

Example of a Manuscript in Need of Developmental Editing

Note: The content below has **not** yet been edited and showcases a manuscript in need of developmental editing. If you would like to receive a free assessment, price quote, and consultation, please submit your manuscript to info@bookwritinginc.com

--Previous content has been truncated for sample purposes--

Keith got off his bed at St. Mary's Municipal Hospital where the air was thick with the dankness uninhibited desire. There were clothes all over the floor, which he tried to avoid as he walked over to his bathroom at the end of the room. It was hard for him to get around the room with all of the clothes on the floor everywhere – he could hardly believe the mess he had made and thought to himself as he looked at Dr. Jane “What a beautiful Georgian peach!” Dr. Jane Wilson was still sleeping in the bed. Her cheeks were red and tiny drops of sweat were on her face and her face was like a dewy peach on a Georgian morning - and for this he was even more so very attractive to her. Her face was to him both home and away, respite and repulsion: and his kryptonite. Dr. North turned to look back at his latest paramour before he decided to leave. Dr. Wilson's soft pillow boobs were exposed and looked like they were almost floating on top of a big blue ocean of hospital bedsheets. He could feel the stirrings of passion coursing through his viens once again. His carnal hunger was voracious and surgeries that were really hard were always quite a sexual trigger for him.

Keith was no doubt the best thoracic surgeon on all the east coast (and the best in the entire Americas in his own mind); but complications always seemed to plague his surgeries and he lived for these complications. He loved the guttural reminder that death is always just a few inches away, maybe in a cavity where we would least have expected it. All

of the o.r. nurses- and he had gotten to know very many of them - would tell stories and rumors about how when he was in med-school he would blindfoldedly operate on dead bodies to learn patients anatomy through nothing but touch, smell, and sound - a talent he used equally on nurses to seduce them. The excitement of complicated surgeries was his fuel.

For Dr. North each successful surgery was a middle finger in the face of death. And for the good doctor he thought there was no better way to celebrate victories over the darkness of death than with a hot romp with some o.r. nurse or another surgeon on the shelving of a medicine closet or in the bed of a hospital room.

Today's triplebypass surgery on siamese twins were especially hard (one of the siamese twins was dead for almost 2 minutes) but it was very successful eventually and he only wanted and needed to possess one thing.....or person!

Dr. Keith North was in lust, an aching, hungry, consuming lust and love didn't have nothing to do with it. Keith had been falling deeper and deeper and deeper into lust for a woman - one very curvy, sensuous and very mysterious woman who had always been utterly unavailable, and that woman was Dr. Wilson – who had always been an impenetrable wall to his determined advances. She had seen his type in all kinds of other hospitals and had downright shut down many, many come-ons and attempts to touch her, and she never struggled with turning them down coldly...

She was going to be the absolute very best surgeon imaginable, and no egotistic jerk doctor with an equally cocky hardon would sway her dream of being the very best surgeon she could be. But today's surgery, together with Dr. North had somehow brought her to

feel something that could be only cured by intimate encounter, and maybe even as violent as the surgery they had just done together. It was just a fluke that Dr North was there.

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