It Only Makes Sense



Chelsea Stevens was fuming.

“You knew?! I can’t believe this! Kris, this doesn’t make any sense. Tell me you’re joking.”

Ten minutes earlier, Chelsea had raced into Kris’ office certain that when she shared what she discovered with the Director of Nursing, her new hire Derek would be fired immediately. As the charge nurse on her floor, Chelsea took it upon herself to verify the credentials of every new nurse that came into her unit. So naturally when she came back from a weeklong vacation with her husband and discovered that Kris had hired a new nurse in her absence, the first thing she did after clocking in was to log into the state database to look up his information. That’s when she made the discovery.

To her shock, Chelsea realized after a few minutes of digging around that Derek didn’t have a nursing license in the state. In fact, as far as she could tell, he didn’t have records of any kind on file with the state. Kris had somehow completely neglected to do even a basic background check and now here this guy was, almost a solid week working on the floor in the nursing rotation.

“Chelsea, calm down.” Kris responded. “I knew when I interviewed him that it would take him a while to get acclimated. That’s part of why I brought him onboard right away, so he could spend a few days shadowing the other girls before you got back and started into his official training shifts with him.”

“Training shifts? Kris, you know the state regs better than I do. We can’t do this. You can’t just let someone with no medical training and no licensing shadow my nurses for a few days and call everything good! If the state found out about this, we’d be in so much trouble. They’d probably close us down. You, me, and every other RN in the chain of command could lose our own licenses! Listen to me Kris, this is BIG.”

Kris sighed. “Okay Chelsea, I’m hearing you. Here’s what we’ll do. Head back to the floor and have Derek come up to my office. I’ll talk to him about the situation and we’ll plan a course of action and go from there. Sound fair?”

“By ‘plan a course of action’ do you mean fire Derek? Because I don’t want to risk my career by training and supervising someone who isn’t really a nurse.” Chelsea responded.

“I mean” Kris replied sternly, “we will plan a course of action. I’ve been a nurse a lot longer than you have Chelsea, You’ve got to trust that I know what I’m doing. Now please, head back up to the floor and send Derek to see me.”

Unhappy with how nonplussed her boss appeared to be from the revelation, Chelsea stormed out of the office, making her way to the elevator and across the care center to her nurse’s station. Two of her floor nurses, Jen and Sara, were there discussing the latest episode of some reality show while they charted. Derek, who Chelsea hadn’t even officially met yet, was nowhere to be seen, nor was Julie, her other nurse on the rotation.

As she was opening her mouth to ask the girls if they knew where Derek was, Chelsea stopped, caught off guard by yet another discovery: neither Jen nor Sara appeared to be wearing a bra. It wasn’t as obvious for Sara, a brunette whose petite frame and tiny breasts didn’t need much support to begin with. But then there was Jen. Taller and curvier with an hourglass figure that made most men drool, her girls were definitely set free, with nipples clearly visible through her scrub top.

‘This whole day just doesn’t make any sense’ Chelsea thought to herself, before clearing her throat and asking Jen and Sara if they’d seen the new guy.

“Oh yeah,” Jen spoke up, “I think he went down to the lounge on the north corridor with Jules.” She and Sara exchanged a knowing glance and both girls started giggling.

Still irritated from her meeting with Kris, the girl's reaction only pissed Chelsea off more. What's so funny, and why are they all the way down in the far break room when the shift just started? She snapped back at her subordinates.

"I don't know what you girls' little inside joke is all about, but we have work to do and I need Derek back here RIGHT NOW."

Sara jumped up, volunteering to get Derek. Chelsea watched her sprint down the long hall, turning and disappearing down the north corridor on the far end of the floor. Several minutes later Sara, Julie and a guy that Chelsea assumed must be Derek rounded the corner casually making their way back as they joked about something. They were too far away for Chelsea to hear their conversation, but one thing was plainly obvious to her. Like Sara and Jen, Julie didn't appear to have a bra on under her scrubs. As they strode towards the nurse's station Julie's generous tits swung freely from side to side. Julie laughed at something Derek said as she retied her red hair into a bun and wiped something off her chin.

Hey, whassup? You must be my new boss lady. I'm Derek" the man casually said to Chelsea as the trio approached the nurse's station. "You wanted to see me?" Everything about this guy rubbed her the wrong way.

"Not me." Chelsea replied curtly. "The director of nursing. Kris wants you in her office. NOW. And if you make it through that meeting, You'll have to deal with me next." Her scowl told the other nurses everything they needed to know, and they quickly got back to their morning paperwork.

"Cool cool," Derek replied, keeping his casual tone as he looked Chelsea up and down, very obviously checking her out. "I got you. I'll go talk to the big boss lady and I'll see you in a bit." Before Chelsea could scold him for his utter lack of professionalism, Derek was off, strolling down towards the elevator to head up to the administrative offices. Chelsea let out a frustrated sigh and joined the other nurses in their morning routine.

For as insane as the morning started out, the next two hours were shockingly normal. Chelsea, Julie, Jen, and Sara saw to their patients, filled orders, and Chelsea even had a chance to send her husband a quick text promising to tell him about her crazy first morning back from vacation when she got home that night. By all counts, things had returned to being routine.

'Well, mostly routine' Chelsea thought, reflecting on the fact that somehow all three of her nurses had decided over the week she was gone that bras were suddenly optional at work. It was definitely irritating Chelsea, and she knew she needed to address that issue with her nurses at some point.

Another deviation from the norm was that the girls all seemed to be talking about Derek a lot. From the topics that came up, it was clear they were very into him. All three of her floor nurses couldn't seem to stop talking about his cute scruffy haircut, how blue his eyes were, and on and on. For someone they only met a few days ago, the girls all seemed a bit more infatuated with him than she'd expect.

Chelsea could almost understand this infatuation from Sara and Jen – both had been single for a while and they were more of the party girl type. It kinda made sense that those two would enjoy a male presence at work. The fact that Julie was just as into Derek as the others was definitely weirder, though. Jules was engaged to an awesome guy named Bryce, and at least up until she left on vacation, all Jules could talk about was wedding planning and how excited she was to be marrying the man of her dreams. It was so cute it was almost sickening. So it was definitely strange that almost three hours into their 12 hour shift Julie hadn't brought up Bryce or the wedding once, but couldn't stop herself from gushing over how great Derek's music taste was or how funny his jokes were, or any number of other compliments. Chelsea made a mental note to add "toning down the Derek adoration" to the list of things to address with her staff later on.

But before she could call that awkward staff meeting, Chelsea knew she had to decide how to handle the whole situation with Kris hiring a so-called nurse with zero qualifications. Hopefully Kris fired Derek and she'd never see him again. That would be the easy answer and would explain why he still hadn't returned over two hours after heading to the office. But if she didn't fire him, what then? Chelsea couldn't risk her own license by supervising an unlicensed nurse. Would she have to quit? Should she use her authority as charge nurse to fire him herself? Would she need to report this to the state?

Chelsea was still mulling over her options when she heard the ding of the elevator down the hall and looked up to see Derek step out and stroll casually towards her. The way he was so laid back about everything was royally pissing Chelsea off, so she decided this was it. He was still here, so Kris must not have fired him. 'As soon as he gets back to the nurse's station, I'm going to call him out on his qualifications right here in the open and let him go.' Chelsea told herself. If she was lucky, the other nurses, hearing that Derek is a fraud with no license, might snap out of their obsession and get back to normal.

As he arrived at the nurse's station, Derek smiled at Chelsea. "Hey boss lady, I made it through my meeting with Kris and I'm still here, so it only makes sense that you and I should find someplace private to talk."

He was right, she realized. As much as she wanted to call him out here and now, it was a better idea to go someplace private. After all, Kris apparently didn't fire him, so maybe there was something she didn't know about. She was still pissed about the whole situation and wanted him gone, but it wouldn't hurt to get him alone and address it all there. Not too alone, of course. The way he checked her out earlier gave her bad vibes. The med room next to the nurse's station was private, but close enough to

the front that nurses, patients, and security staff would all be close by if she needed help.

“I couldn’t agree more, Derek.” Chelsea replied. “Come on over to the med room and we can -”

“Actually,” Derek said, cutting her off. “You agreed that we should go somewhere private, so it only makes sense that we’d go someplace really private, like the lounge in the north corridor.”

Of course he was right. While the med room was private, it wasn’t very private. Somebody could walk by and hear what she was saying, Chelsea thought to herself. If she lost her cool, it would be embarrassing. The north corridor is totally vacant and the lounge at the end of the hall was pretty much never used aside from her own nurses. That really would be the best place to have this conversation.

“That works for me,” Chelsea told him. As she got up from her desk to start heading towards the vacant end of the building Derek addressed the other three nurses, “the boss lady and I might be back there for a while, so it only makes sense that you three would pick up her work for the rest of the day.” As the girls nodded in acceptance, Chelsea found herself agreeing too. She hoped this would be a short meeting, but regardless, it really did make sense for the girls to take the rest of her workload for the day. With that she and Derek headed down the hall.

Once the two rounded the corner into the north corridor and were out of sight from the main hall, Derek slowed down just enough that he was behind Chelsea. When she turned around to make sure he was still with her, She realized he was definitely checking her out again. Between her silky blonde hair, bright green eyes and generous breasts, Chelsea was used to getting looks when she went out, but this was work and Derek was a subordinate. She found herself irritated and a bit creeped out from his behavior. Still, she just wanted to get this over with, so she turned and continued towards the lounge so she could confront Derek, tell him to take a hike, and get on with her life.

Finally they reached the end of the corridor and Derek followed Chelsea into the lounge. As he entered the room Derek closed the door, and Chelsea turned around in time to see him setting the lock.

“Hey! No no no no no!” She scolded Derek. “I said I wanted to talk privately, not that I wanted to lock the doors. Let’s unlock that right now.”

“Chill out boss lady.” Derek almost laughed. “You were the one who agreed to meet back here, so it only makes sense that you’d want to lock the door for extra privacy.”

Of course he was right. She did want to meet in the most remote corner of the building. If you're going to be that far removed from the rest of the building you should just go all the way and lock the door to make sure nobody walked in while she was verbally tearing him apart.

Like the rest of the north corridor, the lounge was a bit dated. The room was a fairly decent size, with a faded but super comfortable sofa along the wall close to the door, a few chairs around a beat up conference table in the middle of the room, and a small kitchenette at the far end. With no windows and being about as far away from the daily grind of the care center as you could get, this was definitely the best place to have this confrontation, and locking the door was definitely wise, Chelsea decided.

"Okay Derek, fair enough. Just have a seat and let's talk about your credentials." When Chelsea said this she assumed Derek understood that she wanted to sit at the conference table, but much to her chagrin, Derek plopped himself down right in the middle of the sofa. "Derek, this is a serious meeting, not a casual conversation. When I said have a seat I meant that I wan-"

"Actually boss lady," Derek said, cutting her off again, "when you told me to have a seat you didn't say where, so it only makes sense that it's okay for me to sit wherever I want."

In her mind, Chelsea suddenly realized that he was right, and it really wasn't a big deal. She could call him out regardless of where he was sitting. No, Derek parking his butt on the couch didn't bother her, but something else he said definitely did.

"Nevermind about the seating, but Derek, before we start this meeting, I need you to stop calling me boss lady. It's rude and unprofessional. You can call me Nurse Stevens, or even Chelsea, but I have to insist that you quit calling me boss lady. Do you understand?"

Derek looked at her, and Chelsea could tell he was thinking about his response. After a pause, Derek smiled and opened his mouth to respond. "You know," he began, "the first time I called you boss lady this morning you didn't say anything about it, so it only makes sense that you really love it when people call you boss lady and you don't want me to stop. But if you really think I should quit doing it, I will Nurse Stevens. Is that better?"

Chelsea had no idea why Derek was smiling like a loon, but as soon as he heard him refer to her as Nurse Stevens she realized that she'd made a mistake. It just sounded so wrong. She loved being called 'boss lady,' so much that she wondered if she should have all the nurses refer to her with the title. She definitely didn't want Derek to stop using it. Nurse Stevens sounded like nails on a chalkboard by comparison.

“No Derek, I’m sorry. Forget what I just said. I’d really rather have you keep calling me boss lady. Let’s just get this meeting started.” Chelsea pulled a chair from the conference table and sat down in it across from Derek. “Now, the reason I wanted to speak to you today was because this morning I-”

“Whoa boss lady.” Derek interrupted Chelsea, sending a shiver down her spine from the way he used her title. She really did love it when he called her that. “Before we get to all this meeting stuff, you should get comfortable. Why don’t you come sit down next to me on the couch?”

Chelsea couldn’t believe she was hearing this. She was trying to conduct a professional meeting, and sitting on a sofa next to the creep who keeps checking her out was the last place on earth she wanted to be.

“I’m fine with the chair, really, Derek.” Chelsea responded. Before she could restart the meeting however, Derek continued on.

“That’s fine,” he began, “but those chairs are super old, so it only makes sense that you’d be really uncomfortable in them and would rather come sit next to me on the sofa while we talked.”

Of course, he was right. The chair WAS super uncomfortable, and by him saying it, it only made Chelsea feel more uncomfortable sitting in it. That old sofa was super soft, and she could be so much more focused if she wasn’t thinking about how awful this chair felt. Chelsea sighed in resignation, got up from the chair, and sat down on the sofa next to Derek. As soon as she was comfortable, Derek spoke up again.

“There’s something else, boss lady. Earlier this morning when you sent Sara to come get me, Jules and I were in here making out. We weren’t finished when you had Sara interrupt us, so it only makes sense that you’d climb in my lap right now and make out with me instead.”

Chelsea’s head spun a little at that revelation. Suddenly it made sense why Jules wasn’t going on and on about Bryce today. She was clearly cheating on him, sucking face with the new guy at work. Part of Chelsea felt bad for Bryce – he was a super nice guy, always bringing flowers to the desk for Jules and writing her notes she’d bring in and show off to the girls. She couldn’t imagine any reason why she’d throw that away for the likes of a loser like Derek. Chelsea knew that she’d never betray her husband Jeff, especially for some new hire who shouldn’t even be here.

Still, regardless of Julie's awful decision, the fact of the matter was that Derek had been enjoying himself with her this morning when Sara came in and ruined it. Chelsea realized that it was her fault he was interrupted. Derek was right, he really did deserve the rest of his makeout session. Chelsea shifted into straddling Derek, and for the first time since she said her wedding vows to Jeff, leaned in to kiss a man other than her husband.

As their lips met, Chelsea tentatively opened up her mouth and felt Derek's tongue meet hers. Before long both mouths were open, tongues exploring each other as Derek's hands traveled up and down Chelsea's back. Chelsea was careful to keep her hands on the cushion behind Derek so she didn't rub up against him. This was just payback for cutting off his earlier session, not two lovers grinding, after all.

As they continued to kiss and Derek kept sliding his hands along her back, Chelsea had to admit that it did feel really good. While she loved Jeff and would never cheat on him (this wasn't cheating, it was just giving back something she took away earlier), she felt her pussy heating up as she got more and more turned on, and could definitely see how Julie could get caught up with someone who could kiss as well as Derek did.

Before too long Chelsea was getting more and more into it, finding herself letting out a few moans as they kissed. Initially she didn't realize things were starting to escalate when Derek's hands had moved from her back down to groping her butt because of how worked up she was getting. Honestly, it felt totally natural to her to have her ass squeezed when she was making out. But then it happened.

Derek shifted one of his hands to her side, and then to her front, finally started groping her tits. Chelsea was really getting into the makeout session by now, groaning and moaning as they kissed, and really didn't want to stop. But this was going too far and she knew she had to break it off before she was tempted to cheat on Jeff. She pulled back from the kiss, grabbing his hand with hers and pulling it off her breasts.

"Whoa whoa whoa. None of that." Chelsea scolded him. "I know I owe you this makeout session, but you were going too far there. I'm married, Derek. Paying you back for the interrupted time this morning is fine, but you've got to get any other ideas out of your head."

Derek smiled up at her face in response. "Hey, no worries boss lady," he said, "but we were sucking each other's faces, so it only makes sense that you want me to play with your tits and maybe even suck on 'em too. In fact," he continued, "I heard you moaning just now, so it only makes sense that you'd ditch your top and bra and really let me have some fun.

Once again, Chelsea realized Derek was right. She was overreacting. Here she was, making out with her new hire, probably getting him more turned on than she was. Why the hell would she deny him access to her tits? She wanted him to play with them. Maybe even suck on them. It would be hot. Just thinking about it got her pussy a little wetter. She nodded at Derek so he knew she agreed, then pulled off her scrub top and reached behind her back to unclasp her bra. As her tits came into view, Derek reached up and grabbed one, making Chelsea moan out loud. Before long her lips met his again, and the two of them went back to making out as Derek mauled Chelsea's exposed tits.

"Those tits are, mmmh, mhhh, really nice," Derek groaned out between kisses. Chelsea had to admit, this felt pretty awesome. Derek was definitely more experienced at tit play than her husband, and he was pushing all of her buttons.

"Mmh, ohh, thanks." Was all Chelsea could break away from his lips long enough to get out. This was rocking her world, and it only got better when Derek pulled away from ther kiss and began sucking on her nipples. She was in ecstasy as his tongue swirled around them, and she nearly orgasmed when he started kissing between her tits while flicking her nipples with his thumbs. She would never cheat on Jeff, she thought while letting out a loud groan, but it's sure nice to have someone at work who can make her feel this good. She was really going to hate having to fire him.

"So since you're obviously turned on by this," Derek commented "it only makes sense that you'd pull out my cock and blow me." As soon as the words left his mouth, Chelsea found her hands leaving their safe space on the cushion and shifting to Derek's waistband. As she started pulling his scrubs down Derek helped by shifting his hips, and moments later his cock spung free.

'Wow, that thing is huge' Chelsea thought to herself as she shifted down onto her knees. It was easily 8" long, probably a couple inches bigger than her husband's. Chelsea usually hated giving blowjobs, but Derek was right, she was super turned on and it only made sense for her to do this. She took his rod into her mouth and started sucking on it. It was probably pretty obvious that she wasn't enjoying herself, because after a few moments Derek spoke up.

"Listen boss lady," he began, "you're giving me a blowjob, so it only makes sense that sucking cock is your favorite thing ever. Plus just now you were letting me play with your tits, so it only makes sense that you think I'm the sexiest man alive.

He hadn't hardly finished saying the words but already Chelsea knew It was true. Derek was beyond the shadow of the doubt the sexiest man on earth. Sexier than her husband. Sexier than all the actors and men she had ever fantasized about. Derek was sexual perfection personified, and she knew that nothing in her life could ever compare to this moment, kneeling in the back lounge at work, sucking on her new

hire's perfect, sexy cock. Just thinking about the privilege of giving the sexiest man alive a blowjob – her favorite thing on earth – nearly made her cum on the spot. She redoubled her efforts, sliding her lips up and down his shaft, using her hands to stroke him while she sucked the tip of his shaft, and groaning loudly while she worked her magic. Sucking off men was always her favorite thing, and now that she was sucking off her sexy new hire she couldn't help but do everything she could to give Derek pleasure.

"Oh fuck, that's so much better. That's so hot" Derek moaned, sending waves of arousal through Chelsea's body. She was so proud she could blow Derek so well. She absolutely loved it. She could tell that it was working, and he was getting close to cumming. Chelsea slid her lips off his shaft but kept stroking him with her hands. "Mouth, face, or tits? Where do you want to cum?" She asked him. She hoped he'd say her mouth – she loved everything about blowjobs, including the taste of cum – but Derek had other ideas.

"Oh fuck, inside your pussy" Derek blurted out. Chelsea kept stroking him off but frowned. This was a ton of fun, and blowing this sexy stud might have been the best moment in her life. At the same time, she was married, and Chelsea knew fucking Derek was a line she just couldn't cross, no matter how much she wanted to.

"I, I don't think that's a good idea." Chelsea replied. "Cum on my face, or my tits. I'll even swallow it. I want you to cum so bad, but I can't have sex with you. You've got to understand that I'm a married woman."

"Fuck it!" Derek cursed, grabbing Chelsea's hair and pushing her mouth back onto his cock. "You were bringing me in here to try to fire my ass. Now look at you on your knees sucking me off like some cheap slut. Do you think I really care that you're married?" he barked as he pushed her head up and down on his shaft. "No boss lady I don't care, and soon you won't either. You've been having a lot of fun sucking my dick, so it only makes sense that you love me way more than you ever loved your little hubby. To tell you the truth, since you love me so damn much, it only makes sense that from now on you're my own little slut now who lives to do whatever I want, however I want." Derek pulled Chelsea off his cock and the two of them made eye contact. "What do you think about fucking me now, slut?"

Chelsea's body filled with warmth at being called a slut. It was true after all. She was a slut. But not just any slut. She was Derek's slut. He was so hot and sexy, and in that moment she knew he was right. Jeff didn't matter. He could never compare to Derek, her true love. Without saying a word, she let go of his cock, reached down to her scrub pants and panties, and pulled them to the floor. Then she climbed back onto Derek, straddling him as she guided his cock into her sopping wet pussy. Moments later she was screaming, lost in pleasure as she bounced up and down on Derek's hard cock. As she rode him, he leaned forward and kissed her, and Chelsea knew this was what she was meant to be, a slut for Derek's taking. She felt her own orgasm building, and before long she was crying out, coming hard on his cock as his seed unloaded in spurt after spurt, filling up her fertile cunt.

As Chelsea leaned in to give her new lover another kiss on his lips, he reached up and grabbed her tits, making her moan again.

Derek pulled away from the kiss and looked Chelsea in her eyes. “Since I came inside you, slut,” he began, “it only makes sense that we’re going to make a few changes around here”

The next morning Chelsea pulled into her parking stall at work. The previous night at home was pretty normal. Her husband asked about the morning and what made it so crazy, but Chelsea had no idea why he texted that message to her. After all, it was a pretty routine day. They had a new hire, she admitted, but she left out the part where she spent most of her shift fucking out his brains since it only made sense that it would be totally hot to keep the whole affair secret from her hubby. Of course he noticed that she didn’t have a bra on and started asking some tough questions, but since she loved blowjobs more than anything, she knew a great way to get him off her back.

Walking up to the building, Chelsea couldn’t help but admit that Derek had been right. Not wearing a bra felt so much better. Sure, her tits were swinging and her nipples were on display, but it only made sense that letting the girls go free felt so good. Who knows, maybe the exposure would help her find some hot guys to play with. Or girls. Since she was such a fucking slut for Derek, it only made sense that she’d be into fucking girls as much as he was. She smiled thinking about the staff meeting last night before her shift went home, and how good all of her girls’ cunts tasted.

On her way towards the floor, Chelsea decided to pop by Kris’ office on her way to thank her for hiring that hot stud. At some point during their hours-long fuck fest Chelsea did actually get around to asking him about not being licensed. When he explained to her that he wasn’t going to actually do any work and just wanted to fuck all the nurses, it only made sense that they would keep him onboard. It’s not like they couldn’t change his title or something so the state didn’t find out.

When she entered she found Kris bent over her desk, taking Derek’s cock from behind. It was so hot that Chelsea couldn’t help but strip down herself. She went over and kissed Derek passionately, letting him squeeze her tits a couple times before she climbed up on Kris’ desk, spreading her legs so that the Director of Nursing could eat her out. As her climax neared, Chelsea couldn’t help but smile. After all, now everything made sense.