



PLAYING DOCTOR
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Nurse Emily Walker clocked out at two minutes before midnight, ending her shift late, as usual. She fingered the note in her hand, undecided as to what to make of it. Charles, the resident doctor she dated, usually wasn't so clandestine when he wanted to see her. They'd both been preoccupied lately, and Emily assumed he'd found another outlet for his sexual needs.

Thinking back to an early lull in the shift when she and a couple of nurses had chatted about the men in their lives, she smirked. They hadn't given the men any slack.

"Men are so unimaginative," Sheila said and chewed on a pen, trying to break the smoking habit.

"I agree," said Camille. "Every time I go out with a new guy I've got to break him in." She held up three fingers and ticked them off as she spoke. "One-dinner, two-dancing, three-oral sex, and lots of it!"

The women laughed. Emily was thankful the other staff and doctors were occupied and not listening to the conversation. She glanced through the chart rack on the wall and saw one of the residents slumped over a pile of charts, catching a few winks before the end of the shift. Those people worked hard and gave up lots of sleep and any chance at relationships to become physicians.

"I don't know, sometimes it's okay to just have a good steady thing and not have to worry about all the other stuff," Emily said, thinking of her dull relationship with Charles. "Uncomplicated is good."

"Uncomplicated is *bo-ring*," Sheila said. "Give me a man with an imagination and a big dick and lock me in a room with him. Please!" Sheila sighed, imagining such a thing.

"Yeah," Camille nodded her agreement. "But don't forget a man who knows what to do with his mouth, and I don't mean kissing, though that's a good warm up to the main event."

"What exactly are you talking about?" Sheila asked, coyness in her eyes and a knowing grin on her face.

"Oh, you know very well what I mean. Sex is nothing without oral sex. I dated, briefly, mind you, a man who wouldn't do it. But I suppose no oral sex is better than bad oral sex, but I'm not sure about that."

Behind them charts crashed to the floor, startling the three of them. "Shit, I hope no one was listening to us bitch," Camille said. "Just what I need on my next evaluation: *talks about sex at the nurses station*."

"Wonder if they would score you high or low for that?" Sheila said and snorted.

"Shut up," Camille said and gave Sheila a playful slap on the arm. "You are so bad."

"Aren't we all?" Emily asked, and they had returned to their work, the conversation forgotten for the time being.

Emily sighed and decided to meet Charles. She didn't have to work tomorrow, and had nothing pressing to occupy her. *What the hell. Why not have a good fuck before going home?* She'd probably sleep better if she did. She crumbled the note and stuffed it in her jacket pocket. Her steps lightened as she took the stairs four flights down to the basement and cut through the empty medical school to the theater and stepped into an empty room.

Shit. Where was he? "Charles?" she called, and her voice echoed back to her from the empty rows of theater chairs. A brilliant spotlight blazed on and startled Emily. "At least someone is here," she mumbled. "Charles?" she called again. No answer. Emily stepped into the light which illuminated a patient exam table and a small instrument table covered with a sterile cloth. Someone had apparently not cleaned up after the last demonstration for the medical students. Someone was gonna get their ass kicked for that if the dean ever found out.

Unexpected footsteps sounded behind her, and she whirled to find Charles covered head to toe in surgical garb, including a blue face mask.

"Where the hell have you been, and why are we down here? Couldn't we have met at my place or something?"

He only shook his head and reached for her coat. She withdrew her arms and gave the jacket to him. After draping it over the back of a chair, he held out his hand to her.

With a giggle, she placed her hand in his. "You're so serious tonight." He led her to the exam table and assisted her up on it. "Oh, I see," she said, amused. "We're going to play doctor?"

Again, only a brief nod. With a gentle hand he directed her to lie down. Blinded by the overhead light, Emily closed her eyes and tried to relax, but she came sharply awake as the sound of metal on metal she recognized. She clamored up onto one elbow. "What are you doing?" All playfulness evaporated.

He gestured to the metal attachments now on the table.

"Stirrups?"

He nodded and directed her to return to her

reclined position.

She did, but couldn't decide whether she was perturbed or aroused. She'd just see how far he was willing to go with this little scenario and closed her eyes, panted breathlessly. "Oh, doctor, I've been having this problem I hope you can help me with," she said, getting into the role of patient. "My pussy itches all the time! I think your cock needs to scratch my itch. Can you help me?"

A deep chuckle was his only response as he grasped the waistband of her uniform pants and removed them and her panties in one swift movement. His hands lifted her feet one at a time and placed them gently into the stirrups. Emily felt a bit vulnerable exposed so fully to him, but the warm tingle of desire overwhelmed any minor embarrassment. After all, he was a doctor, wasn't he? He'd seen plenty of pussies. Besides, they'd already been intimate in the past, though not in such an intriguing way. And she liked it. She glanced to the side as he removed the cover from the instrument tray. *So it hadn't been left there by accident.* Feminine juices flowed from her pussy as his hand reached toward the tray.

And picked up a scalpel.

All thoughts of pleasure fled. "What the bloody hell do you think you're going to do with that?" she yelled and tried to jump off the table.

"Shh," he said and placed a gentle hand on her thigh. "Trust me," he whispered.

She lay back onto the bed as he turned toward her, but her eyes remained wary. They had never had trust issues between them before, but this was a whole different type of trust. Did she know for a fact that he wasn't a serial killer? Ted Bundy hid his hobby for a long time, so there was no telling.

Charles picked up the edge of her scrub shirt and made a quick slice in the end with the scalpel.

The sound of fabric ripping and giving way beneath the blade of the knife tore away any further resistance she could have thought of making. She closed her eyes as Charles made short work of her top and twisted the simple clasp on the front of her bra. She didn't know what she was going to wear home, but right now she didn't care. "You do realize that you've broken your sterile field?" she whispered, trying to ease the tension building up inside her. Her only answer was a throaty chuckle from her lover.

He returned the scalpel to the tray, and Emily watched as he opened a giant tube of K-Y jelly from a bowl of warm water and tossed the lid over his shoulder. Apparently he wasn't going to need it again. With a flair of his hands worthy of any canvas artist, Charles squirted the entire contents of warmed jelly onto her abdomen, breasts, and her thighs. The empty tube soon joined the cap on the floor.

Charles moved his gloved hands onto her abdomen, grasping puddles of jelly and splayed his gooey fingers out over her breasts that were aching for his touch. With his warm gooey hands on her body she relaxed, forgetting anything except the way he roved over her body. The blue face mask slipped to the side as he took a nipple into his mouth. Hot and wet he clamped his mouth and teeth on her nipple, pulling it, teasing and tugging the flesh until it turned rock hard. Sucking her nipples always aroused her, always made her pussy hot and wet and ready for him.

Then he moved to taste her other nipple and one hand strayed down her hip and investigated her feminine flesh, stroking inside her pussy lips. Unable to hold it back, she moaned. God, this was fabulous.

And so unusual for Charles. Then he let her nipple pop out of his mouth and slurped his way down over her stomach. He was a tall man and had no trouble biting her pussy while pulling her nipples into tight puckers, keeping her juices flowing.

She almost came the instant his hot mouth touched her clit, she was so ready. But she held back from giving in to the urge, wanting to ride this wave for as long as she could. Then his hands moved down, sliding along the insides of her quivering thighs and wrapped around her ass, picking it up off the table as he settled down to the work at hand.

Flicking around her clit, pushing inside her pussy and scooping up her juices, Charles and his magic tongue churned Emily into a screaming fury of sexual desire. She tried to take slow, relaxing breaths, wanting to enjoy every drop of this encounter and not wanting to come too soon. "You sure know your anatomy," she panted and grasped onto the straps on the side of the table. "I'm ready for you," she said. "Give it to me, doctor. It's time you scratched my pussy." Emily felt him push both thumbs inside her pussy, one on top of the other and again, she almost threatened to explode as he pulled her clit between his teeth and gyrated the tip of his tongue against the over-sensitive bud. In and out he pushed his thumbs until her legs trembled.

Without a word he pulled away from her and shoved his sterile gown aside. No clothing barred his progress and, he drove his huge, thick cock into her dripping wet pussy. Standing between her thighs he pushed his cock in and pulled it out, slow at first, and then faster as his thumb continued to keep pace on her clit. As she reached the brink of no return, only one thought entered her mind as she clutched the leather

straps . . .

This *wasn't* Charles.

Faster and faster his huge cock banged into her, his skin slapping against the backs of her thigh. She could tell by his groans that he was almost ready, too.

The tension peaked until she couldn't take it any longer. One of his hands reached beneath her ass, and he pushed the tip of his finger into her rectum. She screamed as her climax ripped her from reality. Her orgasm flamed through her like a wildfire, and she pumped her hips, taking everything he gave her and wanting more. She came time and time again, over and over until there was nothing left.

The doctor tensed and poured his come into her. His breath wheezed in and out as he fell face first on top of her abdomen into the warm goo that had started to dry on her skin.

She panted from the extra weight on her, but nothing could take away from the most outrageous orgasm she'd just had. "That was probably the best fuck I've ever had," she said. She wanted to thread her hands into his hair, but she didn't have enough energy to lift her arms.

He raised his head, and looked into her eyes. "Probably?"

She smiled as she reached out to remove his surgical mask that had become a sopping blue mess on his face. "Okay, *the* best orgasm I've ever had." She pulled away the mask. "Sam!"

He grinned and struggled to rise.

"Why the elaborate game?"

"Didn't you like it?" he asked as he eased back and stood, then helped her bring her legs down from the stirrups and sit on the edge of the table.

"I didn't say I didn't like it, I just want to know

why."

"I've been wanting to ask you out for months, but I knew you and Charles had a thing going. Then I overheard you and some of the other nurses talking, which gave me the idea."

"Wow. What did we say?"

Sam reached into a drawer beneath the table and pulled out a blanket for Emily. She smiled at his thoughtfulness and wrapped it around her.

"You were talking about how men just aren't creative anymore, how you nurses always have to think of where to go and what to do, how and when to do it."

"I'm impressed," she admitted, thinking back to the conversation at the nurses' station she'd almost forgotten about.

"So, will you go out with me?" Sam asked.

"If I'd have known you have such a huge cock, I'd have gone out with you a long time ago."