Emergency Medical Sex

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A Paramedic and his new partner share some down time.

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I had just recently started working for a new ambulance company. I had already been a Paramedic for several years by this point, so I knew the job, but I was still newer amongst my coworkers since they had been with this company longer than I had been. It was spring time and the days were getting longer and warmer. The boss had just decided that the crews could switch to wearing T-shirts with the company's logo rather than the heavy, synthetic-fiber uniform shirts. The only requirement was that both crew members had to match each other.

I made the trip in my off-time to the central headquarters station to pick up my paycheck as well as see about getting myself a T shirt for my shift the next day. I was disappointed to find out that the T shirts were not being issued; rather they were being sold to the crews to cover the cost of their production. I was further disappointed to see that my check was dated for the following day, so I couldn't cash it yet to get the money to pick up a T shirt. As I was walking back across the parking lot to my truck, I was greeted by a gorgeous, smiling, redheaded woman that walked right up to me and started talking. I had seen her around, but didn't know her name and hadn't worked with her yet. Of course she had caught my eye; she had a mass of thick, long, wavy hair that was the brightest red I have ever seen while still looking natural. She stood about 5'6" with a trim looking build and c-cup breasts. She was wearing jogging shorts and a spaghetti strap tank top, obviously without a bra, either, as I could clearly see the outline of her nipples as she approached. She had very fair skin and light freckles all over the skin I could see. I tore my gaze from her nipples to stare into her deep brown eyes as she spoke to me, not wanting to appear rude.

"Hi, my name's Jeri. You're Nate, right? I'm your partner tomorrow" She started with. I couldn't believe my luck! This woman was gorgeous! I immediately started looking forward to the next day! I told her that I had come to get my check and see about a T-shirt, but that I couldn't get one until tomorrow. She told me there was no way she would be stuck in her uniform shirt until I got my T shirt, and she offered to pick one up for me saying I could pay her back tomorrow. I told her that would be great, and that I would have the money for her the next day.

I had a cigarette in the parking lot and waited as she went in to pick up the shirts. When she came

back out, she tossed me my shirt and said "see you tomorrow!". Then she climbed into her Jeep and drove away. I finished my smoke, then climbed into my truck and headed home. I still couldn't believe my luck and was looking forward to the next day's shift so much that I had some trouble falling asleep that night.

A little about me to help understand the story some more, I am tall, 6'5" and weigh about 275 pounds. I carry my weight well because of my height; people don't realize just how tall I am until they are standing next to me. I have medium brown hair, usually very long and tied back in a pony tail. I have hazel eyes that run the spectrum of colors, usually a gray-blue-green, but change dramatically depending on my moods. I have a full beard that I keep neatly trimmed. I try to work out and keep in shape, but the job makes this difficult, always having to eat on the run and never having the time to sit and enjoy my food.

The next morning, I woke up much easier than usual, and in a good mood as well. I showered, trimmed my beard and my pubic hair. I got dressed in my uniform, complete with the new T-shirt, gathered up some food and drinks, as well as my bag with my "work linen" in it and headed to work.

I was working that day in an outlying station on a 24 hour shift. This station was a converted house with a garage large enough for an ambulance added on to the side. There was a main "great room" type lounge with a kitchen area in the back, a bathroom with a shower to the right and 3 small rooms along the left wall. The front one was the office with the computer for doing tripsheets and the 2 other rooms each had a twin bed with a night stand and a small lamp. These were where we could sleep if time (and call volume) allowed. It was still dark out as Jeri and I got there at the same time, and as she climbed out of her Jeep, I couldn't help but check her out. She was wearing side-zip duty boots and black tactical pants that hugged her bubble-butt very well. She had on her new T-shirt, tucked into her pants, and a ball cap with the company's logo on it and had her wild red hair in a pony tail out through the back of the cap. With her hair up, I noticed an attractive, oval face with a dainty looking mouth. She was very attractive in a rough-and-ready sort of way that I just love. I also noticed the faint scent of strawberries as she walked past me.

We went inside and talked with the off-going crew that we were replacing. After they gave us a report on their day and the condition of the rig and supplies, they gathered up their belongings and left, leaving me and Jeri alone together for the rest of the shift. We each claimed a bunk room and made our beds with the linen we had brought from home. Then we went out to the bay to check the rig and make sure we were ready for the day.

As we went through the rig, checking all the equipment and supplies, we also chatted and got to know each other. She had been an EMT for about as long as I had been a Paramedic, had been working for this company for a few years now and knew what all the job entailed. I was relieved to find this out

as having an experienced partner made the day go much smoother. Although she looked small, she was a country girl used to hard work on a farm, so she was powerful as well.

After we finished going through the bus, we had a smoke outside together, then went back into the station to try and take a nap before the tones started dropping. Knowing she was laying in the bed in the next room wasn't making it easy for me to get any sleep.

It didn't take long before the natives became restless and the calls started coming in. We were out running for the next several hours. Answering 911 calls as well as routine transfers and the occasional standby. All through the day, we chatted and flirted, the usual innuendos flying as they always do in such a stressful work environment. She surprised me with her dialogue more than a few times, proving she was just as dark and twisted as I was. To say that we hit it off would be an understatement. It was a very long day. We had several runs and were getting giddy with the exertion, adrenalin and lack of sleep that comes with the job. Because of my height, I always take the head of the cot as we wheel patients through the hospitals since the head of the cot is higher off the ground than the foot, which also allows me the opportunity to watch my partner's ass as she walks along in front of me. Usually the bulky cargo pants don't offer much to look at, but with Jeri it was different; her pants fit her so well and her hips swayed so seductively while she walked that I couldn't help but stare.

By the time the sun was setting, about 14 hours into the shift, we had gotten to know each other very well and were at the stage where we felt comfortable being ourselves with each other. It had been a very warm day and after the sun had set, it started to get a little chilly in the air. After we had finished our tripsheets, we were both sitting on the driveway smoking, enjoying the warmth of the blacktop on our legs with the chill in the air.

Jeri kept fidgeting and rolling her head around her shoulders. Apparently the multiple, heavy patients we had lifted throughout the day had gotten to her. I asked what was wrong, as any hint of a back injury is taken pretty seriously in this job. It can be a career-killer. She told me that she just had some knots in her neck, had gotten them several times over the past and that she would be fine after a visit to her chiropractor. I told her that I was familiar with such things and offered to rub them out for her. She readily agreed, put out her cigarette and stood up, pulling me to my feet with her. We went back into the bay, put down the door and then set about securing the outside of the station, locking the front door and making sure the back door was still locked.

We each unzipped and kicked off our boots and made sure to turn up the volume on the portable radio so we could hear if any calls came in, then we went into her bunk room and she laid down, right in the middle of the bed on her stomach, with her arms folded up under her head. After watching her butt all day long and now seeing her laying in front of me, even fully-clothed, my cock was starting to

twitch. The thought that I was going to have my hands on her skin was almost unbearable. I knelt beside her, then threw my leg over her, straddling the tops of her thighs. I started at her neck, rubbing firmly with my thumbs along each side of her spine from her shoulders to her hair line. Her skin was so soft and warm, and she was groaning in pleasure as I found a couple knots and rubbed them out. Every now and then I would hit a sore spot and she would jump a little, which caused her to rub her ass against my cock. I was getting hard by this point and I knew she could tell, as I had to re-adjust myself straight up, so that my cock was laying right up between her ass cheeks, although still fully clothed.

As I started working my way down her shoulders, the T shirt was getting in the way. She reach her arms down along her sides, pulled the bottom of her shirt free from her pants, and peeled it up over her head, taking her ball cap off with it. She threw her shirt and hat onto the night stand and folded her arms back under her head again. Her mass of thick red hair spilling all over her neck and shoulders. This was getting to be too much to bear! Her bra was pale yellow with little flowers on it. It had thin straps and a hook closure similar to a swimsuit. As I worked my way over her shoulders, I nudged the straps out to the sides, then as I got to the closure, I unhooked it, letting it fall open to her sides. I let my eyes wander all over her back as my hands followed. She had light freckles all over with only a thin freckle-free line from what must be a really small swimsuit top. I was in heaven as I let my hands travel all over her back. I was rock hard at this point and there was no hiding it.

She once more reached her arms down along her sides and under her and I slid her bra straps off her shoulders as she did. She shrugged out of the bra straps, then undid her belt and pants under her. She lifted her hips up as she slid her pants down to her knees, drawing her knees up under her as she moved. I was presented with the sight of her ass clad only in tight black lace boy-shorts. As she slid her underwear down over the curve of her ass, slowly exposing her bare bottom to me, the scent of strawberries got stronger. She pushed back into me, rubbing her ass against the front of my pants, looked over her shoulder at me and said "if you don't give him some room, you might split your zipper". That was all the invitation I needed. I quickly opened my pants and pulled down the front of my briefs, allowing my cock to spring free from it's confines.

I let my cock run between her legs, rubbing against her pussy and clit, as I again ran my hands up and down her back, lightly teasing the small hollow right at the small of her back with my fingertips. I could tell she was very wet and warm already. After continuing this way for just a couple minutes, I tilted my hips, bringing the angle of my cock up until the head was at the entrance to her pussy. I held still there, leaving the choice to her. She then pushed back hard against me, taking all of me deep into her in one thrust. She let out a moan and started moving forward and back. She was so warm and wet, and the strawberry smell filled the air completely. I continued running my hands on her back, and moved with her as she moved to and fro. As she would lean forward, my cock would come almost all the way out of her, then she would push back against me hard again, impaling herself on

my cock, over and over again.

She still had her head and shoulders resting on the bed, with her back arched deeply with her ass in the air. She was moaning and gasping louder and louder with each thrust. The pace kept building until I finally reached up and tangled my hands in her hair, gently tugging her head back as I thrust into her over and over again. This seemed to send her over the edge as she started screaming and bucking under me. I felt her pussy contract around my cock and felt a warm rush of fluid against my balls and thighs. She screamed out as her orgasm overtook her; "oh MY GOD! YESSSS!". It was too much to bear for me and I came hard, driving into her as deeply as I could. I could feel each and every pulse and spasm of my cock as I filled her with rope after rope of cum. This set her off again and she flooded my legs with her ejaculate and started shaking all over.

As I started to lay forward, she pushed her shoulders up off the bed to meet me and I nuzzled her neck through her hair. I felt content and relaxed and gradually let my toes uncurl. After we disengaged from each other, I surveyed the damage; my uniform pants were DRENCHED in our fluids, as were her pants, underwear and sheets. She simply said "sorry, I'm a squirter" and I told her that was not only cool, it was a turn on to me. I scooped my fingers through her pussy and brought them to my mouth. I licked them clean and enjoyed the tangy hint of strawberry flavoring. She explained that she used that to help hide it if she got turned on at work. I wanted to go down on her, but she said we had better get cleaned up, 911 waits for no one.

We both cleaned up and changed into our spare uniforms. Just in time, too, as the tones dropped and we got sent on a vehicle accident. The rest of the night is a blur to me now. We finished up the shift and went home. We have never mentioned it to each other or anyone else for that matter since then. We only ever got to work together a few more times over the years, but never had a repeat of that night. Every once in a while I will ask her if she has any knots that need worked out, then I smile as she blushes and punches me in the arm...