



You Don't Need a Doctor
By Julia Talbot

"Shit, Tony, this guy doesn't need a doctor, he needs a veterinarian." I pried open the mouth of the guy who'd just come into emergency, staring at the amazing set of canines he had. He'd been shot, and the wound was a mess, seemingly already festering.

Christ, the guy was fuzzy, too.

"Looks like one of those dog-faced boys from the circus." Tony was a great RN, but he'd been working in trauma a long time and had developed a little of the gallows humor you saw when the patient came in unresponsive. It was a defense mechanism, though, and I understood.

"He's not that bad, but yeah, he's on the hairy side. Do we know what happened?"

Tony was doing his job, trying to find a vein to get that IV in, get the fluids going. Janey, the ER tech, was hooking up monitors, waiting to see if I wanted oxygen.

"The intake says he was found at the site of a drive-by. He was unconscious and only partially responsive. EMTs feared some sort of paralysis."

"Drive-by?" There was one bullet, and it had gone in at the lower ribcage. Usually drive-by shooting victims ended up peppered with bullets, or had completely random placement. This looked like it had been aimed for the heart.

"We need to determine how soon he can take surgery, then. That bullet is going to have to come out."

"His vitals are holding steady." Janey started reading off numbers, and I stared a little. The man was bleeding like a stuck pig. There was no way his pressure and heart rate were that good. No way.

"Tony, can you take the monitor for a moment?" Janey waved her pager, and we both nodded. We were

shorthanded as hell tonight, and everyone had eight places to be, at least.

Tony nodded, and I started cataloging the issues. The contusions seemed more in line with a beating than a drive-by, but you never knew what was going to happen when someone hit asphalt.

"Does that bullet wound seem... I dunno. Shallower?"

I looked where Tony pointed, and damn. It did seem like the bullet had worked its way closer to the surface of the guy's skin, the blood seepage slowing to more of a trickle. The redness was spreading, though, like he had a raging infection. There was pus, too.

Weird.

"Get me someone at x-ray, huh?"

"Sure." Tony stepped out of the cubicle to reach for the phone, leaving me alone with the patient.

Which was when the guy's eyes popped open and he reached up and grabbed my scrubs. "Get it out of me."

I barely understood him, and it wasn't shock that made me almost miss what he said. It was the way his voice came out animalistic growl. His grip... well, it was stronger than a lot of guys I'd seen come in whacked out on PCP.

What the hell?

"Get it out!"

"I'm not a surgeon." I tried to pull away, but he held me fast, claw-like nails digging into my sleeve.

"Do it. It's festering. I'll die before it works its way out."

"No one can go into sepsis that fast." I started to raise my voice to call out to Tony, but the guy growled and tried to sit up, which made blood spurt out of his wound. "Jesus! Would you lie down? I'll do it."

The guy lay back, staring at me, and damn. Damn, I didn't want to touch that wound. At all. It had that sick, gangrenous look already, and he'd just gotten shot, for God's sake. Of course, he seemed perfectly capable of causing some serious shit, so I decided to live dangerously and grab a scalpel.

I won't go into what kind of awful mess came out of the wound when I cut into it. The guy wanted to bellow, I could see it in his clenched throat and jaw, in the way the barrel chest swelled. He held it in, and I was impressed in spite of myself. I had long ago decided that a stoic acceptance of pain was just macho bullshit, but I'm a guy, right?

It's impressive on some cellular level.

I worked the bullet out with the scalpel and a pair of tweezers I usually reserved for big-assed splinters and glass shards. The thing fell to pieces, it was so soft, but Mr. Fuzzy growled and grunted until I got all the fragments.

The bleeding and seepage stopped with remarkable speed. Once I had all the pieces of the bullet, I turned away to get some cleansing solution and a dressing. He still needed x-rays and that necrosis really needed a culture, but he seemed much calmer, more ready to sit back and take treatment. Somehow he looked a lot less hairy, too. Thank God.

When I moved back to him with my tray, though, he was sitting up, flexing his muscles. The rotting flesh was starting to heal right before my eyes, and the wound was closing, becoming smaller with each heartbeat.

Okay, I admit it. I lost my shit, dropping my sterile tray and staring, my mouth hanging open.

"Oh, man, that feels better, Doc." The guy stretched and rolled his shoulder in its socket.

"How? What?" I couldn't wrap my mind around it. I needed someone to pinch me or something. Maybe smack me. He looked completely human, now. No more dog-face.

"I'd love to stick around and explain, Doc, but gunshot wounds bring on the cops, you know?" The guy stood, reaching out to rip the name badge off my scrubs. "I'll look you up."

Before I could even open my mouth he was out the door, moving so fast he was a fucking blur. What the hell? I heard Tony grunt, and second later he came back in, blinking at me.

"What just happened, Andy? Something hit me... Dude! Where's the guy?"

"I--I took the bullet out and he left." I felt the torn chest of my scrubs. Jesus.

Tony shook his head. "No way. How?"

"I don't know." I didn't. I would have to do some research, though. I looked at the bullet fragments I had pulled from the man's body.

That would be a good place to start.

Three days later I let myself into my apartment, glad to be on the downside of the craziest full moon forty-eight hour shift I could ever remember. I had all sorts of colleagues who assured me there were studies proving the full moon had nothing to do with craziness or whatever, but I didn't believe it.

People did more awful shit to each other on those days of the month than any other time.

Still, the full moon was past and I had forty-eight off, and I was going to crash and burn like a World War II biplane.

Then maybe I'd do some jacking off. I was horny as hell.

There was a light on in the kitchen that I hadn't left burning, and I stopped dead just inside the door, my heart thumping hard.

"Bobby?" My ex sometimes let himself in because we were still friendly and all, and I was hoping to hell he was there now.

"Sorry. My name is Shiloh." The guy from the hospital three nights ago, looking not at all fuzzy, came into the living room from the kitchen, munching on a chicken finger. "I got Popeyes. I hope you like spicy."

My mouth fell open, as it seemed to do a lot around this guy, and I stared.

"Who's Bobby?" he finally asked when I didn't speak.

"My ex. Who are you?"

"I told you my name." He held out a cardboard food boat. "Chicken?"

I should have called the cops. I knew it, but I just couldn't make myself. I didn't want to get into it with them after Tony and I had lied about the guy leaving the hospital. We'd blamed PCP. The police were willing to accept that, but I had the bullet fragments.

The damned things were about eighty percent silver.

I took a chicken finger. "Get any biscuits?"

"Uh-huh. And onion rings."

"Cool." The chicken was good, so I wandered to the kitchen to get a plate. "Why are you here?"

"I told you I'd look you up, Doc." He dug in his pocket and pulled out my name badge, tossing it at me.

"Wanted to thank you for saving my life."

I scoffed. "I didn't save your life. That bullet was working its way out of you." That still seemed like an impossibility, but I had seen it.

"No. My body was trying to reject it, but it was putrefying too fast. I would be pushing up daisies if not for you."

"Well, uh, you're welcome." What else was I supposed to say?

"So, was Bobby a boy or a girl ex?"

"Huh?" This guy kept me off balance in the most amazing way. "Why?"

"Well, if it was a guy, it will be easier to come on to you. It won't stop me if it was a girl, but I'm rarely wrong."

"Rarely wrong..."

"I have a good sense of smell."

"What?" I was losing my whole train of thought, completely unable to follow him.

"You're queer, right?" His bright green eyes twinkled when he smiled at me, his smile toothy and predatory.

"I am." That much I knew, at least, and since I'd never said boo to him in a sexual way, he had no reason to kick my ass. At least as far as I was concerned he didn't. Who knew what to expect from a guy whose body spit out bullets?

"Well, there you go. I know how to pay you back."

I was confused enough that I ate half a biscuit in one bite, just to give myself time to figure out what the hell he meant. Whoa. I should have put some butter on that.

"You don't have to pay me back." Crumbs dribbled a little when I talked. "I'm a doctor. That's what I do."

Shiloh stepped back, hands up. "Hey, no harm, no foul. If you find me unattractive."

Did I? I looked at him, cataloging the green eyes, the heavy, dark hair, the broad shoulders.

"I'm a doctor, not an idiot. You're fucking hot."

"Well, then." His words came out like a tiny growl, which raised the hair on my neck as well as my cock. He moved close, prowling like a big animal, herding me back into the hall like I was prey. I set my plate aside on the tall table that sat just inside the hallway.

"What are we doing?"

"I'm not gonna eat you, Doc. Well, not literally. Maybe metaphorically."

My cock rose to full hardness, pressing against my zipper, the tiny pain like one of those itches you had to scratch, even if you knew that would make it worse. I reached down to push my hand against it, the move completely unconscious.

It made Shiloh's nose twitch, made those bright eyes all but glow. He followed me as I backed toward my bedroom. He was mesmerizing. Dangerous.

I wanted him.

The bedroom was dark and cool, the hum of the air conditioning the only sound. He didn't turn on the lights when he followed me in, he just reached for me. His hands felt like steel bands on my shoulders, but he didn't hurt me, and his nails didn't sink in.

He just pulled me close and kissed me silly.

As a med student, I have to admit I spent a lot of time studying the effects of kissing, and the causes of the sensations when someone put their tongue in your mouth. Despite finding the entire process a little ludicrous, I had experimented with reckless abandon.

I'd never had anyone kiss me like this, like I was the favorite last meal and they were going to devour it. I should have been a little worried about his animal nature, but I couldn't care. Not when he was kissing me that way. I reached up to hold him, my arms trying to slide around him.

Finally he just picked me up and tossed me on my bed, the whole thing like some sort of carnival ride, it went

so fast. He pulled at my clothes, slapping my hands away when I tried to help. When I got tangled up in my shirt, he ripped it off me and pinned my wrists to the bed on either side of my head.

"Stay right here, Doc. Just like this."

"But I want to..."

"Shh." He kissed me silent. "Just like this."

I stayed just like that, watching him pull down my pants and briefs. He bent, putting his nose under my balls, of all things, sniffing deeply. Then he moved up to rub all over me, his body hard and hot and heavy on mine.

When he tore his clothes off as well, I reached for him, but he pushed me back down. "Not yet."

"I want to touch you."

"You will. Just let me scent you, Doc." He was all over me again then, his cock rubbing up under my balls, his thighs slipping between mine to open them wide. He spread me so far that my muscles twitched, the pain adding spice to the feel of his cock against me.

He rubbed insistently, until every inch of my skin tingled, and all I could smell was his musky scent. Then he smiled, pecking a kiss on my mouth.

"Now you can touch me."

"Good." I started with the tiny scar where I had removed the bullet from his flesh. It seemed impossible that there

was nothing more than a puckered circle the size of a dime, but it was true. A low growl came from him, a sound of pure pleasure, and he rocked against me.

"You do good work, Doc."

"I do what?" I was completely distracted by the hard muscles of his arms and chest, by the way the tiny, hard point of his nipple pushed into my palm. His skin fascinated me, the rough hair on his chest and groin a wonderful contrast to the silkiness of it.

"Nothing." He bent to bite gently at my throat, which made something akin to electricity burn through me, made me wail and hump against him. My cock could have drilled holes in concrete, but it bent against his belly instead, leaving a damp trail there.

Panting, I gripped his shoulders and pulled myself up, trying to get more of him. He laughed out loud and pressed down against me, giving me what I needed. He gave me enough friction that I felt scalded, almost. My legs were shoved up over his shoulders.

"Tell me you're a good boy, Doc. Tell me you keep rubbers and lube by the bed."

Nodding, I pointed to the drawer hidden in the headboard. "Close at hand."

"Good man."

Before I could even protest that maybe I didn't want to bottom, he had two wet fingers pushing inside me. I had played a lot of doctor this way during my med school

years, too, but no potential doctor had ever found my gland so unerringly, or had ever used it to make me crazy so damned fast.

I writhed, impaled on his fingers, my body trying to open for him and clamp down around him at the same time. His eyes glowed bright green for me, focused, almost too intense. It was intimidating, being the object of that kind of attention.

My cock and ass just found it inspiring as hell.

When he moved his fingers out and his cock in, I cried out, my head falling back against the bed. My ass pushed up, my back arching impossibly, and he pushed in so fast and deep that his hips smacked my skin with an audible pop.

Shiloh grabbed my cock like a handle, squeezing good and hard, then starting up a rhythm. He pulled and stroked, and his hips worked at the same time, his prick slamming into me in the best way.

The only way to describe it is rutting. We rutted.

His thrusts rocked me, his hand on my cock made me moan, these crazy, continuous sounds. He grunted, his body moving, muscles straining under his skin. He growled words at me, but nothing made sense. The only thing I could understand was the way his cock speared me.

I clawed at him, my fingers finding his shoulders, the sides of my hands pressing against my calves, which were still flung over him. He bent me damned near

double to kiss me, which pushed his hand up my cock and slid his prick right up to peg my gland, and that was it.

It was all over by the screaming, which I have to admit would have made an opera singer proud. I came between our bellies, shooting until I felt like my teeth were rattling.

A low growl was all the warning I got before Shiloh really let go, his hips pounding against my ass as he took me. No one had ever left me as limp and replete with pleasure, and certainly no one had ever taken me like I belonged to them and they were marking their territory.

That was exactly what it felt like when he bit me again, deep this time, so deep that the muscles in my shoulder and chest jumped and twitched. He came inside me, hard, so hard that I thought he might have blown right through the condom.

Jesus, between the open wound from the bite and the come, I hoped to hell he was clean.

Collapsing on me, he panted against my ear, tickling me with every breath. My leg muscles sang a little, but it wasn't such a bad song, so I ignored it.

When he finally rolled off me, he grimaced and disposed of the ruined condom. Then he glanced over at me, his brows rising. He reached over, his fingers tracing the trail of blood that ran down my chest.

"Shit. We might have a problem, Doc."

"You have a disease?" I knew it. God, I was stupid.

"Well, it's not syphilis or anything. If you contract it, it will only inconvenience you a couple nights a month." He grinned a little. "Looks like my wolf decided you were my mate."

"Your wolf." Okay. This was weirder than the silver bullet. Silver... "Wait. Are you trying to tell me you're a werewolf?"

There was no way. No such thing. It was a medical impossibility.

"Hey, it could be worse, right? Vampire is far worse on the communicable disease scale."

"Vampires." The world was getting a little fuzzy around the edges, and there was the weirdest ringing in my ears. "I am so going to kick your ass when I can move again."

"You got it, Doc. I might even let you fuck it."

That shouldn't have sounded so good, especially as close as I was to passing out. Somehow, though, the last thought in my head before I blacked out was how hot and tight his ass was gonna be.

"That is the grossest thing I have ever seen. Are you sure you shouldn't get a veterinary degree, man?" Tony handed me a scalpel, and I dug into the festering wound some really pissed off vampire had left on a member of Shiloh's, our, pack.

Vampire bites could kill a werewolf if left untreated. The viruses just competed too heavily.

"Shut up and get me some suction and a dressing." Tony had come along for the ride when I opened my clinic, saying he needed more of an adrenaline rush than the ER could provide. Together we'd learned how to anesthetize a werecat, how to dig wood splinters out of a vampire's chest, and how to keep a pixie from biting our hands off when repairing a broken wing.

Life was never fucking boring.

Tony gave me suction, and I got the wound cleaned out, applying my own personal version of triple antibiotic, distilled from the blood of the pack alpha.

"How's it going, Doc?" Shiloh was always ready to hover over me when I worked on one of his wolves. He took his job very seriously.

"He'll be fine. He's already healing. He'll only have a small scar to brag about."

"Excellent. Does that mean you're free for dinner when you're done?"

Tony shook his head. "Horndogs."

"Horny wolves," I corrected automatically. "And yeah, I'll be ready in ten. Tony is pulling the night shift tonight." I pulled off my gloves, tossing them in the bio bin.

"Cool." Shiloh grinned, putting an arm around my waist. We'd fought our way to a pretty good understanding once we realized he'd turned me into a werewolf, and we'd been a couple for two years.

"You know, I'm glad I didn't turn your case over to a vet when you came in, babe." I grinned over the recurring joke, knowing it was old, but unable to help myself.

Shiloh just laughed, hugging me up against his side. "Me, too, Doc. Me, too."

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