
Chapter 1

Darcy knew she should have said something—told someone—about what was really going on behind closed doors at Dr. Jared Brackett's office, but she knew a lot of people flat out wouldn't believe her. He had one of the most successful practices in the state, did a lot of pro bono work and had won more than his share of awards, none of which appeared anywhere where a patient could see them, quite deliberately.

He was nothing if not humble, it appeared—which was another one of the things everyone always raved about when they were talking about him—and his high-profile cases ensured that the folks in this tiny burg rarely talked about anything else.

If they only knew...

Besides the fact that she knew she was going to be called a liar behind her back—and probably in front of her—if she exposed him—she also felt pressured to keep her mouth shut for a much less altruistic reason—the doctor paid *amazingly* well. It was an open secret within the medical community that doctors paid their staffs a pittance, and normally, the better the doctor, the worse the pay scale in the office—as if his or her employees

should consider it a privilege to work there and practically donate their time.

But not Dr. Brackett.

Besides having huge bills from her education that she was still paying off by dribs and drabs, she had lost an argument with the I.R.S. to the tune of several tens of thousands of dollars that they seemed to have less than no sense of humor about her repaying. She was making rather large regular payments on that debt but desperately wanted to get them off her back for good, so she did her best to live frugally and send everything she could to them to get the debt paid down as quickly as possible. That was the number one reason why she had taken this job in the first place. She was making easily more than three times what she'd made at the last place she'd worked, and that was a much bigger practice. Dr. Brackett preferred to keep his patient roster quite small—even intimate, some might say.

And some knew better than others just how intimate.

"Nurse *Hanson!*"

Darcy bit her lip, knowing she'd just gotten herself into deep trouble by daydreaming during an "office visit"—and that was using the term very loosely—at which she was supposed to be assisting. Of course, the terms of her assistance had very little to do with the practice of medicine and much more to do with her willingness to participate in the doctor's various sexual adventures, but then she'd already chosen that road and could hardly complain now.

Now, all she could do was worry, frankly. She didn't know how many times the doctor had tried to get her attention before she finally heard him, but she knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that if it was any more than one time, her ass was his—literally and figuratively.

Because above almost everything else, Dr. Brackett expected to be obeyed.

One look across their patient's obscenely spread legs at

Angine, the other nurse in attendance who had been with the doctor for much longer than Darcy had—for his "special" patients, the doctor always had at least two nurses in the room with him at all times—told her that she had been well and truly caught, and she knew that she would be summoned to his office at an ungodly early hour, tomorrow morning, where she would be made to pay—quite painfully and humiliatingly—for her inattention, and she knew it would be that much worse because of this patient's unusual status.

Although he maintained enough regular patients—not to mention the occasional highly publicized ones—to pay the bills, Dr. Brackett's real bread was buttered by women who didn't just come to him for their annual exams. When she'd first arrived at the office, Darcy had been surprised—and perhaps a bit alarmed—to realize that there were some patients who were coming in for some sort of treatment on a nearly daily basis. She couldn't imagine what kind of condition would warrant such close attention by the doctor. If there were serious problems, the patients were usually handed off to other specialties—obstetrics or fertility or, unfortunately, oncology, in some cases.

But for what looked like otherwise normal, healthy, happy patients to see their gynecologist three plus times a week—for years on end, it seemed, when she looked back in their records—she knew that something about what was going on wasn't right. And, surprisingly, it hadn't taken them very long at all to let her in on their secret.

Now she was caught. She knew with complete certainty that she should go to the state licensing board with what she knew, despite the acute embarrassment she would be causing herself, since she had participated in such *treatments*, as well as been subject to them. But by doing so, she knew that she would be facing the loss of her job and the income she so desperately needed, not to mention her own status as a nurse, which was the only profession she'd had any interest in since she was about ten.

So, she kept her mouth shut and stayed, figuring that it was only a matter of time before someone—someone who was obviously a much better, stronger, and more principled person than she was—came forward to complain.

Although, for the life of her, she couldn't imagine who it might be—patient or staff. They all seemed to be getting exactly what they needed—*wanted*—from the doctor.

And she knew that, to be completely truthful, she had to include herself among them.

Darcy tried to keep her eyes on him as the handsome doctor rolled his stool between the woman's legs. But it was hard to ignore the way the patient was sighing and groaning, even before the doctor touched her. Mrs. Rose was completely naked as she lay stretched out on the examination table, which was entirely unnecessary but something the doctor insisted on for even those patients who weren't being given the doctor's unusual brand of attention. The only parts of her that were covered by blue sterile drapes were those that didn't need to be—her midsection and her legs. Anything that was of interest was left completely exposed.

"Now, Mrs. Rose," the doctor began in his usual commanding tone of voice—the one that was left over from his stint in the military, they all surmised. "As I recall, I left you deliberately at peak last week and told you that you were not to touch yourself—or even let your husband touch you—until your next visit, which was carefully exactly a week apart." From her vantage point, which was just behind the doctor to his right, she was compelled to watch as his big, gloved hand rested possessively over the woman's vulnerable privates. "Tell me. Did you follow the doctor's orders?"

Every bit of Catherine Rose's creamy white skin blushed a deep pink as she answered, almost at a whisper, "Well, y-yes, sir. I did, but—"

The doctor pounced, as the two nurses in the room knew he

would, on her hesitation questioning her authoritatively. "But what, Catherine?"

"M-my husband, sir. I couldn't—it wouldn't be right—we—he wanted to—and I couldn't."

Darcy couldn't believe how shockingly red the woman's skin was becoming as Brackett did nothing whatsoever to alleviate her embarrassment. In fact, he encouraged it. "You let him have you, didn't you, Catherine?" he asked, every word dripping with blatant disappointment.

Poor Mrs. Rose couldn't even answer him verbally; she was so thoroughly humiliated, she could only nod slowly, her eyes wide and filling with tears as she looked down between her legs at him.

The nurses knew he wouldn't let her get away with even that small avoidance.

"Come now, Catherine. You know better than that. A nod of your head is useless if I am to be as thorough as I know you want and need me to be in your treatment."

Merely his tone of voice had the woman practically writhing in orgasmic delight on the table, and he had barely touched her. He hadn't moved his hand from where he'd originally placed it, and yet she responded to him as if he was eagerly mouthing her clit while furiously finger-fucking her, which was the most likely scenario of how this "procedure" would culminate.

"Catherine!" There was no mistaking the command in his voice, and the patient immediately stilled. "You know you aren't allowed to experience sexual pleasure anywhere in your life but here with me, where I can monitor and control it, for your sake and the sake of your treatment."

She was practically blubbing now, knowing that whatever he had in store for her, she wasn't going to like enjoying it one bit.

"But, Doctor, sir, he didn't...he doesn't..." she tried to explain without confessing too much of her own husband's inad-

equacies in the bedroom, which was closing the barn door many, many sessions too late.

Dr. Brackett sighed heavily, as if deeply pained. "You know what I have to do, don't you? It isn't as if I haven't given you every chance to obey me. I was very explicit in my orders, wasn't I? And I explained in detail why it was so important that they be followed *very strictly*?"

Catherine was caught—she wasn't in a very good position to contradict him at the moment, and yet that might—*might*—have saved her.

The doctor gave an almost imperceptible nod, and the woman's arms were stretched out to her side, then strapped to padded armrests that stuck straight out from the exam table and were usually used when an IV was needed. At the same time, Darcy reached down and extended the highly tweaked metal stirrups to midway down her foot, then up just past the beginning of her calves, so that they formed almost a boot that would not allow her to remove it, no matter how hard she tried. Moving to stand beside the patient's stomach, Darcy leaned over and pulled the heavy leather waist belt out from under the table to wrap it tightly across her bare, nonexistent belly.

"The patient is secured, Doctor," Angine murmured quietly after checking on the job that Darcy had done, as was her right as the senior nurse in attendance.

All the doctor had to do was put his hand out and Darcy was right there with what he needed next. She knew the routine and was eager not to screw up again and make things worse for herself—they were already going to be bad enough. She dropped the tube of KY into his open palm, and everyone in the room could hear it farting noisily out onto his fingers, and Darcy knew the exact question that was in Catherine's mind at that exact second, *would he use two fingers right from the get go, or ease her into it with one?*

Darcy's money was on two, but the doc was a hard man to

fathom sometimes. She knew he would consider the fact that she made love with her husband to be disobeying him, and that generally meant he would employ whatever method he thought would make his patient feel the most thoroughly punished.

But sometimes, he liked to slow things down, draw them out, allowing for a longer period of true discomfort, so as to make his point a bit less forcefully, but more thoroughly and completely.

He was the only one who knew which method he would choose, and, as he bent forward, his mouth inches away from the area that Catherine would have much preferred he occupy himself at, he reached beneath her to her already spread cheeks and placed the tip of his fingers at the entrance to her bottom flower.

Catherine tried to start at the feel of the cold jelly and his firm flesh nestled threateningly against her, but she was too well bound for that. But she couldn't suppress an entirely unladylike yelp.

As those digits swirled teasingly around her tightly clamped rosebud, his mere glance at Angine had her pressing a neatly rolled up wad of gauze past Catherine's expensive lipstick, then placing a length of bandage across it, between her lips, and tying it off—not behind the patient's head, where it might ruin her expensive hairdo—but to small loops that had been surgically and conveniently implanted at the head of the table at jaw level for just such a purpose. There was no need for her—or any of their other unusual patients—to know that the exam rooms—indeed, every room in the building—was highly soundproofed as insurance against anyone upsetting the other people in the building. The doctor was a master at psychological torture, and he liked to let the patients think there was still a chance that they could be rescued from him, or, if that was their bent, that they could become mortified at the idea that they had a rapt, horrified audience in the waiting room.

Darcy highly doubted that any other practicing gynecologist

in the country had quite so hacked an exam table or quite so elaborately appointed building, for that matter.

"Catherine." Just her name, spoken softly but with such a wealth of chastisement that he had Darcy's toes curling within her shoes. "You know I can't have you disturbing the other patients in this office while you're getting your punishment. That wouldn't be right or fair to them, now, would it? They've all done as they were told, taken their medicines, refrained from intercourse, kept their fingers—and their husband's dicks—*away* from their little honey pots. They all obey me, and I reward them for doing so. I've rewarded you, sometimes, too, now, haven't I? When you've been an especially good girl?"

The patient's head nodded vehemently up and down as she also tried to answer him verbally, although it was almost completely suppressed by her gag, as if doing so would save her from what he was about to do to her.

"But for some reason, *you*," he emphasized the word by drilling both fingers—side by side—up inside her in one thrust, all the way to the last knuckles, "think I'll *let* you get *away* with it." He began to pump those fingers in and out of her in a relentless, pounding rhythm. "You think I am going to let you get away with *disregarding* a *treatment* plan I've so *carefully* made for *you* and letting your *boor* of a *husband* and his *ham hands* have his *way* with you, *even* though I *expressly* told you *not* to."

Darcy watched Catherine Rose trying to arch herself away from those invading digits, to writhe or wriggle or roll, somehow, to avoid the painful thrusts, but there was nowhere for her to go. She had been deliberately placed—like all women undergoing a gynecological exam—with her hips at the very end of the table, her butt hanging over the edge with no support or—more importantly—protection. And now she was being very carefully held there to receive whatever discipline it was that he—as her doctor, of course—had decided to mete out to her.

But there wasn't any such thing as getting away from Dr.

Brackett in any way. Once he got you into one of his "special treatments," you were stuck. There were women who had been coming to him for years who couldn't pull themselves away—or wouldn't, for fear of the public humiliation and embarrassment that might result if he spilled those particularly prurient beans to anyone at all.

No one who had ever been seen by him like this would ever even consider missing an appointment without an extremely good reason. Whatever the punishment would be for disobeying him so blatantly as to make something up didn't bear thinking of, much less enduring.

"You are unacceptably tight back here, Catherine. I can see that I've not paid enough attention to you here. That's my fault, and believe me, I'll address it in the future." The patient's wails—even severely curtailed as they were—fervently increased in volume and number, to no avail at all. "But right now, we're dealing with you and this bratty misbehavior of yours."

With his fingers still pumping with terrible power in and out of her behind, he met his captive's eyes as Angine held her head up so that she had no choice but to do so. He placed his mouth over her clit, trailing his tongue down to her pussy and finding the moisture there, then making his way—very slowly—back up. "I need to find a better way of punishing you, I can see, since you're wringing wet from this." He added a third finger then, abruptly and without warning, although he tried to maintain the same momentum as he had previously, thrusting away at her, forcing her to accept this new level of invasion, forcing her to yield her body to him completely.

"Your clit is enormously swollen, too, Catherine," the doctor growled, as if he was having a hard time denying himself what he wanted, berating her for her overt response to what he was doing to her. "But you are still under orders not to come—not on your own or with *anyone* else." Dr. Brackett leaned forward and encased that pebble-sized nub in his

mouth, washing it slowly and thoroughly with every part of his tongue.

Then, just as abruptly, he removed his fingers and his mouth and sat back, husking off his gloves and throwing them away, turning to the small desk at the corner of the office. "Just so I'm making myself perfectly clear to you, you are not to orgasm until your next appointment, Catherine." He gave her a firm look. "You are not to engage in anything even remotely resembling sexual behavior of any kind, with anyone, not even your husband. I don't care what kind of excuse you have to make to him. Am I making myself completely understood?"

Catherine, who was already sitting up, having been freed of her restraints and handed her clothes, replied softly, but with no small amount of anguish as she tried to find a comfortable position that didn't make either her bottom hole or her clit ache terribly as a reminder of her punishment, "Yes, sir."

"Let's see." Brackett made notes on his tablet computer. "I'll see you in two weeks—considering the severity of your disobedience—but, of course, I want you in here daily getting treatments from Angine or one of the other nurses. I imagine you'll be truly repentant when I see you next."

The young woman looked truly horrified that she was being made to wait that long for sexual fulfillment, when ten out of the fourteen days, she'd have to undergo embarrassingly intimate, deliberately sensual procedures for at least an hour without being allowed release, and knowing full well that there were no guarantees whatsoever that he would grant it to her even then, even if she had followed his orders to a "t".

"See Steffie on the way out to make your appointment, Catherine," he reminded, shaking her hand in a calculatedly business-like manner on his way out the door.

If she didn't think she was going to be in a similar situation tomorrow morning, Darcy might have been more sympathetic to

the woman, who looked as if she was going to burst into tears at any moment as she headed for the scheduling window.

"You are in the doghouse, but good," Angine whispered to Darcy as she passed by her on the way to reception.

Hoping to hide from him at least until he was in with his next patient, Darcy ducked into the employee lounge, which occupied the entire backside of the building and reminded her of something the Google employees enjoyed, especially in comparison to every other break room she'd ever been in in her life. When she'd first come to work there, she'd wanted to move in. There was everything—free broadband Wi-Fi, cable TV, Xbox 360, fridge with water and ice in the door that was also stocked with everyone's favorite drinks, a separate freezer with free ice cream treats all summer, plus the usual coffee and tea, in a space that had been decorated to resemble a living room rather than a sterile employees' lounge.

But, of course, he had kept his eye on her since he knew they had an upcoming conversation that he had yet to schedule, so he simply followed right behind her.

"I want to see you in my office at five, tomorrow morning."

Darcy was an early bird, but that was going to be tough, even for her—especially considering that she was then going to have to spend the rest of that day—if any of their previous "conversations" were anything to go by—being worked like a dog by him while her ass throbbed as if it was going to fall off at any given moment. And, of course, that's exactly why he handed out punishments *before* work, rather than after. If he did it after, the miscreant would just go home to soothe herself by rubbing with analgesic lotions. This way, he would deliver "reminder" smacks liberally throughout the day, and he didn't give a damn who saw him do so, either. He'd just wink at whoever it was and say something about needing to keep his girls in line.

And he was so damned good looking that no one ever took offense, even though what he delivered could not in any way be

considered a love pat, and some of the girls—usually the new ones who hadn't learned better not to—even yelped in pain when his palm connected with their behinds.

Of course, the uniforms he made them wear weren't any help in that area, either. They weren't much of a help in *any* area. They weren't the usual white polyester. They were spandex, but in a soft, just shy of tasteful salmon pink, and they hugged every single curve you owned, and some you didn't know about. The doctor preferred women who weren't skeletal, and thus, the way some of them—Darcy, in particular, because she was severely gifted both coming and going—filled those uniforms out was awfully close to pornographic in and of itself.

Darcy had often wondered why women still came to his office, but then she recalled the "special treatments" so many of them got and knew she had her answer.

"Five tomorrow morning, yes, sir," Darcy knew she was required to say. He felt that if you repeated it back to him, you were more likely to remember it. She wasn't at all sure it helped—the only thing that was going to help her to not be late to that appointment was getting home and going to bed early.

One out of two wasn't such great odds. She got home at the normal time but found that the anticipation of what she had coming to her in the morning kept her awake most of the night. Of course, that's why he hadn't chastised her sooner. He liked to make his girls spend the night before wondering and worrying about what they had coming to them, then spend the work day wishing they could rub their sore rear ends. It turned a two-hour punishment into a twenty-four or more hour one.

The next morning, Darcy awoke at four A.M., got dressed in a uniform she made damned sure was spotless, did her make up very carefully and scrutinized herself in a full-length mirror very carefully before she took a deep breath that was full of dread and drove in to work to meet her fate.