In the bustling city of San Francisco, California, there was a young man who worked at a law firm. The firm, called Alicanto and Perandor Incorporated, specialized in maritime law. Alicanto just meant a mythical bird, but Perandor, now there was an interesting man. He was tall, about 6’3”, with blond hair, cut as a high and tight, and lean. He wasn’t fat, and not very muscled, but one could just take a look into his foggy blue eyes, though covered slightly by glasses, if you wanted trouble, that it would come. No one really knows much about him; he just showed up, out of the blue about a year ago, in a beat up sailing yacht, literally ragged, with a cracked mast and the water pump continuously running. But within a month, he became one of the richest men in San Francisco, and then started his own law firm, which only reinforced belief that he had inherited money. Or had he?

 One day this Perandor character was walking along the street, on Main Street in fact, when he saw a streetcar whiz by him. The thought had barely registered in his mind, when he saw a soccer ball bounce on the ground in front of him and roll into the street. He glanced around, and saw a young kid, maybe 12 years old tops running after it. At the same time though, he noticed an approaching car, a Maserati if luck would have it, (his dream car) coming on fast, at the same time the boy stepped off the sidewalk into the street to get his ball. The boy reached his ball, with the sleek car just a length and a half away. The man acted fast, dropping his backpack, and lunging into the boy, pushing him out of the way, but it was too late! The car struck him a glancing blow to his hips, causing him to tumble backwards onto the hard asphalt. That was the last he remembered.

What happened afterwards: the driver of the Maserati jumped out of his car, and ran over to Perandor. It wasn’t a pretty sight. There was blood leaking from a wound on his head, as well as probable cracked ribs, and an even more probable, broken hip. The boy, though, was fine, just minor cuts, and he was very brave; did not even cry as he held the soccer ball and walked over to his savior, fallen, upon the ground. The only thing he did was to wait, as the paramedics were already on their way. The driver handed his cell phone to the boy, so he could call his parents or whomever.

Meanwhile:

 The siren of the ambulance rent the air like the screech of a red tailed hawk, loud and piercing. Fortunately there were no dumbass drivers, those who don’t know to pull over to the side of the road when those sirens are heard. The driver, 22 year old Jack Barnes had plenty experience, even though he was pretty young. He grew up on a farm, driving his father’s machinery, so this ambulance was nothing for him. As well, he had been working this job since he was 18, and four years of experience is nothing to sneeze it, especially in the life saving business. The two EMT paramedics in the back were preparing what they needed for this call; medicines, gauze, stretcher. One of the EMT’s was short, about 5’2”, with long blonde hair, and a voluptuous bust. She, or, Mary Gazelle, was 20 years old, and had only two months experience as an EMT, but nothing fazed her. The other EMT, an older man of about 32 years of age, named Harris Platt, was often thought of as a prick. He was cocky, pushy, and overbearing, and yet, had ten years of experience, and once he was on scene, he knew what needed to be done, and did his job well.

 The ambulance arrived on the scene just as a crowd began to gather. They parted like the Red Sea, as the vehicle moved closer to the fallen hero. The doors burst open, and out jumped Mary and Harris. They maneuvered the stretcher to the ground next to Perandor, and slid it underneath him. Without further ado, they lifted the stretcher and ran him to the ambulance, where the doors slammed shut, and Jack mashed the gas pedal to the floor and turned on the siren, in one fluid motion.

 (Through the eyes of Perandor) Off in dreamland, many images passed through his mind; men and women dying, a burning house, a child being born, more men and women, this time gathered around him in suits, and then, all of a suddenly, a new image, the image of a pointy headed man and the face of an angel. The second face caught his attention, even though he was still in a subconscious state (his eyes had opened for a brief second), he remembered her piercing blue eyes and soft smile, as she looked down at him. Then nothingness.

 He woke up in a hospital bed, his ribs bandaged, his hip hurting, and just his overall aching body sore. The first thing he did was ring the emergency button for the nurse. She came in running, “What, what’s the matter,” she asked.

“Is the boy, is he safe,” Perandor demanded anxiously.

He saw the woman calm down, and she responded with a big smile, “yes, he’s just fine indeed. He suffered some minor injuries, nothing good food and rest won’t take care of. You really saved his life! Oh yes, you have had one other visitor since you were out, a Ms. Gazelle. You have been out cold for three days.”

“Thank you ma’am,” Perandor rested back onto his pillows. Whew, okay, one piece of business cleared up. Now the other… Who was this woman who visited him? Now, he was a bachelor, but by no means necessary did that mean he wasn’t into women, especially in San Francisco, of all places! Curse the place; he thought, of all the places I had to dock, it was here. But wait, there have been other benefits to staying here, he pondered. Well, one thing he could do was find out who this Ms. Gazelle was. He leaned forward, and looked around his hospital room. He saw a vase of flowers, a window with the curtains drawn, and, as luck would have it, his backpack resting on a chair not a foot from his bed! With gritted teeth, he leaned forward more; the pain from his ribs lanced through him, but he mastered it, and with his long arms, easily grabbed his backpack. He fished through it, looking for his ipad. He found it under a stack of rumpled folders, and turned it on. Searching google for a Mary Gazelle was quite easy; the first article that popped up was one of the graduates from the EMT College, with her name in it. Quite pretty, he thought. Just then a knock at the door disturbed him. Wow, what a coincidence! The same woman he had just looked up was standing at the door. He waved her in. She was dressed in a cornflower blue skirt, with a white blouse. You could faintly see the curvature of her breasts through the blouse. It was sexy. She was short, he noticed, but the glow on her face more than made up for it.

“How are you doing,” she asked?

“Alive, at least,” he said with a smile on his face. “I have you to thank, right? Well thanks.”

She nodded, “yes, it was my partner and I. I always check up on my patients to see how they end up doing.”

He had to know. He said, “you know, I dreamt about you. You had the face of an angel, with the light in the background. I know now that it was just you in the ambulance, but I’d love to get to know more about you.”

 Mary blushed. It had been a while since she had been genuinely complimented. Most guys simply wanted to just hook up with her. She thought, hmm, I wonder what could happen. She glanced behind her, and moved the curtains in front of the door slit so that no one could see in or out of the room.

“I liked that you risked your life to save that boy. It’s not every day that we rescue someone with that kind of heroism,” she said, moving closer to his bed.

 He could tell that she was about to kiss him, but she actually took offer her skirt instead, revealing that she wore no panties underneath. There was a slight landing strip of curly golden hair above her slit, moist already with her oils. She grabbed his right hand, and inserted his middle and ring fingers into her tightness.

 Perandor just let it happen. He wasn’t going to complain! He moved his fingers deeper inside her, spreading them slightly to pleasure her more. He saw her rise up on her tip-toes. He smiled, and felt himself get hard at the sight of her getting off. Mary reached her limit, without cumming, and pulled his fingers out. A small stream of fluid followed; her orgasm was intense, not only because she just got fingered by someone who she saved, but also because he was a nice guy, compared to previous jerks. Okay, time to ratchet it up a notch. She saw the tent made by the blanket around his erect cock, and had an interesting thought. She didn’t want to hurt him, but she wanted to make him cum, so she stripped off her blouse, exposing her lovely 34D breasts, which looked larger because she was wearing a Victoria’s Secret push up bra.

 She grabbed the other side of his bed, and climbed on top of him! He groaned, both in ecstasy as this gorgeous woman straddled him in the 69 position, and the pain from his hip and ribs. Mary tried to be careful, by resting her body weight, (light as she was) on her knees. Mary threw back the blanket, and witnessed his cock standing straight, like a flagpole. She wet her lips, and took Perandor’s cock into her mouth. Perandor felt a wet, suction on his dick, and decided to pleasure her by eating her out. With both thumbs, he pulled her pussy a little wider open, and just as he did so, some of her juices dripped down onto his glasses. That turned him on more; he liked women who became so wet, their juices just dripped or squirted out. Mary sucked long and slowly, while using her hand to jack him off. The combination of pain and pleasure almost made him cum, but he held off, wanting her to do more. Mary’s long blonde hair fell forward over her face, after she arched her back due to Perandor giving her an orgasm with his mouth.

 Mary had had enough. She couldn’t make him cum with her mouth, so she decided to ride him instead. That usually made most men cum. She gently moved her body to the right position, and slipped his cock insider her tight hole. Perandor closed his eyes in pleasure, and Mary fucked him. It was nice not having to do much for a change, he thought. Mary, wow, she was beautiful, and kind, and sexy. He wanted to find out if she was intelligent too, because he could use someone like her. He hadn’t had anyone like her since Liv- and that was a long time ago. Mary, for her part, enjoyed the feeling of total control. She liked making men beg and want more, and the feeling of her controlling how deep he went in and the speed made her even wetter. Her hard nipples stood straight out as her glorious boobs bounced up and down on her chest. Perandor really wished he could feel them, and suck on those hard, perfect nipples. Maybe another time, he thought, as he just came, deep inside her. His last thought before he slumped down; man, I hope she sees me again, not only for sex, I really wish to talk to her and find out more about Mary.

 Mary felt his cum explode inside her. She came too, and as she let his cock come leave her vagina, some cum mixed with her juices dripped onto Perandor. She didn’t want it to go to waste and soak into his bandages, so she quickly licked it up. Mary gave him a kiss on the lips, so he could taste her and himself. His lips were soft, but he tasted like unpleasant hospital food. Well, she’d have to fix that, she thought!

 Mary slipped her skirt on, and folded the blanket neatly over Perandor. She put on her bra and blouse, her nipples still hard and showing through the shirt. She kissed him again on the lips, which surprised him, and asked,

“So, same time again, tomorrow?”

No hesitation showed in his voice, “anything you want Mary.” Now he just had to get through twenty-three hours and fifty-nine minutes thinking about her, and his life. She might just change it up, he thought, and hoped.