



Busted
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Published: 2011

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Busted

“Take it off.”

It wasn't a request. It was an order. His temptress had lusted him all evening and when she was able to snatch James from the party, she quickly dragged him into his private study room. Outside, the loud music drowned the guests' chatters and laughs. Nobody would miss them here.

Anna's voice was seductive and husky, dripping with lust. James couldn't help shivering when she pushed him on the chair behind his desk and hastily unbuckled his belt.

“Sweetheart,” James growled. “I don't think this is a good idea. Your dad is in the party.”

“Screw him. Because of dad, I couldn't see you for a week. Now, be quiet.” Anna unzipped his pants and shoved down his brief. She palmed his cock and gave him a few lazy strokes.

James groaned hard, almost shouting when Anna lowered her head and took him with her mouth. His heart wanted to jump out from his ribcage, and his balls tightened so hard, they were swelling against the teeth of the zipper. He couldn't think straight. He might have forgotten his name too for a second. Like magic, she had wiped his mind to a blank slate, thinking of nothing but the pleasure she was giving him. He

clawed her head; her silky hair spilled between his fingers. "Your dad is going to kill me if he ever finds out..."

Anna ignored him. His cock pulsed in her mouth, loving her attention. His crown nudged at the roof of her mouth as she made an intimate acquaintance. His hand tightened around her scalp. So good, the eager part of him quivered in her slippery-hot cavern of a mouth. His heart hammered viciously, and all of a sudden, he wanted to come so bad. He shifted gingerly. One part of him wanted to tug her head and order her to stop, and another wanted her to blow him until he came.

"Anna, please..."

Anna released him. "Why didn't you want to tell him about us?"

"Because I'm his business partner. I wasn't supposed to mess around with his daughter."

"James?"

"Fuck," Anna said, frozen.

"Shit." He snapped straight when he heard someone call his name. James heard footsteps in front of his office. He had forgotten to close his door. Before he could do anything, someone came in.

* * *

"Doctor Stanford?" James mumbled.

"Oh, there you are. I've been looking all over for you."

"Please don't turn on the light." If the lights were on, Anna's dad would see him caught in flagrante delicto. James fumbled with an excuse. "I... uhm, have a headache. I

drank too much. I couldn't stand the light." With his knee, James pushed Anna under his desk, obscuring her from the Doctor's view. As long as Doctor Stanford didn't come too close, he was golden.

Anna must have realized they had a visitor. James heard silent vibrations on his crotch. She was suppressing her giggles on the thatch of his pubis. His cock swayed against her face, and his balls were still tightened with unspent lust. James groped for her, tapping the side of her cheek to behave.

Doctor Stanford abandoned his attempt to turn on the light. "I'm sorry. I just want to catch up before my plane takes off."

James tried to force his breathing back to normal. Maybe, if he played this right, Doctor Stanford might just think he looked flushed from alcohol. "Leaving so soon?"

"Ah, yes." Doctor Stanford sat on a chair. "Got an early flight."

James straightened his back. He pushed Anna further under the desk.

Doctor Stanford sat in one of the chairs. "How's the Logan's account so far?"

James twitched when Anna shifted between his thighs. He silently prayed that the naughty girl wasn't thinking of what he thought she would do. He wanted to zip his pants up, but that would be impossible without giving away his current state.

"Doing very well, sir. I'm getting ready to audit them this week."

His breath stalled in his throat. Anna shoved his thighs apart and positioned herself in a way he couldn't do anything about it without calling the Doctor's attention. His fear became a reality when Anna slowly pulled his cock and licked its head.

God. He bit down his jaw, preventing himself from groaning aloud. Her soft tongue made him want to jump. The caress made him burn from the inside out, every nerve tip in his system screaming with pleasure. Anna licked his cock as if she were a cat savoring cream. So tender, so loving. She nipped his veined shaft, bestowing him with hundreds of butterfly kisses. Her tongue swirled on the ridge of his cock-head, tracing his shapely crown. Fuck, it felt so good. He leaked again. She noticed it and swept it clean with her tongue.

He couldn't breathe when she squeezed his balls and licked them as if they were coated with honey. His cock stood proud in salute, hungry, and carnivorous of what was to come. He could feel her silent giggles again. One of her hands clasped his shaft and gave him a firm, steady shake while her hot, loving mouth gently laved his cock-head. James sucked another hard exhalation.

"Are you okay, son?"

James mumbled. He cleared his throat. "It's just the headache. Had too much bourbon when I really shouldn't."

"Ah, you really shouldn't deprive yourself from a simple pleasure."

Unconsciously, James made strange noises in his throat. Anna tried to take his whole length into her mouth. She gagged a little. He quickly covered his groan with coughs. He slipped a hand down and cuffed her ear. Somehow, he just knew she grinned. Anna grabbed his hand and sucked a finger. Holy fucking God, she's so damn naughty.

Doctor Stanford hadn't noticed his odd streak, or the fact he was sweating his balls off. The doctor continued with his drawls about the business arrangement with Logan Medical, while underneath the desk, Anna gave his cock thorough attention.

Anna squeezed him with both palms, laving from the scrotums upward. Her tongue swirled up to his crown, teasing his leaky opening, trying to tongue-fuck him there. He twitched. She pecked his cock-head with her soft lips, fluttery and shy as a maiden kiss. James panted, feeling as if brimstone was incinerating him alive. She gently swooped down half of his length until he touched the back of her throat.

The suckling followed. A deep, passionate, slow suck of worship as if he was her idol, the giver of her life and the one she couldn't live without. James swallowed an enormous gulp of air. The pleasure was a beautiful agony, slowly driving him out of his mind. A flicker of fear flashed into him: I'm going to come. And when I come, Stanford will know I'm a fucking pervert. He prayed silently to hold himself sane until the Doctor finished and was out of his office. But he wouldn't make it. Anna was loving him too much and he found his climax hanging at the precipice of the cliff.

Oh God, please no.

James clenched his fist, digging his nails into his palm until he felt pain. He needed a distraction. Think, think. Multiplication table. Complicated math problem. His company's cash flow figures. A guy in accounting he wanted to fire.

But he couldn't concentrate. Anna had successfully swallowed his shaft to his base. Her hot mouth and silky throat enveloped his cock savagely, greedily, demanding her due. All his nerves screamed in incandescent ferocity from Anna's sweet torment,

begging him to end, to let go, surrendering to the temptation of original sin. But he couldn't. Not right now. Not in front of the Doctor. Oh God, a little more and I'm toast... James groaned again and obscured it with a violent cough.

Luckily, the Doctor wrapped up his drawls. "You should take something for your cough."

"I will later." His voice was shaky. "I... feel a bit dizzy."

Doctor Stanford took the hint. "Well in that case, I don't want to bother you any longer."

The Doctor rose from his chair. James shook his hand without rising from his seat. It was bad manners, but Stanford knew he was unwell.

"I'll see you soon, James."

"I wish that too, sir."

"Good bye."

James was glad he had a talent with poker faces. His cock rebelled to the point where he was losing control. His balls were drawn tight, ready to explode. He groaned silently, hissing between his teeth. I'm going to come. Oh God, I'm going to come.

The Doctor was in the hallway when he couldn't bear the torture any longer. He exploded violently. James didn't make much noise, only an obscured, mournful groan. He spurted hard and long, spasm after spasm of hot cum. He clawed the table until his nails made a screeching sound. His vision blurred for a second. His ears rang. His mind blanked.

James collapsed when the last shudder of ecstasy was gone. God, that was the blowjob of the century. Anna still played with his limp cock after he was spent. He flinched, sensitive to touch after the climax. He groped blindly for her, found her face, and ordered her to stop. "Anna."

Silent.

"Come on out." James wheeled his chair back, giving her a chance to crawl out. Her face flushed when he saw her in the light. "That was close."

Anna pouted her lips. "It's your fault. If you would just tell him about us, we wouldn't need sneaking out like this."

"I agree," said a voice by the door.

Anna whipped her head sideways and paled. "Oh shit."

Doctor Stanford crossed his arms and leaned against the door. His face was stern. "You can explain all of this on the weekend. Saturday. Dinner at my house. Let's say seven?"

"Y-yes, sir," James stammered. "Sounds good."

"Yes, dad." Anna looked chastised. Dr. Stanford left. She turned around and giggled, "We're so busted."

James couldn't find anything to say, he wrapped his arms around her and hugged Anna tight. "Let's hope I still can keep my neck in place by the weekend."

"Don't worry. Daddy likes you."

"Let's hope so."

Anna gave him a wet kiss on the cheek. "I love you."

“Love you too, princess.”

About the Author:

Lizzie Lynn Lee was a guitarist, receptionist, executive assistant, tarot reader, boutique owner and graphic artist before she discovered writing is her dream job. The advantage is she can do it in her pajamas and socks. She's an incurable chatterbox, heavy metal aficionado, book worm, digital enthusiast and a night owl since most of her stories were done in the wee hours of the morning because of her caffeine-induced insomnia. These days she still plays her guitar whenever she gets bored, staring at her computer's screen or plotting the most elaborate scheme of world domination. Fortunately, she has a chronically short attention span.

She loves to hear back from her readers, so drop her a line at:

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