



***Slam the door!
Turn down the cold...***

***2 'sex-thrillers' by
Jo-Anne
Wiley***

***MEAT-
LOCKER***

Best avoided by a girl who tells...

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Meat-Locker: Two *Sex-Thrillers*
by Jo-Anne Wiley

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Eight-Inch Girls

A Short Story by Jo-Anne Wiley

Stacy's Song:

*Puddle of mud, mud's in a puddle,
I do as I'm told but my mind's such a muddle,
So take a breath, count one, two, three,
Then make my point as fast as can be,
I sidestep quick but it's awfully tricky,
It stains my clothes, clots, and gets sticky,
Puddle of mud, mud's in a puddle,
I hear the machine and know I'm in trouble...*

Chapter One

Crap. Maybe the dude was fuckin' dead.

What did she know? She'd never seen a dead guy. And maybe that's why it was so god-awful cold. She thought of a side of beef, on the hook. Jenny watched carefully. Didn't see his chest move. His body was draped under a thin sheet, but it was a guy: big feet, narrow hips. But he didn't move.

Maybe it was a test. Did they want to determine how she would react? Locked into a room with a corpse? No, that was just crazy.

"Just check on the patient," the woman had said, and had all but pushed Jenny through the door. It closed behind and Jenny could feel the woman's weight, bearing down on the crash-bar. Like she was leaning back, relieved; had avoided a nasty situation. Like she was holding the simmering pot lid down.

The room was dark. No... more than dark. *Black!*

If there was a window, it had to be heavily curtained. And the walls, ceiling and floor, must be black. And it was cold.

She reached out with tentative fingers, to the right side, where she thought she might find a light switch. Nothing. Just unyielding concrete block.

Jenny looked back to the bed at the end of the room. The sheet was silhouetted in pale green. *Was he dead?* No, that was crazy; couldn't be. The monitor on the wall, emitting the peaceful, green light, displayed his vitals. There was the slow rhythm of life. But that would be easy to rig. Any minute now it would flat-line and she would be put to the test.

And they would be watching. Yes, watching and waiting. For her reaction.

That must be it. That's why it was so damned dark. They had a spy-hole somewhere and the darkness covered their voyeurism. And she was cowering on the other side of the room. That wouldn't look good. She had to make a move

and, mind made up now, she dropped her bag onto the floor and pushed off the door frame; she took a step toward the bed. *Be proactive. Or at least look the part.*

There was still no movement from beneath the sheet. Any second now, the monitor would scream an alarm:

Cardiac Arrest!

She would race to his bedside. Start external heart massage, maybe mouth to mouth. And she would call in the troops, with the crash-cart. What was it? She couldn't remember: Code yellow? Code blue, maybe? What the hell; one of those damned code things. Why hadn't she paid closer attention during class? Never mind. She would do everything right. She would be a hero. She would land the job!

And then he spoiled it. He moved.

"Are you a doctor?" he asked.

She was so startled, Jenny went over on a high-heel and stumbled into the side of the bed. Her ankle smarted. "No... no I'm not," she managed, leaning down to massage her foot and replace her shoe. "I'm a nurse."

"But you're not wearing a uniform. I thought maybe they had sent someone."

"Just started today. I don't have a uniform, yet."

"Oh," he said, resting his head back. "I thought maybe they had sent someone new. I had a stroke, you know."

"Are you comfortable?" she asked. Someone had told her to say that. It was safe ground and a good way of introduction.

"I'm fine," he said. "But something doesn't feel right."

She took a quick hobble around the end of the bed and checked the chart that hung at the foot. His name was Kline. And earlier in the day, he had been administered VAG. The line was initialed by his nurse. Viagra? Couldn't be... it affected blood pressure. Who would give it to a stroke victim? And, later in the morning, he had received an IV. Once again, the line was initialed by his nurse. But there

wasn't an intravenous bag hanging from a stand; no tube to his arm, no needle in his vein.

"What's the problem, Mr. Kline? You're having some discomfort?"

"It's my catheter. I think it might have slipped, or something."

She swallowed. "I can check that for you. Or I can call a male intern." *Damn.* Maybe she shouldn't have said that. Could it be conceived she was *passing the buck*? Would they hold that against her? What was her score so far, anyway? She really needed this job.

"I'm fine with you," he said. "You seem nice."

"Thank you, Mr. Kline," she said and positioned herself reluctantly alongside the bed rail. "You had a stroke?" *Casual conversation would be good*, she thought.

"A mild one," Mr. Kline said. "They say I'll be okay, in a week or two. No paralysis. Need rest, is all. Peace and quiet."

"It happens a lot. Stress related usually. Full recovery is normal and I'm sure you will be fine." *Encouragement.* That should add a few points. "Let's have a look, shall we?"

She slipped her left hand under the sheet and gripped his penis low down; lifted it slightly. He was semi-hard.

She felt cornered and sweaty, but she pushed the sheet aside. *Where is the damned light switch?* She reached around for the tube that was supposed to be inserted into the end of his penis. She only felt the soft, bullet-shaped head and the empty vertical eye. There was nothing except a drop of goeey excrement. No tube. He exhaled deeply and squeezed his now sizable erection up into her hand.

He had tricked her. "Mr. Kline!" Jenny said in disgust, but snapped her jaw shut before she could say something regrettable. Yelling at a patient wouldn't win her any points. But what was proper etiquette in a situation like this; her standing at his bedside with his cock in her hand? No one had broached the topic at the college. She sure as hell felt

like giving him a piece of her mind, along with a rude twist, but that wouldn't do. Neither would be having sex with him. What did they expect of her? Be good-natured about it, she thought. Laugh.

He ejaculated.

"Oh shit!" The first release shot a strand of semen up her wrist. She took a step back but kept a cupped hand over the end of the offending appendage, trying to control the torrent that was quickly overflowing her fingers. *Be good-natured!*

"Mr. Kline, please." But Mr. Kline wasn't listening; he was too wrapped up in his own ecstasy. "My god. There's so much of it." She tried a light laugh for the benefit of those watching, but it sounded thin and contrived. "How long have you been saving it up?"

She kept her right hand in position and struggled with the other, searching across the top of the side-cabinet. There was, thankfully, a stack of towels and she plucked one off the top and started to clean up the mess. He groaned happily. She felt like stuffing the towel down his throat, but dutifully attended to him. The stuff had gotten everywhere. She ran the towel over his belly and thighs; the underside of his penis and dabbed at his testicles. She wiped her hands. A dutiful nurse would find a wet cloth and wash him down, but she wasn't about to stumble around in the dark, searching for a bathroom.

"There. I'm sure you're feeling better, Mr. Kline," she said, smoothing the sheet back and tucking it in. "You've truly christened me into my new job. Next time, I won't be so gullible." She tried the light laugh again. It didn't work any better, but it got her out of a sticky situation with some degree of decorum. He was chuckling to himself as she moved toward the door. She reached down, scooped up her purse, and pushed out into the hallway. She was embarrassed, humiliated and, luckily, all alone.

There was a waiting area across the hall and she slipped onto a sofa. She needed a lady's room where she could

wash up but there was nothing close at hand. Down the hall was the nursing station and she studied the women who, she hoped, would soon be her co-workers.

The hospital floor looked like a set from a television soap: The nursing staff were all young and surprisingly attractive; not one of them was overweight nor sloppily dressed. They wore traditional nursing uniforms with starched white caps. No one was shuffling around in *scrubs* or even white pantsuits. All wore white pumps, or black, to complement the black bands on their caps, the *clicky-clack* sound of high-heels was prevalent. She waited a full five minutes before an office door opened and a woman stepped out.

“Miss Armstrong?” Jenny looked up at the sound of her name. “I understand you would like to work with us. My name is McAllister. I’m the queen bee around here.”

“Jenny looked up into the intelligent face of an older nurse. She had the aura of administration. Twin stripes on her cap. Jenny hopped to her feet and extended a hand. “I’m so pleased to meet you, Nurse McAllister.”

“I hope you appreciate what we are doing here at Rosedale. We’re a small facility and we like to keep things informal. Except for our dress code. You may have noticed.”

Jenny took to the woman immediately; wanted to work for her. She was older, mid forties, maybe, but fit and firm; with a no-nonsense handshake. Jenny hoped her fingers weren’t sticky. “I love the uniforms,” Jenny said. “It looks so professional. I could never understand the attraction of *scrubs*. Your staff looks so smart.”

“And the patients seem to appreciate it. Look, Dr. Janson was impressed and I think the job is yours, if you want it. Trust me. It’s a good place to work. The hospital is small but we’ve got great patients... no one comes here to die, if you get my drift. There is a gym in the basement, an indoor swimming pool and the dietitian will prepare a meal plan that will suit your personal profile; and the cafeteria staff will help you stick to it. All the girls here are in fabulous

shape, as you can see. And we take great effort to make sure our staff is happy. Now, how did you make out with Mr. Kline?"

"He's fine," Jenny said. "Vitals were all good and he's resting comfortably." Jenny had a feeling she could speak freely. "He seemed to have a healthy reaction to me." Jenny took the chance.

Nurse McAllister laughed. A good hearty sound. "You mean he got a hard-on?"

"Something like that," Jenny faltered. "But I was curious about his chart."

"That's good," Nurse McAllister said. "I encourage my staff to be curious; to ask questions."

"This morning, he was given a drug: VAG."

"Viagra," Nurse McAllister replied without hesitation.

Jenny gawked, hoped it wasn't too obvious. "And then, later on, an IV, but there wasn't one in his room."

Nurse McAllister smiled and leaned over and lightly put her fingertips to Jenny's cheek. "Oh sweet innocence," she said. "Not 'Vee'" she whispered into Jenny's ear, "but 'Cee' ...IC."

"IC?" Jenny asked, a little mystified.

"Intercourse."

Jenny gawked some more.

"Close your mouth dear," Nurse McAllister said, tapping Jenny's chin lightly, and with a chuckle, she turned away. "I'll go attend to Mr. Kline."

Nurse McAllister moved with a long purposeful stride, her hips seesawing atop thighs and calves and four-inch heels. *Wow! Was she kidding?* Jenny flushed, feeling like a kid in play-pants.

Chapter Two

Nurse McAllister's office was beside Mr. Kline's room. Had she been watching from there; assessing her performance? Jenny could hear Nurse McAllister, busily fussing with Mr. Kline, and Jenny was dying to get a look at the woman's office; just open the door and poke her head around the jamb. Check for a spy hole in the wall. Two brisk strides and she was at McAllister's office door. The knob turned easily, quietly, and the door swung inward. Just a quick peek.

"Jenny..."

Dr. Janson looked up from where he was seated in Nurse McAllister's guest chair. He shuffled a file folder in his lap but wasn't quite fast enough. Jenny saw the bulge that interrupted the crisp crease in his trousers.

Jenny thought fast: "Dr. Janson, I didn't expect to see you here. Nurse McAllister said she wanted to speak with me. This is her office isn't it?"

"Ah, yes child. Come in... come in. Sit here and wait. I was just leaving."

He stood and moved to one side to let her pass; keeping the file folder close by, in front.

"Thank you," Jenny said, eyeing a privacy screen along the side wall. And then the smell filled her nostrils. There was the light scent of Nurse McAllister's perfume but also the heady smell of a woman in heat; the unmistakable smell of her vaginal secretions and of bodily exertion. The room was rank with sex.

Jenny hesitated, mid-step.

"Well, I'll leave you to it." Dr. Janson said. "And when you see Dr. McAllister, tell her I've decided to extend you a three week probational period. She'll set things up. Congratulations."

Doctor McAllister? Jenny had thought the woman was a nurse. A head nurse, but a nurse all the same. The brass plate on her door said "*Administration*" and nothing more. A Doctor?

“Thank you,” Jenny said, feeling a little apprehensive.

“I’m sure things will work out just fine,” he said and, as he passed, he reached to pat her hip, just like uncle-dad. But his fingers lingered a bit, exploring the bone where it jutted beneath the soft woolen skirt. She held her ground. She was mature enough to know that sometimes a woman had to use her body a little; had to give some to get something back; get what she wanted. And she wanted this job. So Jenny didn’t pull away or slap his hand. She just coyly looked up, her expression open. Receptive.

She wondered if he might reach up to cup a breast, or run his fingers lower, following the seam down the front of her skirt to where her sex protruded. She had quickly made up her mind that she would let him. If that’s what he wanted. She saw the light in his eyes change, as if in tune with her decision. But he dropped his hand from her skirt and moved toward the door. At first she thought he might lock it. Snap the sizable deadbolt across. It would guarantee their privacy. But no. He thought better of it. He must have known she was open, vulnerable. But he pulled on the office door and stepped out into the hall. Their eyes met and he smiled. An apologetic smile. *He’s all used up, Jenny thought, on Dr. McAllister. He doesn’t want to embarrass himself by a lack of performance.*

He pushed the door closed.

Jenny let out the breath she had been holding for the last five minutes and took a quick look around Dr. McAllister’s office.

Jenny could still hear muffled voices coming through the wall from the opposite room. She still had time and she wanted a look behind the privacy screen.

It wasn’t a peep-hole but a pane of glass set into the wall, about the size of one of her mother’s cookie sheets. The voices were surprisingly clear. She could hear Dr. McAllister asking Mr. Kline what he thought. Jenny realized

that she was listening to them over an intercom system. His room was wired for sound.

The panel of glass had a palm tree painted on it from the inside, but there was lots of clear glass that afforded an unobstructed view of Mr. Kline, propped up on a pillow. The glass panel would look like a framed picture hanging on the wall in the opposite room. But on Jenny's side, it was like a window. And there was a chair propped under it. She could imagine Dr. Janson and Dr. McAllister leaning across the upholstery, watching, as she had handled Mr. Kline's genitals. But why? The smell of Dr. McAllister was stronger here, hanging like a musty curtain. *What had they been up to?*

"Well, what did you think of her?" It was Dr. McAllister's voice coming crisply over the speaker. Jenny looked out through the glass. The lights were on now; a blaze of white light.

"She's cute. A little naive, maybe."

Jenny leaned closer to see. The chair in front of her seemed awkwardly placed and her knees came up hard against the seat. She leaned over it.

"By the look of this towel, I'd say she had your number!"

Jenny strained to see. Found herself lifting her knees. She climbed up onto the seat, draped her arms along the back of the chair with her nose almost touching the glass.

"Naw," Jenny heard him say, "I was still charged up from this morning. That stuff takes awhile to wear off."

Jenny gasped as Dr. McAllister took hold of the top sheet and whisked it away like a tablecloth. He lay naked, unperturbed, his arms behind his head, his ankles crossed, his limp penis, drooling along his thigh. Dr. McAllister balled up the sheet and slipped it into the laundry hamper along with the soiled towel.

Everything suddenly became clear to Jenny. Here she was, bent over a chair, her back arched and her bum propped high in the air. She envisioned Dr. McAllister in just

that same position, but her skirt would be up around her hips; her pantyhose down. Dr. Janson would be standing behind, as they watched her handle Mr. Kline's penis. And Dr. Janson would have *his* penis buried between Dr. McAllister's shapely buttocks.

"Why not slip up here? See if I got anything left?" Mr. Kline said.

"Because it's not becoming of an administrator."

"But you used to be so good."

"That's because I'm a lesbian."

That made Jenny sit up. *A lesbian?* She pressed closer to the glass.

"You want good lovin' sugar?" Dr. McAllister continued. "Get yourself an old *lezbo*. We do it without all the emotional bullshit."

"You're not old..."

"Old enough to know when to quit."

"So does your husband know?"

"That I'm a lesbian? Sure. He's a smart man."

"No. I mean, how you paid for the house?"

"Same answer: He's a smart man."

"Humph. So you're not getting up here, then?"

"Remind me to get someone in here to check your damned hearing. I have a hospital to run."

"Hospital! This is a rest-home for old farts; ones with money and nothing left to do with it!"

"All the same. It takes work."

"Just keep hiring the young ones, dear. The ones with a silky mane and large clear eyes. With coltish thighs and a pert little ass. The ones who jiggle when they laugh."

"That's all there is to it?"

"Come up on the bed with me. How about it?"

"I don't think so." Dr. McAllister picked up his spent penis in her fingers and gave it a shake; she looked down the end as if judging the amount of water in his well. "You planning on ravaging me with this thing?" She dropped him.

“You, of anyone here, can bring me back. You were so damned good. And the money... you made so much money.”

“I was young then, and yes; it bought a four bedroom on the beach and a place in Florida. But not now.”

“Retirement doesn’t become you. Come on. For old times’ sake. I’ll buy you a new car. Something German.”

“I don’t think so. I like my Corvette. I buy parts at Napa.”

“Oh geez. Well later then, okay? Strip the clothes off that young one and bring her around to me, later tonight. We’ll make her do both of us.”

“That sounds terribly tempting, dear, but I don’t think so. She’s too young. And besides, I’m saving her for a special occasion. I’m going to turn that little girl’s ass into a gold mine. And as for you, it’s time I took you back to your room.”

He released a sigh of resignation and pulled himself up into a sitting position on the side of the bed. She passed him a robe and Jenny watched Dr. McAllister walk toward a wheelchair parked along the opposite wall. Dr. McAllister had a long gait that gently rocked her buttocks, back and forth, like a magician’s pocket watch. It was hypnotic. *If Dr. Janson is getting a piece of that, Jenny thought, he must consider himself a very lucky man!*

Jenny had seen more than she wanted and heard as much. Was Dr. McAllister some kind of den mother, supplying willing girls to the patients? Jenny couldn’t bring herself to believe that, despite what she had heard. She liked Dr. McAllister, wanted to respect her. Maybe even be like her. Especially when she hit forty. Dr. McAllister had a body that defied gravity, and a few other laws of physics, besides. What woman wouldn’t kill for that body in later years? Jenny slid a foot back, searching with a toe for the floor under the chair. She felt cold moisture under her knee. Dropping down onto her feet, she stooped. She dabbed at the wetness; rolled the slickness between her thumb and

finger then held it to her nose. There was no doubt. It was a drop of semen.

“Jenny. What are you doing in here?”

“Dr. Janson wanted me to have a chat with you. He just left.”

Dr. McAllister eyed the privacy screen, saw it was still in place and let out a breath. “Good news, I hope.” She returned her attention to Jenny’s upturned face. She really was a pretty child.

“I think so. He has offered me three-weeks probation. Wants you to set things up.”

“Well that *is* good news,” Dr. McAllister said. “I need another nurse around here.” Jenny squirmed. She felt a pang of guilt and tried to control the flush of color. “And you’ve got that healthy, fresh look the patients will love. Perfect! Okay... go home, celebrate with your boyfriend, or boyfriends... a girl with your looks... have yourself a super weekend. Be back in this office, Monday morning at 8:30 and we’ll get you measured up for a uniform.

Jenny smiled. Despite her misgivings, she liked Dr. McAllister. Liked her a lot.

“Hey baby, where are you?”

“Still fifty miles from the city. Had to stop for gas. I’m at some service-center on the highway. I didn’t get lunch so I’m eating a muffin.”

“How did it go, this time?” he asked.

“Actually pretty good for once,” Jenny said. “I met with this doctor, he’s a hospital director actually, and we had a nice talk. He hardly looked at my resume or the transcript of my grades. He just saved everything in a folder and started talking about the hospital. They don’t even call it a *hospital*, but an institute: the Rosedale Institute. It’s small, only fifty beds, but quite exclusive. They’ve offered me probation. Three weeks, full pay, then they’ll make a final decision. I’ll be a full time nurse.”

“But you’re only a nurse’s aide.”

“Hey, I have a good chance at this job. You know how many resumes I’ve sent out? Over a hundred! And I only got three interviews to show for it. And those were with three Human Resources guys who were more interested in my tits than my grades. I should have never sent out that damned photograph.”

“Your grades weren’t that good. Your tits are.”

“Yeah. Well a little *new paper* solved that. And with some on-the-job-training, I’ll be as good as any of those *real* nurses. And if I get into a medical problem, there’ll be lots of others around to help out. It’ll be fine. And this job will pay twice the money.”

That made Jenny pause: There was the student loan, the credit card debt, the car loan and the rent on her apartment. She had already tapped out her parent’s savings. She had taken a credit card cash advance to pay last month’s rent. Even at twice the pay, it would be a struggle to catch up, but now, for the first time, she saw some daylight.

“Did he touch you?”

“No, silly,” she covered up. “Well, just a little bit...”

“A little bit?”

“Yeah. We were feeding the ducks. He patted my hand.”

“Ducks?”

“Yeah. You should see this place. It’s out in the country and the grounds are like a park. He walked me around. There is a pond, with ducks, and we sat on a bench and talked. He reached over and patted the back of my hand.”

Jenny didn’t tell him that she had opened the front of her *power* suit.

The new business suit had driven her credit card debt past the forty-thousand mark. It was light wool, jacket and skirt, and the cut was very conservative, reaching right down to her knees. But there was a delicious slit up the front, held together by a fastener about six inches up from the hemline. As long as she kept her feet on the floor, she

was the model of a demure job recruit. But if she thought it to her advantage, she could slyly drive a thumbnail under the fastener and the skirt would fall open. Cross her legs, and all things were possible! And she had sat beside Dr. Janson with her legs crossed, her heart in her throat, and watched his eyes drift away from the ducks. She had placed a hand on a bare knee and he had reached across and covered it with his own. He had long fingers and the tips had gently graced the skin of her leg.

“Okay. Let’s not go there. So probation...” Peter said.

“Yeah. I’ll be on call twenty-four hours a day, and work two full shifts. They have a dorm and I’ll have to stay on the grounds. But I’ll drive home on my day off.”

“So I won’t be seeing you?”

“Not every day, silly. And if things work out, I’ll have to get rid of my apartment. I can’t commute eighty miles to work. I’ll have to find something in between; halfway between Rosedale and the City.”

God, he hated the thought of losing her apartment. He still lived with his folks and Jenny’s apartment had become his oasis. He loved going over in the evenings. They would get naked and sit in the candle light and drink wine. They snuggled together on the sofa and watched their favorite television programs. And then later, she would lay in the center of the room on her tummy, with legs spread, chin propped up on hands and elbows, and she would watch the Late Late TV Show. And he would move in from behind.

She would take no notice as he pried her open. She would be laughing at the jokes, oblivious to his cock as he worked at her. And then he would cum. Deeply. And she would wait for a commercial break. Then she would stand and move toward the bathroom. He would hear the flush and, when she came back, she would hand him a tissue. He found it terribly erotic, somehow. Wasn’t sure why. It was certainly better than jerking off in his parent’s bathroom. But when he graduated and got his own place, he would find

a woman that liked to do it on top of the refrigerator, in the back of his car, in public, even.

“Pick up a bottle of wine,” Jenny suggested. “And a rotisserie chicken. When I get home, we’ll celebrate.”

“I think you need to check my prostate again,” he said.

“I did that already.”

“Well, it’s bothering me...”

“Geez, okay. Look, when I get back, I’ll take a sperm sample. How would that be.”

Anything, he thought. Anything but the damned television!

Chapter Three

Jenny closed her phone. Despite the bravo, she had reservations about the job. It was true: Technically, she wasn't a nurse. God, she could barely get through the nurse's aid program at the college.

Same with the journalism course, the year before that. She had managed to graduate, but only through some last minute maneuvering. And the resulting rumors, centering on her clandestine meeting with the journalism professor, had almost cost her the certificate.

The rumors had been essentially true, though she had never slept with the man; it hadn't been necessary. And it had been her English teacher, not her journalism professor. Not that it mattered much, either way.

Jenny had sat opposite his desk one morning and watched him shuffle through her papers. She had come to him because she needed his blessing. If she could only convince him to change her C- in English to a C+ she would have the extra credit and would graduate, if only by the skin of her teeth.

He squirmed and cleared his throat. "It would appear that you haven't maintained a satisfactory grade average in the past two years. Have you thought about your future?"

Jenny was thinking about *his* future. His very immediate future.

He was a man of about sixty and had probably been fairly decent in his youth. But he had gained a few unnecessary pounds, looked unkempt, and in need of a good wash. He was married, or at least he wore the ring, but what wife would allow him out of the house in the morning without a shower, and wearing a dirty shirt. And a rumpled suit. No matter. Jenny could still be nice to him.

"No," Jenny said truthfully, "I haven't *thought* about it. Just figured something would come along."

He sighed, rather sadly, Jenny thought, and he looked up to ponder her face.

“Is there anything you can do?” Jenny pleaded. And crossed her legs.

“Ahh...” He blushed deeply. In one brief moment of forbidden exaltation, he had seen clear up her skirt; marveled at the sight of slick marble thigh-muscle.

Jenny couldn't suppress the smile. She was no stranger to the effect she held over older men. Her first awareness had come from close quarters: her boyfriend's father.

She was in her teens, her body just starting to flourish; the anguishing mid-season bloom. The transition from pubescence to fertility. She could clearly recall the Saturday morning she had stopped by her boyfriend's house. It had been summer and she had slipped on a pair of short-shorts; not to be sexy, but to be comfortable. The sun was warm. The shorts had fit her last year, but her little bottom had rounded out. And her boyfriend's father had noticed.

His look gave her a tightness about the chest and an odd tingling sensation low down, in a spot where she wouldn't dare to tell her mother. Jenny had caught him looking at her legs and he was slow to turn away. But there was something more. A look about his face. For just an instant, he had the hung look of a hungry dog. It had scared her a little, but more, it had opened up a slew of unanswered questions: He had clearly been interested in something, but what? Why was he looking at her bum? Did he know he had made her feel all queer inside? Why had he flushed with guilt before turning away? And why did she feel it was all her fault?

By the time she was eighteen, Jenny had resolved all of those questions, and many more. She had come to terms with the notion that older men lusted after her body. Especially the ones that, when younger, had been successful slayers of woman's hearts. Even in advanced years, those were the men who still remembered the resilience of a muscled thigh, the feel of a smooth firm bottom, the press of hard nipples atop pert young breasts.

They were the ones who longed for opportunities that were now remote and unattainable.

But just because they were older didn't preclude them from Jenny's radar. Older men were more fun. And easy to manipulate. They knew how to entertain, and made better, more intelligent conversation. Not to mention the money and the cars. She found she could always get a lift downtown with the neighbor. He was retired and always available for a pair of heels and a short skirt. He would drive, and admire her legs. She would smile, cock a leg and let her knees drift apart. And there had been others. Many others. But they remained a mere diversion to her busy schedule of younger bucks who could better satisfy her lusty impulses.

"I don't see how I can help you," her English teacher said, closing the file.

"Please. I'm sure there's a way, if you think a moment. And I would be ever so grateful."

He looked down at her file once again, drummed on it with his fingers. "You are a very attractive girl." He kept his eyes lowered.

"Yes. I know."

She wore a light cotton blouse. It was white and she wore it with the three top buttons loose. He could see the outline of her bra through the fabric; one of those half bras, that pushed lush goodness up into the opening. When she leaned forward to study his eyes, he felt the earth shift; thought of a ground swell. Her nipples had to be right there, so close.

"You like to look, don't you? I'm just a young girl but you can't help yourself. I understand. Really I do."

That's all he needed to know. She had given him permission. He slowly got up, came around the end of the desk and stood behind her chair.

She couldn't see him, but she could hear his breathing, more like panting; low but steady. Forced control. A

technique to steady the nerves. He was standing so close, hovering really. Jenny could feel his presence hanging over her like heavy, stagnant air. She knew he was looking down her blouse.

And then she heard the faintest click.

Metal on metal.

She heard it again, more distinct. And again. He was easing his zipper down. Slowly. Like he was afraid the sound might startle her into reality. That she might bolt to her feet, scream, and charge out; slamming the door closed, to his office, and on his job. But she didn't move. She remained perfectly still. Waiting. And the only sound was the steady, primeval beat: Skin on skin. Hand on penis.

He was looking down the front of her blouse and masturbating.

Jenny smiled and thought where might be the best place to hang her diploma. Above her computer desk would be good. She could admire it with satisfaction as she fielded all the telephone calls from newspaper editors, offering her fascinating jobs in exciting new cities; all around the country.

She settled into her chair and relaxed her knees. The motion eased her skirt up along her thighs, giving him a little something extra. The beat had turned to rhythmic slapping, quicker, wilder, and his breath came in forcible grunts. The heat was rising; the pressure consuming him. Jenny was ready to push him over the brink. She quickly slipped the rest of the buttons, right to her navel. She hooked the cups of her bra with her fingers and tumbled her breasts free. He gasped as the twins jumped out to play. He saw the nipples, brown and extended, and the puffy aureoles.

Jenny was aware of him bending over her shoulder. "Give me your panties," he gasped. And she obliged him, pulling her skirt the rest of the way up until it was about her hips. Lifting her bottom, she raked the bikini briefs from where

they nestled her crotch and pushed them down. He staggered at the sight of the paunchy rolls of flesh beneath lush pubic hairs. He saw the devilish lips, pouting from between her open legs. His knees went weak and he leaned in.

Jenny felt the splatter sweep the back of her head. "Jesus!"

He had cum in her hair. Jenny was startled and made to get to her feet, but his hand came down, firmly onto her shoulder. Jenny looked and found his fingers were smeared in semen; the stuff was soaking into her shirt.

Jenny graduated. She got her certificate. She spent fifty dollars to have it professionally framed and she hung it above her computer desk. But the telephone had remained stubbornly silent. She sent resumes to every major daily in the country and sadly, there was little to show for it. With misgivings, she focused on the weeklies. There seemed to be a thousand of them.

She gave up after one hundred and forty-two. To hell with it! It was the middle of July and she packed her bags and left for the beach. After three days in the sun, she met an old guy with a beach house, and she moved in.

The sex was mediocre, at first, and then it got worse. But the accommodations were well appointed and the price was right. Plus the old darling paid for all the booze; no mean accomplishment with Jenny aboard. Her days were spent tanning topless; her evenings, on his impressive computer with high-speed internet.

With a fruitless year staring her in the face, Jenny started thinking. She had a choice: Spend a chilly winter on the beach with a man who was so boring it made her teeth hurt and was only interested in her ability to orally gratify him at bedtime, or get on back to school. She had been watching old re-runs of General Hospital and so chose nursing. She finagled a student loan and enrolled online.

Jenny was at Dr. McAllister's office door at precisely 8:28 on Monday morning. She had driven up the day before and got herself settled into a cheap motel. Jenny used her well-worn plastic to secure a room. It had cable and the TV worked. She had checked first, just to be sure.

She spent the afternoon driving around the hills of Rosedale and found she liked the rural community. It was a sizable university town with parks and cafes lining the leafy streets: laid back, but with enough young people to make it interesting. She picked up a small pizza and a bottle of cheap white wine and, back in her motel room, she locked the door and checked the blinds. Then she stripped off and turned on the set. She settled onto the bed, laying on her tummy, head propped up on hands and elbows, with her legs sprawled. She liked to feel the coolness there. In between. At home, Peter always spoiled it. He thought her opened legs were an invitation and he would push his dick in. She hated that, but he always paid for the pizza so she figured he deserved a little something.

If this job works out, I'm going to dump Peter, she thought. All he wants to do is fuck in front of the television.

Jenny was surprised to see that Dr. McAllister was out of uniform. "Director's meeting at ten," Dr. McAllister said, rising to her feet and extending a hand. She was wearing a dove-gray business suit; conservative cut. The skirt was slightly above the knee and the jacket had modest lapels and a slight flair at the hips. She wore it over a sheer charcoal blouse and beneath that, a black lace camisole. When Dr. McAllister leaned forward to grasp Jenny's hand, one breast snuggled up against the other: as unrestricted as the Canadian border, and looking just as friendly.

"The old fuddy-duddies like to get together once in awhile so I can tell them how much money I've made for them. They like to check out their assets." Dr. McAllister smiled and cocked a hip. She had a knack for looking as sexy as hell without it coming off as being cheap. Jenny's

linen jacket suddenly felt like an old cardigan; maybe one with a hole in the elbow. When Dr. McAllister turned to take her seat, Jenny watched her breasts roam back, front and center. There was a hint of a heavy erect nipple pushing at the lace. Jenny wondered what it was like, being a lesbian.

"Matty. Can you join us? Jenny is here for her fitting," Dr. McAllister said into her telephone.

Matty whirled through the door a moment later, like she had more important things on her mind, nodded pleasantly to Jenny, but, setting her canvas bag down, she went straight to Dr. McAllister. Matty wore a dressmaker's smock and her hair was tied up in a bun. No pencil. She wore half-spectacles at the end of her nose. She gave a quick appraisal of Dr. McAllister's appearance, adjusted the lapels of her jacket and, reaching down, fastened Dr. McAllister's jacket button. Then she closely examined the seam at Dr. McAllister's shoulder. Jenny realized that the woman was inspecting her own craftsmanship.

"I have the same Shetland wool, but in a burgundy. It would look smashing with your hair."

"But can I afford it?" Dr. McAllister said.

Matty took a step back, hand to her breast. "Just trying to help, my dear. You look such a frump in gray."

Dr. McAllister took the slight in stride. "Okay, we'll talk later, but this is about Jenny. She needs a uniform."

"Same as the others?" Matty asked, running her eyes along the line of Jenny's hip.

"Of course, same as the others."

Matty released a sigh of exasperation. "I wish you'd let me do more for these girls. You hire the most beautiful women and then dress them in drab white. Let me dash something off for this poor creature. Something in chartreuse, maybe, with a real neckline and a daring vent up the side. This lovely child deserves better than *Florence Nightingale*."

“Never mind the damned vents. Our standard uniform, please. And don’t make it too tight. That last girl you did needed breast reduction surgery. She was spilling out all over the place. The patients were dropping stuff all over my floors, just to watch her bend over. They were calling her *Miss Nipple-Slip*, for god’s sake.”

“Oh deary, let’s have a look then,” Matty resigned from the confrontation gracefully and pulled a measuring tape and a booklet from her canvas bag. “Arms up,” she commanded and ran the tape around Jenny’s waist. “Oh, a nice slim one,” she commented and made a notation in her booklet. “Please remove your jacket.”