

Patients

It was late afternoon, and Dr.Brandt spent some time looking over the last patient's notes. Running a free clinic wasn't easy, but, after seeing the overjoyed smiles of the poor as their pains were soothed and illnesses treated, he felt a bit fuzzy inside.

A feeling he held on to each and every time someone thanked him for being so kind, for how he funded this blessed sanctuary was almost like the work of the devil. "Such brutality," he sighed to himself, as he put the record book onto a shelf. "It... can't be helped."

As soon as he was about to slip into his trench coat and close up for the day, there was a faint knocking sound on the door. Dr.Brandt let out another sigh and looked to the door with weary eyes. "Come in."

A small young bird slowly stepped through, quivering a little as he set eyes on the doctor. He remembered well the last encounter, those eyes piercing into the feathered man's soul... it made him feel so small. So weak. So frail. And then, a certain feeling awoke in this bird's brain. A strange, scary feeling, yet one that brought a sense of comfort. A... yearning.

"Excuse me, Dr. Brant, I-I, um, I mean, do you have a minute?", the bird cooed in a soft and feeble voice.

The doctor sighed once more, and sat back down into his chair. "I have all the time in the world," he replied dryly. Dr.Brandt motioned the young man to have a seat, and leaned forward over his desk. "Is this about that girl you did business with? I already warned you to forget about her."

"Oh no, Doctor, it has nothing to do with that... that bitch! I, urm, just..." The bird-man sat down in the patients' chair, rubbing the back of his neck. He looked incredibly nervous, and started playing with his feathered fingers, rubbing his clawed feet together.

Dr.Brandt stared at him with disinterest, and tapped his finger on his computer mouse. "Hm? Speak, boy, what is it?"

With his blush flowing over his face like a crimson sunset across a sandy shore, the young avian male sat there, staring. Such demand, such strength in this doctor's voice. No wonder the stupid mutt girl couldn't defeat such a statuesque champion among champions. Dr.Brandt's very tone of voice could stop an army in its tracks, yet sooth a rioting crowd at the same time. This flustered bird had to speak up.

"I'm...I'm Huey, sir. And... I, I have a pain in my left shoulder," he muttered, as clearly as he could manage, hoping the doctor wasn't too put off by his nervousness.

Dr. Brandt raised one of his brows and swiveled his chair to the side. "Ah, I see. How might you have injured it?"

Huey's eyes darted around the room, trying to remember the story he had decided to tell while walking to the clinic. "After the fight, some of the people there decided to... pick on me a bit for trying to sponsor the... out of towners. So... they roughed me up." This was his story, and he was going to stick with it.

Dr.Brandt closed his eyes, got out of his chair, and, with a narrowed brow, walked over to Huey, his big body towering over the little birdie. "Such vermin... they will scavenge what they can from the weak," he remarked, and shook his head. Huey nodded enthusiastically, scanning over the doctor's front as he stood beside him.

The white shirt seemed to just hold enough tensile strength to cover the hulky body of Dr.Brandt, and the tie around his neck was loosened, to show that he was a professional willing to be casual with the normal folk. Huey couldn't divert his gaze as this legend stood before him, with those eyes so sharp they could tear a man's bravado in two.

The doctor cleared his throat and requested: "May I examine the injured area?" Huey gulped and gave a slow nod. The doctor gestured Huey to stand up, and Huey followed the instruction like an obedient puppy.

"Would you mind removing your shirt-" And before Dr.Brandt could finish his sentence, Huey had already started taking off his t-shirt in a flurry of cloth and feathers.

"Very well," the doctor said as he paced round behind the half-naked avian, "tell me if this hurts."

The slightly quivering feathered creature trembled at the thought of those powerful hands coming into contact with his fluff. He closed his eyes in anticipation as Dr.Brandt placed his rough, gentle hands onto Huey's back. The moment the bird felt the warm

contact, he gritted his teeth tightly, trying not to release a gasp of delight. As Dr.Brandt began to press in with his fingers, small drops of sweat started forming around Huey's forehead.

"Does this hurt?" the doctor asked, firmly yet politely. Huey, his body tense and trembling from the sensual touch of the doctor's hands, shook his head quickly. He couldn't believe that the very hands that punched the shit out of that mixed-breed wench were the exact same hands that graced his feathered flesh.

He could feel himself get so very excited as those hands felt into another part of his shoulder, kneading gently, seeking the muscle that was causing the young bird's pain. Of course, there was no such injury to be found; but this was not to the doctor's knowledge as he merely checked the indicated area for this injury.

"Does this hurt?" Dr.Brandt asked, as he glided his hands over to another part of the bird, this time lower down the shoulder blade. Huey could feel the pressure of his finger tips ease into his skin, and clenched his beak tight.

He shook his head again, but was careful to not keep denying the doctor. And so Huey waited until he felt the area pressed where he had imagined a hoodlum had punched him. Every moment of contact was sweet ecstasy to Huey, the doctor's hands like a wave of cool water rolling over the left side of his back, and he could feel himself getting submerged in sensation.

The anticipation rose, and so did something else. Just as Dr. Brandt was getting closer to the designated 'sore spot', Huey had to restrain the urge to push backwards into the doctor, to feel his big, strong chest against his back. To feel those powerful muscles tensed against the young bird man's body, and let the doctor make full use of him...

As Huey's imagination got the better of him, he let out one breathless gasp as the doctor brushed against the phantom pain. Noticing the sound, Dr. Brandt recognised he may have found the aching muscle. He pressed into it, and asked: "Does this hu-

Huey let out a long, loud, moan-scream, and then clamped his beak down and held his hands over it. He also shifted his legs around, trying to conceal a certain distraction.

The doctor then released his grip, and let out a sigh. "Found", he murmured, took a step back, and walked over to a cabinet. In this time, Huey tried to tuck away the sudden dampness at the front of his pants, but had no luck, and dizzily hoped that the black fabric alone would conceal it.

Dr. Brandt returned with a tube of muscle ointment, and lightly dabbed and rubbed some of it onto the found area. "Doesn't seem too serious. May just be a little bruising", he continued, in a comforting yet dry manner. "Drink plenty of water and don't overexert yourself, and you should be fine".

Huey, his face as red as a tomato, nodded very slowly to the doctor's words. "Thank you... thank you, senpai", he replied quietly.

"What was that?" Dr.Brandt asked, as he put away the tube and wandered back to behind his desk.

"No-nothin'," Huey stammered abruptly as he clumsily put his shirt back on. "Th-thank you, doctor, my back feels a lot better!"

"Well, I'm glad, but now my clinic is closed, so if you don't-" the doctor began, before he was interrupted by the bird's words. "It's okay! Thank you, I, I will get going now - go-goodbye, Dr.Brandt!" He left hurriedly, out the front door, slamming the door behind him.

The doctor sat down and swiveled his chair to face ahead. He took out a lighter and searched the inside of his coat's pocket for a cigarette. As he lit up the end, he sighed one more, and looked towards the door.

"Well", he pondered, as he smoked; "it can't be helped".

THE END