



Office Visit

by J.M. Snyder

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This story appears in my collection, Shorts, and is reprinted here in its entirety.

AS AN ENGLISH professor at Richmond College, I was as excited as my students were about the end of the semester. I had a few precious days between my last exam and my first summer course, and I planned to spend the mini-vacation with my lover, Lee. A pediatrician, Lee worked days at the clinic and, since I usually taught class at night, we rarely seemed to have time for each other anymore. But he'd promised to duck out of the office early on the day of my last exam, and I couldn't wait to finally have him all to myself.

Unfortunately, when I pulled into our driveway, mine was the only car in front of the small townhouse we shared. My anticipation turned sour, and I felt the first stab of annoyance with my less-than-punctual lover. "You said you'd be here," I muttered as I parked. I could almost hear Lee's patient reply, *Curt, please. I said I'd try.*

That wasn't good enough. This time off was supposed to be for *us*. I don't know how many times I tried to stress that to him. But, for a pediatrician who divided his attention between a private practice and an emergency care facility, downtime seemed to be a luxury he couldn't—or wouldn't—afford.

Inside our house, the phone sat on a small table in the hall. I snatched up the receiver and punched in the number to Lee's office without looking at the buttons. A ring, two, before an automated system clicked on, an emotionless woman's voice droning in my ear. "Thank you for calling the Riverside Family Care Practice, located on—"

I hit zero for the operator and waited. The phone began to ring again, longer this time, four rings, five.

"Come on," I breathed, getting angrier by the minute. I caught a glimpse of myself in the hall mirror—disheveled hair barely presentable, a scruffy shadow of a beard that I forgot to shave off this morning, thick glasses that made me look more like a nerd than a scholar. I forced a smile that my reflection threw

back, but it looked out of place beneath my angry brow. In my mind I chastised Lee again. *You told me you'd be home by now.*

Finally, a live person answered. As live as they got down there this late in the afternoon, anyway. "Help you?" she asked, and I pictured a bored nurse, phone wedged between her shoulder and her ear as she filed her fingernails.

Keeping my voice even, I said, "Dr. Liu, please."

"I'm sorry," she replied, sounding anything but. "He's busy at the moment. If I could have your name..."

A new girl. Most of the nurses who worked with Lee knew when it was me and patched right through to his office.

"This is important," I told her. "Tell him it's Curt. He'll know."

"He's with a patient right now," the nurse said. "I can take a message—"

My response came out harsher than I intended. "You can tell him Curt's on the line," I snapped, and before she could argue, I added, "He'll take the call. I'll hold."

No answer to that, just a frustrated growl and then Celine Dion started to croon in my ear as I was put on hold. I held long enough to hear the end of the song as well as a traffic report and a run of commercials for furniture stores and used car lots and the weekly specials at the grocery down the street. In the back of my head I began to wonder if maybe Ms. Snit didn't just park me on infinite hold. Maybe she had no intention of even telling Lee I was on the phone for him. A new song began to play in my ear and I told myself if I was still on hold by the time it ended, I'd hang up and call back again.

The music cut off abruptly, replaced with my lover's brusque voice. "Curt?" he asked.

"Hey, Dr. Feelgood," I purred. Lee laughed, and the tension in him dispelled. Encouraged, I told him, "I have a bit of a problem. Maybe you can help?"

"A medical problem?" he wanted to know. I could hear the smile in his voice. "Or is this something I can take care of when I get home?"

Trying to sound casual, I reminded him, "I thought you'd be here already."

Lee sighed, and my anger evaporated at the weary sound. "I'm sorry, hon. Dan called in. He's running late, and I'm the only physician here until he arrives. On top of that, we're swamped with summer colds. What's up?"

"Oh, I don't know, doc." I kept my voice light and reminded myself it wasn't his fault. "Got something hard and long shoved down the front of my pants. I wondered if maybe you could come by and take a look?"

Chuckling, Lee lowered his voice. "Much as I'd love to sit here and let you talk dirty to me," he said, serious, "I've got to cut this short."

In my mind, I pictured him curled around the phone, speaking low into the receiver so no one would overhear. He was thirty-four, tall despite his Chinese

heritage, with jet black hair cut short over ears that were just a hint too big on him. In the last year or so, short gray wires had begun to creep up on his temples, and fine lines were starting to etch themselves into the soft skin at the corner of his dark eyes. "I have a little girl waiting to have her arm stitched up," he told me, all business once more. "What do you say we wait until I get home to play doctor, all right?"

Disappointment drew the corners of my mouth down into a petulant frown. "How long?" I wanted to know.

"Two hours," Lee replied. We listened to each other breathe for a long moment. Before I could answer, he amended, "Maybe only one. I have these stitches to put in and then I'll see if there's anything else the nurses can't handle." When I still didn't answer immediately, he wanted to know, "Curt? Don't be like this. What're you thinking?"

I reminded myself it wasn't his fault, and a slow smile spread across my face. "I'm thinking you and me in the hot tub, steaks on the grill, a couple glasses of wine to set the mood. What do *you* think?"

"I think—" Lee turned away, covering the receiver, and his voice sounded muffled and indistinct as he spoke to someone else. When he came back on the line, he told me, "I think I have to go. The girl's been moved into op and they're ready for me. Can we get back to this when I get home?"

"You said another hour, right?" I asked, hopeful. My mind was already ahead to a time when Lee would slip out of his scrubs and into the hot tub beside me. "How's steak sound? Some shrimp, a good red wine. Say yes."

His laughter was boyish and sexy. "Yes. I have to go. I'll see what I can do about wrapping things up here before five, all right? No promises, though."

"Just as long as you're home by the time the grill's hot." With a suggestive grin, I added, "Unless you want me to wait until you get here to heat things up."

"You're bad," he said. "I'll come as soon as I can." Before I could tease him about his choice of words, he cautioned, "Don't. I'll be home soon. Love you."

Tugging at my tie to loosen it, I sighed. "Love you, too."



AN HOUR LATER, there was no sign of Lee. I wasn't surprised. I put the steaks back in the freezer, the wine in the pantry, and toyed with the idea of calling the clinic again. One of the hazards of living with a doctor was that I had to share him with the rest of the world. But would it be asking too much for some time with him alone? It seemed he was always at work. If this kept up, the only time I'd get to see him would be if I made an appointment...

Of course.

Before I could change my mind, I snatched up the phone and hit redial.

When the clinic's generic message began, I hit zero and prayed I didn't get the same bitch nurse I had last time. Luck was on my side, though. After a few rings, the familiar voice of Lee's head nurse answered. "Riverside, Janice speaking. May I help you?"

"Janice," I laughed. "I'm glad it's you. When were you demoted to receptionist?"

Recognizing my voice, Janice groaned. "When I made the mistake of hiring Lisa."

She must have meant the nurse who answered the last time. "The one with the attitude?" I asked, just to clarify. "When did she start?"

"Today's her first day," Janice admitted. Lowering her voice, she added, "And it'll be her last, if she doesn't shape up. I don't care how short-staffed we are." Then, as if remembering her manners, she said, "But I'm sure you called to talk to Lee, not me. He's between patients right now so let me see if I can page him—"

Before she could put me on hold, I said, "Actually, I *did* call to talk to you."

Janice's bright voice grew suspicious. "Why?"

Taking a deep breath, I reasoned that the worst she could say was no. "I wanted to know if you could maybe work me into the schedule today. Just to see him. Brighten up his day. He works himself to death, you know he does, and I thought maybe you could put me down as his last appointment, or something? What do you say?"

"I don't know, Curt." Through the phone, I heard papers shuffling as Janice checked the schedule book. "Lee's got two walk-ins down, but he wanted to leave after that."

At least he was *trying* to leave early. "Just pencil me in after the walk-ins," I told her. "Please? But don't say it's me. I want it to be a surprise."

Still, she hesitated. "I don't know..."

"Come on," I cajoled. She was close to giving in, I could feel it. "He'll thank you for this, Janice. Trust me."



I MADE IT to the clinic in fifteen minutes. I pulled around the back of the building, like Janice had instructed, and sure enough, she was waiting for me at the back door. This late in the day, her gray hair frizzled out of the bun she wore to keep it off her face, and she snubbed out the butt of her cigarette as I reached her. "Oooh, he's pissed," she said with a shake of her head. One foot kept the door open, which she pulled wide to usher me inside. "You better be right about this, Curt, because he almost bit my head off when I told him he had one more scheduled."

"You didn't tell him it was me?" I asked, concerned.

The incredulous look she gave me made me laugh. "Are you kidding? I dropped the news like a bomb and got out of there before he could explode." Leading the way down a brightly lit hallway, she said, "Follow me."

Past the staff room and kitchen, the bathrooms, the blood lab, the X-ray, other empty rooms. As we rounded a corner I caught sight of my lover. His back was turned towards us as he wrote down something at the nurse's station, and a jolt of desire ran through me from my heart to my groin. "In here," Janice hissed, shoving me into the nearest examination room. As she shut the door, I heard her call out in an overly cheerful voice, "Your last patient's ready when you are, Dr. Liu."

Quickly I assessed the room. An examination table covered in paper, a stool, a sink, a counter, a trashcan, that was about it. Not exactly the most romantic place in the world, granted, but it'd have to do. Out in the hall I heard Lee's voice and reminded myself that we would have to keep it down, whatever we did—the doors and walls were thin. The knob turned and I stepped out of sight behind the door as it opened. "This is the *last one* today," Lee was saying. "I'm serious. I'm in trouble at home already."

Lee stepped into the room, so close to me that the hem of his white lab coat brushed my leg in passing. He held an open folder that he frowned over—I saw faint lines marring the smooth skin around his thin lips. While he flipped through the patient's chart, I leaned back against the door until the latch caught. Then I reached for the knob and pushed it in, locking the door. I stepped forward and breathed in the heady scent of the man before me—dried sweat and stale cologne mingled with a musk that was all Lee. Into his ear, I sighed, "So here's where you've been hiding."

Lee jumped as if he'd been goosed. "Curt!" he cried, spinning around. The chart was clutched to his chest. "Jesus, don't *do* that. What the hell are you doing here?"

I grinned at the look on his face. "Surprising you," I said. He leaned back against the examination table, flustered, and I laughed. "Looks like it worked."

"Jesus," he sighed again. I closed the distance between us and he hit me playfully with the chart he held. "You just about gave me a coronary."

Taking the chart from his hands, I set it out of the way on the nearby counter. "Is that doctor-speak for heart attack?"

"What are you doing here?" he wanted to know. His eyes searched mine for an answer. In reply, I touched the collar of his white lab coat, following the edges of the fabric to the collar of his blue dress shirt. When my fingers found the knot of his tie, they slipped beneath it and started to work it loose. Lee caught my hand in his, stopping me. "Curt? What's going on?"

I tugged at the tie. When he didn't let me undo it, my hand smoothed down the silky length, feeling the buttons of his shirt hidden beneath it. "You didn't come home early like you said you would," I pouted.

"I've been busy," Lee pointed out. Now my fingers began to pluck open the buttons below the tie, but Lee brushed them away. "Curt, I'm at work."

My hands slid lower, to his belt buckle and the zipper of his pants. As I worked at the buckle, I leaned into him, my lips hot on the hollow of his throat. His hands hooked onto the top of my jeans, no longer protesting.

"Lee," I sighed, trailing tiny kisses up his neck, around his jaw, until our mouths met. I licked into him, my tongue insistent, and he moaned as he gave in. At his waist, the belt came free from the buckle and his pants unzipped beneath my hand. I rubbed at the front of his briefs, feeling the hidden cock stiffen at my touch.

Lee pushed against me. "Curt, I can't..." I caught his lower lip between my teeth and tugged gently as my hand eased between his legs. He gasped when I found the hot, soft flesh behind his balls. "Not *here*."

I didn't bother to reply. I simply kissed my way down to his chin and along the underside as he leaned back for more. In my palm, his briefs were now taut across the start of an erection. My tongue traced a path down his throat, around his Adam's apple, and over his own fingers now fumbling with his tie. I didn't stop there—I kissed each of the buttons on his shirt, hesitating only twice in my downward descent to lick over the hard nipples straining against the fabric. When my lips closed over the first one, Lee's dick moved in my hand. I grinned and blew at the damp circle on his shirt. His cock responded and he groaned when my tongue flicked out to wet the nipple again. By the time I was through with the other one as well, I had a tough time releasing the hard shaft from Lee's tight underwear. When I finally managed to pull the briefs down, Lee sighed my name.

Squatting before him, I placed my lips on the tip of his dick and twirled my tongue around the swollen head. At the slit I licked down, taking his length into my mouth but when I met kinked hair, I pulled back up to the tip again. It was now salty with pre-cum. My hands tugged his briefs lower to expose his balls and, this time, I nibbled down the length, massaging his cock between my lips. My own pants were beginning to chafe. I tongued his balls as I unzipped my jeans and began to work at my own erection.

Suddenly Lee was gone. I heard the crinkle of paper and found myself holding his briefs and pants in one hand. "Up here, professor," he called from atop the examining table.

I stood to find him lying back across the table, naked from the waist down, legs spread invitingly. Pushing down my pants, I stepped out of them and

climbed up to kneel between his legs. "What happened to *not here?*" I teased as I stretched over him to claim a kiss.

Between us, Lee's hands grasped both of our erections and brought them together. I thrust into his fist, my dick alongside his, my saliva wetting us both. I liked the heat at my groin, the feel of his hands and cock on me, and I propped myself above him with my elbows on either side of his head for better leverage as we moved together. My hands plunged into his thick black hair, smoothing it from his brow as I kissed him, his mouth and nose and eyelids, his cheeks, his forehead, his chin. The table shook beneath us as he matched my thrusts, both of us fucking his hands as we breathed into each other and kissed whatever bare skin our lips touched. He came first. The shudder of his release and the hot splash of cum on my lower belly was enough to set me off, too.

"Curt," he sighed, his arms easing around my waist to pull him down on top of him. He kissed my neck, his lips fluttering and damp from my kisses. He whispered my name again like it was the only word he could remember.

Ruffling his hair, I smiled against his temple. "I've got a prescription for you, doc," I murmured. "Do this two or three times a week as needed to relieve stress. I usually only do house calls but for you, I'll make an exception." I strummed a hand down his chest and chided, "Since you didn't seem to be in any hurry to get home—"

"Hey!" Lee laughed. "I was just leaving when you came by."

"Still..." I frowned down at him sternly. "You really work too damn much." He tried to protest, but I covered his lips with my hand to silence him, then rubbed my hips into his. We both stiffened again. "I think I'll have to up your prescription."

Lee grinned. "Didn't you mention the hot tub earlier? Steak, wine? I seem to remember something along those lines."

I thought ahead to a time after dinner, the two of us stretched out on the towel by the hot tub, me on my stomach and Lee above me, the muscles in his arms corded like rope as he held himself up and moved deep inside of me. As if reading my mind, Lee gave me a wink that promised me much more than this quick tryst. "Doctor's orders," he said.

Later, when we were both off the table and dressed, Lee asked how I managed to get into the clinic. "Janice helped me," I admitted, "So don't get on her case about over-scheduling you this afternoon."

"Are you kidding?" Lee asked. Catching a belt-loop on my jeans, he reeled me in towards him for a simmering kiss. "I'm going to see if she can work you in again tomorrow."

THE END