

Leave Me Breathless



Nicole Austin



A Nicole Austin Publication
LEAVE ME BREATHLESS Copyright © 2007 NICOLE AUSTIN
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. This book may not be reproduced in
whole or in part without permission.

This book is a work of fiction and any resemblance to persons, living
or dead, or places, events or locales is purely coincidental. They are
productions of the author's imagination and used fictitiously.

Edited by the hussies
Proofed by the Playground

Cover art by Nicole Austin

WARNING:

The following material contains graphic sexual content, explicit
language, and is meant for mature readers.

Leave Me Breathless

Donna jerked awake as her cheek slid off its resting place on her hand, almost smacking face first into the desk. She rubbed her tired eyes with fisted hands and arched her back, sighing when her vertebrae popped. Wondering what was going on, she reached over and jiggled the mouse to wake up the computer.

Only two patient's names showed up on the log for the ER. Sheesh! What a slow, boring night. She liked the graveyard shift because it was quieter, but this was ridiculous.

Normally she didn't even think the words slow or boring. Too risky. Murphy's Law would go into effect and she'd get swamped with patients needing x-rays. The long, tedious night made her risk thinking them, though. Might even say them out loud. She needed something other than staring at the back of her eyelids to pass the time.

Maybe she'd have to go roam the halls, shake things up a bit. Maybe she'd get lucky and run into the hunky new resident, Dr. Romano. The man turned her inside out whenever he was around. She sure had a bad case of the hots for him.

Hmm...maybe he could prescribe something long, hard and thick to fix her right up. The very idea made her giggle like a schoolgirl.

She sat up straighter when the heavy, leaded door squeaked open and in walked said hunk as if summoned by her mind.

Breath wheezing from his lungs, he made it two steps into the room before being seized by a coughing fit. His olive complexion paled, turned ashy, as his lungs struggled to get the oxygen he needed.

"Oh, damn. Are you okay?" She grabbed an unopened bottle of water from the counter and took it to him. "Here, doc. Drink this."

Her night was suddenly looking rather promising now that he'd walked through the door.

Donna took the opportunity to let her gaze wander as he drank. Wavy black hair hung down, blocking her view of his melted chocolate eyes. Fatigue shadowed in his strained features. Poor guy. The residents were some of the hardest working people in the hospital.

She watched the strong column of his throat work as he took several sputtering swallows. His broad shoulders rose and fell with each unsteady inspiration, puffing out his muscular chest. A small patch of black hair peeked out from the v-shaped neckline of the blue scrub shirt. Donna's fingers itched to slide through the lush mat of hair.

The scrubs were loose fitting, but failed to disguise the solid planes and angles of his masculine body. His wide chest narrowed down to firm abs and trim hips. She grinned when her gaze trailed over the impressive package the good doctor was sporting behind the thin blue material.

She continued her assessment, practically drooling over the flex of muscle along solid thighs. Wow! He sure was put together right.

When her gaze returned to his face, a warm flush suffused her cheeks at the heated desire in his dark eyes. Damn, she'd been caught looking.

"Better?"

He nodded and handed her the bottle. She sucked in a sharp breath when their fingers brushed, sending tingling awareness skittering through her body.

"I think it may be bronchitis. Will you shoot a chest x-ray for me?"

Oh, hell yeah!

"Um, sure doc. Just give me a sec."

She turned away, struggling to get her randy hormones under control and set the exposure controls on the panel leading into the

exam room. Donna grabbed two pre-loaded cassettes from a shelf and escaped into the darkness. After lining up the x-ray tube and making sure everything was set, she turned and ran straight into the solid wall of his body.

Dr. Romano reached out automatically to steady her, pulling her closer against all those miles of warm muscle. Her breasts flattened against his chest, and she was certain he'd feel the rapid pounding of her heart. The heady scents of sandalwood and aroused male filled every thready breath she took, inflaming her senses.

Calling on her professional demeanor, Donna resisted the urge to let her hands wander and stepped back. She looked up at him from under her lashes and focused on the job.

"You'll need to empty your pocket," she said and nodded at the listening device hanging around his neck. "Get rid of the stethoscope too."

She turned and busied herself loading the cassette into the wall mounted holder with shaky hands. Sucking in a few deep breaths, Donna tried to calm her nerves. It worked for all of about five seconds until she turned to see him pulling the shirt over his head.

The exam rooms were always kept dark in order to see the light used to line up the patient on the film. She was accustomed to it and therefore had no trouble detecting every delicious ridge and valley, following the luxurious pelt of hair as it trickled down into a thin trail disappearing beneath the waist of his low-slung pants.

Her mouth went dry and she licked her lips, her startled gaze shooting to his when he groaned.

"Let's get this over with quick, baby."

"Um, yeah. Sure."

She directed him over to the cassette. For the first time in her career, Donna was glad positioning someone for an x-ray required touching them. Her fingers smoothed over the sleek muscles in his shoulders, encouraging him to roll them forward. The warmth of his skin sent shivers up her arms and down her spine.

Oh, God. She'd found a great distraction to make the time fly.

To ensure he was centered properly, she ran her hands down his sides and over his ribs. Taking both hips in her grasp, she rotated him a bit straighter, then backed out of the room.

"Take in a deep breath and hold it," she called out. Damn, her voice sounded husky. She held down the switch and listened to the electrical noises of the machine making the exposure.

"Breathe." She'd said it to instruct him, but it reminded her to stop holding her own breath before she passed out.

Donna rushed into the room, grabbed the cassette, and muttered over her shoulder, "Get dressed. I'll go run the film."

It was a relief to escape through the revolving door and into the solitude of the darkroom. Standing in the eerie red glow of the safelight, she struggled to steady her trembling hands. Her mind replayed the feel of his muscled flesh beneath her fingers as she fumbled the cassette opened, grabbed the film and loaded it into the processor.

At the sound of the revolving door rolling in its track she dropped the cassette and turned to stare, mouth hanging open. He'd followed her into the privacy of the darkroom.

The red light let her see enough to know the doc was in no better shape than she was. A muscle in his jaw ticked, his posture rigid, and his hands were balled into tight fists.

The desire in his dark eyes melted Donna. Her breasts swelled, nipples poking obscenely against her scrub top. Her pussy softened, slick cream dampening her panties. Holy shit was she ever hot and wanting him so bad.

"Doc, you shouldn't be in here."

"Tony," he corrected.

She nodded in acknowledgement. "Tony. I'll be out in a minute."

He ignored her comment and moved forward, crowding her into the small space. "I always wondered what it was like in here. The red light is kind of cool."

Donna lost her ability to speak. She stared at him as Tony pressed his body against hers, pushing her back against the film bin. He picked up her hand, fingers pausing to feel the rapid pulse in her wrist.

"Are you okay, baby? You're flushed, and your heart rate is through the roof."

What the hell. The man was too much temptation to resist any longer. "I'm gonna be better than fine in a minute," she said.

Pushing up onto her toes, she slid her hands around his neck and brushed her lips over Tony's. That was nice. Very nice. Right up until he tilted his head and deepened the kiss. Then it got even better.

She felt like someone had poured gasoline over them, then struck a match, igniting a flash fire. That's how quick they both went up in scorching flames. It was like going from zero to sixty in milliseconds. The sheer force of the lust swamped her, and she knew there was no turning back.

Their tongues fucked into each others mouths, hands roaming, struggling to remove clothing. She heard material rip in their haste, but wasn't able to worry about it now. Desperate need assailed her.

Donna had to get her hands on his bare skin or she was going to die. There were no two ways about it. Her need was that strong.

"Tony, hurry," she gasped. Reaching down, she grabbed her shirt and yanked it over her head, breaking the kiss only long enough to get the offensive garment out of the way. She dropped her pants with a quick tug at the ties and toed off her shoes.

With a reluctant groan, they separated once again to remove the shirt Tony put back on after the x-ray. His deft fingers popped the hook on her bra, dragged it down her arms and tossed it into the corner. Strong arms banded around her, smashing his naked chest against her breasts in a searing embrace.

Somebody moaned. She wasn't sure which one of them it was. The exquisite rasp of his crisp chest hair over her nipples sent a fresh gush of cream spilling from her folds.

Tony thrust his long, hard cock against her mound. Damn, she wanted to hold him in her hand, feel his pulse in the silk-over-steel shaft beneath her fingers.

Donna shoved him back and began fumbling with the tie keeping her from her goal. When the knot came free the pants fell to his ankles and his cock sprung into her hands. He'd gone commando.

"Fuck, that's hot."

A glistening drop of pre-cum swelled from the slit and Donna knew she had to taste him. She dropped to her knees and swiped her tongue over the fat, ruddy head of his cock. The soft, spongy flesh and salty taste drove her to heights of desire she couldn't ignore. This situation did not call for teasing and tempting. No, it required bold, decisive action.

“Fuck my mouth,” she ordered, then opened wide and sucked him down. The thick girth stretched her lips and Donna swallowed as much of his length as she could manage.

“Holy shit!” His breathing turned harsh and his cough returned as she plunged up and down on his cock, hollowing her cheeks and sucking him hard. Tony’s fingers tangled in her hair, holding her still for his thrusts.

Eight, ten deep passes of her mouth and he jerked away. He helped her stand, then wasted no time lifting her onto the cold metal film bin and moving between her legs.

“Yesssss,” she cried. He was right where he belonged.

“I’m not going to last long.”

The warning didn’t matter. She wouldn’t last long either. Donna watched as he fisted his shaft, rubbed the head through her slick folds, and slammed powerfully into her body, shoving her backward.

Tony grabbed her hips and moved her forward until her ass barely rested on the hard surface. He began drilling into her hard and fast, keeping his gaze trained on where their bodies came together. She had to watch too. Each time he powered into her, the lips of her sex stretched around his massive cock. Each time he pulled back she got a tantalizing glimpse of his hard flesh glistening with her cream in the red light.

It was the sexiest thing she’d ever seen.

Donna let her hands wander over his glorious, sculpted muscles until she reached his ass cheeks, filling both her hands with the clenching flesh.

Their bodies were slick with sweat, creating a slapping sound each time they came together.

"Gonna come," he warned, and reached between them to stroke her clit.

"Me too," she cried.

He drove into her so hard Donna swore the tip of his cock touched her tonsils. On the next thrust he shouted, filling her with sizzling hot jets of cum and she joined him, flying over the precipice into ecstasy.

They collapsed against each other, holding tight, panting heavily.

"Damn, baby. You have to get another job. It's way too tempting having you here."

"Nuh-uh. I was here first. You go play resident somewhere else. At least until after the wedding."

Tony caressed her cheek, love shining in his dark eyes. "I love you, Donna!"

"Love you too, honey, but you've gotta get out of here before we get caught." She smacked his butt, giggling when he growled.

"Go check your x-ray and get another doc to write you a script. I don't want you to be sick on our honeymoon."

They shared the sweetest kiss before sorting out whose clothes were where and getting dressed.

"I'll see you at the end of the shift, baby." He gave her another quick peck then headed out the door.

Donna hugged herself tight, relishing the thought that soon there would be no more sneaking around. In another week she'd be Mrs. Romano and start working on the first of many happily married years with her hunky doctor husband.

About the author

Nicole Austin lives on the sheltered Gulf Coast of Florida, where inspiration can be found sitting under a big shade umbrella on the beach, sipping cold margaritas. A voracious reader, she never goes anywhere without a book, but started looking for something more. Something hotter.

A passion for erotic romance led to Nicole's creation of sizzling characters and boundary pushing stories. Now she lives in an incredible world where fantasy comes to life in bold, vivid detail. Well, until real life intrudes and she has to share the computer with the rest of the family.

Learn more about Nicole Austin at: www.nicoleaustin.net

Or send an email to: nicoleaustin1@hotmail.com Nic loves to hear from readers!