

Bad Girls

By

Vanessa Liebe

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Table of Contents:

Night Intruder.....	5
Petty Cash	26
Joint Account	46
Abuse of Trust.....	57
Catching the Base Jumper.....	71
Vanessa Liebe	85
EBook Offer.....	86
Blushing Books Newsletter.....	87
Blushing Books.....	88

Night Intruder

Oh the adrenaline rush. It was better than sex.

Well, it had to be said, Gemma thought as she put her favourite song on in her car. Her sex life, or rather lack of one, didn't compare to the excitement of burgling.

"Will I ever find a man who understands my need for danger and something a bit more thrilling in bed?"

She sighed heavily whilst she drove. Probably not. She wanted everything that's why; the romance, a strong man who would take care of her but who would also let her do ridiculous things whilst reigning her in where need be. He'd be handsome – that went without saying – and good in bed. The perfect lover, anticipating and fulfilling her needs. Pleasure should be felt by both partners after all.

Reece, her recent ex, had hardly been Mr. Orgasm and Gemma gritted her teeth as she remembered his lacklustre performance. "Couldn't find my clit if I drew him a map!"

She shook her head in disgust. Why oh why hadn't she dumped that loser sooner? Instead, she'd boldly suggested that they try a few things out. Big mistake. After a look of horror from him and another night of missionary style sex, where she'd had to fake her 'ohs' and 'ahs' of pleasure, enough had been enough. A guy who didn't do foreplay, or know how to please his woman in bed wasn't worth the effort. And he'd been so dumbstruck when she'd told him.

So two months on, here Gemma was. No man, no sex, but able to concentrate on her burgling. Definitely okay with her, because she got all the thrills without the agro of pampering a man.

She sang along to the song, while she expertly navigated the busy London traffic. She was excited about tonight. It was the 'big job' for her and she couldn't wait to get there – to scale the balconies of the super-rich, break in and take their things. It made her horny as hell. It compensated for lacking the right man in her life.

The luxury apartments she was on her way to were in secluded grounds just outside of London. They were brand new and only half had residents at the moment. The apartments which had been sold were mostly going to be unoccupied this weekend and hence Gemma's nocturnal visit to them. She had spent weeks organising and preparing for this. The security guard in the

building, Mr. Dopey.com as she liked to refer to him, had been particularly helpful to the flirtatious cleaning lady. She grinned, remembering how sweet he had been to her, trying to impress her with his explanation about the alarm systems inside the building. Fluttering eyelashes and a fake mobile number for a date had gotten her all the information she needed.

"Easy pickings." Gemma laughed, feeling the buzz of anticipation already. She knew exactly which apartments to break into. A few of the American owners had flown home for Thanksgiving, some were on holiday and the others were away on business, like her first victim, Mr. Turner.

"It's my right of way, asshole!" Gemma suddenly shouted at the driver, who'd tried to cut her off at the round-a-bout and had the cheek to honk at her when she'd pulled out. Giving him the finger, she angrily turned back to concentrate on her driving. God, she hated driving in London. When she was rich enough from her burglings she was totally going to move somewhere else.

She finally left the heavy city traffic and easily found her way out into the leafy suburbs. Another song came on, which she promptly turned off because it reminded her of Reece and she didn't need a downer on her mood. Instead she drove in silence for the last fifteen minutes.

Gemma parked her car on the side of the road, got out and locked it. The apartments were still half a mile away, down a private lane and with an electric gate, but she didn't want to park too close. Her Mini Cooper would be rather conspicuous in this elite neighbourhood.

Grabbing her rucksack of tools, she set off down the dark street and then the private lane. Nobody drove past but she kept to the shadows on the edge of the lane anyway. And she knew that there was a camera on top of the entrance gateway. As she drew near, Gemma ducked off into the trees surrounding the walled gardens, avoiding going near the electric gate. She took off her rucksack, quickly shrugged out of her coat to stash it behind a nearby bush and then she pulled her balaclava down over her face. She put the rucksack back on and looked up at the high stone wall in front of her. There were several places where she could use a tiny niche as a foot or hand hold. She smiled. Her parkour skills were useful here too.

Gemma took twenty steps back, before running at the wall and quickly scaling it, using the small niches she had spied earlier. Sitting on top of the wall, she observed the dark building in front of her. "This will be a doddle," she said and jumped off the wall, landing neatly on the grass below.

According to the cute, but dim, security guard, Mr. Turner was away on business for three days. Gemma intended to start with him as his place was on the lowest occupied floor—the fifth. From his balcony she could quickly scale up to the others she intended to burgle tonight. She ran forward and started climbing. *Wasn't Mr. Turner in for a surprise when he got home?*

*

"What a shit day!"

Scott slammed the door to his apartment closed. He dumped his travelling bag on the floor, loosened his tie and kicked off his shoes. About to go and have a shower, he cursed when his mobile rang.

"Hello? Oh, hi, Trey. No, I'm no longer coming."

He listened to his friend on the phone, then jaw tightening, he relayed what had happened. "The assholes waited until I'd driven to the airport before they decided to tell me the trip had been cancelled. So, can't meet up, pal. I'm sorry."

What a waste of time it had been. Now, he had the weekend alone in his apartment instead of clinching the business deal of the century and thus securing a place as a partner in the busy computer firm he worked for.

He listened again to his friend on the other end, whilst rubbing weary eyes.

"Yeah, I know. Would have been good to meet up. I had a hot red head lined up too. Could have been a double date. Never mind."

He spoke to Trey a while longer and then ended the call. What he needed was a hot shower. Then he needed a drink – a strong one.

Scott stripped off, padded naked into his bathroom and stepped into his shower. The hot, punishing spray as it pounded his body was just right. He revelled in it after his horrible day. The traffic had been a nightmare. Then he'd got to the damn airport, only to be told in a brusque phone call that the trip was off. No real explanation. Scott only hoped the deal wasn't off completely, that it was merely postponed.

He rolled his neck to ease the tense muscles and kneaded the back of it with soapy fingers.

"A weekend on my own, instead of spending my spare time between the lovely thighs of the gorgeous Gina," he muttered.