



Jumping Bones
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Jumping Bones

Have you ever met a man and the instant attraction was so fierce, you just want to jump bones on him at the first very sight?

Well, I have. My name is Abigail Freeman, and I'm an interior designer by trade. The man I'm talking about is my client. Brent Darwood, a.k.a Mr. Rich, and one of the most eligible bachelors in Miami. He's a real estate mogul, rumored to be very elusive, a royal PITA, and famous for his brooding demeanor. He hired my company to redecorate his home office, and as a senior associate in the firm, I was sent to accommodate Mr. Darwood's whim.

The moment I laid eyes on him, my heart started to pound hard and feverish heat came rushing to my head. Before everything else fully registered into my mind, my body responded to my newfound object of desire with a sheer wantonness that I had never experienced before. My nipples tightened. My pussy clenched. I was wet with need. I'm not a nymphomaniac, mind you. Usually, it takes some good foreplay to get me in the groove, but this man stirred this kind of fire in me simply by looking at me. I don't know how he did it, but he made my blood boil.

His eyes settled on me long before he acknowledged my presence in the room. He sat behind his antique Louis the VX desk, scrutinizing me with his hawk-like eyes. I don't know if he felt the same way I did, but I saw fire burning in his eyes too. Even without a word spoken, I just knew the chemistry between us raged like wildfire.

Absurd really, since we were strangers. But at the same time, what happened between us felt so right.

“Miss Freeman.” Darwood rose from his seat to welcome me. “It’s a pleasure to meet you at last. I admire your works at the Plaza. They are simply magnificent.” His voice was seductively throaty and articulate, very cultured, tinged with some unidentified European accent. Very sexy. His tall and brawny posture towered against me as I straightened myself and shook his hand.

“Thank you, sir. It’s a pleasure to meet you, as well.”

The moment our skin touched, wanton electric currents surged through my every vein. My pussy clenched again desperately and I gushed cream. His grip was firm and possessive. He didn’t let go of my hand right away. Damn, I didn’t want to let go of his, either. But seconds passed between us without a word spoken, and it started to look ridiculous and awkward. I cleared my throat and cast him a coy smile. He startled as if he was just woken up from a dream and let go. I could swear the man was blushing. “Please, have a seat.”

“Thank you.” I sat on a chair in front of him and took my portfolio out from my briefcase. “I believe you’ve spoken to my boss and he told me that you’re interested in redecorating your home office?”

Darwood didn’t answer me. He was still staring at me as if he wanted to eat me alive. “Yes,” he finally murmured, his hand making a tiny, fluttery gesture. “I’m tired of too much wood in this room. I was thinking something simple, minimalist. Modern and clean.”

“Then you might like what I have in mind, Mr. Darwood.”

A mischievous smile hovered on the corner of his lips. “What exactly do you have in mind, Ms. Freeman? I’m up for anything.”

I blinked. “Minimalist style. Zen.”

“Ah.” He looked disappointed that I didn’t bite his bait. Well, to be honest, I’m not a flirter. And secondly, Darwood is my firm’s VIP client. If I screwed this up, I could kiss my sweet job goodbye. My hand trembled as I rifled through my portfolio’s pages. I wanted to melt under his sharp stare. “I did this theme for a client in Osaka. Simple, yet elegant. Very Zen.”

Darwood rose from his seat again and stalked over to my side. He stooped behind me with one hand on my chair and the other on my portfolio. His hot breath seared my nape. My heart pounded even harder. I felt nervous, like a schoolgirl with a crush. “Very Zen, indeed,” he agreed. The rasp of his voice burned every fiber of my being.

I turned to him. “I-I have...” Before I could finish my sentence, Darwood kissed me. He crushed his mouth on mine and suffocated me with a hard, greedy, starving kiss. I moaned and kissed him back with the same ferocity. He ran his hands all over me, feeling me. He broke his kiss, eyes blazing. “God, you feel it too?”

I mumbled unintelligently. “Yes.”

He growled like a beast. It happened so fast, I could barely comprehend that he had swept me onto his desk, trapping me under his weight. He ripped my blouse open and yanked off my bra. His hands settled on my breasts, squeezing me so hard that he

left me breathless for seconds. I flinched when his mouth latched onto my nipple. His teeth nipped me, tongue swirling around my areola, mouth sucking with vehemence. God, my scream almost ripped out from my throat, but I was able to hold it at the last second. I didn't want his staff to know what we were doing. My toes curled out from the impact of what he was doing to me. His mouth was treacherous. His tongue was devilishly wicked. He burned me with every stroke of his tongue, every suckling of his mouth, incinerating the last strands of my sanity to cinder. He moved from breast to breast as if he couldn't decide what he wanted from the dessert buffet.

I dug my nails on his scalp as he continued to ravage me. I jerked, writhed, thrashed as a kaleidoscope of pleasure cocooned me in its tight grip. I was barely aware as he undressed me naked from the waist down. His hands worked their magic, making my skirt and panties disappear from view. I felt them pooling at my ankles. He bit me hard enough that I couldn't help but yelp. His palms slid upward along my inner thighs, one hand cupped the source of my heat. He felt my drenching pussy. I heard him purring with delight. He released my nipple with a loud pop, his voice shaking with desire as he whispered, "Fuck, babe, you're so damn hot." Darwood brushed his lips over mine, "Figuratively and literally."

He parted my pussy lips and speared a finger inside me. I stiffened as he rubbed me with such a precision that only a gifted sex aficionado would master, hitting me in my special spot, kindling a brand new fire in me. "Are you always this wet, too?"

I threaded my fingers around his hair, my fists clenching and unclenching. The pleasure tethered me at the edge. "No," I confessed. "I don't usually get this slutty."

His amusement came as a snort. "You wet for me, kitten?"

"I burn for you."

His eyes widened from my declaration, blazing. He withdrew his finger from me and straightened his posture. He unzipped his pants. "I'm going to fuck you so hard, you won't remember your own name."

"Is that a threat?"

"It's a promise." His cock sprang free when he shoved his briefs down. He was thick and long, and his head was so big I couldn't help feeling a bit intimidated. I reached to stroke him, but Darwood snatched my wrists midway. "Don't think so. I'm running this show."

"I just..."

His mouth crushed mine, muffling my objection. And my scream. He thrust inside me a heartbeat later, catching me unaware. One second I felt so empty and needy, and the next his cock ripped me open, spearing me with his fat cock head and even thicker shaft, plowing me to my cervix, knocking my breath out of my lungs.

I tore my mouth off him, indulging myself a scream. I threw my head backward as Darwood attempted to sheathe his cock all the way inside me. Pain and pleasure exploded in my pussy. I don't think I could take more than what he had already shoved in. He was big. Everything about him was big and muscular and... big. Somehow, he managed. He grunted with satisfaction when he was able to bury his whole erection into my inadequately tight cunt. His balls pressed against my perineum, his dark thatch

grazing against my clit, and his cock throbbing in my depths, so hot, so alien, so good, and so very welcome. He looked me in the eyes and grimaced. "How long has it been?"

"What?" I was in a daze, part of my brain cells weren't working as they should. I gulped a slow breath. "A while," I confided. "A long while."

"You're tight," he groaned thickly. "I love it."

I loved it too. The sensation was unbelievable. My pussy clasped around his shaft, still protesting his assault. His cock juddered. He threw me a secret kind of smile. "And you're creaming. Shit. You feel heavenly." He plastered his mouth on mine again and fucked me like he was demented. I whimpered in ecstasy as he lunged and yanked, thrust and pulled with all his might, as hard as he could; brutal and primal. I clung onto him and wrapped my legs around his waist, trying to meet his slams. The pleasure gathered like a thunderstorm ready to crash.

With a feral growl, he pinned me on his desk and slammed into me with thrusts hard enough to bruise me for days. But I didn't care. I tore my mouth off him and gasped. "Harder," I begged. "Fuck me harder."

He swore and delivered what I wanted. He fucked me another dozen strokes when an unmerciful climax swept me in its path. I came. Long and hard. So hard, I saw stars before my eyes.

Darwood didn't stop, still flooding me with ferocious fucks until a second orgasm ambushed me again. He came with me this time, his body becoming rigid as he spurted inside me.

When it was over, I felt I had run a marathon. I would have collapsed if I wasn't already lying on my back.

"God," Darwood panted. "That was amazing."

"No kidding."

He withdrew from me and fixed his pants. "Okay. Where were we?" He furrowed his eyebrows. "Zen theme. That would look excellent in my office. Hell, I want you to redecorate my entire house. I should show you my bedroom next. My bed, especially. And, oh..." he paused as he watched me grab my scattered clothes. His naughty smile followed. "You don't need your panties, sweetie. Not while you're with me."

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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