

PLAIN BROWN WRAPPER

Night Nurse

Lizzie T. Leaf

ASPEN MOUNTAIN PRESS

**Praise for the writing of  
Lizzie T. Leaf**

"After I finished reading *Among the Stones*, I had to sit back and sigh. I let the story absorb and then instantly wanted to read Lilly and Alan's story all over again. This is a sweet story that will have a myriad of emotions running through you. Told in the first person, I found Ms. Leaf's voice very intriguing and unique. You should not pass up *Again and Again: Among the Stones*." Klarissa, Joyfully Reviewed

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**Warning**

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PO Box 473543  
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## NIGHT NURSE

“May as well be single,” Liza mumbled as she applied several more vigorous brush strokes to her long chestnut hair. Tucker’s earlier phone call did nothing to placate her frustration at his being gone from home. Yes, he had a better reason with this absence than his normal business trips, but she still resented yet another of his nights away from their bed.

The smile she flashed in the mirror looked more like a grimace. She needed to work on her fake grin. “Good thing I’m due at the hospital or I’d have another exciting night of reality television to keep me company.”

Anything was better than an endless evening of questioning herself on why she married a workaholic in the first place. Too many stars in her eyes to see he was married to the job. The signs had been there—last minute broken dates because of new deals he couldn’t pass up; problems that had to be dealt with right then. She’d chosen to ignore them. Now she had no one to blame but herself.

Sighing, Liza brushed her hair up into a ponytail, twisted it around her hand and secured it with a pin, creating a loose bun on the back of her head. “There, that should do it.”

She moved into the bedroom and picked up the white lace garter belt she had placed on the embroidered duvet earlier. She decided against the skimpy, white satin panties, tossed them aside and fastened the delicate fabric of the garter against her bare skin. Sitting on the edge of the bed, she pulled on the white stockings, taking care to make sure the seams were straight before she attached them to the strips of elastic hanging from the wisp of lace around her waist.

Next she attacked the walk-in closet off the bedroom and scanned the row of clothing hanging neatly like soldiers at attention. A lot of nurses today wore pants, but Liza preferred the allure of the crisp uniforms she remembered from her trips to the doctor as a child.

“Hmmm, this one I think.” She slipped the starched, white cotton over her body, pulling it closed as she buttoned each of the small buttons running down the front. The tight waist showed off her full breasts and she admired the way the skirt flared over her lush hips.

A tiny frown puckered her forehead. “A little too short to meet hospital regulations, but what the hell.” Just let one of the jealous bitches working on the floor she would be on make a comment about her dress. She’d let them know how good they didn’t look in their sloppy scrubs or polyester pants suits.

Besides, the male patients would appreciate the view of her fantastic legs. If she leaned over far enough they might even get a beaver shot, or in her case, a bare beaver shot. Liza giggled at the idea.

Working the top two buttons open, she admired the view of cleavage her new push-up bra created. She knew this would be an added bonus for the male patients who loved a great set of tits.

She bent over to tie her sturdy white shoes. The shoes looked orthopedic—not the sexy stilettos she preferred, but they were comfortable. The crepe bottoms allowed her to enter patient’s rooms without disturbing them with the clacking of hard leather soles.

She reached for the starched white hat to perch on top of her head and studied the finished effect. The contrast of the white against her red-brown hair always pleased Liza. Amazing how many nurses rejected the little cap that was once a standard part of their uniform. So much of the professional dress code had gone by the way-side in lieu of fast comfort.

With one last pat to her hair, Liza glanced at the gold watch on her wrist. “Crap.” Scurrying to grab her purse, she made a mad dash for the door. “Don’t want to be late tonight of all nights.” Yep, she had special plans tonight.

\* \* \* \*

Liza stood in the shadow of a doorway and watched the nurses’ station. She wasn’t familiar with this wing of the hospital and didn’t want anyone asking questions about what she was doing here. It was none of their business that she’d come to visit a special patient.

When she heard the ever so rich Mr. John Evans was admitted for observation, she decided to make his hospital stay a memorable one. The night shift served her purposes perfectly. For once, Tucker’s absence benefited her as she wouldn’t have to explain getting home so late.

Good. The night nurse updating computer input from the charts left the desk to answer a patient call button. *Hope it's not Mr. Evans.*

Liza made her way down the hall toward Room 610, pausing on the way by a door when she heard voices. A quick peek around the corner assured her the nurse from the desk was busy resettling the patient in that room.

Reaching her destination, she slipped inside Room 610 and closed the door softly behind her. No one had bothered to close the window curtain and light from the street illuminated the room with enough of a soft, muted glow that Liza could see both beds contained slumbering occupants.

*Shit. He had a roommate.*

Why didn't a man with his money have a private room? From the looks of things the unwanted occupant had serious issues. Wires were attached to various areas of his body and led to monitoring equipment which gave a steady beep-beep as it tracked his vitals.

Pulling the privacy curtain that separated the two men as quietly as possible, she stood at the bottom of Bed A and watched John Evans. The even rise and fall of his chest told her he slept. Her body tingled in anticipation with the view the open front of his gown. The gaping material revealed strong masculine pectoral muscles the fabric didn't cover. Her breath hitched and she licked her bottom lip. Leave it to a man to put his hospital gown on backwards, but that would make it easier to implement her plan.

He was so cute in his sleep. She loved his tousled dark curls across his broad forehead. No, cute didn't come close to describing this hunk...hot was a better term. Then again, he was pretty damn hot the times she'd seen him on television, too. She'd met George Clooney up close and personal once and knew even he didn't come across on camera as well as the specimen slumbering before her.

She resisted the urge to caress the square jawline or brush back the brown hair that fell at an angle across his closed eyes. How she loved those intense blue orbs when she'd seen him use them to pierce a reporter who'd asked a dumb question during a news conference.

No day dreaming allowed, Liza reminded herself. *Focus on what you came here to accomplish.* She had so little time. The supervising night nurse on this floor would be in for rounds to check on her patients in an hour as long as nothing disrupted the normal routine.

Easing back the sheet, she saw the hospital gown had worked its way up around John Evans' waist. His genitalia lay exposed in all its naked glory. She licked her lips in anticipation of the feast in which she was about to partake.

The victim's penis lay across his stomach in a semi-erect state. If it was this large now, think what a treat it would be at its full potential. "Must be having a nice dream."

Her victim stirred and rolled on his side facing her.

*Damn.* She preferred him on his back, but this was doable. Softly sliding the straight backed chair over to the side of the bed she sat down and assessed the situation. He was positioned close to the edge with his partially erect penis pointing toward her.

Leaning forward, Liza rested her chin on the mattress and flicked out her tongue, touching the velvety cock head. A smile spread across her face at the twitch this generated. Another little dart of her wet tongue and the man rolled onto his back again, his member erect and waving in the breeze.

John Evans had nothing to be ashamed of in the gifted department. Fascinated, Liza watched as the magnificent male organ before her eyes bobbed and weaved like a one-eyed snake to the music of a flute only it could hear. The long thick shaft would turn a locker room full of male porn stars green with envy. Hair curled around the base creating a cushion of dark thatch that Liza wanted to run her fingers through.

Instead, she decided the complete package looked good enough to eat. No longer able to sit in the chair and access her treat, she stood and leaned over the bed. Lowering her head, she indulged in the temptation that waved like a cape in the face of a bull. Her lips covered the engorged cock head and her tongue swirled around, tickling the sensitive skin on the bottom.

A low groan rewarded her efforts. Encouraged, Liza sucked the organ deeper into her mouth and further down her throat.

Startled when hands slid up her legs and found the curve of her buttock, Liza froze in place, the erect phallus deep in her throat. Sensations of heat and delight surged through her as fingers massaged her ass cheeks, pinching and rubbing. She almost forgot her goal when the nimble digits moved from her bottom down to her thighs and the treasure hidden between them. The moan she couldn't suppress completely came out as a soft kitten meow.

A finger parted the wet strip of curls and dipped inside the folds saturated with her fluids. She raised her ass higher into the air to give better access to her aching clit. *No man should have fingers this talented.*

Accomplishing an orgasm hadn't been on the agenda. She just wanted to show the mighty and powerful Mr. Evans that with the right nurse, a hospital stay could be a fun experience.



When the slow strokes between her legs ceased, Liza wanted to rage in frustration, but strong male hands encouraged her to change her position. She turned around and stretched out along the length of John Evans, molding to him as he claimed her lips. His hot tongue explored the inside of her mouth as his finger had her vagina moments before.

Not being the passive sort, Liza did explorations of her own. Her tongue forced its way into his mouth, tasting with delight, matching each of his probes. Abandoning the battle of tongues, they returned to a lip-lock that sent currents of energy shooting down to her toes, causing them to curl. The man could kiss; no doubt about it.

His hands worked the buttons on the front of her uniform and encouraged her breasts free of the wisp of lace that held them captive. The heat of his mouth on first one nipple, and then the other created another rush of moisture between her legs. He sensed her readiness like a male animal senses a female is in heat and John Evans' right hand outlined the curves of her body as it moved down...down to stroke her sweet spot again.

The hard nubs of her nipples begged for more attention as his fingers stroked the area between her thighs. Heat flooded through her and Liza bit her bottom lip to keep the groan at bay. Her resolve to be quiet was dissolving.

When John pushed her uniform skirt up, rolled her onto her back and raised his body above hers, she spread her legs and welcomed him in. His shaft filled her hot, wet vortex and the beginning spasm of an orgasm rippled low in her belly as he pulled out and plunged in again.

*No!* This felt too good to end so quickly.

Liza forced her mind to think of things to prolong the exquisite sensations. She tried to focus on an inventory of her refrigerator and when that didn't seem to work, she tried to compile a grocery list in her head. None of the distractions achieved her desired goal as he thrust into her hard and deep.

Surrendering to the sensations building inside her, Liza did her best to meet him stroke for stroke, her hips pushing upward each time he pounded into to her willing womanhood. His breathing came in faster gasps and soft moans started deep in his throat.

The end was close for both of them and she gave in to the need to melt her body against the man who collapsed on top of her as their essences mingled.

Liza ran her hands across his back muscles that the hospital gown couldn't hide and smiled. She loved the feel of this man and regretted this would be a one time experience.

It dawned on her they'd not exchanged a word during their heated encounter and maybe that was for the best.

*What was the old saying? Oh yeah, like ships passing in the night.* Boarding this ship was definitely better than passing, but it probably wouldn't happen again under these circumstances.

The shrill screech from the monitoring equipment hooked to the man in the next bed sounding an alarm brought Liza back to reality. *Crap.* That would have the night nurse in here in nothing flat and she'd heard about the reputation of the old battle axe in charge of this floor. The last thing she needed was to tangle with her.

Liza pushed John Evans off her and sat up. She planted a brief kiss on his full sensuous mouth and stood, hurriedly buttoned the top of her uniform and smoothed down the wrinkled skirt. She'd probably pull a Monica and never wash this outfit, keeping the proof of her tryst with John Evans hanging in her closet, even if he wasn't an American President. After all, a girl needed to keep her memories alive.

The squeak of crepe soled shoes running through the door wasn't good news. She wasn't going to make it out the door without being discovered. Peering around the curtain, Liza saw the nurse checking the monitor. If she hurried, maybe she'd escape unnoticed.

Movement from the bed distracted her and Liza glanced over to see a grinning John Evans arranging the sheet over him. Bastard, he wasn't the one about to get his ass chewed out.

Startled, Liza jumped when the curtain flew back and she stood eye-to-eye with the battle axe.

"Where's your name tag? What the hell is going on in here?" The hatchet-faced woman demanded as she moved toward Liza. "I'm going to see that your ass is fired."

"Not much now." Liza stepped around her adversary. "Just checking to make sure the patient was enjoying his stay. After all, he's an important man." She couldn't get to the door fast enough and away from this shrew.

*Name tag my ass. My name is the last thing you're getting, honey.*

Reaching the safety of the door, she heard a question from Mr. Evans's roommate. "How do I get a night nurse like that?" and the deep laughter of her special patient followed her down the hallway as she rushed for the exit door and took the stairs two at a time.

\* \* \* \*

Liza stared at the row of clothes in front of her undecided on what to wear. She spied the wrinkled white uniform hanging in back and smiled. Yes, that held memories, but Tucker was home tonight and she wanted to look especially nice for him.

“What are you doing, honey?” Tucker came into the closet and wrapped his arms around her waist, pulling her against his massive chest.

How she loved this man. He made her knees go limp with just a look and his touch was like fire, turning her body into molten lava. “Nothing much, just trying to decide on an outfit.” She turned in his arms and nuzzled against his shoulder.

“Well, we could start with nothing.”

His hot breath against her ear sent shivers down her body as always. He was the only man whose touch did that to her. “Works for me.” Anticipation of what he had in mind flowed through her as he reached for a blind fold.

“Yeah, me too.” His voice had that raspy, aroused quality she so enjoyed. He nibbled her ear. “But, you know, I think we need to invest in a cheerleader uniform.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. After all, we own a football team now and I’ve always wanted to get it on in the locker room with one of the cheerleaders.”

Liza smiled up at the man of her dreams. Since she fulfilled his fantasy of a hospital liaison, John Tucker Evans spent more time at home. When he did travel, he took her with him these days.

Oh yeah, a cheerleader uniform was in her future. And quite probably an after hours visit to the locker room. Liza smiled as a blindfold colored her world black.

The End

Stay informed of what Lizzie T. Leaf and other Aspen Mountain Press authors are doing by joining our community loop: [AMP\\_Community@yahoogroups.com](mailto:AMP_Community@yahoogroups.com).

Read on for an excerpt of Lizzie’s highly claimed novella, *Among the Stones*, now available at [www.AspenMountainPress.com](http://www.AspenMountainPress.com)

*Again and Again: Among the Stones* excerpt:

Toolar came to me again last night as he does every night, only this time it was different. Usually, he arrives to visit with my father, darting quick glances my way with an occasional smile if he sees my mother looking in another direction. This time it was only the two of us.

Mother had gone to help Lilah, our healer. They were making a journey several days from here and would be gone for several moons. Father listened patiently to the instructions my mother gave him about watching me.

“Do not let that Toolar near her, do you understand? Stay close and if you want to tell your tales to him, go to his fire and do it.” She only ceased with her endless yammer when Lilah showed at our door. “Remember what I said.” Her eyes pinned my father before she turned them to me. “And that goes for you, too. Do not leave our land.”

With that, she picked up her pack and followed Lilah.

As soon as she disappeared over the hill, Father turned to me. “You heard what your mother said. I am chosen to work on The Henge and can not stay here to watch you, Meenah. You are almost a woman and should not require care. I cannot pass on this great honor because I did not have the chance to ask my mate’s approval.” He took his spear and with a scowl on his face stomped from our hut.

For the first time in my life, I enjoyed freedom. I tended the garden at my will, not at my mother’s demands. Father could care less how I filled my days. His only interest when he returned was that I have his evening meal prepared. Being a dutiful daughter, I did this with no argument.

When he leaves each morning, I have a full day to myself and I spend the time working on chores or sitting in the sun day dreaming of Toolar. He has not come round since my mother left, so Father has at least followed her instructions in that area.

It has been warmer than usual for this time of season when the sun stays a shorter time with us. I’ve gathered the last of the vegetables and decided today I shall look for herbs along the stream. With luck, I will find sage or possibly some wild strawberries that do not realize they should stop producing fruit that will freeze soon.

The day grew hot and I lifted my long, blonde hair and let the breeze cool my neck. I watched a twig float on the river as it drifted by. The water will feel wonderful if I shed my clothes and wade in. Without hesitation, I lifted my tunic over my head, dropped it on the bank, and moved forward into the river’s cool depths. A gasp escaped as the iciness bit my heated skin.

Soon, my body adjusted and I moved deeper into the water. Eyes closed I tilted my face toward the sky and listened to the sounds of the forest. Birds called to each other in a language only they understood, but to me some of the sounds are of love; gentle, caressing, caring.

Standing with the undulating movement of the stream, stroking my full breasts I thought of Toolar. My nipples peaked, not from the chill, but from the warm sensation that flowed through me. I had the urge to reach down into the dark depths of the water and touch my most female part; it too ached in a way that I have come to know only too well each time I feel Toolar's eyes on me. My hand slid down the curve of my body, over my hip, and tickled the hairs plastered against my skin by the water.

A splash pulled my attention further up the stream and I jerked my hand back. I expected to see one of the beaver who are building a dam to block the water. Instead, I saw a head, dark as an otter's breaking the water, coming in my direction. It was no beaver or otter...it was Toolar.

I crossed my arms over my chest and watched in fascination as he neared.

"At last, I have found you alone." His grin was infectious and I returned it.

"Yesss."

I prayed to the Moon goddess that Toolar could not hear my heart hammer against the ribs of my chest. He did a flip in the water and my stomach flipped, too. By the goddess, he is beautiful. I believe the water has become hotter, almost to the point of being uncomfortable.

"Meenah." He stood in front of me and I'm sure his feet have sunk into the sand as have mine, but mine seek to go deeper as they squirmed in response to my body's excitement at being naked before Toolar.

"Meenah." He whispered my name this time and it sounded like the calls the birds exchanged before; soft, gentle, loving...It caressed my ears.

A hand reached out and touched my cheek. My heart fluttered to my throat and I was unable to speak. I attempted to smile with my quivering lips. Suddenly, his head moved closer and his mouth floated before my gaze as the fullness of his mouth came down, down toward mine.

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*Among the Stones* is now available at:

[http://www.aspenmountainpress.com/more-hot-reads/among-the-stones/prod\\_24.html](http://www.aspenmountainpress.com/more-hot-reads/among-the-stones/prod_24.html)

