

Episode 4 – Pagers and Pastries

David Kurt

Scene 1

A set of elevator doors opened up on the first floor of Mercy Medical Hospital revealing that David and Avery were both inside. Avery gave out a large sigh of enragement.

Avery: Look, I get that you're only trying to help me out, but I don't appreciate you sticking your nose in my business and quite frankly I'm exhausted with your smug self-righteous attitude. So please, take your advice someplace else. I'm not interested.

The blonde rolled his eyes, which was something David had already predicted he would do. He was growing accustomed to the way that Avery reacted to things. After the eye rolling, the cardio surgeon turned around and stormed off in a huff. David snickered to himself with amusement, not aware that there was an audience.

Tony: Hot headed little shit isn't he?

David turned to see Tony Reeves coming towards him. He only had to wonder for a brief second who Tony was talking about.

David: You mean Avery?

Tony: He's next to impossible to reason with and even more impossible to work with. If it wasn't for the fact that his father is my boss, I'd have told the guy to fuck off ages ago.

David felt the impact of insult in Tony's badmouthing of Avery Pryce. He sighed at Dr. Reeves and barked back defensively, almost protectively on the behalf of his best friend's brother.

David: Do you talk this way about everybody when they're not around or this just lapse in judgment?

Tony: Sorry, I didn't know the two of you were such good friends.

Tony retorted condescendingly. David ignored the remark and moved forward.

David: Is there something that you needed Dr. Reeves?

Tony: Yes actually.

Tony took the bait, changing the subject accordingly, which pleased David.

Tony: I was hoping to speak with you about placing an intern under your supervision.

David: An intern?

David questioned. Tony nodded in confirmation and then went on to explain.

Tony: That's right. Starting November 1st there will be a couple of new surgical interns joining our staff here at MMH. One of them is an extremely gifted young woman that I think may really benefit from working with you. I believe you might even find it beneficial as well. For example she'll have a chance to see you in action and learn from your surgical techniques and you'll have an extra set of hands to put to work wherever necessary.

David: You want me to teach her?

Tony: Just think about it will you?

Tony requested with sincerity. David was just about to agree when the sound of a pager went off. Instinctively both surgeons reached into their pockets.

Tony: It's mine. I gotta go, but please, think about the whole intern thing ok?

Tony told David when he pulled out his beeping pager. He held it up as though he were showing it as proof. He didn't give David the chance to give an answer before turning to walk away...

Scene 2

The sound of emergency sirens drowned everything else out when David stepped through the automatic emergency doors of the trauma center to join a couple of nurses that were waiting for him. The air outside was cold, announcing that it was the end of October and the blustering Oregon wind made him shiver. An ambulance was pulling into the parking lot and making its way towards them. Once it got close the sirens stopped, giving David the chance to speak.

David: I got your page. What's going on?

David questioned a short red haired nurse that he recognized.

Jenny: We've got an incoming trauma and Dr. Reeves was called into the OR. You're gonna have to take this one.

Monica: The medics told dispatch that we've got a sixteen year old assault victim coming in. They said she's in pretty bad shape and that we're gonna be treating multiple injuries. Possible broken bones, internal bleeding, and god knows what else.

The second nurse added. She was one that David hadn't worked with before but knew by name. David thought she was cute. She had jet black hair and soft looking features. She was the type of girl that he might be interested in if he were straight. He ignored the slight attraction though,

trying to focus on the excitement he was feeling over the incoming trauma. This would be the first real trauma case that he was given since he started working at MMH a little over two weeks earlier. He turned to watch the ambulance. Soon the vehicle was backing up to doors and parking as closely as it could to meet the doctor and nurses who were waiting for it. It stopped only about six feet away from them. Immediately upon parking the driver, Marcum, jumped out of the front and came around the back.

Marcum: We picked up a kid from the homeless shelter across town. Somebody beat the crap out of her. It's really bad.

Marcum offered the information and opened up the doors to the back of the rig, revealing that Andrew was inside along with the patient they were delivering.

Ashley: I wanna go home!

The broken and sobbing voice echoed from the lungs of a teen girl. David was amazed as he saw what a mess she was. Her clothes were tattered and bloodstained, her eyes were blackened, and her small body was covered in cuts and bruises. David watched Andrew pushed one side of the stretcher as Marcum pulled the other. Both paramedics took on the task of unloading the sixteen year old domestic assault victim. Then as soon as he had the chance the doctor stepped over to give his assistance.

David: Alright guys, tell me what I need to know.

David rushed as he visually assessed the girl's superficial injuries.

Andrew: Ok, so we've got sixteen year old Ashley Davis. She has multiple injuries from blunt force trauma to her face, abdomen, and right shoulder. Her last set of vitals were taken less than five minutes ago. Her temp was 97.8, systolic BP was 180, diastolic 108, and her pulse is 106 after 6mg of Adenosine.

Andrew listed the information off quickly as though he were reading it off of a queue card and pressed for time.

David: Anything else I need to know?

Andrew: (Nodding) Yeah. She says she's pregnant, but doesn't know how far along.

David: It looks like we might have to page Dr. Warner then. In the meantime let's get her inside and out of this cold air.

Quickly the paramedics and doctor moved towards the trauma doors. The entrance opened automatically letting them in. Dr. Kurt guided them to one of the empty exam rooms in the ER. Marcum stayed outside the trauma room to give the other three plenty of space to do their jobs...

Scene 3

David walked up to the nurses' station in the ER to find Andrew waiting for him. He looked at the paramedic with curiosity.

David: You're still here?

Andrew: Yeah. Marcum and I haven't gotten any other calls yet and I wanted to see how the girl was doing.

David: Better now that the pain meds have started working

David answered, knowing that his friend was referring to Ashley Davis.

David: I'm still waiting on her CT and X-ray results before I decide if she's gonna need surgery or not.

Andrew: And what about the baby? Did she lose it?

David: I'm not sure yet. Dr. Warner is with her now. We should know in a little bit.

Andrew: Cool. You'll keep me updated won't you?

David: Of course. I'll let you know how it goes.

David nodded back. He knew that Andrew's questions were coming from a place of genuine concern. He knew that his friend had a soft spot for the people he cared for, even the ones who were female. It was one of the few times when Andrew looked past gender, orientation, and all other segregating factors and gave back caring emotions instead. There were not many who knew this about Andrew Pryce, but David was one of the select few who were privileged to.

Andrew: Thanks man.

Andrew patted David on the shoulder as if to show appreciation. David smiled in return.

David: No problem, but hey are we still on for tonight?

David watched Andrew's blue eyes darken with what he could only assume was excitement.

Andrew: Absolutely. I know how badly you need to get laid and quite frankly I'm itching for a little action myself. You need to get fucked and I need to stick my dick in something before the night is through. There's no reason why the two of us can't help one another out.

David: Alright, well, I'll be done here at six, depending on whether or not I'm needed in surgery. I'll give you a text when I'm ready to get off.

David grinned. His words were packed with a double meaning. He knew that his friend had caught on to the pun when Andrew grinned back.

Andrew: I'll be waiting.

Just then Marcum made his way up to the counter where Andrew and David were talking.

Marcum: Hey man, we've gotta go. We got another call.

Marcum interrupted the conversation to get his partner's attention. David heard a tone of surprise in Andrew's voice as he reacted.

Andrew: Really, another One?

Marcum: Yep, but this one should be easy. Some lady tripped off a curb and busted her ankle up.

Andrew: Damn, it seems everyone in Mercy needs a ride to the ER today. I guess I'll catch you later then.

Andrew let out a sigh as he spoke to David. David smiled back eagerly.

David: Yeah. See you later...

Scene 4

David was deep in thought and standing in front a rather large digital screen when Dr. Reeves spoke, breaking his concentration.

Tony: Are these the results for Ashley Davis's abdominal CT?

David turned to see his superior standing just a few feet away from him. Then he nodded in response at the enquiry and then turned his eyes directly back to the screen.

David: I just got them back. She's gonna need surgery to repair the damage to her intestines; immediately in fact. I need to get downstairs and ask them to prepare the OR.

Tony: Great, I'll scrub in with you.

Tony announced, just as David was getting ready to leave the room to complete the tasks he had just mentioned.

David: You want to scrub in?

David questioned, concerned over why Tony was suddenly interested in joining his OR.

Tony: This surgery is going to require an extra set of hands. You're going to need me in there.

David: You're right. I could use an extra set of hands. So, I'll see you in the OR along with Dr. Warner. I paged her up from OB. She'll be monitoring the status of the baby while we work on the mother...

Scene 5

"At least I made great time." David thought to himself as he glanced down at the watch on his wrist. It was late in the evening, two minutes after ten to be exact. Not long ago he had parted ways with Andrew so that he could respond to an emergent page.

David: This better be good.

He muttered under his breath as he waited in the first floor lobby of MMH for the elevator doors to open. When they did he entered promptly and pressed the button for the second floor. Once the doors closed he spoke out loud to himself again, almost as though he thought someone were listening.

David: This is gonna be a long night.

His words came out in exasperation. Not even thirty minutes earlier he had received an urgent call, requesting him to return to the hospital as quickly as possible. The call had come at a very inconvenient time. He was in the midst of accepting the generosity of oral pleasure when the sound of his phone encroached. Hastily he had been forced to put his own fulfillment into intermission and rush back to work. He headed straight to MMH without even stopping to change his clothes along the way.

Though the demand for his time was often irritating and caused him to put many other things on hold, David was used to being disrupted at such junctures like this one. On most occasions he was able to shrug it off and let it go.

"It's just the way things are when you're a surgeon." Is what David thought in times like this one. "There are too many lives that depend on me. I have obligations as a doctor, as a surgeon to place the needs of my patients above my own."

David saved these words and thoughts as truths and remembered them often, even outside of his career. It was important to him that he be there for his friends and loved ones when they needed him. It was in his nature, a built in amenity of what he thought made him a man.

After the elevator stopped and let him out, David stepped out onto the second floor of the hospital. Swiftly the surgeon made his way towards the OR...

Scene 6

David dropped a knapsack down onto the locker room bench. He had just finished getting dressed when he shut the door to his locker, slamming it loudly. Then he sighed in hindrance and

laid his head against the cold metal of the locker door. A calming silence fell over the entire room just before a familiar voice broke in to interrupt the moment of hush.

Tony: Nice shirt.

David lifted his head off the locker and turned to see that Tony was standing a couple feet away from him. This was the second time today that his boss had snuck up on him.

David: Excuse me?

Tony: Your shirt, it's nice.

David glanced down at the shirt that he was wearing, almost forgetting what he had on. It was nothing more than a simple green button up shirt that he had borrowed from his roommate; however, it fit tight enough that all of his muscles could be seen through the fabric.

David: Thank you.

David muttered to be polite in reaction to Tony's trial at flattery.

David: I was with Andrew when I got paged back to the hospital. I didn't wanna waste time by stopping by my apartment on my way over so I didn't get the chance to change.

Tony: Yeah well, the green really brings out the color in your eyes. It's incredibly sexy.

David sighed with impatience at Tony. He was far too frustrated to let the conversation linger into useless banter. All he wanted to do was go home, jerk off, and get some sleep.

David: That's not the only reason you came in here is it, to compliment my clothing?

Tony: No, it's not. Actually, I wanted to apologize. I'm sorry about Ashley Davis.

Tony replied with a sigh of breath. David had a feeling that this was what Tony was going to say. He sighed back and shook his head, countering with impatience.

David: Tony it wasn't my fault that I didn't get here in time.

Tony: Of course it wasn't.

David glared at Tony, uncertain if this comment was stated with sincerity or sarcasm.

David: I wasn't even on call tonight. I got here as fast as I could.

David retorted, raising his voice in explanation. He was feeling so many overwhelming emotions that he couldn't quite identify. They rested somewhere between sorrow and aggravation. He tried to ignore them and choked them back as he spoke, causing his voice to squeak as it came out. He hoped that Tony wasn't seeing the weakness in his demeanor.

Tony: David it's alright. You did the best you could. I'm not here to reprimand you. What happened tonight would have happened whether you were here or not. There was no way of knowing either way.

David watched Tony move closer to him. He was boggled with surprise, but could see that Tony's words were genuine. He sighed and nodded his head.

David: I'm sorry. I didn't mean to rush to conclusions. I'm just frustrated is all. I wanted to have a better outcome than this.

Tony: I know you did. We all did. These things can be sad, and even though they train us to deal with the emotional side of all this, it still doesn't prepare us for the worst.

David watched his boss take yet another step towards him. He feared what might happen if he allowed Tony to close the gap between them. So, he reacted by changing the subject in the only way he could think of.

David: Well, I shouldn't stay here and dwell over this. I should go home and get some rest since I've gotta be back here in less than eight hours.

David explained as he retrieved his knapsack from the bench where he'd left it only moments prior. He pulled it over his shoulder and then started towards the door.

Tony: Wait.

Without warning Dr. Reeves put his arm up, like it was some sort of barrier that wasn't to be crossed. David felt Tony's arm against his chest, halting him in place.

David: What do you want Tony?

David turned his eyes back to Dr. Reeves.

Tony: To help you.

Tony turned to face David, wrapping one arm around him and using the other to pull him closer. His arms slid so neatly in place as they pulled David in. David felt a warm, embracing set of arms sweep him up and a firm body collect against his own. In protest he shook his head and made one attempt to pull away.

David: I don't need help Tony. I'm fine.

Tony: I know you are.

Tony responded to David's protest by bringing a hand gently up to the side of his face.

Tony: But you had a bit of a loss tonight, and I know how much it sucks to be alone on nights like these.

David closed his eyes briefly as he felt Tony's palm and fingers against his skin. Though his better judgment was telling him to pull back, his need for masculine attention was stronger. He had been aching all day to be touched and here was the answer to his yearning. So, he opened his eyes and allowed them to stare forward into Tony's. He had forgotten how much he enjoyed looking into that set of deep brown eyes.

David: What did you have mind instead?

David was caving into the need he had for another man's attention. His conscious was begging him to be sensible and refuse, but his body was begging him to leave caution to the wind.

Tony: Well, I could show you, but that would require you to put aside your convictions for the night and let me go home with you.

David: You really want to come home with me, even though I turned you down the last time?

David's face filled with curious intent at the thrill of what his boss was asking him to do. Tony nodded back in validation of his expectations.

Tony: I think you already know the answer to that Dr. Kurt.

David: Yeah I guess I do.

Tony: Then what'll it be?

Tony asked roughly, making it clear that he wanted an answer straightaway. Then he remained silent until David's answer was given...

Scene 7

David wasn't quite ready to get up when he heard the sound of his alarm go off. He felt like he had only just fallen asleep when he opened his eyes and viewed the time.

David: I hear you, I hear you.

David groaned with exhaustion, talking to the clock on his bedside table as though it could actually hear and understand him. The sound of the buzzing alarm continued to ring as he tried to convince himself to move.

David: 6:00a.m., on a Saturday. Why the hell did I pick a career that requires me to get up at 6:00a.m., on a Saturday?

David groaned again, rubbing his eyes. Finally after listening to the racket for over a minute, he willed himself to at least sit up, shutting the alarm off once he could reach it. He was yawning with exhaustion as he moved to the edge of his bed and rested his feet on the floor.

Tony: Do you always talk to your alarm in the morning?

David looked up to see Tony standing in his bedroom doorway. He shook his head in response and gave the other man a grinning smile.

David: Only when I didn't get enough sleep

Tony: Ooh, so it's my fault you're conversing with inanimate objects?

Tony teased as he crossed his arms and leaned against the frame of the door.

David: That's a great idea. I'll just blame you for it. You think my boss will buy the excuse?

David teased in return as he stood up and crossed the room to meet Tony in the doorway. Tony laughed at the irony of David's joke and nodded his head. Then with a simple sweep of his arms he reached out and pulled David towards him.

Tony: Absolutely, especially since he wants to come back and keep you awake again tonight.

David: Well, I can't make any promises on that one, but we'll see.

David replied as the warmth of Tony's body collected with his. Then the words between them stopped and their mouths came together in a collation of sorts. The kiss lingered, gathering up whatever heat was left between them and making both their bodies tingle with the teasing sensation of stimulation. By the time they pulled their lips apart from one another they were both left disappointed and yearning for more.

David: On second thought, let me move a couple of things around and I'll make sure we get to do this again tonight.

Tony chuckled at the playfulness, but dropped his arms to his sides and left free of their embrace.

Tony: I'll take you up on that, but in the meantime I've gotta get going. I'd stick around a bit longer, but I need coffee bad and you guys only have that instant stuff.

David: Yeah, sorry Andrew and I have both been so busy with work this past couple of weeks that we haven't had much of a chance to stop and pick up a coffee maker.

Tony: It's fine. I'd have to head home anyways to grab a change of clothes and all that, but I'll see you later.

David: Sure, but I'll follow you out. I've gotta run out to front room anyways. I left my phone and pager somewhere on the kitchen counter last night...

Scene 8

Tony: Dr. Kurt!

David had just walked out of the CT lab when Dr. Reeves had called out his name. Tony's voice bellowed out with urgency. His aggravated tone caught David by surprise.

Tony: I'm glad I finally found you.

Tony remarked when David looked up. The older surgeon didn't look to happy to see David despite his prior declaration.

Tony: Don't you know how to answer a page?

Tony cracked with enraged sarcasm. David stared at Tony with blankness.

David: What the heck are you talking about?

Tony: David I've been paging you for the last half hour with no reply. Didn't you get it?

Tony questioned with a perplexed look. David shook his head.

David: I haven't gotten any pages all morning.

Tony: Then perhaps it's time to check your pager, make sure it's working properly.

Tony suggested with impatience. David nodded to accept the suggestion.

David: Yeah, alright, but what's up? What were you paging me for?

Tony: Ashley Davis's mother is here. I'm sure she will have lots of questions regarding her daughter.

Tony explained quickly and with demand in his voice.

David: Good I've been looking forward to speaking with her. I'll be right down.

Tony: Alright. I'll go let her know that you're available to speak with her.

David: Thanks.

David said, but Tony was already beginning to walk away. Then before he was about to round the corner he turned to say one last thing to David.

Tony: Oh, and get your pager fixed will you? You're no use as a surgeon if you're not around when it's necessary.

David watched Dr. Reeves disappear. Then in curiosity he reached into the right side pocket of his lab coat and pulled out his pager...

Scene 9

Lorraine Davis was a snob. This was the impression that David got often the woman when he first came down to meet her. If he had to guess, he would have placed her somewhere in her mid-forties, though it was obvious that she was trying to pass herself off as much younger. She had a far too slender frame and wore a fur coat that almost masked the fact that she was at least twenty pounds underweight, but the visible cheek bones in her face stuck out as proof. Her hair was a golden blonde, a color that David assumed was not her own, and her face displayed aging despite her many obvious attempts at slowing it down with cosmetic surgery. It was all of these features that led David to the conclusion of snobbery and gave him confidence in his predictions.

David: Mrs. Davis, it's a pleasure to meet you. I'm Dr. Kurt.

David greeted by reaching out to shake the woman's hand. She glanced down at his gesture in what looked like consideration, but then crossed her arms to reject it. David dropped his hand away and let his arm fall to his side.

Lorraine: Yes, I'm sure it's a real pleasure, so much so that I've been waiting nearly forty-five minutes for just a few moments of your time.

The woman spoke dryly as she put her nose into the air, validating David's earlier assumptions. She wasn't even trying to imitate politeness.

David: I'm so sorry to have kept you waiting so long. It seems that for some reason or another, my pager isn't working properly.

Lorraine: That's quite alright Dr. Kurt. I understand these things take time, and I'm sure you have far more important matters to attend to.

David could still see the irritated sarcasm in Lorraine's mannerisms.

Tony: Mrs. Davis, Dr. Kurt was the Dr. that was on call in the ER when Ashley was brought into our trauma center.

Dr. Reeves interject defensively coming to David's rescue by distracting the woman with further details. He had been waiting with Mrs. Davis, when David had arrived.

Tony: He was the main surgeon on your daughter's case. You're lucky he was there too. David is one of Mercy Medical's most gifted surgeons.

Larraine: I see.

Mrs. Davis cleared her throat, her nose still pointing north. She didn't seem impressed. David was however, he had noticed the compliment in Tony's mention of him.

Larraine: In that event it seems I should be thanking you or for all that you've done. I will try not to take up much more of your time by bombarding you with questions. I'm sure your skills could be better put to use elsewhere.

David: Don't worry about it Mrs. Davis. I have plenty of time to answer any questions you might have regarding your daughter.

The woman sighed at the doctor's willingness and continued to speak in a haughty tone.

Larraine: Dr. Kurt, my daughter is a runaway. She's been in and out of trouble her entire life. Today is a day that I've been expecting for quite some time now and as a matter of fact I'm a little surprised it hasn't come much sooner. There is only one question that I need you to answer for me and I can fill in the rest on my own. So tell me, where do I have to go and who do I have to speak with about having Ashley's body sent home? ...

Scene 10

David sat his lunch tray down then took a seat at one of the tables in the hospital cafeteria. He was just about to begin eating his lunch when Andrew made his way over.

Andrew: Hey Fucker.

Andrew greeted, stealing a couple of French fries from David's tray and tossing them into his mouth. Then he plopped down lazily in one of the other chairs right beside his friend. David smiled in salutations, relieved to see his friend.

David: Hey.

Andrew: You don't mind do you?

Andrew questioned regarding the fries he had just taken. David was amused by the irony of his friend asking permission when it was already too late for him to object. However, he wouldn't have thought twice about it, even if Andrew had eaten the entire batch. So he shrugged his shoulders casually and gave his answer with a light chuckle.

David: No man, not at all. Take more if you'd like.

Andrew: Thanks man.

Andrew obliged the offer by grabbing a couple more. That was when David remembered that there was message he was meant to deliver to his friend.

David: Oh, by the way, you're brother stopped by the apartment this morning.

Andrew: Oh yeah? What did he want?

Andrew asked with his mouth still full.

David: He was just looking for you. I guess he wanted some advice about his date with Noah. I had to tell him you weren't there, but he stuck around and had breakfast with me anyways.

Andrew narrowed his brow in confusion at his friend.

Andrew: Excuse me? Did I hear you say date and Avery in the same sentence?

David: You mean you don't know?

David felt awkward as he looked back at Andrew, realizing that he may have just said more than he should have.

Andrew: Wait... you're serious? My brother has a date with Noah, as in Noah Chase, the nurse?

David sighed and shook his head, wishing he could backtrack and take back the information.

David: If you don't know already, I shouldn't say anymore. I'm sorry man, but if you want the rest of the info you're gonna have to ask your brother.

Andrew: Alright, I guess I'll do that then.

Andrew agreed as he took more fries from David's tray. David was a bit worried. He had been working so hard to get Avery to trust and be friendly with him. Now he was concerned that he might have ruined all his hard work.

David: Would you please do me a favor though?

David questioned, but Andrew shook his head and cut him off before he could go on to ask.

Andrew: I already know what you're gonna ask, and don't worry man. I won't let Avery nail you to the wall for opening your big mouth.

David: Thanks.

Andrew: No worries.

David appreciated that Andrew understood. Normally his friend would have pushed farther for details, but this was different. He wondered if that was because Andrew could sense that he needed the discretion. Then change the subject, to something that wasn't really any better.

Andrew: So, I got your text messages about Ashley Davis. I was sorry to hear the news.

Andrew gave his friend a caring look. David nodded back in understanding.

David: It is what it is man. I can't change what happened and I did everything I could as a doctor to prevent it.

Andrew: I know you did man. You're a good guy and a good doctor. Don't ever think for a minute that I don't know that and don't ever let anyone tell you differently.

David: Thanks, but honestly I'd just rather not talk about it.

Andrew: Yeah well, maybe in some ways its better like this. The poor girl had so much on her shoulders already; sixteen; homeless; abusive baby daddy. None of that seems like much of a life; especially when you're bringing a kid into the mix. Hell, can you imagine what that girl's recovery was gonna be like after the trauma she went through, plus trying to care for an infant while living on the streets?

David: Like I said. It is what it is and I don't wanna dwell on it. Can we please move on?

David begged, making his plea obvious in his stare.

Andrew: Deal, but you are ok though right?

Andrew asked as he slid one arm around his friend and rested it on the top of his shoulders. David knew that Andrew's concern was candid, but he didn't want Andrew to spend his time worrying over him. He sighed with sincerity.

David: I'm fine Andrew, relax.

Andrew: Alright. I'll leave you alone about it then.

Andrew accepted the answer and sat back in his chair, ruffling David's hair before crossing his arms over his chest. David ignored the halfhearted sample of Andrew's affection. Then quickly went on to change the subject before Andrew added any more to it. He knew that Andrew's ADHD would work his favor on this.

David: I am sorry about ditching you last night though.

Andrew: Oh man. Don't even worry about that. Take a look at this.

Andrew sighed as his voice changed tones. David recognized the change and knew undoubtedly that bragging was soon to follow. He watched as Andrew fished his phone from his pocket. Knowing his friend as well as he did, David had prepared himself to view something raunchy.

Andrew: After you took off last night I filled in your spot and followed Randy and Ryan back to their place. As you can see from these, I took advantage of your share of the fun.

Andrew boasted as he held his phone up to show David what he was referring to. David looked at the screen with indifference while his friend flipped slowly through photos he had saved from the previous night.

David: Damn. It looks like you had a lot of fun.

David stroked his friend's ego by acting temporarily awestruck. Andrew nudged his friend's shoulder and pointed as he showed him one final photo.

Andrew: This one is the best.

David: Yeah it is.

David grinned as he caught a glimpse of this last photo. He didn't just have to act impressed, this time he really was.

Andrew: Yeah well, needless to say I managed to have a pretty good time even without you. Hell, I even owe you one. I'm just sorry that you weren't able to stick around and get what you needed out of last night as well.

Andrew was finally stuffing his phone back into his pocket. David sighed like he had something he wanted to say but was holding back. Andrew looked back at his friend with a suspicious expression, like he was trying to read his mind. Then he gasped accusingly.

Andrew: Oh my god you didn't.

David sighed yet again as he realized it was too late to deny what it was that Andrew was about to accuse him of. It was like Andrew had already pulled the information right out of him.

Andrew: You slept with Tony again didn't you?

David: Yeah, I did.

David responded like a child that was ready to receive his punishment after confessing his sins. He was certain that his friend was going to scold or lecture him on his mistakes.

Andrew: What the fuck?

Andrew squealed, roughly smacking David's shoulder.

Andrew: Good for you man, fucking hell. It was about fucking time you came to your senses and let that man touch your cock again.

David: Dammit would you keep your mouth down?

Andrew took notice of the request and immediately lowered his voice for the next question.

Andrew: I can if you hurry up and give me all the sorted little details. I want know everything. Don't leave a single thing out.

David: Details? Wait... why are you're happy about this? A couple of weeks ago you were telling me to run for the hills.

David was surprised by the reaction.

Andrew: Dude that was when he was married and I thought he was a douche bag. Now that he's single, he's fair game and no longer off limits.

David: Um, news flash, he's still married and that doesn't take away from the fact that he's also my boss.

Andrew: Oh get off that already. No one gives a damn whether he's your boss or not and yeah technically he's still married and all that jazz, but he and his wife are already separated. It's not like you broke the two of them up or like he's lying and cheating while stringing everyone else along. So what does it matter if you jump in and have a little fun with the guy while you can?

David: You really think that?

David questioned doubtfully. Andrew nodded to confirm his prior comments as he reached over a grabbed one last helping of fries from David's lunch tray. He paused before eating them.

Andrew: Absolutely. Forget about everything I said before about the guy and have as much fun as you can.

Andrew finally shoved the fries into his mouth and continued to speak even when it was full.

Andrew: Shit, it is just sex isn't it? I mean, it's not like you looking for something serious with the guy right?

David: Oh fuck no.

David shook his head with certainty. The idea of him and Tony being anything serious was absurd.

Andrew: Good, then stick to that. You've got a hot doctor man serving sex up to you on a silver platter. The least you can do is have your cock and eat it too...

Scene 11

For a man that was nearly forty, Dr. Reeves had an amazing body. This was what David was thinking as he watched from across the room. It wasn't the first time he had been caught in awe over the physique of the man he was observing.

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