

A romantic scene between a doctor and a patient. A shirtless man is embracing a woman in a black dress. The woman is holding a stethoscope to her chest. In the background, a medical bag with a stethoscope and a name tag that reads "Dr. Emily Harte" is visible.

Red Rose™ Publishing

Doctor's Orders

C.A. HUBBARD

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By

C. A. Hubbard



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Chapter One

Emily Harte was unaccustomed to taking orders. As head of City Hospital's cardiology department, Dr. Harte was the one who gave the orders; typically to doctors, residents, medical students, patients, insurance companies, and anyone else who interfered with the smooth progression of her workday. Perhaps she could be a bit over authoritative, but Emily couldn't afford to be indecisive or passive, not when she was the hospital's sole female department head, and only one of two African-American ones.

So when Dr. Drew Dalton leaned close, barely brushing her right earlobe with his lips to say, "Go upstairs, take off your panties, and wait for me," Emily's blood warmed and her hand involuntarily tightened around the champagne flute she had accepted from a white-gloved waiter when she'd first arrived at the party.

Drew's nose was level with the top of Emily's head when she wore flats. In her dressy black suede pumps, she gained enough height to face him eye to eye, although she hesitated for the slightest moment before doing so.

Drew straightened, a sly grin softening his features as Emily took a sip of her chilled Krug to clear her throat of its sudden dryness.

“I’m sorry?” she said, managing to sound nonchalant.

Drew smiled, revealing perfect teeth and a pair of sexy, deep dimples. Emily imagined she could hear the sound of perspiration beading above her upper lip.

The doctor’s broad shoulders and chest tapered to a trim waist that his slouchy white lab coats couldn’t hide. The pleated, tailored trousers he typically wore complemented the length of his legs, occasionally giving the careful observer a glimpse of his defined quadriceps.

Tonight, Emily guiltily tried to determine if his body made his tux look so good, or if it were the other way around.

His blonde hair and the year-round tan that emphasized the deep blue of his eyes were common subjects of adoration among City Hospital’s female population, but Drew’s hands were what always caught and held Emily’s attention. They were big, with long fingers possessed of that elegance unique to men who aren’t afraid to arm wrestle for beers at hole-in-the-wall pubs, or change out a carburetor with no help other than a Chilton manual.

As City’s Chief Surgeon, Drew’s hands were his most important tools, but he didn’t coddle them, not like plastic surgeon Tanner Doyle, who had worn his characteristic nylon safety gloves to the party.

Emily spied Dr. Doyle on the other side of the great room, serving himself from a tray of hors d’oeuvres carried by a waiter in similar hand coverings.

“Does he ever take those gloves off?” she wondered aloud.

“Only in the operating room or the restroom,” Drew responded sharply, stepping closer to her. “Speaking of taking something off, I gave you an order, Emily.”

She blinked in surprise and saw the dark brown of her eyes reflected in the blue of Drew’s. His tone and demeanor baffled her. He had always behaved more like a colleague than a boss. His flowers and condolences had been the first to arrive when her grandfather died seven months ago, and he always turned up to offer an ear or a shoulder when she lost a patient.

Never before had he issued a command in a tone that stole the attention of the gaggle of pediatric nurses who had been eyeballing him. Nor had he ever called her Emily, and the sound of her name issuing from his sensuous mouth tingled over her skin delightfully.

He was still her boss, even though she was in his house, but she wouldn’t allow herself to be cowed or commanded. Not even when he stood so close that she only had to stick out her tongue to taste the cleft in his chin.

“You’ve either had too much to drink, or you’ve lost your mind,” Emily said.

Drew studied her eyes for a long moment, his smile growing more enigmatic. “Your pupils are dilated,” he told her before eyeing her sternal notch, the hollow of her throat. “Your pulse is racing.” Dropping his gaze to the plunging neckline of

her dress, he said, “Your breasts are flushed. While those are signs of anger, they can also indicate sexual arous—”

“Can I get you a refill, Dr. Dalton?” Emily asked loudly, a glassy smile cracking her face. Without waiting for him to answer, she took his empty champagne flute and made her way to the bar.

Fellow doctors and City staff with whom she was unfamiliar greeted her as she picked her path through them, but Emily’s heart pounded so hard in her ears she scarcely heard them. She set Drew’s glass and her own on the glossy black counter, sloshing a bit of the amber beverage from her mostly-full glass. She picked hers up again to press its cool side to her hot forehead.

“Are you okay, ma’am?” the young bartender asked.

“I’m fine,” Emily snapped. Catching herself, she softened her tone. “I’m fine. Thank you, for asking.”

“May I feel your ass?”

Eyes wide in shock, Emily’s jaw slowly dropped. “What did you just say to me?” she asked, her voice calm and deadly.

“May I refill your glass?” the bartender pleasantly repeated. “You’ve gone dry.”

That's what you think, Emily thought as she nodded. Drew hadn't been able to identify another sign of sexual arousal, the one hidden by the silk panties under the wool jersey of her black dress.

"So, uh, what brings a pretty girl like you to a party full of hospital stiff?" the bartender asked, struggling with the cutter used to remove the foil wrapping the cork of a fresh bottle of Krug.

Girl? Emily's nose wrinkled in indignation, her eyebrows drew closer together. "I work at City Hospital."

"Oh, yeah?" The bartender turned slightly to conceal the fact that he was resorting to using his teeth to strip off the foil.

"How long have you been a bartender?" Emily asked. She peeped over her shoulder. Drew remained where she'd left him, only now the pediatric nurses surrounded him. He smiled, laughed, even nodded appropriately as they spoke to him, but when Emily looked at him, he was staring right back at her.

She quickly turned back to the bartender with a self-conscious pat to the back of her chignon.

"—but this is my first solo bartending gig," he was saying.

"I'm sorry, I didn't catch that," Emily admitted.

He began working his thumbs at the base of the champagne cork. Grunting, he said, "I was saying that I've worked weekends for Perfect Palate Caterers for

two years, but this is the first time I've ever tended bar on my own. They wouldn't let me handle booze until I turned twenty-one."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-two." He ducked when the cork shot into the exposed blackened pine rafters of the vaulted ceiling, and hastily apologized when it struck a gray-haired gentleman's shoulder on its flight toward the checkerboard marble floor.

"You're dangerous," Emily laughed softly. "Good thing you're in a room full of doctors."

"Doctor was one of my favorite games when I was a kid." He poured champagne into Emily's empty glass before topping off the one she'd used as a cold compress. "Wanna play with me later?"

Emily snickered in disbelief.

The bartender leaned on his crossed elbows and lowered his voice. "You don't have to stay all night, do you? Sneak out early with me. I know a place that stays open until three. We could get a burger, play some pool. Are you four-twenty-friendly? "

What is four-twenty? Emily wondered.

"I could show you a real good time."

Emily's eyes scoured the bartender, taking in his stylishly spiky short black hair, the freckles peppered across his perfect nose and the honey-brown eyes

sparkling above those freckles. He was a cute kid, the very sort who had never asked her out when she was a geeky biology major in college.

“You’re about twenty years too late, kid,” she said.

He gave his head a little shake of confusion. “I don’t follow.”

“I’m old enough to be your mother. Your very young mother.”

“No way,” he grinned.

“Way,” she deadpanned. She picked up the glasses and watched the bubbles merrily float to the surface and pop. “I was graduating high school when you were born.”

“Look, if you don’t want to go out with me, just say so,” he said with a somber grin. Retrieving a black bar towel, he mumbled under his breath. “Never had a girl shoot me down faking old age before. That’s new.”

“Forty isn’t old, kiddo,” she said emphatically.

“Not when it looks like you.” He brightened. “Come on, I’m a lot of fun. I could help you get your groove back.”

Emily turned back toward Drew. Women were drawn to him as unerringly as children to candy, and the crowd around him had grown. Blondes, brunettes, and a redhead jockeyed for position to get near him. They touched him, stroking the lapels of his tux and brushing his arms with theirs. They licked their lips, perhaps unconsciously, as he spoke, and so many of them flipped their hair that

they whipped each other in the face. The longer she watched them, the more certain Emily was of one simple fact: she was no better than they were.

She downed her champagne and then decisively set the empty glass in front of the bartender. With the middle finger of her right hand, she daintily wiped away a droplet from the corner of her mouth, careful not to muss her Scarlet Kiss lipstick. “There’s not a damn thing wrong with my groove, son,” she said before walking away with Drew’s champagne.

Parting the partygoers with her right shoulder, she made her way to Dr. Dalton. Though reluctant to break their circle to admit Emily, the nurses spread out to give her room to approach. Without a word, she offered Drew the glass. Once he accepted it, she backed away, turned, and started for the wide staircase leading to the second floor.



Dr. Dalton’s spacious Tudor was dignified and attractive, although obviously bereft of a woman’s touch. The dark wood furnishings and neutral walls and carpeting suited the needs of a single man who spent more time at work than at his house. As she traveled the long corridor, peeping into bedrooms, bathrooms and an office, Emily was convinced that a woman’s touch would transform the place into a home.

A low arrangement of fresh protea, with its large head and spiky orange-and-red petals, would enliven the sterile white tile and chrome master bathroom, while the empty space at the top of the stairs would benefit from a tall, vivid bouquet of blue-violet irises.

The one room Emily had no recommendations for was the solarium.

“Good heavens,” she sighed, entering the room at the end of the corridor. On sunny days, tall, well-pruned kentia palms and ficus would shade the simple-yet-sturdy rattan furniture. A thick, well-padded area rug warmed the hard tile floor and silenced Emily’s heels as she went to the glass wall overlooking Dr. Dalton’s beautifully landscaped back yard.

The domed ceiling and every wall was made of polarized glass, and Emily spun in a circle to take in the view. All of space seemed to have arranged itself to provide a real-life Van Gogh nightscape, with the stars battling to outshine Venus, the glittering diamond complement to the cool pearl of the moon.

“Did you forget why I sent you up here?”

Drew’s voice startled her. Clutching her throat, she whirled to face him.

He passed through the shadows of the potted trees, emerging from a wash of moon and starlight to meet her. Emily’s pulse throbbed in her ears, her chest expanded to take deeper breaths, and her palms grew damp. If the mere sight of

him simply walking across a room could raise her blood pressure so quickly, what would happen when he actually touched her?

I'm ten times worse than the women downstairs, she chastised herself.

They wore their best, every hair in place, cosmetics expertly applied. Emily wondered if they, too, had deliberately dressed with an eye toward pleasing Dr. Dalton. She had chosen the snug black jersey because he'd told her that she looked "stunning" in a black blouse she'd worn to a business luncheon weeks ago.

Every year, Dr. Dalton opened his home to City staff, hosting and financing the December holiday party. She had rolled on her black, seamed stockings and fastened them onto her lacy garter belt, convinced that this party would be her one best chance to get closer to Drew.

So close, in fact, that she would soon be stripping off the black panties she'd specially ordered from a London boutique.

"I didn't forget," she finally responded, her voice a bit raspy. "I got distracted. Your house is beautiful."

He took her shoulders, gently turning her until she faced the rear wall. Drew's eyes met hers in her reflection. He stood behind her, lightly tracing the angle of her jaw with the backs of his fingers. "You...that's what's beautiful, Emily," he said. "I've wanted to tell you that for so long."

She tilted her head into his hand, nuzzling it.

“Now give me what I asked for.” His deep voice held the promise of the dark night laid before them, and it triggered a meltdown low in her abdomen.

Emily tried to control her breathing, not wanting to betray the effect his proximity had on her. “You didn’t ask. You told me. There’s a difference.”

He clutched her chin and turned her face toward his. “You’re so used to giving orders, you’ve forgotten how to take them. Give me your panties.”

“We’re not at the hospital, Dr. Dalton,” she said breathily. “You can’t make me do anything I don’t want to.”

He released her chin only to place his hands just below her hips. Slowly, he drew the skirt of her dress upward, exposing her thighs. “But you’re in my house, in my world. And I know you want to do what I tell you to,” he murmured. Emily closed her eyes, gasping, when he nipped her right earlobe. “Don’t make me take them,” he whispered.

Emily’s left arm snaked back to wrap around Drew’s head, pulling his mouth to hers with such force that his teeth clacked against hers. She kissed him deeply, her tongue practically wrestling with his as he bunched her dress at her waist. Emily arched her lower back, centering her ass over the hard rod tenting the front of Drew’s tuxedo pants. She caressed him with her buttocks, smiling into their kiss at the way she now mastered him.

Or so she thought.

“I’m going to count to three,” he managed between kisses to her eyes and earlobes. “And I get your full cooperation, or—”

“Or what?” Emily tore herself from him and turned to face him.

He gave her a wicked half grin. “You’ll suffer the consequences.”

“I’m a grown woman with a life,” Emily smiled sweetly, tidying her dress. “When you’re tired of playing games and want an adult relationship, give me a call. I’ll—”

He took her upper arm and tugged her to him, his left arm circling her waist, his right hand gripping the underside of her jaw. He brought her mouth to his as he swallowed her protests in a kiss that flowed through her like a narcotic.

The elegant hands flat against his chest forgot to push him away. The long legs poised to carry her out of the solarium instead moved her hips closer to his. The skill of his lips and tongue rivaled the taste of his mouth, that of fine champagne and the sweet cigar he’d indulged in earlier in the evening. He tasted as good as he looked, and Emily couldn’t get enough of him.

There is an art to kissing; Dr. Drew Dalton was a master. He was rough without causing pain or awkwardness, and gentle without boring her or leaving her wanting. If all she got from the night was a kiss, Emily considered herself lucky.

When she wreathed his head in her arms to stroke her fingers through his hair, Drew's hands again raised her skirt, this time exploring under it. He clasped her ass, testing its firm, plump roundness. He spent a moment kneading it, at the same time pressing her into the rigid length of his cock.

One hand left her ass to delve between them, tugging aside the sheer silk of her black panties. Emily raised her right leg, resting her inner thigh on his hip to grant him freer access. He took advantage of it by sliding his longest finger along the hot seam of her pussy. He smiled into their kiss at his discovery – the lips between her legs were just as smooth as the ones on her face.

He parted her, coating first one finger and then a second with the clear crystal of her fluid. Emily's ass tightened with each pulse of her hips as her pussy sought more from him. Chuckling low in his throat, Drew abruptly gave her a little push and stepped away from her.

"Wh-Wha—!" Emily started, struggling to catch her breath. "Drew, what's the matter? Why did you do that?"

"You're a grown woman, remember?" He cleared his throat, hoping to disguise the effort it had taken for him to push her away. "And you don't like games. You don't want to play with me, so..." He fixed his eyes on her, pinning her in place with the naked lust in his gaze. "I don't want to play with you."

For the first time in a very long time, Emily wanted to weep. Then she wanted to punch Drew in the stomach. He had started a reaction in her that left her insides grasping for something that wasn't there, the hunger growing by the second. Her heart beat too rapidly, her skin began to glow with a light sheen of perspiration. She had never been more uncomfortable, never been more in need of a specific kind of touch. She was in pain.

But not so much that she couldn't recognize the same symptoms in Drew.

If he didn't want her, he had failed to tell his cock. Like a diving rod, it angled toward the only source of moisture in the room—Emily. Drew's hands were in his pockets, but Emily saw them clenching and unclenching. The muscles in his square jaw hardened, a clear sign that he was gritting his teeth. A bead of sweat trickled from his tidy hairline and over his temple.

Emily grinned, her eyelids heavy. Two could play his game. Accustomed to performing bigger and better than her rivals, Emily would play it better.

She executed a saucy runway turn then went to the loveseat facing Drew. Mindful of her audience, she pulled her dress over her head, adding an extra shift of her hips as she did so. She let the garment fall to the floor before bringing her hands to the back closure of her strapless bra.

Drew's line of sight, well below her eyes, was fixed on the black satin demicups supporting her breasts. She unfastened the bra, demurely holding it in

place. She bit the corner of her lower lip to suppress a smile as she watched Drew's Adam's apple bob in his throat. His chest swelled as he took a few deep breaths that did nothing to shrink the beast below his waist.

Emily let the bra fall, giving Drew a quick peek before she brought her hands to her breasts. She lightly stroked them, watching the cocoa nipples she pinched between her thumbs and forefingers harden into twin peaks. She tenderly tugged them, lengthening them, daring Drew to approach and sample them.

Emily smiled openly then, sure of her victory. She was about to tell him to turn over his underwear to her when Drew launched a countermeasure of his own.

Still eyeing her breasts, Drew grabbed his bowtie, quickly pulling it off. He unbuttoned his shirt and took it off, giving Emily no time to prepare herself for the sight of his hard pecs and the stacked musculature of his torso. He scrubbed a hand over the back of his neck and his chin, and the movement of his arm muscles almost liquefied Emily's resolve. That arm had just been around her, holding her to that chest.

The human body was her stock and trade, and she saw them every day. Tall, short, skinny, stout, sick, healthy, male and female – she'd seen all types and had remained unimpressed. Until now. Emily's lips pursed in determination. He wanted to fight dirty? So be it.

She sat on the loveseat, wriggling her ass into a comfortable spot on the microfiber-covered cushion. She leaned back, hanging her right leg over the arm of the loveseat. Drew's view unencumbered, she slid her right hand into her panties. Her long, slim fingers hidden by the gusset, she slipped them into the hot, wet folds of her pussy. She closed her eyes and tipped back her head, so easily envisioning Drew's fingers there instead of her own. Down and up, around and in, she coated herself with her satiny nectar. Wanting more than her own fingers could provide, she squirmed in her seat.

An involuntary gasp escaped her when she focused her effort on the hard pebble of her clit, teasing it with soft pinches and gentle twists that made her abdominal muscles tighten.

"You asked for this, Emily," Drew grunted, unhooking his belt and lowering his zipper. Failing to remove his shoes first, he fumbled out of his pants as he half-hopped and half-stumbled to the loveseat.

"I would have thought you were a boxers man," Emily teased upon noticing that he wore no underwear. "The nurses in cardiology think you wear—"

Drew gave her mouth something else to do other than taunt him when he climbed onto the loveseat, framed her between his knees and drove his cock between her lips. Emily's longest finger sought her entrance while her left hand

wrapped around Drew's base. His girth overfilled her hand, his length was too much for her mouth.

The back of the loveseat creaked in his grasp, and Emily knew that he was holding back. She caressed him with her hand and her tongue, daring him to surrender more of his self control even as her own waned.

Chapter Two

Drew hung his head between his shoulders to watch his movement in and out of Emily's mouth. She was smart, funny, pretty. Her mouth had talents the likes of which he hadn't imagined. Her brains had turned him on before the rest of her had, and she was now officially the sexiest woman he had ever known.

She took her right hand from her panties and used her knuckles to massage the root of his cock. He flung his head back and caught sight of their reflection in the glass ceiling. Her brown legs beneath him, encased in sheer black stockings, her graceful arms wrapped around his hips, her head pumping his cock with fervor that bordered on mania...he had to close his eyes tight to block out the scene or he would explode. He began to shake when she took him even deeper, performing a swallowing technique to create a vacuum that shattered his control.

He wrenched himself from her hand and mouth, backing away enough to grab her hips. Repositioning her on her back, he planted one foot on the floor and rested one knee on the loveseat. Grabbing the waistband of her pretty panties, he yanked at them, splitting a side seam as he removed them from her.

"Jeez, you only had to ask for them," Emily said.

“I promise, I’ll replace them,” Drew offered, his voice raspy with desire.

Emily draped her arms over his shoulders as he spread himself over her.

“You’re not very good at this,” she said.

The huskiness of her voice went right to Drew’s cock, and it seemed to grow harder. “Is that a challenge?” He shifted his hips to dive into her, burying himself in one hearty thrust.

Emily, her mouth open in a long gasp, arched to meet him. He framed her head between his elbows and they held still, giving her the chance to acclimate to him and to catch her breath.

“I didn’t mean this,” she said breathily. “I meant the whole ‘Give me your panties’ domination thing.” She giggled lightly. “You gave up too easily.”

“You didn’t submit,” he murmured. “I would never force you to do anything you didn’t want to.”

She took his face, caressing it with the backs of her fingers. “I submitted, Drew. Only I did it on my own terms.”

“Don’t you ever get tired of being the boss?” His hands at the top of her head, he removed the long hairpins securing her chignon. “Don’t you ever get tired of giving orders?”

“No,” she smiled. “Now shut up and fuck me.”

In seducing her, Drew had shown a side of himself that she had never seen, and she liked it. Her initial indignation had quickly become intense interest. She'd be lying if she ever denied that she had never fantasized about Drew.

In her day-to-day life, she was the person who gave the orders, literally, to doctors and nurses. She was the one making life-and-death decisions for people who depended on her. Drew's suggestive order to surrender her panties had given her something she hadn't anticipated: Freedom.

She was free to do, to respond. She didn't have to lead. Or follow, for that matter. He hadn't threatened or intimidated her. The most dangerous weapon he had used against her was her desire for him. Drew had always treated her as an equal, never second-guessing or objectifying her. Until his request for her underwear, she hadn't known for sure whether he was even attracted to her. She had been satisfied being his friend, but with his cock entombed within her and her nipples between his teeth, she envisioned definite advantages to being his lover.

His hips worked in short thrusts that stretched her tightness. She clapped her hands to his ass and brought her knees up to her elbows, urging him deeper. She was as fit internally as externally, gripping him so hard with each upstroke, he trembled to stop himself coming too soon.

Drew had adored Emily from the first moment she walked into City. It had taken a long time to get to know her because she was so professional. He admired

her work ethic and medical skill. That she was as beautiful as she was brilliant only added to her attractiveness. He had approached her at the holiday party intending to ask her out, nothing more.

But the moment his eyes met hers, the innocent invitation to dinner he had planned transformed into a randy demand for her panties. And the Lord Almighty had blessed him with something more.

Was it possible to fall in love with a woman while making love to her?

Drew found the answer to his question when he kissed Emily: Yes, but only if you were in love with her already.

Hot emotion welled in Drew's chest and it rivaled the sensations building in his loins. If his body had ever been treated so well before, he had no recollection of it. Emily embraced him inside and out, and he made it his goal to give her the same pleasure she gave him.

Resting his weight on his elbows, he shifted forward ever so slightly to align his pubic bone with hers. The result had an immediate effect. Each time he shoved into her, the friction of the crinkly golden fur at the base of his cock brought her closer to orgasm. He found a rhythm that satisfied them both, Emily's throat forming primal noises of sensual pleasure as she started to come.

Her pussy throbbed around Drew's cock, tightening in waves that grew harder as she locked around him. She held him to her, her arms and legs circling

him, her face buried in his neck. With each pulse of her climax, her hips bucked against Drew, who held on to keep the constriction of her vaginal walls from forcing him out.

His head jerked back, his jaw snapping shut when he withdrew and found his own release, his arms and back stiffening as his cock emptied onto her. The pearly white jets landed in the nest of neatly-trimmed curls above her baldness. Her right hand absently went to the mess, massaging it in as she made a sound that was something between a purr and a hum.

Drew backed up on the loveseat and sat on his heels. His arms hooked under Emily's thighs, he tugged her crotch to his face, his chest supporting her ass, her legs hooked over his shoulders. Emily laughed as her arms flew over her head. Her merriment turned into surprise when Drew covered her pussy with his mouth. Inhaling the earthy scent of their lovemaking, Drew sucked her clit.

Emily raised herself on her elbows, her back arching, her oversensitive flesh electrified by Drew's artful tonguing. He gave her little relief and no mercy, first suckling her clit then nipping it with his teeth.

"It's too much!" Emily pleaded, unable to reach his head and break the connection between his mouth and her pussy. "Drew, please!"

The biceps of his left arm bunched as he held her in place. He hooked his right thumb inside her, probing for her G-spot as he sucked her clit until it was

plump and firm. He knew he'd found the dense bundle of nerves inside her when she cried out and beat the loveseat with her fists.

Emily saw stars behind her closed eyelids. She saw sunbursts and heard the eternal music of the planets. An orgasm ripped through her, so fierce she was certain that her insides had melted and were trickling out of her.

A long time seemed to pass before she could control her breathing. Her hips kept pumping toward Drew's mouth, even after he sat smiling at her, his chin glistening with her slippery silk.

"Could you put me down now?" she asked once she could speak.

"I like the view." He stroked her thighs, kissing the inside of her right knee.

"You're looking straight up my nostrils," she chuckled. "And I'm getting light-headed."

He ducked under her left leg and then helped her sit upright. Drew settled into the loveseat with Emily moving into his embrace as naturally as if they'd spent years of Saturday nights in each other's arms.

"You know what?" Drew started, lifting his foot. "My socks just aren't as sexy as your stockings."

Emily laughed. "I didn't notice that you still had them on. Good thing, too. The black nylon could have been a deal breaker."

Drew almost spilled her to the floor in his haste to stand up and peel off his socks. “Is that better?”

Emily couldn’t find words, so she nodded. His hair mussed, he stood before her as bare and almost as pale as Michelangelo’s David. He was a rare creature, a man as beautiful inside as outside.

“Drew?”

“Yes?” he smiled at her sudden somberness.

She rested her arms along the back of the loveseat and crossed her legs. In the professional tone he knew only too well from the hospital, she asked, “What happens now?”

“We dress, we go downstairs, we say goodnight to our guests, and then I make love to you in front of the fireplace,” he said casually. “Unless you have other plans, of course.”

“I don’t mean in the next few minutes,” she clarified. “I mean after that. On Monday, when we see each other at work.”

Logic told him not to give her any assurances he couldn’t support. She was reasonable enough to respect that, and to respect him for being so sensible. But logic had nothing to do with his response, not when he was seeing her with his heart.

She faced him with the some composed posture she would have shown in her office at City. She wore only seamed stockings and heels, her shoulder-length, chestnut hair tousled from their lovemaking. Her lips were swollen from his kisses. As he stared at them, the cinnamon caps of her heavy breasts puckered, her nipples tightening into hard points that needed to be sucked. Even as her appearance restored the curve to his cock, Drew took her no less seriously.

“Why are you worrying about this now?” He joined her on the loveseat.

“Because hospital romances never last. Once everyone gets wind of us, they’ll talk behind our backs for as long as it lasts, then we’ll break up, and we’ll be uncomfortable around each other until one of us has to get a job at another hospital. It’ll be like a bad episode of *Grey’s Anatomy*.”

“I never saw us that way,” he said. “I figured we were more like a good episode of *ER*.”

She laughed in spite of herself. “I gotta hear this.”

He sat back, resting his hand on her thigh. “We’ll go about our business, acting like nothing’s changed, but all the while we’ll be sneaking around the hospital, taking advantage of every quiet corner and canceled appointment.”

His hand moved closer to her hips, never leaving her thigh. “We’ll schedule lunch meetings with our colleagues so we can be together without actually being together, and when our respective friends question us about our behavior or try to

set us up on blind dates with their friends, we'll deny anything and everything and claim to have other plans to avoid cousin Jane or good friend John."

He pushed his hand between her legs, which eagerly fell open for him.

"When we're in staff meetings in the lecture hall, the second the lights go down, so will my hand," he continued. "I'll make sure I'm sitting beside you, so I can finger fuck you while City's administrators drone on and on about new ways of filing insurance claims, or the always fascinating reassignment of parking spaces."

Emily gasped and rose a bit when his fingers dove into her.

"You better learn to curb that," he warned. "Or someone might notice you having an orgasm in the middle of a meeting."

"You think?" Emily said heartily, grabbing Drew's cock.

She stroked him, twisting her hand as it approached his swollen head. Her rhythm matched his as his fingers probed her, curling upward to strike her G-spot. She added a stroke of her thumb over his glans on each upstroke, and sooner than he wanted, his balls bunched higher. He didn't want to come alone, so he teased her G-spot with his middle finger while twiddling her clit with his thumb.

Their voices sang out in a harmony of sexual release when their orgasms erupted from them, Emily's soft tunnel pulsing around his fingers while his cock pulsed within her palm. Like a fountain, his water shot from him and landed on

Emily's hand. She used it as lubricant and worked his flesh with more vigor, until he took her wrist and stopped her.

"Turnabout isn't fair play?" she asked innocently.

"My equipment isn't as forgiving as yours," he explained. "That hurts."

"Ouch hurt, or hurts so good?"

"Ouch," he answered.

"Interesting." She stared at his cock. "The mysteries of the penis never cease to amaze me."

"How did you get through medical school without learning about the neurological responses of peckers?"

She dropped her gaze. "You mean...you don't know?"

He eyed her suspiciously. "Know what?"

"I never went to medical school."

His eyes widened, his jaw falling. Right before she slumped over laughing, he realized that she was joking.

"You should have seen your face," she laughed. "You looked like you swallowed a bug!"

He lunged at her to kiss her, his momentum carrying them onto the floor. Emily settled on top of him, her hair cloaking their faces.

“Keep this up, smart ass, and you might find yourself married to the chief surgeon of City Hospital,” he told her.

“Is that a threat or a promise?”

He smoothed her hair from her face, tucking a lock of it behind her ear.

“Both.”



Dr. Drew Dalton watched Dr. Emily Harte work the guests filling the great room. She accepted kisses to her cheek, blushing furiously when an elderly gentleman managed to land one on her lips. Drew wouldn't begrudge City Hospital's professor emeritus of organic chemistry one of Emily's kisses; not when all the rest of them belonged to him.

His married friends had claimed that the adjustment from solo to duo had taken some time, that the exchange of vows hadn't automatically led to feeling like a husband. Emily had been Drew's wife for only three hours, but already he felt settled, complete. In truth, his transformation had begun a year and a half ago, when he'd first suggested the possibility of marrying her. Their first night together

had shown him that they were meant for each other. Emily had reinforced that certainty every time she kissed him, made love to him, made him laugh.

She shouldered her way through their guests and took his hand. He spun her in a pirouette. Her backless white cocktail dress belled prettily at her knees. “Are you having a good time, Mrs. Dalton?” he asked.

“Not yet,” she answered.

Drew’s smile wilted.

Emily stood on the toes of her white T-straps and whispered in his ear. “Go upstairs, take off your panties, and wait for me.”

He took her hands and kissed them. “I’m not wearing panties,” he replied quietly.

“We’re really going to have to work on that.” She laughed. “What if you get into an accident? What about when we have kids? They’re sure to see you undressing at some point, and we can’t have you going commando—”

He pressed a fingertip to her lips. She gave it a surreptitious lick with the tip of her tongue. “I’m wearing the white fishnet bikini briefs you gave me for my birthday.”

Laughing, she tugged at the lapels of his tux. “Those were a joke!”

“You don’t know the half of it. Wait ‘til you see them on me.”

“Time for the fashion show.” Holding his hand, she started for the stairs.

Drew planted his feet, drawing her up short and reeling her back into his arms. “We can’t just leave our reception. We’ve got seventy-five guests, a band, five food stations, an open bar—”

“I’m going commando,” Emily broke in.

“I’m all yours,” Drew finished, taking his wife’s hand and leading her toward the stairs.

The End

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Author Bio:

Crystal Hubbard is an award-winning author and mother of four who enjoys cake decorating, sewing, cooking, martial arts, boxing and training to become a roller derby competitor.

Red Rose Publishing

Doctor's Orders- Debut story by C.A. Hubbard

Genesis Press, Inc:

Tempting Faith
Mr. Fix-It
Blame It on Paradise
Crush
Always You
Only You
Suddenly You

Antares Publishing:

"Honey Clover," a novella in First Night:An Anthology of Romance Novellas
Written under the pen name of Pauline Shannon

Million Dollar Girl (a mainstream contemporary young adult romance)
Written under the pen name of Anne Wilde

