he was looking at a sex kitten who was less than half his age.

"Isn't that what wackos do when they come to you?" She perched on his desk, swinging a curvy leg with a slim ankle to and fro.

"I hope you won't take to calling yourself wacko. I like to call the people I counsel, my patients." He couldn't help himself. His eyes fixed on her delicious looking calf. Why couldn't he just be a professional

around her, not think naughty thoughts like taking her to bed for a night of heated sex? Come to think of it, the scent of sex surrounded her. Could it be part of auto-suggestion? He cleared his throat.

She pouted. "What makes you so sure you're not wacko just because you're on the other side of desk?"

Stunned, he stared into her eyes. No one had ever suggested he might be crazy -- at least not to his face. He opened his mouth to reply but nothing came out. She slipped her hand into her blouse and jiggled her breasts around, wholly unembarrassed.

Martin broke out into a sweat. He'd been divorced for almost ten years and hadn't made love for almost that long. This woman seemed to set him on a slow burn with her big tits and the way she handled herself with a confidence almost bordering on arrogance.

"Are you ill, doctor?" Her dark eyes met his.

"Ah no," he managed in a thick voice. He'd never before been so flustered by a patient. Maybe if he got down to business, this little matter of his being without sex for a longer period of time than he wanted to admit to, would go away. He walked around his desk and after sitting down, leaned against the comfortable backrest of the chair. "What seems to be the problem, Miss Lucas?" He lifted a pen from the desk but his fingers had become boneless. The gold pen fell back on the desk.

Miss Lucas fluttered her eyelashes and rocked back gracefully on her heels. "I don't know if it's a problem. Yet."

Martin's gaze dropped from her eyes to her shoulders to her breasts and lingered there, enjoying

the top-notch view. The silk blouse didn't hide how her nipples had turned into tiny hard peaks. He swore he felt his blood course through his veins and capillaries. Lord, but he must be hard up if because some chit trounced into his office and got him all worked up. "Uh-huh."

"Are you sure you're okay? You appear a bit pale."

He ran the back of his hand across his forehead. "Yes, of course. It's just a little warm in here." He leaned forward and slid out of his navy blue jacket.

"I don't think so. I think the temperature is just right."

His eyes lingered on her breasts for a moment longer before they skimmed down to the tight arc of her ass. Lord, this woman looked good enough to eat. He was glad the desk hid how his dick was as hard as it was going to get. His pulse quickened. "You said you might have a problem?" he prompted, wishing she would get off his desk so he wouldn't have to look at her tight ass and how the material of her skirt made small wrinkles between her ass and the desk.

"Oh yes," she replied demurely, batting her long eyelashes. Her lips sported bright red lipstick. "I can't help myself but I want sex all the time. I mean every minute of every day."

Martin could understand why. It would be such a shame to put a body like that to waste. She disturbed him in a way no other patient had. He felt as erratic and eager as a sudden summer storm. Lord, but he had to get his mind off having sex with her. "I'm not sure that's a problem," he said, his voice a tad

breathless.

"Oh no," she whispered. "You're affected too."

"Um, no. Not at all," he denied. Why did he bother? It was obvious he wouldn't be able to help her, not with his blood racing through his veins in such a way that he could almost hear it. This woman was sex and power all rolled into one.

"I'll have to get another shrink. I knew it was a mistake coming to a man." Gracefully she slid off the desk and turned around to meet his eyes.

He was going to ask her to make an appointment for another day, claiming he didn't feel well but a different set of words came out. "Why don't you take off your panties?" He jumped up and ran to the far side of the room to put as much as distance as he could between the woman and himself. "Oh my God, but I didn't say that," he muttered, heat flushing his cheeks. He had never, in his entire professional life, ever said something like that to a patient. Was he some dirty old man simply because he hadn't seen any action in a while?

"Did you say to take my panties off?" Her voice didn't appear to be far from him.

He whirled around. "No! I didn't say anything like that!"

To his mortification and astonishment, she pulled her skirt up a few inches to reveal the very apex of her thighs. He couldn't tell whether she was wearing underwear or not. "Don't do that!"

"Are you sure? Because I'm not wearing any panties." She gave him a self-satisfied smile.

"Then you need to find some. In a hurry."

"No I don't." She stuck a finger between her lips and made a production of sucking on it as she kept her eyes on him. Her gaze wrapped around him like a warm blanket on a cold winter's day, fueling his appetite for her. Why fight the urge? What did he have to lose? Only his license. No psychiatrist wanted to be taken through the courts for playing sex games with a pretty female.

"You've got to go," he said from between gritted teeth. "If you don't, I'll be forced to call security."

She shrugged. "Maybe they want some fun too."

"No," he argued. "You must leave now."

She huffed out a deep breath and closed the distance between them, backing him against the bookcase filled with psychiatric textbooks. "I can notch up the heat a little." There was a trace of laughter in her voice.

"Get away," he pleaded, his back painfully hard against the books. His penis was as rigid as a steel shaft.

"Now why would I want to do that?" She pressed her softness against his hard body. There was no way he could disguise that he didn't want her, not with his dick pressing against her velvet soft thighs.

"See? You want me. I could tell as soon as I came in."

"What are you doing to me? Are you trying to make me lose my license?" His words were sharp.

"Well, I did tell you I had a problem. I don't think I can shut if off the way you want me to. Why not have some fun? Hasn't your life become dreary?"

He could only stare at her in astonishment.

"Don't tell me. You've got a wife with graying hair at home and she doesn't give you any sex. That's really awful when that happens to a man like you."

"A man like me?" he croaked. Against his will, he looked down the top of her blouse and saw her breasts cupped together in her bra creating a deep cleavage line. Thank the Lord, she was wearing a bra so he couldn't be tempted by what he saw inside that lacy confection.

She lifted her hand and brushed it against his cheek before weaving the tenderness of her palm back behind his ear and around the back of his head to his nape. Her fingers lingered there, toying with the fine hairs, setting his temperature a little higher. Her other hand rubbed the front of his pants, then fastened on his distended cock. Making a desperate attempt to control himself, his hands remained fisted against his sides.

"Don't do that!"

His reaction seemed to amuse her. "Are you a prude behind all that learning, doctor? Do you need a little help unwinding after a long day? Why don't you close up shop? See if we can create some heat in this cold efficient office of yours."

Martin glanced at the window nearby. It fronted onto the main street five floors below. He was tempted to jump out, to get away from this woman who made him burn like he'd never burned before. Her fingers continued to stroke the back of his neck, twirling the fine hairs around and around. He tried to give her his blackest look but her lips curled up a notch.



"Martin?" she murmured in a husky, sexy voice. "Why don't we undo your tie and open your shirt? Didn't you say you were a bit too hot?"

"Not in that way," he snapped.

"Now, now. I'm sure you'll enjoy a little time out from your shrink job." She untied his tie, tugged on it to loosen it from around his neck, and tossed it on the floor.

Swallowing hard, he made his decision. He wouldn't fight her. His willpower had deserted him some time ago and it was pointless to fight her enchantment on his senses. "I give up. Make love to me," he whispered in defeat.

She licked her lips erotically. "You don't fight very hard, do you? I guess you really want me bad."

He reacted like a starving animal. Reaching behind her, he tore at her thin blouse, ripping it in half down the back. She shivered but her eyes told him she was delighted. He yanked at the skirt and then she had nothing on but her bra. Edging her legs apart with his knee, he thrust his hand between her legs, searching for her clit. He found it moist with her honey.

A groan escaped his lips. "What have you done to me?"

She walked him backwards until her ass rested against his desk. He yanked at her bra. Her breasts spilled out, her nipples pink buds of perfection. She leaned back on the desk spilling papers and folders onto the floor, and rested her back against the hardness. She thrust each of her feet to the edge and spread her legs apart. "You want me? Then have me,"

she whispered softly, weaving a magic spell around him.

Martin unfastened his belt faster than if the devil had been after him. His cock sprang free but only for a moment before he spread her pussy lips apart and plunged into her. She fit him like a glove as he thrust in and out of her, flesh slapping against flesh. His breath hissed in and out as he watched her face. With each thrust, he pushed her back but he jerked her hips forward.

In mindless ecstasy, he thought he heard the door to his office open before he heard a small gasp. The door closed with a soft click. His cock delved into Miss Luca's pussy. Murmuring, she turned her head from side to side. With a fierce intensity, he enjoyed watching her breasts wiggle with each push he made.

Her back arched, giving him deeper access to her sheath. She cried out as he thrust harder. His face dampened with sweat. He forced her legs even wider apart. Passion surged through his blood. She gasped, seemingly in agony but his world spun dizzily on its axis. His mind shut down and his penis took over. The sensation of careening over the edge of the world overwhelmed him. Her breath came in long surrendering moans but the roar of his tiding climax blurred it. Agonized pleasure swept over him again and again before his world collapsed and he stood still, listening to his heart thunder and the grandfather clock tick. His breathing slowed gradually. His reasoning began to return.

"See?" his lover whispered. "I've barely had you and now I need more. More of you."

Martin shook himself. How could this have happened? How could he have let a sex kitten overwhelm him? Especially at his age? He felt as if he had been sucker-punched in a fight and he had lost. He pushed her aside. "Get out."

"You know I can't do that," came the soft reply. She turned onto her stomach and jiggled her tight ass.

The sight turned him on again. She was his for the taking. Why not take advantage of it and worry about tomorrow when it arrived? Martin leaned over her and angled his cock at her ass. He was ready for more.