

Angelic Nursing

Being pushed down a flight of stairs was the best thing that ever happened to me.

Broken ribs, broken arms, cracked skull. On the surface, that might sound bad – and sure, it wasn't exactly the most convenient situation to be in. But for every ache and pain, for every moment spent in a hospital bed recovering, I was paid back by the universe a hundred times over. A thousand times over.

Two gifts. That was what karma had given me.

For all the bad stuff, I'd received two amazing rewards.

The first was Holly. My nurse.

I say 'my' nurse, but really she was a nurse to everyone on the hospital ward – and she wasn't the only one either. Technically, she wasn't 'my' nurse, per say. But, for whatever reason, she seemed to check in on me far more often than any of the other nurses did.

Maybe it was because she was young – new. Maybe the other, more experienced and older nurses were giving Holly the easier work to do. I mean, taking care of me and my needs was hardly the most difficult thing to do around a hospital, I was sure.

Regardless, she spent a lot of time in my private, little room.

And, for that, I was eternally thankful.

Have you ever seen an angel before? A person so radiantly beautiful – inside and out – that you can't help but stare dumbfounded at them. A woman so amazing that, when they're there in the room with you, your mind empties completely and you can't form even the most basic sentences. And when they're not there, all you can do all day is think about them and how beautiful they are, how their giggle is like a bright beam of sunlight that warms up your day.

That's Holly. An angel in human form.

Soft, pale skin. Bright blonde hair that was always tied back in a neat pony-tail, a golden fringe that was swept to one side – occasionally falling over one of her left eye. The way she'd swipe her hand up and over her ear, brushing the strands of hair aside, was cute beyond words. Always wearing a caring smile. She was radiant, stunning.

She wore very little by way of make-up. Light mascara and a conservative amount of eye-shadow. No blush – the pink on her dimpled cheeks was totally natural.

And her body... Absolutely divine.

Even with the form-concealing aquamarine medical scrubs, it was clear that Holly had an amazing body. Athletic and lean, soft only in the places where softness was appreciated. Not overly huge breasts, but nor were they small. A round, firm bottom greeted me whenever she walked out of my hospital bedroom, tempting me to look as her hips swayed out of sight.

She was, in a word, perfect.

My first karmic gift after a lifetime of bullying and unfairness.

The second gift, if it was possible, was even better.

I discovered it while one of the older, uglier nurses was checking up on me. No joy in her eyes, no smile on her lips. Just a woman doing her job, waiting for the clock to tick down so she could go home.

It'd been late in the evening, and I'd spent most of the day watching boring shit on TV. Tired, eyes aching from staring at the screen so long, I leaned back in bed and tried to fall asleep. Only, when my eyelids closed, something felt off. Different.

Distantly, it was like I could hear a voice. Only it wasn't a voice I could hear, nor could I actually *hear* it. More like *feel* it.

At first, it was like a foreign language. Scattered gibberish.

Then, as I began to focus on it, alien thoughts and feelings came over me.

Ponderings over what I'd cook for dinner when I got home, if I should pop something in the microwave or order out.

Not *my* thoughts.

My eyes shot open, took in the sight of the nurse doing her job in front of me. Completely unaware that I'd just heard her thoughts.

That's what I'd done. I was certain of it.

The next day, I tried again with a different nurse. Felt her feelings and heard her thoughts. Medical jargon, nothing interesting in *that* head. When a male nurse entered my room, I read from his mind that he had a crush on Holly – wanted to ask the angel out on a date.

Revulsion blossomed inside me.

The man was old enough to be Holly's father. Middle-aged and balding, round bellied. He knew it, knew that she was out of his league. But he wanted to give it a shot anyway – saw Holly as an innocent, kind soul who'd look past his obviously ugly exterior.

And then it happened. The unconscious *push*.

Somehow, for some reason, I felt my revulsion spread into the male nurse. Felt an echo of it flaring inside his mind. And, just like that, the man was disgusted with himself – berating himself for planning on asking Holly out – he was way too old for her, and way too unattractive for such a beautiful woman.

A throb in my skull, my brain pulsating.

That's when I knew. The second gift the universe had given me.

The power to alter minds.

When nurse Holly entered my room, smiling beautifully as always, I felt my heart constrict in my chest. Breathtaking, attractive beyond words or description. If other women were waves, Holly was a tsunami. If other women were the wind, she was a hurricane. So far above any other girl that it was impossible to even compare them.

"Hey," she said, beaming at me. "You're awake early. Trouble sleeping?"

"Nah, I went to sleep early."

Holly's amazing blue eyes lit up.

"I don't blame you," she confided. "There's not really a lot you can do here but sleep and watch TV, is there? If you want, I could stop by later and we could play cards or checkers – I think there's a board in the-"

She stopped dead, eyes moving to my heavily bandaged arms and unusable hands.

"Don't worry," Holly beamed. "I'll do all the heavy lifting!"

Gorgeous. Utterly, amazingly beautiful.

I closed my eyes, focused my mind on the faint voice. The *feel* of her.

Pity and concern. She was worried about me, about my health. Being in a hospital bed all day, unable to walk around and exercise. Lacking in positive social interaction. She thought it was bad for me, physically and mentally. My parents might be willing to pay for a private room for me, throwing about their money to get me the 'best' care around – but some things money couldn't fix. Holly saw how bored and lonely I was, wanted to try and help with that. Not just because it was her job to help, but because she actually *liked* helping people in need.

And, when she looked at me, that's what she saw.

Someone in need of help.

Teenager, I pushed into her mind. *Young man*.

It's what I was, after all.

Holly's mind instantly took in my age, thoughts shifting to match the new direction I'd led her in.

I was young, her feelings told me. Young and injured. Missing out on one of the best periods of my life. That precious time where a person had the freedom of an adult with

none of the responsibilities. I should be out there, enjoying the time while I had it. Instead, I was trapped inside a hospital room – waiting for my broken bones to heal.

Again, the pity and sympathy radiated out from her.

If she could help, she would.

I could use that.

“Are you alright? I didn't say something dumb, did I?” An angelic voice said, echoing inside my skull as I pushed thoughts onto Holly.

I ignored her, concentrated on the task at hand.

Hormones, I pushed. Masturbation.

I couldn't jack it. Not with my hands and arms as fucked up as they were. Not pleasant, not by a long-shot. And, given the hormones racing through my body at every waking second, my hospital room was more like a prison than a refuge.

I couldn't masturbate. Holly knew it, though she'd never thought about it before.

Now she did. I forced her to.

A young man, missing out on the best times of his life. Unable to even touch himself and relieve the pent-up hormones and desires he must be feeling. Unbearable. Painful.

Nurses are meant to help.

It's a nurse's job to take care of patients in need.

He's in need of release.

I pushed the thoughts as hard as I could, ignoring the building ache in my skull as I did so.

“Are you- Ah!” Holly gasped.

I opened my eyes, stared at her.

Between my legs, a large tent had formed under the thin hospital blanket. An obvious erection.

In the past, I'd always hidden my arousal. Laid on my side or shifted so that it was hidden. Now I let her see, made Holly witness my attraction to her and my need for release. I couldn't jack it myself. Without aid, that boner was agonising.

She knew it.

She wanted to help.

Even now, with my eyes open, I could feel her mind. Sense her desire to help me with my problem. There was doubt, though. Uncertainty. Doing that kind of a thing with a patient...

I pushed more, wincing at the pain blossoming in my head.

No-one ever has to find out.

“Nurse Holly,” I said through the pain. “Can you please help me?”

“I... Uh...”

Help him.

Do it.

He won't tell anyone.

He needs it.

Help him.

Holly glanced at the room's door, gaze slowly moving back to me, the tent over my crotch.

“S-sure.”

At first, it was just hand-jobs. With mental poking and prodding, Holly was soon climbing onto the hospital bed and wrapping her perfect lips around my cock.

The best way to describe her technique was 'loving'.

Gentle and slow, every moment dedicated to satisfaction. She'd look up into my eyes, hers wide. Or else she'd close her eyes, suck on me like she was being intimate with a long-time lover. Soft and caring and kind. Always with a faint smile at the corner of her

lips.

When I came, she'd stop moving, allowing my cum to fill her mouth. Then, slowly, she'd pull back away from my cock and give a single, big gulp. She'd wipe the corner of her mouth with a hand and blush, continue on with her job of checking up on me.

The times she entered my hospital room were the best moments of my stay there.

Finally, though, my arms and head and back were healed enough that I could go home. Disappointment flooded through me when my doctor gave me the 'good news'.

No more Holly.

That was something I couldn't live with. Not having this angel in my life any longer.

So, the next time she entered my hospital room – the last time – I closed my eyes and began pushing thoughts harder than I'd ever attempted before. I burned my desire into Holly's mind, filled her brain with thoughts and feelings and fantasies.

Love, I forced into her. We're lovers.

Soulmates.

Meant to be.

My skull throbbed, pain filling my head and flowing down my spine and arms right to my fingertips. It felt like my body was shattering apart all over again. Still, I pushed. Unrelenting. This was my last chance, my only chance, to be with the perfect girl. To make the angel mine.

One day, we'd tell our kids and grand-kids how we met – how she'd nursed me back to health after an injury and we'd fallen in love.

I felt her mind shift, change. I felt her thoughts warp to my will, her wants and desires and dreams beginning to revolve around me and us and our lives together.

And pain. I felt a *lot* of pain.

"Babe!" I heard a beautiful, distant voice say. It sounded distressed, worried. "You're bleeding!"

I opened my eyes, saw an angel above me.

"Babe?" She repeated, staring into my eyes, her face laced with panic. "Are you alright? Your nose is bleeding."

"Yeah," I said, pushing down the aching pains. "Yeah. I'm fine. Better than fine. I feel amazing."

And it was true. I did, even despite the pain.

How could I not, with this beautiful woman as my soulmate?