

A romantic scene between a man and a woman. The man is shirtless and muscular, with a beard, and is kissing the woman on the cheek. The woman has long dark hair and is wearing a white button-down shirt. They are both looking at each other with affection. The background is a solid dark red color.

THE
DOCTOR'S
Librarian

SHONA STONE

Table of Contents

Copyright

Title Page

Dedication

Book Synopsis

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

10

11

12

EPILOGUE

STAY IN TOUCH

Copyright © 2022 Shona Stone

Published by Diamond Rain

All rights reserved.

All characters appearing in this work are fictitious. Any resemblance to real persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed or transmitted in any form of by any means, including photocopying or other electronic mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the publisher, except in the few exceptional cases permitted by copyright law, which includes brief quotations in reviews. For permission requests, email authorshonastone@gmail.com

Cover Design: Copyright © 2022 Shona Stone (All images and fonts are paid and royalty free and available for commercial use without attribution)

THE DOCTOR'S LIBRARIAN

SHONA STONE

*To whomever reads my words,
thank you*

BOOK SYNOPSIS

Sandra leaves her dreams of living in the big city behind to escape her past. Her new life is rather boring until a handsome man shows up at the library where she works, providing a needed distraction.

Dexter is a cardiologist who has lived in Norwich since completing his residency. He has an obsessive personality, but that's what got him through medical school.

All Dexter wants is to save lives, but that wasn't good enough for his ex-fiancée, who left him at the altar for not paying her enough attention. He hasn't even thought about women since his heartbreak. Not until Sandra stumbles into his life.

Sandra learns this handsome man who keeps coming to the library is a doctor, who is trying to create the next huge medical breakthrough. What Sandra doesn't expect is for the hunky doctor to fall for her.

What will Sandra do when she becomes Dexter's new obsession? Will she be able to handle his intensity? Will she be able to trust him? Can he trust her? Will love be strong enough to bring these two together?

1

Sandra

It's another quiet evening in the library. I'm surfing the internet at my desk, but I'm not paying much attention to what's on the screen. I'm looking around the library, wondering how long I'll live in this town.

When I first moved to the big city, I never thought I would leave, but I had to escape. I couldn't stay, no matter how much it hurt to give up my dreams to start anew. Away from the monster. Away from the man who shattered my heart.

His name is Ronald. He was my Ronald once, but now I couldn't care less if he fell from a bridge. Not after how he stole my money, cheated on me, and forced me out of Chicago.

I've since moved to a smaller city several hours south. I'm from Michigan, but I didn't want to return to a place where winters last forever, so I moved south. Not that the winters are much better, but there's a difference.

I love my parents, but I can visit them on the weekend if I'd like.

Sometimes I consider packing my bags and heading to Nashville, but then I'd really be far from them, and I'm not sure the city was my problem as much as Ronald. How long can I spend running? It's been over a year, and the harassing calls continue, but he's never shown up in Norwich. I hope he

never does.

A moving body distracts me from my pessimistic thoughts of Ronald and my past.

It's him.

The gorgeous man.

He's been coming in recently. He grabs a few books, as though he shelved the library himself, and reads at a table for hours on end. I've never seen someone concentrate on a book like him. I find myself staring when he reads, but he never even notices.

The man jots notes in a journal, but his eyes never lift from the pages unless he's grabbing another book.

It's summer, so he often wears t-shirts that hug his massive biceps. He's worn light sweaters when it's later, but they do little to hide the thickness of his arms. I haven't been with a man since Ronald broke my heart, but this man stirs something within me.

If only he noticed me, but he never does.

A few people come up to check out books, providing a needed distraction. It isn't healthy how much I stare at this man. I don't even know his name. He never checks out the books he uses, so I haven't seen his information in the system.

The line of customers doesn't last long, leaving me along with my increasingly dirty thoughts. I imagine pushing the books from his desk before he throws me to its surface, ripping off my clothes. Kissing me. Caressing me.

I'd been working here for months before the first time I saw this handsome guy. How long will he keep coming without noticing me? I can't keep

fantasizing about this man I'll never have. It isn't healthy.

My coworker comes to take my spot, asking me to shelve books. I nod and step out to the main area, wheeling the cart of books along the carpeted floor.

I steady my eyes, trying my best not to look at him, but my best attempts betray me.

I'm staring at him when he lifts his eyes, meeting mine for the first time out of all the times he's been to the library. A heat erupts across my body as his gaze lingers. I can't look away, even though a voice in my head is screaming at me to look anywhere but at his handsome face.

"Good evening," he says without breaking eye contact.

"Hello," I squeak before pushing the cart forward, bumping into a chair. A gasp escapes my lips. I shake my head, feeling the burn of shame creep up my neck to my face. I glance over my shoulder after steadying myself, and he's still watching me.

His hands are on the pages of the book, huge and masculine. He doesn't stop watching me as I turn the corner. My heart races. I pick up a book. My hand trembles. My breath has reduced to a breathy pant.

I continue working, slowly turning the next corner. The man is reading his book. I exhale and continue shelving books, telling myself the exchange meant nothing.

2

Dexter

I'm at the library intently reading a book, lost in the pages.

I'm an obsessive person. When my mind fixates on something, it can't let go. It's how I got myself through medical school. It's how I can read for hours on end. My obsessions can change at any second, but each one stays with me.

All except one.

Helen.

I've had to let her go.

Helen broke my heart. Stomped on it without a care in the world. She might as well have ripped my chest open to dance on my heart.

She left me at the altar, even after I forgave her. Even after I looked the other way. I never should have given her a second chance.

Getting over her took a bit of obsession, but I finally have. Mostly. I might always hate her, but I can make it through the day without wanting to give up on life. It took all my strength to move on from what Helen did, but I finally feel free of her betrayal.

I finally feel like I can sleep easily at night when I close my eyes.

Since Helen left me in front of a church full of people, I've found myself

through strict diet and exercise. Learning everything that I can to sustain an optimal body. I've always been keen on maintaining my physique, but my obsession has reached new heights since the breakup.

I wake up every morning well before the sun comes up to spend two hours at the gym, and then I do a quick thirty-minute session after work and before an evening working on whatever project I have going.

Lately, I've been researching everything I can about the heart. I'm a cardiologist, but I'll never stop learning. My goal is to create the next life-saving invention to help respond to heart attacks or to help blockage in arteries. I'm working out the details, but I want to invent products to help the heart.

No organ is more important.

I've been obsessed with the heart since my grandfather died of a heart attack. He was my favorite person in the world. We were outside playing a game of catch when it happened. He pulled back his arm, and then he grabbed his chest. We raced him to the hospital. They did everything they could, but it wasn't enough.

I've been learning everything I can about the heart since.

My obsession with work was the reason Helen cheated with our contractor, Darryl. A man I thought was my friend. A man I trusted.

When I caught them, Helen blamed me. My work. She told me if she could run a thriving business and have free time, then there was no excuse for me.

She will never understand that my obsession is about much more than money.

I want to save lives. Leave my mark on the world and make it a better place.

Save kids from losing their parents and grandparents from heart attacks.

I kicked Darryl out of my life and gave Helen another chance, but then she

left me for him in the end, anyway.

I used to have problems getting out of bed or doing anything in the evenings except watching TV, but my obsession with helping hearts has saved me. I'm finally energized to spend my time after work productively, like I used to do before everything fell apart with Helen.

Now I rush home after work to work out and shower and head to the library to pull books off the shelf. It's nerdy, but I love how books smell. I love how quiet people are in the library, like the world might fall apart if they make a sound.

It's a place I don't feel alone. It's a place I can lose myself in the pages of a book. Helen no longer has a hold on my mind. Her regretful actions won't keep me from living my life.

I'm reading over the medical text, wondering how I can put the pieces together to make a life-saving device. Wondering if there's a surgery practice I can invent. I make notes, lost in my thoughts, when a heavenly scent distracts me.

It's flowery, with hints of vanilla. I lift my head and find a gorgeous woman standing in front of me. She's pushing a cart, which means she works at the library. I can't believe I've never noticed her.

Her long brown hair. Her hourglass figure. She's wearing a blouse tucked into a skirt. I can't see where her skirt ends over the table, but I can appreciate the curves of her body.

My eyes settle on hers. "Good evening," I say.

"Hello," she blurts. She looks so shy and innocent.

I stare at her a few beats longer until she pushes the cart forward, bumping into a chair. A redness creeps up her neck, and I find myself mesmerized by

her beauty.

Every time I come to the library, I go straight to the books I need. I look them up online before I leave the house, and I never check them out, so I honestly haven't paid much attention to the staff.

What a mistake that has been.

I'm staring at this gorgeous librarian's backside when she glances over her shoulder. I can't stop staring at her, and I don't care if it's inappropriate. She's too beautiful.

I steel myself and turn back to the book when she rounds the corner, knowing I can't leave without speaking.

I finish a chapter before getting up to find my beauty. Twelve minutes have passed. She's still shelving books, but it looks as though she's nearly finished, judging by her desolate cart.

"I didn't get your name." I sneak up behind her.

She jumps, clutching her chest as she turns to face me. "Sorry, you gave me a fright. I'm Sandra. What's your name?"

"Dexter," I say.

"Can I help you find anything, Dexter?"

I can think of a few things she could help me find, but none are appropriate for our current setting. Trickle of a budding obsession fill my body as I stare at Sandra, wondering what she does when she isn't at work. Wondering how she spends her time.

"Do you have a boyfriend, Sandra?" I ask.

She steps back. Her back hits the bookshelf. "I don't. Why?"

"Just wondering. I need to leave because I have an early morning, but I'll be

back. Don't get a boyfriend before I return."

She bites her lip, looking like she wants to push back against my demand, but she doesn't. Instead, she shakes her head. "I doubt I will."

"Say you won't." The thought of her shacking up with some guy before she gives me a chance unsettles me.

"I won't," she says.

"I'll miss you, Sandra." A breath escapes her mouth as I reach forward and touch her cheek.

"You don't even know me, Dexter."

I have my thumb on her chin, staring into her sparkling eyes. They're brown and full of life. "Doesn't mean I won't miss you. Goodnight, beautiful."

She says nothing as I turn on my heel to leave. I don't look back. I don't need to look to know she's staring at me, wondering what the fuck just happened, but she'll learn soon enough. My obsessions never stay dormant for long.

3

Sandra

It's late in the night after my shift. Moonlight floods my room, yet I can't sleep.

I lie in bed, imagining myself pushed up against the bookshelf at the library with Dexter's arms holding me there. He's telling me about whatever keeps him so focused on a book while he touches my body. He stops talking to kiss me, losing all sense of sanity when his lips touch mine.

I have my legs wrapped around his thick, sturdy torso. He has his hands in my hair, kissing me deeper with each passing second.

A moan escapes me as I touch myself in the moonlight, lost in my fantasy of Dexter. Wondering how he would talk to me in bed.

He basically claimed me in the library, and I let him. I only hope he makes good on his word of coming back for me because I need to experience the ideas going through my mind.

No man has had me since Ronald, and I haven't even thought seriously about dating, but then Dexter spoke tonight.

Dexter told me how it'd be, making me wetter than I've been in years.

I squeeze my legs against my hand as the Dexter in my fantasy undoes his

pants and drops them to the floor, revealing a massive cock. He might not be as big in real life, but a girl can dream.

Dexter drops me to my feet and turns me around against the bookshelf, pulling down my skirt and panties as he does. He rips off my blouse. He presses his hand on the back of my neck, bending my body at an angle as he kicks my feet apart.

I moan and touch my throbbing clit with more intensity as I imagine Dexter sinking his massive dick into my hot, swollen pussy. He doesn't bother with a condom as he plows my hungry cunny.

I pant in my vision, just as I do in real life. The orgasm is too close. The pressure is too intense. I'm on the edge, and I've never needed to cum this badly in my life.

I scream as my orgasm breaches the surface. Dexter cums with me in the fantasy, filling me with his milky seed.

My mind finally relaxes after I cum. I don't know where Dexter came from, but I want to know everything about him. I've never met a sexy man who reads with such intensity. It turns me on more than anything to watch him flip through the pages. He reads something medical, but I don't know the details.

Between his intelligence and his body and that firm tone, I just might go a little crazy by the next time I see him.

4

Dexter

I smell her perfume when I close my eyes. We were standing so close in the library that I memorized her scent. She's mine. I hope I don't scare her away before she can fall in love with me, but my obsession has already grown to a dangerous level. Not even forty-eight hours have passed.

I was too busy at the hospital to visit the library after work yesterday. I race out of the building to have time today.

Going any longer without seeing Sandra will drive me crazy. I went long enough without noticing her. I went long enough without staking my claim. Too much time with my head in the books instead of focusing on her.

I will save the world one day, but I'll need Sandra by my side. I'll need her there to help me through the hard days. She'll be able to count on me too, but she needs to trust me first.

I race home after my shift, take a shower, and change into a clean shirt. It's one of my nicer ones.

When I walk through the doors of the library, I don't see Sandra, and my heart sinks to the pits of my stomach. I glance around, hoping she's in one of the aisles, but I still can't find her after a quick walk around the library.

“Good evening. How can I help you?” the librarian on duty asks.

“Is Sandra here? I’m her friend, and I was hoping to see her.”

The woman studies me for a second. “I’ve seen you here before. You always read, but never check out a book.”

“It’s nice studying here, and I mostly use my own notes to work. Is Sandra here?”

“No, she’s off today, but I can leave a note for her that you stopped by.”

“Is she working tomorrow?” I ask. My voice sounds a little more panicked than I’d like, but I’m going crazy without Sandra. The hospital has been busy, though. Hours pass without me realizing, but Sandra floods my mind if I stop for even a second.

“That’s not information I should share with a strange man, sir.”

She’s right. I’m glad she’s protecting Sandra, but I need to see her. “Doesn’t matter. I’ll be here,” I say.

The next day at work flies by, and it’s past suppertime by the time I clock out. My stomach rumbles, tempting me to stop somewhere on the way home, but my desire to see Sandra outweighs my hunger. I grab a handful of nuts when I walk through the door and hop into the shower.

It’s a quick shower. I throw on some clothes. Nothing as nice as yesterday. My urges have only grown, and I might lose my mind if I don’t get to the library this very second.

Stoplights push me to the edge of insanity on my way to the library, but I finally make it. I race to the entrance, and there she is. Sandra’s behind the desk. There’s an older woman talking to her. Maybe checking out some books. Sandra laughs at something she says.

Sandra doesn't notice me when I walk through the door, but it doesn't take much of my intense staring for her to notice me. Our eyes lock together as the older woman walks away from the counter with her books, glancing at me, but my eyes don't meet hers.

I'm too busy looking at my woman.

Sandra.

5

Sandra

My body stirs as Dexter watches me. I suck in a sharp breath when he steps toward me, picking up his pace until he is at the counter. My body wants him, but my mind opposes the desire.

My mind is telling me to tread carefully, replaying the ways that my ex-boyfriend hurt me. Dexter isn't Ronald, but I can't separate them. When Ronald came into my life, I fell madly in love with him. I can't be so silly again. Not even the intense yearning to touch Dexter will sway me.

"Good evening, Dexter. Can I help you find a book?"

"No, I came here to talk to you."

"What do you need to say?"

"Let's talk over there," Dexter says, and nods to the main area of the library.

"I can't leave the desk. What if someone needs to check out a book?"

Frustration crosses Dexter's face, but he buries it beneath a steeled expression. "Can't someone take your place for a second? I came here yesterday, but you weren't here."

"I heard," I say. My friend Rachel took the message. She drew little hearts around the note and posted it on my locker.

Mr. Hunk came to see you.

I hate Rachel and love her for drawing the message. She knows how much I've been obsessing over Dexter, but I can't let those obsessions blind me. I've been hurt by love before. I won't be so foolish a second time.

"Stop giving me a hard time," he says.

"I don't see why you can't say whatever it is you want right here. If you don't hurry, there'll be a line."

"What about him? Can't he take the desk?" Dexter asks and points to my coworker, Reinaldo. He's the manager, but hardly threatening. Reinaldo has been at the library for years. A self-professed bibliophile. He also enjoys hiking, kayaking, and dancing, but he has a challenging time with love because of his asexual nature.

Reinaldo would likely watch the desk if I asked, but keeping Dexter on his toes is far too entertaining, so I shrug.

"Watching the desk isn't his job. He's the manager, Dexter."

"I'm sure managers watch the desk," Dexter says in a low, gravelly voice. "Stop making this difficult."

I sigh and glance over my shoulder. "Reinaldo, could you please watch the desk for a second? My friend needs to speak with me."

"Sure," Reinaldo says without looking up from his computer. "Be right out."

He clicks his mouse a few more times before standing from his desk. He comes out of the central office and takes a seat at the computer. I walk from behind the counter to Dexter. He grabs my wrist and pulls me to where we stood a couple of days ago.

I was hoping to avoid an encounter with Dexter where my back is against the

wall, yet here we are.

“Why are you trying to avoid me, Sandra? I thought we had a connection.”

“Connections have fooled me before,” I say.

Dexter steps closer, suffocating me with his piney scent. I want nothing more than to wrap my legs around him as I had in my fantasy. I wonder if he knows how weak this proximity makes me. Does he know the power he has? Is that why he wanted me from behind the counter?

“I’m not here to play games, Sandra.”

“What did you come here to say, Dexter?” I ask. The sooner we end this conversation, the sooner I can rebuild my walls.

“I want to take you on a date to get to know you better.”

“A date?”

“Yes, Sandra. Ever since I lifted my eyes from those pages, you’re all that crosses my mind. I can’t even read anymore without thinking about you. It drove me crazy not seeing you yesterday,” he says before pausing.

I say nothing, struck by his confession. Afraid of his intensity. “What will you do if I say no?”

“Nothing,” he says in a gentle voice. His forearm is next to my head as he leans against the bookshelf, moving his body perilously close to mine. “You can say no, but I’ll forget you exist. It’s the only way I’ll be able to cope with not having you. Your choice.”

The thought of Dexter forgetting me is upsetting. “You’d forget me?”

“If I didn’t forget you, I would go crazy, and my patients wouldn’t like that.”

Something in Dexter’s eyes tells me he is already a little crazy, but I’d rather have him be crazy for me than any other woman. He’s intelligent, and he has

an athletic body.

“What kind of patients?”

“I’m a cardiologist,” he says. He reaches forward and touches my chest, right where my heart is. “I take care of these.”

I know what a cardiologist is, and he knows I know. It was nothing but an excuse to touch my chest. His hand lingers. He doesn’t move it as he stares at me, probably watching my body unravel through my eyes. I’m a mess and feel like I could fall into a puddle on the floor at any second.

“What do you say, Sandra? Should we go on a date, or do you want me to forget you exist? Make your choice. Now.”

I catch my breath, frustrated Dexter won’t give me more time, but I don’t need it. If I say no, I’d regret it for the rest of my life. I would spend my time wondering what would have happened, so I agree.

“Fine, you can take me on a date. Give me your phone, and I’ll give you my number.”

Dexter pulls his phone from his pocket, unlocks it, and turns it toward me. I punch in my digits and save my number under ‘Ms. Librarian’. Dexter smiles when he sees it. He thanks me and slides the phone back into his pocket.

“I need to get home, but when can I take you out? Are you free on Friday? It’s my only day off.”

“We could do lunch, but I have to be here in the evening.”

“Lunch works. I’ll call you.”

“Okay,” I say.

Dexter kisses me on the cheek before turning to leave. I’m paralyzed as he goes, wondering what in the world I have agreed to because no man has ever

spoken to me as Dexter just did. No man has ever made me this wet.

I run to the bathroom and gather myself before heading back to the desk.

Reinaldo doesn't act bothered. "Everything okay with your friend?"

"Yeah, he's fine." I offer a light smile and take my place, trying my best to compose myself, but Dexter clouds my mind. I eventually give up, submitting to my fantasies, hoping our date goes well.

6

Dexter

I call Sandra around nine in the morning on Friday. She answers after a few rings. I pace the living room to calm my nerves. We've texted a bit since I sent her a message to share my number, but I've been working or exercising pretty much nonstop since leaving the library.

"Hey," Sandra says in a groggy voice.

"You awake?" I ask.

"Yeah, I'm standing by the coffee pot making my first cup. What are you doing?"

"Thinking about what we might do."

"We could grab lunch and walk around the university's campus. There are tons of trees and places to sit to enjoy the weather, and there aren't many students in town."

"Perfect idea. Should I pick you up?"

"I can meet you," Sandra says.

"Afraid to tell me where you live?"

"We'll see how the date goes."

“When should I meet you?”

“Noon,” she says. Sandra mentions the name of a restaurant near the university. I look up the unfamiliar establishment after we end the call, nervous and excited for noon to roll around.

I spend the next hour exercising just to calm my nerves. Light cardio. Some dumbbell curls. Yoga. Nothing too strenuous. It helps, but my nerves are in overdrive.

I shower, which takes another thirty minutes, but there’s still far too long until noon. I can’t concentrate on books. The glare of my cell phone screen irks me. I pace the living room after I’m dressed and ready to go, willing time to move faster.

The hour passes, and I rush outside to my car. I head to the restaurant and find us the best table.

There’s no telling where this date will take Sandra and me. I’m hoping we will find love. I’m hoping she can be the one I marry, even though I’ve been burned before. By Helen. I shake her from my mind as I wait for Sandra, glancing at the door every few seconds, willing her to walk through it.

Sandra has become my obsession. She has become my everything. No matter what happens today, I hope it doesn’t ruin our possibilities. I know I’m coming on strong, but Sandra needs to understand how serious our future is for me.

I took one look at her in the library and realized all I’d been missing. There’s something in her eyes telling me she’s the one I’ve been hunting to find. There’s something about the way she smells that drives me wild.

I find myself lost in thought about our future family. Thinking about the house we could buy. The cars we could drive. The life we could have, if only

we give each other a chance.

7

Sandra

I take a deep breath as I put my hand on the doorknob, nervous about meeting Dexter. He's so intense, yet he acts like a gentleman. He hasn't blown up my phone or done anything to make me suspicious, but when I'm with him, he sweeps me into his tornado.

I'm his, and I can't ever escape. We haven't been in the same space many times, but each time has sent me to a fantasy land. A place where I lose control. A place where I lose all sense of self and want nothing more than to give my body to Dexter, my strapping man.

A couple walks up behind me. I exhale and open the door, not surprised when I find Dexter at a table waiting for me. He casually lifts his head and waves.

Heat floods my body, but I can't let it distract me. I must stay strong, telling myself Dexter's nothing special as I walk across the room, even though a huge part of me wants to be weak. She wants to fall into Dexter's arms and trust him completely, but I can't let her free.

"Hi, Dexter. Will you beat me everywhere we go?"

Dexter slides out of the booth to greet me. He wraps his hand around me to touch the small of my back. "I hope we'll leave together wherever we go one day."

I act like his words don't flood me with desire. He can't know the power he has over me. "It's nice to fantasize," I say.

"Let's sit," he says.

We sit across from each other in the booth. He puts out his hand, taking mine. I press my legs together, ignoring the surging emotions in my body. They can't take over. They can't control.

"Have you missed me?" he asks.

I have. "No," I say.

"That's too bad because I've been missing you like crazy. The only time I can concentrate is when I'm with a patient, but you're all I think about when I'm alone."

"Am I?"

Dexter nods. "Am I too intense for you?"

"A little," I admit with a laugh.

"I hope you can look past it because if you give me the opportunity, I'll treat you like a queen."

My eyes linger on Dexter. I pinch my thigh, reminding myself to remain calm and in control. A queen, he says. What I would give to walk around with him as my king, showing him off to everyone who would pay us any attention.

"What's so special about me?"

Dexter runs his thumb along his knuckles. "What isn't special about you? You're intelligent, sexy, and you smell incredible. I might not know you yet, but I want to spend my life getting to know every detail about you. I want to anticipate your every need. Provide the life you crave."

Does he know how much I'm craving him? I touch my neck, not sure how to

respond. He's saying words I've dreamed of hearing from a man, but how are they not too good to be true? How can I trust Dexter after everything I've been through?

"It's a delightful thought," I say. I pick up the menu to distract myself. I've been to this place a million times. They specialize in burgers and tots. "These dishes are terrible for the heart, aren't they?"

"Yeah, but I want you to eat whatever makes you happy?"

"You probably don't eat anything like this, judging from your body."

Dexter smirks, like I've caught him in a lie. "Yeah, you're right. I don't eat many fried foods, but there's plenty to choose from here. Don't worry about me."

"I wasn't," I say.

We glance at each other and smile. I know I'll order the buffalo chicken tots, despite my reservations about eating such a greasy dish in front of a man so fit.

Another reason I don't know if I can trust him; his body is too perfect. Everyone woman in the room has been checking him out. Not that Dexter notices. His eyes are on me.

The server stops by our table. I order the buffalo chicken tots. Dexter orders a grilled chicken sandwich with a side of vegetables.

"Do you ever cheat, or do you always eat healthy food?"

"Sometimes I'll order Chinese food or eat some cookies," Dexter says with a shrug. "I don't think about it too much. Food is food. It fuels my body. What about you?"

I squirm in the booth. There's no way I can tell Dexter about my late-night

trips to the freezer. I can't mention the brownies I buy from the bakery around the corner from the library.

"Who doesn't love sugar?" I ask rhetorically.

"You're right," Dexter says, letting the topic die.

We sit in silence. Dexter watches me, and I glance around the room. There's a baseball game playing on the television over the bar. I ask Dexter if he likes sports. He does, but his life doesn't revolve around them.

"Why? Should we go to a game?"

"Are you asking for a second date?" I ask.

"There's nothing I want more than to take you out again. Why are you so resistant? Either you want me, or you don't," he says.

I want Dexter, but fears from my past have tainted the present. "I haven't dated anyone in a long time. Not since my ex-boyfriend before I moved here. It's scary letting someone in."

Dexter nods, giving me the most understanding look. His tender eyes warm my heart. "He hurt you?"

I nod, feeling pathetic for bringing up the past, but it's stopping me from moving on to the future. A future with Dexter. He watches me as I process what to say.

"What did he do?" Dexter's face takes a new note, looking like he might kill someone. "He was an idiot for hurting you, but I know what it's like getting hurt by someone."

"You do?" I ask, having a hard time imagining anyone could hurt a man like Dexter.

"Yes," he says. "My ex-girlfriend. She was my fiancée, actually. Cheated on

me and left me at the altar.”

“You were engaged?” I ask.

Our food arrives before Dexter can answer, releasing tension into the air.

“Yes. I even forgave her after she opened her legs to another man. That was a mistake I’ll never make again. I thought our love could overcome her transgressions. I should have known better and trusted my gut when it told me to leave her.”

Dexter looks heartbroken as he tells me more about Helen, his ex-fiancée. How she complained about his work schedule and found comfort in another man. I listen to him, wondering how a woman could be so cruel to such a teddy bear.

Dexter is obsessive, but he’s harmless. He cares more about the general population than any man I’ve ever met. It’s a risk to trust him, as it is with any other man, but what is life without some risk?

“Tell me about this idiot that hurt you,” Dexter says.

“His name is Ronald. He lives in Chicago. I used lived there. Things got serious quickly when we met, but there was always something off about him. Something dark. He never directed his evil toward me, at least not at first. It was fun in the beginning. We were never bored.”

“What was wrong? Why didn’t you stay with him?” Dexter asks, not bothering to mask the jealousy in his voice.

“Everything went downhill the last couple of years we were together,” I say. The moment I gave Ronald a key, he changed. He started taking advantage of me. Isolating me from the people I loved. It wasn’t a healthy relationship, but I escaped. He couldn’t hold me down forever.

“What did he do?”

I push around the tots I've barely touched because Dexter and I have been so engrossed in our conversation. I stab one tot with a piece of chicken and blue cheese, but I don't eat it.

"He cheated on me, stole from me, and just treated me like dirt."

"Sounds like Helen," he says.

"Guess we've both been burned," I say.

"Then we can rise from the ashes together. Cheers to forgetting our terrible exes," he says and lifts his glass of water.

"Cheers."

We clink our glasses together and take a sip, staring at each other over the rims. His dark eyes testing me. Perhaps undressing me.

Does he want to make love as badly as I do?

"Let's eat before our food gets cold," he says.

I pick up my fork with the tot and chicken and blue cheese, gazing at Dexter as I guide the fork to my mouth. He has his sandwich in his hands, stopping to watch me. I bite down on the fork and take my time pulling the utensil between my lips.

Dexter shakes his head and bites into his sandwich, chewing as I take another bite. I'm not as seductive the second time.

We eat our meals, talking a little more about the past between bites.

Somehow, I feel I can trust him after our conversation. He isn't out to hurt me. His passion is real, and it's my choice to take it or leave it, and there's nothing I want more than his eyes fixated on me.

"Should we take a walk around campus?" I ask.

"Yeah, I'll grab the bill."

I reach for my purse, but Dexter stops me. “What are you doing? You don’t pay when we’re together. Maybe on my birthdays, but I might not even let you do that.”

“If you insist,” I say and take my hands off the purse.

Our server comes by to deliver the check and clear our food. Dexter throws down the credit card before the guy can escape.

“Do you ever miss the city?” he asks.

“Sometimes. Norwich is growing on me, but there is always the doubt that I shouldn’t have run from Ronald. Chicago was always my dream, and I let him steal that from me the day I moved away from the city.”

“Don’t give him so much power. I did most of my medical training in Evanston, but I’ve never been a huge fan of the city.”

The server returns with the receipt. Dexter signs it. I glance across the table, curious about the tip. It’s mighty generous.

“You ready?”

“Yeah,” I say. I grab my purse and scoot out of the booth. Dexter is about a head taller than me. He puts out his hand. I take it, and we walk out the door.

The campus begins across the street. We take our time strolling along the manicured sidewalks of the campus. Old buildings line our journey. They’ve been around much longer than either Dexter or I have been alive.

“It’s nice holding hands like this,” I say.

“It is,” he says. “I love having you this close. I love knowing you’re safe.”

His words roll over me, enveloping me. I stop walking. He looks worried until he sees my smile. “I don’t know where you came from, Dexter, but I’m glad you found me.”

“You mean it?”

“Yes,” I say. “I’m afraid you might hurt me, but I’m willing to trust you.”

“You can fear the past repeating itself, but I promise it won’t happen with me. Your doubt will diminish the longer we’re together. I’ll spend the rest of my life proving you made the right decision.”

I push hair over my shoulder, and the wind catches it. Dexter has his hands on my sides. I have mine on his shoulders. We’re standing under the foliage of trees on the quiet campus.

Dexter pushes his hand into my hair. His eyes close as he moves his face closer to mine. I mimic his action, shutting my eyes and meeting him halfway.

My stomach flips when our lips touch. He presses his lips harder against mine. I gasp and part my lips. We kiss intensely, with no tongue. Then our tongues touch. They dance. He has a hand in my hair. I have my arms around the back of his neck.

I lose track of time. The surrounding world disappears as our kiss endures.

We stop when a bird screeches above us, shattering our alternate reality.

“Damn, that was a good kiss,” Dexter says as he holds my sides. “Does that mean we’ll have a second date?”

“Something like that,” I say with a smile. My cheeks must be burning red because my body feels like an inferno. “Walk me back to my car? I should head home to get ready for work.”

“It’d be my pleasure,” Dexter says and puts out his hand.

We hold hands on the walk back to my car. I don’t want to leave Dexter. I wish we could spend every minute of every day together, but we both have

jobs. It isn't possible.

“Do you mind if I visit you at the library? I've been doing research to develop products for the heart.”

We're standing in the parking lot outside my car. “I don't mind. What kind of product are you trying to make?”

Dexter tells me about his grandfather dying while they played a game of catch, and I nearly lose control of my tears. He says it in a steady voice, but I can tell the moment still gets to him. It has defined him. It's the reason he chose the career he has.

“That's incredible, Dexter.”

“I only have theories right now, and it'd take a lot of work to get any of my inventions to market, but I'm hopeful I can make it happen. One day.”

I place my hand on his chest, right above his heart. “You will,” I say. “If you need to visit the library while I'm working to make it happen, please do. We won't turn you away.”

Dexter smiles. He pushes my hair behind my ear. “You should get home before you're late for work.”

“Right,” I say.

Dexter doesn't miss a beat. He kisses me on the lips. No tongue, but my body still tingles at his soft touch. He opens the door and waits for me to get in my car.

“See you later,” he says.

I wave, and then he shuts the door, taking several steps away from the car. He stands there with his brawny arms crossed over his chest until I start my car to leave. We wave at each other as I back out of the space, and then I'm on

the road. He's in the rear-view mirror, but I don't feel alone.

Dexter is with me everywhere I go, stuck in my mind like a catchy melody.

8

Dexter

I visit Sandra at the library when she's working, or we meet for dinner. We've spent every night of the past week together, getting to know each other. Our likes and dislikes. Events from our childhoods.

I can finally focus on reading again when I'm at the library because I know where Sandra is. She's either behind the desk or shelving books. Sometimes I'll distract her, but I'm pretty good at keeping my hands to myself when she's working.

My invention is enough to distract me, just enough, even though I'd rather kick everyone out of the library to make love to Sandra on the table where I study.

We're also learning to trust again, shedding the pain of our pasts. We're no longer afraid to give what we can have a chance. I look at her and know I have a place in her heart, as she has one in mine.

Sandra isn't working tonight, and I'm taking her on a proper dinner date. They schedule her to work a lot of evenings because she's the newest librarian on staff, but I can work with whatever schedule she has.

Me: I'm leaving my house now.

Sandra: I'm ready. Can't wait to see you.

I drive across town to Sandra's house. Her neighborhood is quiet. The lawns are well manicured.

Sandra is standing outside when I pull into her driveway. She's wearing a black dress that hangs beautifully on her body. She has on heels and holds a tiny bag that matches her outfit. The jewelry she wears is simple, but it enhances her outfit. It highlights different aspects of her beauty: her neck, her painted nails, her perfect ears.

I hop out of my car to greet her. She smells even better than she looks. She's wearing the perfume from when we met. The scent sends my mind back to the moment I first registered Sandra. When she appeared in front of my table, like an angel falling from the sky.

A present sliding down the chimney on Christmas.

"How do I look?" she asks.

I pull her against my body, wanting to strip her naked right there in the driveway without a care for who sees us, but I resist my animalistic urges.

"Magnificent," I say.

"You don't look too bad yourself," she says.

"Is that so?" I'm wearing a red and gray button-up shirt with dark jeans and leather shoes. It's one of the fanciest outfits I have. I don't wear jackets or suits or any of that nonsense. There's one in my closet, but it might not even fit me anymore because I haven't gone to a wedding in years.

It's not the suit I was wearing when Helen left me at the altar. That one got burned in the backyard before I bought the condo, along with a ton of other memories from my last relationship, but Sandra is different.

I feel different when I'm with her, and she makes me hope the next wedding I attend will be ours. I want to stand at the altar and watch Sandra walk down the aisle.

I never had the chance with Helen, but I'm realizing what a gift she gave me by letting me go. The universe saved me from Helen. I gave her my heart, even though she never deserved it. Not like Sandra.

"Am I overdressed for your plans?"

"Not at all," I say. "Let's hit the road."

I take Sandra's hand and walk her to the passenger's side of the car. I open her door and watch with joy as she slides into the seat. It's the first time I've picked her up from her house, which makes me feel like something is really forming between us.

"Where are we going?"

"Dinner first," I say.

"After dinner?"

"You'll see."

Sandra gives me a side eye. "I don't love surprises."

"If you really want to know, I'll tell you, but I thought it would be fun to surprise you."

"Fine," Sandra says after a few beats. "I'm hungry."

We drive to the restaurant. It's one of the nicest in town. Italian. Sandra glances over her shoulder with a wide grin as she walks through the entrance. We have a scrumptious meal of fresh pasta and flatbreads. We drink a bottle of wine. Laughter pours from our lips.

We're the couple everyone wants to be. Our connection is deeper than our

physical exteriors. Talking to Sandra is easy. It's like she's my best friend.
My best friend who I want to make my lover.

I pay the bill after we share a slice of cake and drink two espressos to pick us
back up after the wine.

My fingers are laced with hers as we linger at the table. A candle flickering
between us. "Are you ready for what's next?" I ask.

"Yes," she says.

"You want me to tell you what it is?"

Sandra shakes her head. "I've decided I like surprises when they're coming
from you."

"Good, let's get out of here."

9

Sandra

We're on the highway with the windows down. We've been driving for a while. Part of me worries Dexter is taking me somewhere dangerous, but then I tell myself to calm down and enjoy the ride. Dexter has shown me nothing but love over the past week. He's as damaged as me, yet we're learning to trust love again, together.

Dexter glances at me as we're cruising along, smiling. His teeth look even whiter in the dark. "We're almost there," he says.

"Okay," I say and lean back into the seat, staring out the window at the passing countryside.

When we arrive at the destination, I curse myself for having been so afraid. I should have known. The drive-in theater, of course. It's just about the only thing date worthy out this way.

"What's playing?" I ask.

"You can choose," Dexter says. He pulls out his phone and passes it to me. I scroll through the movie options, picking an action movie, much to Dexter's surprise.

"What? Don't tell me you thought I was going to choose the romantic

comedy,” I joke.

Dexter shrugs. “It was the one I was hoping to see.”

“I don’t love the actress. Next time.”

We pull up to the ticket booth, and Dexter pays for two people. We’re early, so we head to the bar for drinks and sweet snacks. I’ll gain a ton of weight if Dexter keeps encouraging me to eat sweets. He’s a health freak, but he doesn’t make me eat alone, making me feel extra special.

I wouldn’t mind if he added a little fat to all those muscles. Maybe then every woman wouldn’t check him out, but they don’t bother me because Dexter doesn’t notice them.

We stand against his trunk, sipping our cocktails as we wait for the movie to start.

“I’ve always wanted to come here,” I say. “It’s the perfect date. Normally, I wouldn’t like a movie, but this is different. It’s so nice to stand outside while we wait.”

Dexter grins and moves closer, placing his hand on me. “The air is refreshing.”

“Yes,” I say. His touch has me lost, falling into an abyss where we are the only people. Where there isn’t a screen yards from the car.

“The movie is about to start,” he says.

“Guess we should get in the car.”

“Backseat?”

I grin. I hadn’t even thought of the backseat, but it’s perfect. We fold the front seats down and position the speaker in the window before sliding into the backseat. Dexter wraps his arm around me. I scoot closer to him, taking in

his scent. I'm addicted to it.

The movie is packed with action, but it can't compare to Dexter's lips. It can't compare to his powerful hands that touch me all over. I don't know what he's doing to me, but it's everything I've needed. It's everything I've wanted.

Dexter kisses my neck. I moan. He cups his hand around my breast. I'm wet. He squeezes my sides. I gasp.

His tongue pushes past my lips. His weight falls against mine, pushing me to my back, but it's where I've wanted to be all along.

"You're beautiful, Sandra."

"I want you, Dexter."

He kisses the exposed part of my chest. His hand lands on my thigh, moving toward my hidden treasure.

I haven't given myself to a man in ages, but I don't know if I can make it through the night without giving myself to Dexter. There's nothing I want more than for him to pull down my panties and bury his cock in my tight pussy.

"How badly do you want me?"

I gasp as Dexter's hand brushes my soaked thong. He moves his hand to my thigh, gliding his fingers along the surface of my skin.

"I asked you a question, Sandra."

How can I form the words to explain how desperate I feel? Dexter has one hand on my thigh. The other at the roots of my hair, grazing my face. I moan as his grip tightens.

"I'm dying to have you, Dexter."

Dexter kisses my neck, moving his lips down my body, kissing me everywhere my skin is exposed. He moves down until he has his lips against my legs. I gasp as he kisses my thighs, moving his mouth closer and closer to my pussy.

I grab his head, too afraid to continue. Too afraid we won't be able to stop if we go any further.

"We can't do this. Not here," I say.

"Why not? You smell delicious," he says. He sniffs at the shadows of my dress, moving his lips even closer to my womanhood.

"I don't want to get in trouble."

"If you stop being so loud, we won't have to worry."

"Can you wait until we get home?" I ask, even though there is still over an hour left of the movie. There are cars all around us, too. It would be difficult to leave without ruining minutes of the movie for others.

"Give me a little snack, and the rest can wait until we get back to your house," he says.

How do I deny this request? How do I tell him I want to wait when all I want to feel his mouth against my cunt?

"Only a taste," I say and hike up my dress, giving in without much of a fight.

Dexter presses his hand against my wet thong, staring into my eyes as he does. He says nothing as he grabs the waistline of my lingerie, pulling them down to my ankles.

I glance out the window, hoping nobody walks past our car. My windows are lightly tinted, but Dexter is right between my legs. There's no question about what he's doing.

I put my hands on his head, gasping as his lips make contact with mine. He licks my hot, swollen pussy. He pushes his finger against my clit, rubbing it gently as he licks my pussy lips.

My toes curl and pop as Dexter works me.

I'm trying my best to stay quiet, but his head feels too good. I'm too weak. My voice betrays me.

Dexter breaks contact. "Keep it down if you don't want to get in trouble because there's no way I can stop. Not until I make you cum."

Fuck.

My body thrashes as Dexter returns to what he was doing seconds ago, sending me right back to the edge, pulling out the hollers and moans I can't keep below the surface. The pleasure is too intense.

Dexter's mouth feels too incredible. He's making love to me with his tongue, and I never want him to stop, but I can't avoid the budding orgasm within me forever.

Dexter presses harder against my pussy as he plays with my clit, sending me over the edge and down a stream of pure bliss. I cover my mouth as indistinguishable sounds leave it. Dexter doesn't stop licking, no matter how much I thrash.

I finally push him off me when I can't take more. Dexter laughs as he wipes his wet lips. I pull down my dress, not bothering with the discarded thong.

I sit upright before someone comes and finds us, realizing we're surrounded by cars. Surrounded by tons of people. I've been in a different world.

Dexter grabs my hand and places it on his bulge. His hard dick presses against his pants, revealing its size. It might be even bigger than the one I imagined, which frightens me.

“You’ll get him later tonight. For now, let’s watch the movie.” Dexter wraps his arm around my shoulder.

I nod and place my head against his chest, wondering how I’ll ever be able to fit his monster cock in my tiny little hole.

The movie is more entertaining than I expect, but it’s over in no time. I don’t know how long Dexter was eating me out. It must have been longer than I thought because we’re heading back to my house much sooner than I expected.

“Can we stop at the store? I don’t have anything to drink at my house. Maybe we can get some snacks too.”

“Sure,” Dexter says. We haven’t had anything to drink since the cocktail when we first got to the movie. We were too busy kissing and doing other deeds, but I’ll need some booze if I’m going to take Dexter’s massive cock.

He pulls into the parking lot of a convenience store. We get out and hold hands to the door. People watch us. We are rather prim and proper for the environment. We grab some coolers and pretzels. Dexter wants stringed cheese.

He pays, and then we’re back on the road, arriving at my house much too soon.

We go inside, both wanting more than we had at the movies. We sit on the sofa, facing each other, with coolers in our hands. He’s unbuttoned his shirt, and one sleeve of my dress hangs off my shoulder. We’re talking about town, despite the boiling tension beneath the surface.

Dexter scoots closer, not responding to something I’ve said. His eyes glaze over as he stares at me. “How long are you going to make me wait, baby? I’m dying to feel that pussy.”

His words send me into overdrive, but I can't get over how big he felt beneath his jeans. Maybe I need a better look, so I throw back a chug of the cooler before setting it on the coffee table to scoot closer to Dexter.

"Are you?"

"Yeah," he says. "It tasted better than that expensive ass dinner we ate."

"How about I have a taste of your snack?" I ask as I slide off the couch and onto my knees. I climb between Dexter's legs as he places his hands behind his head, taking a comfortable position. His arms flex, turning me on to no end.

"I won't stop you from having a taste."

I reach forward to undo his jeans. I take a breath to prepare myself as I grab his waistline, pulling down to reveal his cock. It's thick, juicy, and perfect. He's only half-erect as I take him in my hand, but he's quickly growing.

"Damn, you're huge."

Dexter chuckles. "Guess I was blessed."

"I'd say."

"Is it too big?"

He's thick and long now that he's fully erect, and I can't imagine him inside me, but I want to try. There's no way I can pass up giving my hunky cardiologist a chance.

"I'll learn to love it," I say.

"Don't worry. I'll warm you up with another oral treat."

"Not before I give you one."

Dexter smiles and watches as I move my lips to the tip of his cock. I'm still

wearing my dress. He takes off his shirt, leaving him naked as my lips close around his dick. I look at him through hooded eyes as I move down his cock, choking when I get halfway.

Dexter's muscles flex as he grunts. I reach up to touch his hard abs. He moans as I bob my head and rub his torso, getting his dick wetter with each movement of my lips.

"Damn, that mouth feels good."

I moan on his cock, not breaking contact. I want to make him cum like he made me at the movie.

Dexter grabs the side of my head, holding me still as he slowly thrusts his hips, fucking my mouth with his massive cock. He retreats each time I cough, but I grab his hips, not letting him fall out of my mouth. Needing his cock. Needing his body attached to mine.

Dexter fucks my mouth a few minutes longer until he's pulling me up by my shoulders. He stands from the sofa, pushing my dress over my shoulders. It falls to the floor, pooling around my feet. His hard, wet dick brushes against me as I stand in nothing but my bra. My thong never made it back inside from the car.

"Need help with this?" Dexter asks as he reaches behind my back to unhook my bra. He pulls it down my shoulders and throws it to the floor.

I touch his chest. He lifts me into his arms. My legs wrap around his torso, my body dropping until my pussy is against the base of his dick.

"I need to fuck you right now," he says.

"There are condoms in my bedroom," I say. "Hopefully they aren't expired."

"Let's hope so," he says and carries me to the bedroom. He opens the door and tosses me to the bed. I moan as I bounce against the mattress, reaching

between my legs to touch my wet pussy, still wondering how this man stumbled into my life as he looks around the room.

“Where are they?” Dexter asks.

I’ve forgotten what we spoke about just seconds ago. His body is so mesmerizing and distracting. I stand from the bed and go to my closet, where I have some condoms buried in the bottom of my box of goodies.

I give one to Dexter. “Do you think it’ll fit?”

“It might squeeze my cock a little, but I’ll make sure it doesn’t break.”

I nod as Dexter rips open the condom. He doesn’t bother moving me to the bed before dropping to his knees. His hard cock dangling between his legs, looking bigger than ever.

Dexter pushes apart my legs and rubs his thumb over my pussy before moving in to give it a kiss. I moan as he licks and slides two fingers into my opening. His fingers are thick, but they’re nothing compared to his cock, which I’m not sure will fit.

Dexter loosens me more, pushing a third finger into my dripping cunt. Pushing me to the edge of another orgasm, but I need to take him first. I want him to feel inside of me, even if it hurts.

“Fuck me before you make me cum,” I say in a pant, determined to please my hunk.

Dexter stands and lifts me into his arms. He puts me on the edge of the bed and throws my legs in the air. He holds my ankles as he plays with my pussy lips, exposing my hot center. Exposing the opening he is about to fill.

“You ready for me?”

“No, but I want to take you. I want to make you cum.”

Dexter rubs his hand along my pussy, using my juices to stroke his dick. I watch him between the hills on my chest. I need him to put his cock in me so badly my legs shake as he rubs my pussy again to wet his hand.

“Fuck,” I say.

Dexter grins and pulls the condom out of the wrapper. It looks tiny next to his dick, but he manages to roll it over his member. The veins along his hardened rod deepen. He grabs the base of his cock and slaps my pussy with it, driving me wild.

I reach forward and spread my lips for him. I stare into his eyes, daring him to fuck me. Daring him to split me in two with that humongous cock.

“Tell me if it hurts too much,” he says.

I nod as he pushes his tip into me, rewriting my perception of big. I have a thick dildo, but it’s nothing compared to Dexter’s cock. He sinks deeper into me, stretching my walls to the limit. I moan and pants and try scooting away from him, making his cock fall out of me.

“Shit, you’re so big. Go slower.”

“That was only the tip, baby.”

I bite my lip, not knowing how I’ll take his full cock, but I need to make him cum. I want to watch his face as he unloads into my hole, so I run to the closet and grab a bottle of lubricant I use with my dildo sometimes.

“Rub this on your cock. It might help,” I say.

Dexter squirts lubrication onto his cock, rubbing it in as he steps back in position, lifting my legs. I wrap one around his torso. The other rests on his shoulder. Dexter slides his tip into me, and it fits much better this time.

I’m dripping wet, but even that isn’t enough for his size.

He sinks deeper into my hole as my walls loosen from tumbling down a hill of love. My body grows hotter as Dexter picks up speed. I become wetter, dripping for his cock. My fingers claw into his chest as we stare at each other, connected in the most beautiful of ways.

Dexter fucks me slowly, but his dick is so big, and it's hitting my spot with his every thrust. He reaches forward and grabs my breast with his manly hand. He licks his thumb before rubbing it over my hard nipple. My clit is throbbing, desperate for someone to touch it, but it will be my end if either of us does.

I can't last much longer. He's filling me and hitting my spot in all the right ways.

"How does it feel?" he asks.

"Amazing," I say in a breath. "I'm so close."

"Me too."

I bite my lip as Dexter rubs my nipple, fucking me slowly, barely using any of his cock, but I'll adjust. I'll learn to love his size. The longer we're together, the deeper he'll get.

Dexter moves his hand. His touch electrifies my body as he lightly brushes against my skin, staring at me with the most intense look in his eyes. His focus is hypnotizing, and I never want to spend a minute out from under his spell.

I gasp when Dexter touches my clit, still staring at me. Still fucking me slowly. Hitting my spot. I'm so close it hurts.

"Don't hold back, baby. I want you to cum on my dick," Dexter says. He rubs my button, and I can't resist. There's no point.

My neck bends as my body explodes with a river of passion. My fingers

scrape against Dexter's hard stomach as I cum harder than I ever have in my life. His dick filling me.

"Yeah, cum for me, beautiful. Cum until you can't cum anymore," he says. His fingers are still on my clit. His dick is still in my pussy, providing no relief.

I can't escape from the pleasure, so I submit to it. I close my eyes and relish having Dexter's dick inside me. He's mine, and now we've bonded.

Dexter grunts. I feel him cumming. His dick vibrates within me, pushing deeper into me as he unloads. I tap his shoulder, which stops him, but he's still playing with my clit. I cum a second time as he's finishing his first.

Dexter pulls out of me. I glance at the condom, and it's got a glob of cum at the tip.

He pulls off the condom and tosses it to the side. He climbs on the bed and touches my tender hole, caressing it.

"How do you feel?"

"A little sore, but I'll be fine. Wait for me while I use the bathroom?"

"Of course," he says. His dick is softening, but it still looks huge. He waits for me on the bed without a worry for his nudity as I run to the bathroom to freshen up, putting on my robe before I head back to the bedroom.

Dexter is lying on the bed and smiles when our eyes meet. "Why are you wearing a robe? You look much better without it."

"Do I?"

"Yes," he says. "Take it off and come to bed."

I shrug and push the robe off my shoulders, watching Dexter as it falls to the floor. He's nothing but smiles as I walk his way. He sits up to pull me to the

bed, giving me a passionate kiss.

10

Dexter

Sandra left my bed hours ago, but I can still taste her on my lips when I close my eyes. I hate being away from her. My patients need me, but I need Sandra. Now that I've had her, I can't imagine my life without her.

I head home after work, eager to take a trip to the library. Sandra is working tonight, which will give me a chance to study. It's easy to work when I know where Sandra is. I can see her from where I sit. Watch her when I can't concentrate on the words, which isn't often when I know she's in the room.

Having her next to me gives me a reason to work. I will suffer endlessly if Sandra ever has any heart issues before I can invent something to protect her. We aren't getting any younger, and our hearts are so important.

I shower when I get home, washing the hospital from my skin. I never head to the library or anywhere else without showering first. There are too many germs in my place of work, and I'd hate to get others sick.

I put on a simple shirt and shorts. It's hot today, and I've spent the day wearing scrubs, so it's nice to feel air against my legs. I drive to Sandra's library, stopping at the cafe next door to buy her a brownie.

Sandra stands from her chair when I walk through the door. She comes around the counter to give me a hug and kiss. I hold up the bag from the cafe

when we break apart.

“What’s this?” she asks, taking the bag.

“A snack to get you through the shift,” I say.

“I can’t keep eating sweets like this. You won’t want to look at me.”

My face hardens. “Nonsense,” I say. “I’ll want to look at you no matter what. Think you’ll want more sweets if we get you pregnant?”

“You want to get me pregnant?”

I shrug. It’s certainly a thought that has crossed my mind. “We could get married and start a family. We’re still young, and I’d love nothing more than to watch you grow with our love child.”

Sandra’s face reddens as she glances around the room. She slaps my chest with a light hand. “Don’t talk like that, Dexter. I’m at work.”

I smile and kiss her on the cheek. “Better get to work then. I can’t help myself when you’re this close.”

“Yeah, hit those books.”

“Are you coming home with me tonight?”

Sandra smiles, bending her neck to hide her face. “I have a bag in my locker.”

“Perfect,” I say and squeeze Sandra’s side before heading to grab some books I’ve been using to research. I sit at a table with a view of Sandra, concentrating on my work, losing myself in the research.

Sandra approaches me around closing time to tell me she’s about to lock up. I had lost track of time completely. Sandra takes my books after I jot down my final thoughts and returns them to their section. I head outside to wait for her.

She comes out ten minutes later, carrying her bag, looking gorgeous despite her clear exhaustion, but she doesn't want to head right to bed when we get back to my place, so I cook her a snack.

She eats it while I sit with her on the couch. I doze next to her as she watches television, pulling me from my sleep when she's ready for bed.

I'm wide awake when we get to the bedroom. Sandra is pawing at me, and I've been hungry for her all night, so we make love before drifting off to sleep.

11

Sandra

Weeks pass, and I only fall more in love with Dexter. It's ridiculous how much I love him. Maybe it's the summer air. Maybe it's how tenderly he makes love. It could be his intelligence. His tempting body. I tell myself my love isn't justified, but I can't resist the truth forever.

Dexter is the man I'm meant to love.

We're sitting on a patio in downtown Norwich, enjoying cocktails and the fresh evening breeze. I'm staring at Dexter from across the table with a goofy smile on my face when a meteor comes falling from above.

"Dexter, is that you?"

Dexter's face crinkles as a woman's voice carries, clearly directed at him. A million questions pop into my head, but I can't ask anything before a thin blonde glides across the patio toward us.

She's all smiles, pulling attention wherever she can. Suffocating the room of any oxygen.

"Dexter, don't ignore me when I speak to you."

This woman has some nerve coming over here, popping our bubble. I open my mouth to speak, but Dexter beats me.

“Helen, we have no business together.”

The woman looks unphased. Her smile doesn't waver. “What? We'll always have business together, Dexter. I was your fiancée. You can't escape that.”

“You're in the past, Helen. We're through.” Dexter clenches his jaw. He hasn't looked at Helen once. She's staring at him.

“Oh, honey. Don't you remember all the fun we had? Please don't tell me you forgot. Gosh, I can't get over how handsome you look. You must hit the gym like a maniac,” she says.

“Helen, please leave.”

So, this is the ex-girlfriend. The one who cheated and broke his heart. I hate her. The tension is too high for me to speak. I'm afraid the smallest incident could set Dexter over the edge.

“Nobody will ever compare to me, Dexter. I'm the best you'll ever have.”

Dexter snorts.

I consider throwing my water on Helen, but that would only cause a scene. Why can't this woman just disappear? It's clear Dexter wants nothing to do with her.

He's mine.

She missed her chance.

I won't make the mistake of letting this gem of a man go like she did.

Helen stares at Dexter, and I can't help myself.

“Maybe you should leave us to our date. It's clear Dexter doesn't want to talk.”

“Nobody fucking asked you, okay?”

My eyes widen at her vulgarity, but I don't have to say another word. Dexter rises to his feet, standing over Helen. Making her look like pedestrians beneath a skyscraper. He's angry, but I know he'd never place his hands on Helen.

"Don't ever speak about Sandra like that. Never," he says in a voice forceful enough to silence the patio. "Sandra is eight thousand times the woman you'll ever be. I suggest you leave before I humiliate you in front of all these people. You want them to know what you did? You want them to learn all about your dirty laundry?"

Helen looks horrified as she glances around the patio, clutching her chest. I'm laughing inside but keep my face steady. Helen says nothing as she backs away from Dexter, giving him the finger before she turns and runs to the door.

People around the patio take a moment to settle and return to their meals after Dexter sits in his chair.

"I'm so sorry about that," he says.

"Don't worry," I say. "Forget it even happened. Let's enjoy our cocktails."

Dexter doesn't look convinced, but I lift my glass and gesture toward him. He mimics my movements. We clink our glasses together, sipping our cocktails. I talk about anything but Helen, and Dexter comes back after a few minutes, seeming to remember we're on a date.

Helen is just jealous she can't have Dexter. She's upset with herself about whatever inferior man she ended up choosing. It doesn't bother me that Dexter works long hours. He's dedicated to saving lives, and that's more than enough for me.

"Should we head back to my place?" I ask when we step outside, feeling

more in love with Dexter than I ever have after he defended our relationship.

“Yeah, let’s go.”

Dexter takes my hand. We walk to his car. I hate how Helen interrupted our evening, but it only showed me how much Dexter cares. Helen can’t drive a wedge between us. His feelings for her have evaporated. Our love has grown too strong.

I’m Dexter’s obsession now.

12

Dexter

We're sitting at the table in Sandra's backyard having a second cocktail. I don't drink more than one every few hours when we go out to stay safe. Besides, drinking isn't great for the heart, so I try not to do it too often, but tonight has been stressful.

Sandra acts like it's no big deal what Helen did, but I'm so angry I could explode. How does Helen think she has the right to approach me like that when I was clearly on a date?

Sandra is talking about something, but I hardly register her words. I don't notice until she falls silent and stares at me.

"Sorry, what were you saying?"

"Work gossip. It's not important. Are you thinking about Helen?" she asks.

I frown, hating that Helen is even on my mind when I have this gorgeous woman sitting next to me. This woman I love. The one I want to watch walk down the aisle at our wedding. I want to put a ring on her finger, fill her up with babies, and love her for the rest of our lives.

"Yeah, I hate what she did. I'm so sorry she came up to us like that. She had no right."

Sandra sighs. “Don’t worry about her. I’m not.”

“You’re not?”

“No, Dexter.” Sandra sets down her drink and reaches out to touch my arm.

“You defended what we have, and that’s all I need. I don’t want your worrying about her. We’re fine.”

Her words relax me, releasing my tension like a deflating balloon. I nod and accept that I shouldn’t worry about Helen when I have Sandra in my life. Nothing could keep us apart.

“If your ex ever comes back, you better keep him twenty yards from me.”

“Will you beat him to a pulp if you see him?”

“Maybe,” I say. I don’t want to go to jail for hurting a man, but I would if he acted out of line. He better never show up. I’ll be here if he does, though.

“Thank you for being such an amazing girlfriend.”

“What do you say we forget about these drinks and head to bed?”

I smirk, knowing what she’s really asking, and there’s nothing I want more than to sink into her warmth. Forget about my world. Forget anything exists except Sandra.

My Sandra.

“Yeah, I’m ready for bed.”

Sandra tosses her drink to the yard. She stands and takes my hand, leading me to the bedroom, where I sink into her raw. We’ve agreed now is the right time. I would never fuck her bare without permission. We’ve been to the doctor and are acting responsibly.

We both moan as we feel each other fully for the first time. My eyes widen as she accepts more of my cock than she ever has. She moans and screams as I

hit her spot, fucking her slowly. I'm focusing on her pleasure. Listening to her sounds to guide me.

"I'm getting close," she says as I fuck her.

My body shakes as my balls tighten, her warmth enveloping my cock. Her walls hugging my member tighter than a glove.

"Me too," I say.

Her fingertips brush against my stomach as we stare at each other, both close to falling over the edge. Both close to releasing.

"I want you to cum in me, baby."

Her words get me even closer to shooting my load. I want nothing more than to cum deep in her pussy. I want to watch my seed leak from her hole.

"Should we start a family?" I ask, wanting to impregnate her. Claim her for life.

"I'm on birth control, but we could talk about me getting off it."

I bend down to kiss Sandra, wishing for nothing more. I wrap my arms under her shoulders and whisper in her ear. "That sounds perfect."

She moans as I push my cock further into her pussy, getting deeper than I've ever been. I lift her in my arms and hold her in the air as I fuck her loosened pussy. She hollers and moans as she slides further down my cock, but we both love it.

I hold her in the air and fuck her until she cums all over my dick, and I cum deep in her. I hold her close to my chest. Her breasts are soft against my hard pecs.

We pant as I slowly lower Sandra to the bed, sliding out of her. I lie next to her and play with her soiled hole as we cuddle. Her head is on my chest. Her

leg wrapped around my body. I move my hand out of her pussy and wipe it on my thigh to dry it before holding it to my nose, savoring Sandra's scent before I shower her with kisses.

I put my hand into her hair and stare at her, not knowing what I'd do without her in my life.

"Promise you'll never leave me," I say.

"Never," she says. "I promise."

I exhale and pull her close, feeling like I can finally trust again because of Sandra's love.

EPILOGUE

One Year Later

Sandra

I'm waiting outside my house for Dexter to pick me up to check out a house we're hoping to buy.

After months of fruitful attempts, I'm finally pregnant, and I couldn't be happier to have Dexter's child growing within me. We've decided to wait to find out what we're having, excited whether we end up with a boy or girl. Doesn't matter to us.

Dexter spends a lot of time at the hospital, but he doesn't shy away from his duties at home. We're looking to buy a house. We're planning a wedding. The baby will come before we're ever ready. A lot of balls are in the air, but I'm confident we'll make it work.

The library has already promised to give me as much time as I need off work to deal with everything. They're so kind to me. Much friendlier than the staff I worked with in Chicago.

I can't even believe I used to dream so much about living in the city when I have such a splendid life right here in Norwich.

Dexter waves as he pulls up, and I can't help the smile that crosses my face.

He hops out of the car and rushes to open my door, even though I always tell him it's not necessary. He doesn't want to hear it.

I'm his queen, and he does just about everything to prove it.

Five Years Later

Dexter

"Watch out for your sister," I yell at Tim. He's our oldest. His younger sister, Edith, has just fallen on her bottom because Tim was running too quickly.

"Sorry, sir." Tim offers his sister a hand to stand.

Sandra and I are sitting on the back porch watching them. She has another gift cooking in her stomach. Twins. We've faced a few complications, so it will probably be Sandra's last pregnancy, but I couldn't be happier. Sandra is happy too.

We're both concerned but have gotten past the most difficult part. If there were an emergency, we could still save the children, but I'll do everything I can to prevent Sandra from having any issues. I've been doing a lot of housework, and we've even hired some help. Whatever we need to make sure Sandra and the twins are safe.

Sandra touches her stomach.

"Are they moving?"

"Nonstop," she says.

"I can't wait to meet Finn and Wyatt and to see you back on your feet."

She offers a soft smile. "That'll be nice, but I'll do what I can to keep the boys safe for now, even if it's a little uncomfortable."

A warmth spreads across my body. I take Sandra's hand and kiss it. She's an incredible mother, and I've only fallen more in love with her by watching her in action. I don't know how I got so lucky, but I feel blessed to come home to the children and her every day.

Dropping this masterpiece of a woman in my life has been the greatest gift the universe could ever give.

Twenty Years Later

Sandra

We have Edith, Finn, and Wyatt in the car, going to visit their older brother at college. They're talking about where they want to go to school and how cool it is to have a brother at university.

Dexter and I share a look as they chat in the backseat.

It's crazy how quickly the time passes, but I wouldn't change anything about my life since meeting Dexter in the library all those years ago. I still work there part time, and Dexter does shifts at the hospital, but we spend most of our time traveling around the country to promote his life-saving equipment.

He finally finished his research, made a prototype, did the trials, got clearance, and everything else he had to do to get his product to market. It's already saved thousands, and it could save millions if enough cardiologists adapt what he's created.

We continue along the road, listening to music. We bicker a bit as a family, but it's all in good fun.

The kids hop out of the car when we arrive, running to their older brother, who looks so big and tall when I still think of him as my baby. His first steps

somehow feel like yesterday and thousands of years ago.

“Can you believe how grown-up Tim is?” Dexter asks. Dexter is still my hunk, even if he has put on a few pounds. I like the soft bits here and there. He still has tons of muscles, but it’s nice to have a soft place or two to rest my head.

“No, I can’t. Won’t be long until they’re all gone.”

“If we’re lucky,” Dexter says.

I laugh. He’s right. Most of our friends have a kid or two stay at home in their twenties, but nothing will stop us from traveling. Our children won’t stop us from enjoying the years we have left together.

There’s no telling what’s ahead for Dexter and me, but I have no fears about the future because I know Dexter will be right there by my side, and I’ll be by his.

We’re a team.

Nobody can break our bond.

STAY IN TOUCH

Thank you for reading *The Doctor's Librarian*. Stay on the lookout for my short and fluffy romance stories! Many more titles will be coming soon!

Please leave a rating or review for this story if you enjoyed it, as they help a book's chances of success. Sign up for my mailing list to learn about new releases and discounts as they happen. Don't hesitate to reach out! I love to hear from my readers.

SOCIAL LINKS

[Newsletter](#)

[Amazon](#)

Goodreads

[Website](#)

Email: authorshonastone (at) gmail (dot) com