

The Candy Striper



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By JJ Argus

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About the author

JJ Argus started writing for Star Books more than two decades ago, spinning out 3 novelettes a month for minimal compensation. He later wrote short fiction for Penthouse, Oui, Nugget, and other mens magazines before discovering and being discovered by British publishers. He raised the quality of his work and was published repeatedly by Silver Moon, Chimera, Olympia and Nexus. He has published over 250 novels to date

All characters depicted in this story are over eighteen.

Chapter One

Doctor Miller examined the X-rays carefully, then nodded his head. "Yes, definitely gall bladder," he said. "I'll perform the operation tomorrow at, oh, ten."

"Uhm, a gall bladder operation?" Nurse Gertz said questioningly.

"That's what I said, nurse."

"But Mrs. Jones is dying anyway. She's only got maybe six weeks to live."

"Are you a doctor?"

"No." Gertz frowned.

"Then don't try and tell me how to look after my patients," Miller snapped.

Then he smiled. "Besides, I'm trying to get enough together for a down payment on a cabin cruiser, and all my money is tied up in investments."

Nurse Gertz frowned disapprovingly.

"It's not like the old hag will notice anyway," Miller shrugged. "She'll be glad of the extra attention."

"If you say so, Doctor."

"I say so."

Miller put the X-ray back in the envelope and stuffed it into Mrs. Jones' file.

"Let's see what else we can find here," he muttered, rooting through his patient files.

"Ah, yes, I think Mr. Carter could use an expert opinion on his chest problems, and so could Mr. Phillips, and Mr. Wojohoizke... Hmmm, who else, ah, Mrs. O'Neil. There. I'll schedule those for tomorrow."

He picked up the phone and dialed his friend Paul White. "Hey, Paul, It's Mike Miller. Listen, I got four quick consults for you for tomorrow. What've you got for me?"

He wrote down the names Doctor White produced, then thanked him and hung up.

"Let's see who else I can consult," he said thoughtfully.

He suddenly jerked his head around as a candy stripper passed by, his eyes darting to an incredibly firm little ass.

"Whooooohhh," he sighed. "Who's the new meat?"

"That's Tammy Smith." Gertz scowled. "She's just joined us."

"Would I like to join her," Miller said, licking his lips in appreciation as the girl half turned and he caught sight of her silhouette.

"Oh man, nice tits too!" he sighed.

"You keep your hands off my girls, Doctor," Gertz snapped.

Miller turned and gave her a knowing look. "Got the hots for her yourself, huh? Well, may the best man win."

* * * * *

He sauntered down the hall after the girl and Gertz muttered obscenities after him. She did have the hots for Tammy Smith. Who wouldn't? The girl was barely eighteen and had one of the finest bodies she'd ever seen, so perfectly formed it could have been an artist's drawing.

Her breasts were high and round and perfectly firm looking, just slightly too large for her slender frame. Her waist was tiny, her bottom like a sweet little apple, and her legs – Gertz sighed at the memory of those legs. She'd seen the girl putting on her stockings in the locker room, and had to restrain herself from grabbing them and licking her way up and down the soft, ivory flesh.

She had to have the little slut!

She didn't want that pig Miller to spoil her by sticking his ugly man-cock into every hole on the little whore's body.

She scowled as she saw Miller come up behind the girl and talk to her. Tammy smiled, then followed Miller down the hall. Gertz turned away, putting her mind to the task of how to get the hot little teenager out of her panties, and hoping Miller was unsuccessful. In his attempts at the same.

On the other hand, maybe she should hope he WAS successful. Her eyes narrowed at the idea. Tammy Smith was obviously straight. She'd seen the way the girl looked at the handsome men around the ward, and heard her talk of her boyfriends. It would be damned hard to convince her to let a woman's tongue show her the way to true happiness.

But maybe if she were caught in the act...That would not only teach that son of a bitch Miller, but maybe the embarrassed girl would submit to Nurse Gertz's... punishment.

"Dirty little girl," Gertz purred, licking her lips.

"What?"

"Huh? Oh. Nothing," she said.

She looked away, a little embarrassed. Doctor Rawlins was not someone to fuck around with. She was too uptight, too by-the-book, too straight. As far as Gertz knew the woman was as sexless as a robot. Which was a shame, really.

She eyed the doctor out of the corner of her eyes and sighed in disappointment. Now there was a woman she could have respect for. Nicole Rawlins was a strong, intelligent woman who didn't take crap from the men around here.

She was also quite pretty, with wavy, shoulder length brown hair and, from what she'd been able to see in the locker room, an excellent body, with good, firm breasts and a nice, tight ass.

Rawlins obviously worked out somewhere. She wondered if she could find out where. Maybe outside the hospital she'd... let her hair down a little. There'd be no spanking this woman, but Gertz thought that the two of them would be great together in bed.

* * * * *

"What's wrong with him?" Tammy asked, approaching the unconscious man slowly.

"He's in a coma."

"Ohh, that's a shame."

Tammy stared at the man in sympathy. He wasn't very old, maybe in his thirties, and he was pretty good looking, in a rough, western sort of way. He had a long, thick mustache and a day's growth of beard.

Tammy giggled as Doctor Miller lifted up the opposite sides of the man's mustache and tugged on them. He was being outrageous. It was so funny to see, though, and he was soooo handsome.

"Doctor!" she gasped, "You shouldn't!"

"Yeah, I guess you're right, Tammy. And hey, call me Mike, okay?"

"I shouldn't. Nurse Gertz says we have to call all the doctors... uhm, doctor."

"Ahh, forget that dyke. She just doesn't want you getting to like any men."

"She's a dyke?" Tammy laughed, eyes wide.

"You bet. She's probably got her eyes on you," he teased, leaving the patient and coming back to Tammy.

"Doctor!"

"Well, you are a very pretty girl."

Tammy blushed happily.

"Have you ever considered modeling?"

"My parents won't let me," she sighed. "They want me to be this... this sweet little girl, you know, all American and that. They don't think modeling is very good for a girl's morals."

"You seem like a very moral girl to me," Miller teased, wiggling his eyebrows up and down.

"Well, sometimes," Tammy giggled, squeezing her hands together behind her back and swinging her torso from side to side.

"Sometimes. Only sometimes?" Paul said, flicking his tongue out.

"Doctor! You're terrible," she gasped, laughing.

"It's being around gorgeous young women like you," he said, shrugging helplessly. "Say, would you like to try a new medical procedure?"

"What?" she asked suspiciously, still smiling.

"Well, Mister Aaron here has been in a coma for weeks now. Maybe you could bring him out of it."

"How?" She blinked.

"You know how patients in coma can sometimes actually hear what's going on?"

"I've heard that." Tammy nodded seriously.

"Why don't you go over there and whisper in his ear."

"But... what should I whisper?"

"What do you think you could whisper that would bring a man out of his coma?"

"I don't know."

"Talk sexy to him. Tell him what a big strong man he is and how you'd love to have sex with him."

"Doctor!" she gasped in mock outrage.

"Hey, you never know, maybe it'd work," he grinned.

"You're sick!"

"No, he's sick. Come on, you have a real sexy voice. Maybe it'll work."

"Oh, it will not. You're making fun of me."

"Maybe it will," he said, shaking his head and shrugging. "Think how happy his family would be if he came back to life."

Tammy looked at him suspiciously, but thought, well, why not. She had heard how talking to people in comas sometimes woke them up, that their subconscious could sometimes understand words.

Anyway, it would be a kick.

She sidled up close to the head of the bed and bent over. She did not miss the handsome blonde doctor's eyes sliding over to her butt as she bent over, and flushed in a mixture of pride and embarrassment. She gazed at the unconscious man, then licked her lips and leaned in closer to his ear.

"Hey, hot stuff," she said, trying to make her voice low and sexy. "I'm feeling sooo hot," she sighed. "I just need a big strong man like you to come and wrap his arms around me and kiss me."

"This is silly," she giggled, straightening.

"No, you're going good. Keep it up."

Tammy didn't think the man could hear, but she WAS feeling kind of hot from talking like this with the sexy blonde doctor listening. And as she leaned over again she just knew his eyes were scanning her ass and her legs. She leaned over a little more than she needed to, getting turned on by the knowledge that she was turning on the doctor.

"Hey, Mister Aaron," she whispered into his ear.

She lowered her voice so Doctor Miller couldn't hear and continued. "Come and suck my titties, Mister Aaron," she breathed. "Come and fuck my tight little pussy. Just wake up and I'll let you do anything you want to me. Wouldn't you love to get your hands on my nice firm breasts? Wouldn't you love to get up and suck on my hard, pink nipples? Dirty man! Come on. Wake up and fuck me."

Doctor Miller came closer then, to hear better. He stood right beside her and his hand came down on her back. She felt a wave of excitement. She was being so kinky! So naughty!

"Come on, handsome man," she whispered, her voice getting throaty. "Come and shove your cock up into my pussy. I'm practically a virgin. I love cock, Jeff. I want to ride your cock all day. I'm all naked and soapy and wet, Mister Aaron. Wake up and fuck my teenage pussy."

"Maybe you should talk louder," Miller said, his hand stroking her back lightly.

"He can hear me," she teased, feeling smug at him not being able to know what dirty things she was saying.

He leaned over beside her then, his hand over her shoulders.

"Hey, Aaron," he said. "You should see this gorgeous little candy stripper leaning over your face. She's got the hottest body I've seen in a long time and she's soooo hot for you."

Tammy giggled and blushed.

"You should feel how soft her skin is, Jeff," Miller said, sliding his hand along Tammy's cheek. "It's teenage skin, soft as butter, sweet and white and delicious. Get your tongue on it, Jeff. It'll make you feel young again."

Tammy swallowed and quivered slightly. Doctor Miller might not be turning on the comatose man but he was definitely turning her on.

"Her hair is long and gorgeous, Jeff. It's like silk and shines like gold. Come on, Jeff. She's a blonde teenage nymphomaniac!"

Again Tammy giggled.

"You are, aren't you, Tammy?" he grinned.

"That's right," Tammy said. "I'm a nympho, Jeff. I can't get enough sex. Just wake up and you can have me."

"You hear that, Jeff," Miller said. "She's all hot for you. She's ready to climb on

top of you and start working. Wake up and get it up, Jeff. Just open your eyes and see how swollen her breasts are."

Tammy gulped in embarrassment, but realized he was right. Her breasts were swollen, her nipples hard and sticking out against her red and white uniform. She was really, really hot, and just knew if Miller wanted she'd do anything.

"Jeff, she needs it real bad," Miller said in a hoarse whisper. "She's really hot."

"Yeah," Tammy sighed.

"Moan for our friend, Tammy," he grinned.

Tammy stared at him in surprised, then licked her lips and leaned over the man again.

"Oooohhhhh," she sighed. "Uuhhhhhhhhg! Mister Aarrooon. Wake uuuuup. OOohhhhhhhhhh. I neeeeeed iiiiiit!"

"Jeff, if you don't get her clothes off someone else will," Miller said. "She's all ready to tear them off herself and go and rape the nearest man she can find."

Which would be me, he thought.

"Wait! She's doing it, Jeff. She's taking her clothes off! She's pulling down her candy striper uniform, now she's just in her little black lacy bra and G-string."

Tammy stared at him in shocked excitement, feeling her insides twist and heat up.

"She's dancing, Jeff. She's swinging her hips back and forth, sliding her hands up and down her perfect body. Oh, man, Jeff! She's stripping off her bra. It's off, Jeff. You should see her breasts. They're perfect! Perfect teenage breasts! She's dancing again, Jeff. You have to wake up and see this."

Tammy thought she should protest this kind of talk, but it was funny, really, and incredibly erotic - in a weird, sick, kinky kind of way. It was like she was really doing that, even though she hadn't moved. She felt her nipples getting even harder at the thought of stripping and dancing in front of the gorgeous blonde doctor.

"Now she's taking off her G-string, Jeff. She's naked, and she's climbing into bed with you. She's standing over you on the bed, Jeff. Open your eyes and you can look right up at her. She's got a perfect body. You've gotta see her!"

"Doctoor," Tammy protested finally, face red.

"It's not working, Tammy," Miller sighed. "Maybe he knows we're just faking it. I know what you should do, lower your dress and show him your breasts."

"No way!" she gasped, even as a bolt of excitement shot through her belly.

"He can't see anything, Tammy, unless it works, and wouldn't it be worth it then?"

"I-I can't do that!"

"But he can't see."

"You can!" she snorted.

"But I'm a doctor, Tammy. I'm only doing this for my patient's sake. It wouldn't be dirty or anything. It's for science."

She looked at him in disbelief. "What if someone walked in?"

"I'll lock the door."

"The door doesn't lock," she said.

He grinned and moved over to the door, then picked up a chair and shoved it under the door handle.

"Now it's locked," he said, coming back.

Tammy felt confused and under pressure, and horny. She hadn't exactly agreed to it, even if the door could be locked - had she? Anyway, he was a doctor, and the guy was unconscious.

And the idea was so incredibly dirty and horny and erotic!

She undid the back of her candy striper's dress and opened it, then, blushing

furiously, she turned her back on the doctor and slipped it down over her shoulders, then down her arms. She held it over her breasts as she reached back to undo her bra.

"Here, I'll get that," Miller said, quickly reaching forward and deftly undoing the back of her bra.

Again Tammy felt a wave of sexual heat as she felt the handsome doctor's fingers at her bra. She felt the catch released, and for long seconds his fingers slid over her bare back.

God, if she were caught now like this...

She pulled her bra up and exposed her breasts, which rose and fell on her heaving chest.

"Lean over him," Miller whispered, right behind her.

A sexual haze seemed to grip the blonde teenager, and her skin felt raw and sensitive to the touch. Eyes wide, she leaned over and let her heavy breasts dangle just over the man's face.

"Stroke his face with them," Miller breathed.

Tammy's insides lurched and she caught her breath. No! She couldn't! But she did, leaning forward more, pressing her breasts against the man's face, gasping as she felt the heat of his flesh against her own.

"That's the feel of soft, teenage breasts on your face, Jeff," Miller sighed. "Open your mouth and suck on her nipples. They're hard and ready."

His hands slid up and down on her bare back as Tammy shuddered and rubbed her breasts against the man's face. Then he pressed himself against her from behind and she felt his erection against her buttocks. His hands slid down her back and under her shoulders, then onto her breasts, cupping them and squeezing gently.

"Oohhhh," she gasped. "Oohhhhhhhh."

"I've got them in my hands, Jeff," Miller panted. "They're incredibly soft. Wake

up and squeeze them like I am."

Tammy's breathing came harder and faster, and the blood raced through her body as the doctors' hands kneaded and squeezed her full young breasts. She closed her eyes and squeezed her thighs together as the doctor ground himself into her buttocks.

Then one of his hands slid off her breast and gripped the hem of her short cotton dress, tugging it upwards. She made no effort to resist, the heat inside her rising higher and higher as she felt her panties exposed.

He bent her over a little more, and then kneed her legs apart. She whimpered as his hand cupped her throbbing sex through the thin bikini panties she wore. She felt a hot wave of excitement flushing through her mind and body, and trembled as he stroked his fingers along her hot pussy.

His fingers slid in and tugged the crotch of her panties aside, exposing her neatly shaved pussy slit, then she felt something against her there, something that wasn't fingers, that had to be...

"Oohhh! Ohhh, Doctor! Ooohhh!" she gasped, as his cock slowly sank into her soft, moist hole.

"Sooo sooooft," Miller groaned.

His teeth gnawed on the nape of her neck, his tongue sliding up under her ear as his hands returned to her breasts. He squeezed them harder as his cock drove slowly into the tight, sucking depths of her hot teenage pussy.

"Oohh Goddd!" she whimpered.

"She's tight, Jeff," he gasped. "I've got my cock halfway up her pussy and it's sucking me in deeper. Oohh yeahhh!"

He sank his cock deep, and she felt it moving high up into her belly as she shuddered and moaned with the crackling sexual electricity gripping her body.

"I'm in her to the balls, Jeff," he panted. "Her hot little nympho pussy is packed with cock. She's groaning and moaning, Jeff."

"Ooohhhhhh!" Tammy groaned, as if on cue.

Miller twisted his cock around in her warm belly, reveling in the tightness and heat of her, glorying in the softness of the full, malleable breasts in his hands. He drew his cock back, then thrust forward, drawing a grunt of pleasure from the blonde teenager.

"God!" he sighed.

He drew his cock back again, then thrust in deep. He began fucking her, grinding his hips into her buttocks, sliding his cock back and forth through tight, wet, sucking pussy lips as she trembled and whimpered and pushed her bottom back against him.

"Nympho," he breathed. "Nympho teen slut!"

He began pumping up harder and faster, jamming his cock into the girl's belly as he mauled her breasts. His hips pumped with a faster and longer stroke, as the girl fell forward across the prone body of the comatose patient.

Her breasts were crushed down against the man's face as Miller half lay upon her. He grunted with passion as his own bottom rose and fell and his cock thrust into the gasping, whining, moaning girl again and again.

Tammy's eyes were glazed, her body burning with feverish sexual heat. She was in a raw, carnal, erotic dream, and her body was boiling over with lust and passion. She grunted and moaned as the doctor's big cock pounded down into her tight pussy, hardly able to breathe with the force of the sex-heat gripping her.

She felt the orgasm wash up over her, her eyes rolling back in her head as she gurgled and moaned and grunted in climactic sexual pleasure. She humped back wildly, instinctively, whimpering and groaning as the ecstasy ripped through her young body.

Her heavy breasts rubbed and rolled against Jeff's face as Miller fucked her with harder and faster strokes. He too was nearing his climax, and his body was boiling over with the heat of the moment, the glorious conquest of this hot little piece of ass.

He pushed himself upright standing and gripping her right thigh, jerking it up

and apart, pushing it onto the bed as he thrust into her. He gripped her thin bikini panties and ripped them off, exposing her soft round bottom, and she groaned as he jerked her back against him.

He spread her legs wide and rammed his cock into the quivering, trembling, grunting girl for all he was worth, triumphant and exultant as he rode her wildly, gritting his teeth as he tried to hold off his own orgasm, tried to prolong the moment.

Tammy felt his cock driving even deeper inside her. Through the misty awareness of the sexual languor gripping her she felt her panties torn off, and a new flush of heat rippled up and down her spine.

She felt every inch of the doctor's big cock as it sawed back and forth inside her, and moaned at the lust gripping her mind. Never had she done anything so erotic, so naughty, so lewd and crude and... and... sexual!

His hips were smacking against her bare buttocks as he fucked her, and Tammy could only grip her hands into tight fists as the sexual heat rapidly built up again inside her body.

"Jeff!" Miller gasped. "Wake up, Jeff. The little whore is too hot for one man to handle! She's got a pussy like a sucking vacuum! It's trying to squeeze my cock to death! Uhng! Ungh! Ungh! I'm fuckin' as hard as I can, Jeff! She still needs more!"

Tammy mewled in bliss, her mind swamped by high intensity lust. She tried to raise her bottom higher as the doctor's cock pounded into her like a trip hammer, tried to jam her pussy back to meet his rapid thrusts.

His hands gripped her dress and yanked it higher, then with a powerful motion he tore it up and over her shoulders. He twisted her bra off, and she was.... she was naked! Naked! Tammy could hardly believe it! She gasped and moaned in overheated sexual hunger, gasping again and again as the doctor rammed himself into her, and stared at the blank face of the patient below her thinking what a wild, insanely slutty thing she was doing!

Miller gripped her leg and jerked it up hard, twisting her over onto her back. He groaned as he stared down at her lush young body draped across Jeff's chest, her breasts thrusting up and out. He slid his hands around them, sinking his fingers

into the tight, tender meat as he resumed his hard pounding.

Tammy stared up in dazed delight, watching the doctor face, then staring down at his hands on her breasts. She spread her legs more, bending her knees and jerking them up and back as his hard cock drilled into the center of her belly.

"Fuck me!" she gasped. "Fuck me! Fuck me!"

"Listen to her, Jeff," Miller gasped. "She's a hot little slut! She needs cock!"

"I need cock!" Tammy gasped. "I need cock! Fuck me! Fuck me, Jeff!"

Miller fell atop her, his lips crushing hers, his tongue driving into her mouth as her arms slid around him. His bottom rose and fell, the mattress bouncing below them as he drove his cock into the trembling, whining little blonde teenager.

Their tongues slid over each other like hot, wet snakes as their loins rocked and slapped together. The bed squeaked as it bounced, and Tammy groaned and whined and panted for breath as she neared a second orgasm.

Another orgasm crackled through her body and she cried out in shocked pleasure, her back arching as her pussy exploded in shattering waves of sexual bliss. Her head thrashed from side to side and her knees bounced in mid-air as her body was gripped by a howling sexual gale that ripped through her mind with wild abandon.

Miller pushed himself upright again, and gripped her hips. He fucked furiously, ramming into her with total abandon, pounding his burning staff into the deepest depths of her quivering, spasming young belly.

He felt his balls exploding, felt his juice blasting out the tip of his bloated cock. He groaned in pleasure as his cock boiled over with pleasure and jism poured down into the shaking, thrashing blonde girl's womb.

"Yeahhh! Yeahhh! I'm coming!" he gasped. "I'm shooting, Jeff. I'm pouring it into her! Uhhhhhh! YeahhhH! I'm filling her full of sperm, Jeff!"

He collapsed atop her, his mouth over her left breast. He sucked and chewed feverishly on her big stiff nipple as his pumping slowed and finally halted.

He sighed with relief, and eased back. He stood up, sliding his hands over the girl's exposed flesh.

"Nice," he sighed. "Baby, you were made for fucking."

Tammy groaned in response.

"Come on," he sighed. "Get your clothes on before someone comes."

"I just want to lie here forever," she sighed.

"Yeah, well, you can't."

He gripped her wrist and jerked her up and off the bed. She staggered but he held her up until she caught her balance, then reached down and grabbed her bra.

"Put this on."

"Let's do it again," she groaned, trying to put her arms around him.

"Not now," he said impatiently. "Come on, we're pushing our luck."

She pouted, but obediently put her bra back on. Her panties were torn, but Miller grinned and said she didn't need them anyway. He pocketed them as she pulled her red and white striped dress down over herself.

They left, neither of them noticing the sheet sticking up over the patient's erect cock.

Chapter Two

Nurse Gertz glared at the girl as she passed her station. She'd tried to find the two, but couldn't. She was pretty sure they'd gone into 409 where the comatose man lay, but hadn't been able to get the door open.

She could have pounded on the door, of course, and eventually they would have had to open it, but what good would that have done? They both would have acted all innocent, and she couldn't do much with Miller there telling her to get lost.

She had to catch them in the act. She looked at the flushed face of the luscious blonde girl and glared even more. The bitch had been fucked all right. She was willing to bet her pension on it. Her little pussy was probably still wet with his cum.

That disgusted her, and she turned away for now. She wasn't about to stick her tongue into the cunt of a girl who'd just had man juice pumped into her. She looked around for her other mark, that pretty brunette student nurse. Now where had she gotten to anyway?

As soon as the girl had arrived on the ward Gertz had marked her for special attention. It wasn't just her cutie pie looks, her firm breasts, or her long legs, it was the air of uncertainty, the lack of confidence in herself that drew Gertz.

Here was a hot little thing that needed to be taken in hand and shown the... the ropes.

She'd found her initial judgment to be completely valid over the past days. Shawna Cooper fairly trembled in anxiety when spoken to with any sternness. She never argued or disagreed, even when her criticism or discipline was unfair. Spineless, Gertz sneered to herself.

Gertz was different from most of her lesbian friends. She was as butch as any, but kept her hair long, though usually bound tightly behind her in a bun. She also loved, more than anything else, getting her hands on young straight flesh and

forcing them to take pleasure from a woman's body.

From her body.

Shawna Cooper was just the kind of tender morsel she lusted after most; small and slim and young, someone she could dominate physically as well as intellectually. Gertz was almost six feet tall herself, with a lush, full body that gave few hints of the muscle below the skin.

Ah, there she was. Gertz watched as the girl came down the hall and around behind the nurses' desk. She went over to a file and pulled it, then picked up a pen. Gertz sidled over and as the girl bent over slapped her sharply on her pert young bottom.

Shawna yelped and dropped the pen, straightening up and turning around quickly.

"What do you think you're doing?" Gertz snapped.

"I-I-I was making the notation in the file," she gulped.

"The notation? The notation!?" Gertz sneered.

"Uhm, uh, the, uh, the... where I gave him his medicine," she stuttered.

"That's done in pencil. How many times do I have to tell you that?"

"Oh! I'm sorry," she gulped. "I-I forgot."

Gertz shook her head slowly and glowered down at the girl.

"I think you're hopeless, Cooper," she snapped.

"I-I'm sorry," Shawna said again, blinking her big eyes rapidly.

"Do you need training wheels? Do you need me to follow you around and hold your hand!?"

"No," Shawna said in a small voice.

Gertz's hand whipped out and grabbed the girl behind the neck, jerking her

forward and bending her down over the counter, pushing her face up against the small round container that held the pencils.

"Take a pencil," she snapped. "And the next time I have to correct you on something so stupid as this I'll turn you over my knee and spank your little bottom like the child you are."

Shawna grabbed a pencil and twisted up, backing off and stuttering an apology. She dropped it, then bent and picked it up, then dropped it again.

You're almost ready, little slut, Gertz thought to herself. I'll have you tonight maybe, or tomorrow night. You won't dare say no. And when I've got you in bed, I'll make you scream in pleasure, whether you want to or not.

* * * * *

"Hello, Mister Flint, I'm here to give you your bath," Nurse Moore smiled, pushing a cart into the room.

The man looked up from his magazine in surprise, then did a double take as he saw the luscious young woman smiling down at him. She had short red hair which curled softly inwards to frame a lovely round face with soft, full lips. She was tall, with a voluptuous body and long, long legs.

"Uh, hi," he said.

"I'm nurse Moore," she said. "You can call me Nurse, though."

She smiled briefly, then turned and pulled the curtain all around the bed, then turned back to Flint.

"You can call me anything you want," he sighed, looking her up and down.

"Now, now, Mister Flint. I have a job to do here and I'd appreciate your being mature about it."

She pulled on a pair of surgical gloves, then pulled back the sheet. Flint was wearing a thin hospital gown, below which both his legs were in heavy casts.

"Sit up, please," she said.

She reached forward and helped him as he struggled up, then held him there as she undid the gown in back and pulled it down. She licked her lips as she saw his muscular chest and smooth belly.

"Now you just sit there for a minute," she said, turning and picking up a sponge. She dipped it into a basin of liquid and turned back to him, then began to scrub his shoulders and back. She rubbed the sponge up and down his back, her other hand on his muscular arm.

"So, uh, Nurse Moore, do you do this all the time?" he asked awkwardly, a little embarrassed.

"Every day," she said, scrubbing efficiently.

She turned and dipped the sponge into a second basin then rubbed his back again, taking off the soap there. She picked up a thin towel and dried his back, then pushed him back so he was lying down once again.

She kept her face perfectly neutral as she began to sponge and scrub his chest, moving somewhat slower than she had on his back. Her hand pressed against his belly as she leaned over, and as she sponged her way down his chest and onto his belly, she pulled his gown away from his groin.

His face turned redder as his cock was bared. It was soft, but quivering in its nest of thick, curly pubic hair. Nurse Moore appeared not to notice. She soaped up his lower belly, then ran the sponge down over his groin, rubbing it back and forth over his cock.

She gripped his cock in one hand and lifted it up, then sponged down below, running the soft sponge over his balls and against his inner thighs. Despite his desperate efforts, his cock twitched and began to harden.

Nurse Moore pretended not to notice. She held his cock as she turned and rinsed off the sponge in fresh water, then began to wipe the soap off him. She worked efficiently and even as his cock hardened into a steely tube of flesh her face was calm and neutral.

She pushed the sponge into fresh water and then began to take the soap off his crotch, rubbing it back and forth slowly. Her hand continued to grip his cock quite firmly, then the first trace of a smile appeared on her face.

"Are you all right, Mister Flint?" she asked. "You seem to be uncomfortable."

"U-uncomfortable?" he gulped. "Uh... uh, n-no, not at all. I'm uh... sorry about... uh...about that."

"About what? This?"

She gave his cock a squeeze and then did smile. "Why I take it as a compliment," she said. "It's not the first time it's happened. In fact, it happens all the time."

"Oh, uhm..."

"It's not like you can control it."

"Well, uhm, no..."

"When I was a student nurse, an older nurse said the thing to do when it happens it to give it a good hard slap."

His eyes widened and she smiled.

"Oh, don't worry," she laughed. "There are better ways of taking care of it anyway."

She put the sponge down then suddenly leaned over and slid her lips over the head of his cock. Flint gulped in shocked delight, his cock getting even harder if that was possible. He stared wide-eyed, as the beautiful woman's lips slid down his cock, and groaned as he felt her tongue sliding up and down against the underside of his head.

"Jesus," he whispered.

Her lips bobbed up and down on his thick prong as she stroked and squeezed his balls, then she straightened up with a wicked smile. She climbed into bed and straddled his pelvis, then pulled her white dress up over her hips. Below it she wore a silk thong. She pulled the crotch aside and gripped his cock in her other hand, then eased her cunt over it and slowly sank down.

"Oohhhh Goddd," he gasped, his hands going up to cup her breasts.

She sighed in pleasure as her hot pussy slid down his long thick shaft to the base, then she leaned forward, her hands on his chest, and began to grind her hips from side to side. His hands frantically unzipped the front of her dress and cupped her breasts through her French lace bra, then undid the clip between the cups. Her breasts fell into his hands and they both groaned softly.

She began to rock back and forth on top of him, sighing in happiness as his fingers dug into her soft tit meat. She pressed down against his chest for leverage, then began to ride up and down, her hips rising and falling over him as she slid her pussy up and down his hard pipe.

She rode faster and faster, panting for breath, gasping softly each time his cock thrust up into her belly. Every few strokes she halted, his prong deep inside her, then ground her bottom around against him, twisting his cock inside her belly.

She felt her pussy steaming, felt her insides quivering, and knew she was seconds from glory. She closed her eyes, gasping and panting, riding harder, feeling the heat rise. She came, jerking her head up and back, groaning low in her throat as the pleasure coursed through her. She bounced and jerked and rode his cock through a wondrous orgasmic storm, and as her pussy squeezed and spasmed around his rock hard prick his juice gushed out like old faithful, and was sucked up into her burning hot belly.

She slowed her movements, then stopped, smiling saucily. "There," she sighed, "I think you're clean now.

She climbed off him and pushed her skirt down, then clipped her bra together and zipped up the front of her dress.

"We'll see you again tomorrow, Mister Flint," she said, pushing her cart away.

She hummed softly as she took the cart down the hall and into the equipment room. She removed her gloves and tossed them into the garbage, then emptied the water and put the basin in the pile to be washed. She went up the hall to the nurse's station and reported to nurse Gertz.

"You finished giving out the medications?" Gertz scowled.

"Nope, haven't started."

"What?" Gertz glared at her. "What the hell have you been doing?"

"Giving Mister Flint his bath," she said.

"An orderly was supposed to come up and do that."

"He didn't show up," Moore shrugged.

"Then why didn't you call down?"

"Well, it seemed easier to do it myself," Moore smiled.

"Nurses aren't supposed to give baths."

"But you do it. Didn't you give 403 her bath yesterday?"

Gertz glared suspiciously, but Moore's face was calm and neutral. She didn't appear to mean anything by the remark, and certainly Gertz couldn't prove anything

She was sure the slut had bathed the man for her own amusement, just to get her hands on the good looking patient. It didn't occur to her that she had actually fucked him, but she suspected the redhead had been glad to get her hands on the man's privates.

"Go and pass out the medications," Gertz ordered.

"Yes, Nurse Gertz," Moore said primly, taking the tray and wheeling it back up the hall.

Gertz watched her go, her mind going to the sponge bath she had given the sweet young college girl in 403 the other day. She'd been so shy it was delightful. Today she was going to give her a massage, and had been looking forward to it all morning. Now she worried about whether Moore suspected.

* * * * *

Miller scanned the patients waiting in the emergency room, looking for someone profitable. He checked out the list of complaints, flipping through the cards until he found one that said stomach pains. His eyes lit up at such a vague complaint.

It could be anything! He could do dozens of tests!

"Need a hand?" he asked the ER supervisor.

"Always," he shrugged.

"Okay, I've got a few minutes."

He reached to the cards and took the one on top, the one he'd put on top, and went out into the hall. "Anna Frankowski," he called.

A huge woman stood up, and then helped a smaller young woman to her feet. Miller's eyes flitted over the younger one appreciatively. She was a buxom looking blonde, her hair long and straight, her face round but pretty, with large blue eyes.

The large woman helped the smaller one down the hall and into one of the examining rooms.

"Now you've complained of stomach problems?" he asked.

"Yes Doktor," she said in a heavy accented.

He looked at the card again. "You're from Poland?"

"My husband ees de press attache at the Polish embassy," the older woman said sternly.

"Ahh, very well, and uh, the embassy will be paying for things, I assume."

"Jah, Jah, you weel get jour money," the older woman sniffed with a scowl.

"Just checking. Now then, if you would be so kind as to wait out in the waiting room."

"I stay wees Anna."

"No, I'm afraid not," he said. "Hospital policy. Go on now."

The woman scowled suspiciously, then turned and waddled out the door, which closed behind her.

"Now then, Anna, why don't you tell me where it hurts?" he smiled.

She patted her lower belly, and Miller fairly purred at the wide variety of illnesses it could be.

He glanced at the card again. Nothing much there.

She smiled but said nothing. He undid the buttons down the front of her blouse and opened it.

"Lie back," he said.

He ran his hand over her stomach, admiring the softness of her skin and the way her breasts, even while laying down, filled out her heavy bra. She winced as he pushed down on her lower abdomen and he frowned. He undid her pants and tugged them down and off, then slid his hand lower. She gave a short gasp and he withdrew his hand.

"Ever had your appendix out?"

"A-Appendix?" she blinked.

"Never mind. We'll do X-rays, hmmm, pretty pictures."

She smiled tentatively.

And blood tests, urinalysis, maybe a few other things, yes?" Okay, get these clothes off. Sit up, girl."

He helped her sit up and helped her off with her clothes, stripping her completely naked. He had her stand and come over to a scale and then stand on it for her weight. Then he put his stethoscope in his ears and placed it against her back between her ribs.

He had her breath deep several times, sighing in admiration as he gazed down at her full young round breasts. He moved the stethoscope to the side of her ribs and had her breath deep again, then moved it around front, placing it under her right breast.

The back of his hand pushed up against her breast as he listened to her breathing,

then he took it off and placed it on the counter. He took another stethoscope, one that happened to be a different color and returned to her.

He placed it directly against her right nipple, and she gasped and jerked back slightly. He pretended to listen, then pulled the cold metal away and moved it to her other nipple. Her right nipple was sticking out straight and hard from the cold, and he wondered if he could convince her there was a medical reason for him to suck on it.

Of course there was.

"You know," he said. "Sometimes, in rare cases one of the problems is a hormone problem. Sometimes a woman's body gets confused and starts doing things it isn't supposed to. Have you noticed anything different about the way your body has been acting lately?"

"No, Doktor," she blinked.

"Have you been manufacturing breast milk by any chance?"

"Man...manu..."

"Have your breasts been unusually tender or heavy? Have they been making milk?"

"Milk?" she gaped. "But...ees only for babies..."

"Yes, but sometimes the body makes a mistake," he smiled.

"I-I no have milk I don't think."

"You don't know?"

"Well...well no," she said, flustered.

"Hmmm...I wonder if I have anything here to test that."

He fingered her hard, erect nipples, rubbing and rolling them between his fingertips.

"Well, we can test the old fashioned way, huh? Not everything has to be high-

tech."

She shrugged and half smiled in confusion.

He bent and slid his lips over her right nipple, then sucked gently. He worked his tongue back and forth over it as he sucked it into his mouth, then chewed lightly for long seconds. He pulled back and swallowed.

"Uhm, no milk there," he said.

He slid his lips onto her other nipple, sucking harder, chewing and rasping his tongue back and forth across it. Anna stayed straight and rigid, staring off at the far wall in embarrassment.

"No. No milk," he said with a sigh.

"Ees...ees goot?"

"Yes. Yes, very good," he smiled.

She sighed in relief.

"Why don't you turn around here. That's a good girl. Now, I want you to try and touch your toes. Tell me if it hurts your stomach to do that."

He stood back and eyed her bottom and pussy as she bent far over. She straightened up again and rubbed her stomach.

"Hurt?"

"Only... only leetle beet," she said.

"Try doing a few more. It maybe that you have a cramp in the muscle. Doing a few toe touches might straighten it out."

She did a dozen more toe touches as he stood behind watching. He shook his head in frustration at the sight of her perfect bottom and that pretty little golden furred pussy opening down underneath. He longed to grab her and ram his cock up into her until his juice came out of her ears.

He took a blood sample and took it out to the nurses to be processed, then

returned. By the time he'd gotten back she had donned the hospital gown he'd given her.

"Have you ever had a gynecological examination?" he asked.

She stared at him in puzzlement.

"Internal exam?"

She blinked her wide eyes in confusion.

"Are you a virgin?"

Was that even possible at her age any more, he wondered.

That she understood. She blushed and nodded her head.

He pulled the stirrups up and snapped them into place, then had her slide down a little and raise her legs. She settled her ankles in the stirrups, her bottom right on the edge of the table. He moved around and sat between her legs, pulling over a tray of instruments.

He shook his head and sighed at the sight of her luscious blonde pussy and perfect bottom. He made kissing motions at them then grinned as he looked up at the gown which blocked the girl's view of him.

He picked up a tube of lubricant and pressed it against her pussy, then squeezed out a thin oily liquid as he ran the nozzle up and down her slit. He poured some into his hand then and rubbed his fingers around in it.

"Now this won't hurt a bit," he muttered.

He stood up and looked over the gown at the girl. "Tell me if this hurts," he said.

She nodded her head vigorously. "Yes, Doktor," she said.

He reached down and slid his fingers between her soft pussy lips, then eased them gently apart. He gazed at the glistening pink flesh within and licked his lips, then, holding her pussy open with two fingers of one hand, he slid his index finger deep into her sex tunnel.

She let out a small gasp and her face turned red, but she made no protest as he wriggled his finger around in her pussy. He sawed it back and forth, pressing against her clit, stroking it softly.

"Tell me what that feels like?" he asked.

"Uh...uh...eet...eet does not hurt," she gulped.

He took a small probe and slid it into her sheath, easing it downwards, searching for her hymen. He found it and nudged it with the probe. He stroked his fingers across her clit, then squeezed it lightly. She gasped, her eyes staring up at the ceiling.

"Now I'm just going to feel around here and see if I can find the problem," Miller said in a soothing voice.

He continued to stroke her clitoris as he moved the probe around gently inside her, then he ducked down below her gown and pressed his mouth against her sex. He held her pussy lips open and licked lightly at her clit, then eased the probe out and slid his finger into her again.

He licked harder at her clit as he pumped his finger in and out of her pussy, and felt her the walls moistening, her pink flesh steaming. He stood up and turned to the cart beside him, removing a large round tube. He held it up for the girl to see.

"I think there's a build-up of blood within your vagina," he said. "It's a rare condition called Haematois Mexicana, and can be relieved easily enough. I'm going to push this inside and siphon off the blood. There might be a short sharp pain, but it won't last."

She nodded anxiously.

He pulled the tube in under her gown then put it down on the chair. He unzipped his pants and drew out his hard thick erection and pressed it against her opening.

"Now just try to relax," he said softly, still stroking her clit.

He pressed his cock against her virgin opening and slowly sank it down into her. Her moisture and heat eased the way as he worked his cock patiently down to the point where her cherry blocked his path. He nudged it with his cockhead,

then pulled back and thrust in.

Anna let out a short gasp of pain, but said nothing as his cock slid down deeper into her belly.

"There we are," he said. "No more pain."

He drove his cock in almost to the balls, but held the base with his fist, figuring even this dumb girl would realize what was going on if she felt his balls slapping against her bottom and his zipper against her pussy. He twisted his cock around inside her, stifling a groan of pleasure, then began to fuck her.

"I'm going to... to... ah... massage... the dilated area now," he panted. "This will...will ease the cramping which normally follows this procedure."

He fucked her steadily, his cock sliding back and forth in her formerly virgin cunt tunnel. He could hear her making soft sounds now, and his finger darted down to her clit to massage and stroke it as he fucked. He pressed it down towards his sliding prong and her hips rose briefly as she groaned in pleasure.

He fucked faster, afraid her mother would poke her nose in at any time. He felt her pussy spasming and shaking and squeezing down on his prong, and knew a smugness that she was coming. He risked a glance over the gown to confirm it and saw her eyes closed tight and her back arching.

He smiled and let go of his balls, gripping her thighs as he fucked in furiously. His hips smashed against her buttocks with violent blows as he felt his juices flowing and his balls burning. He exploded, blasting thick white wads of salty white sperm into the girl's belly.

He eased back and pulled out, then mopped her damp pussy opening with a towel. He stuffed his cock back into his pants and zipped up, then stood back.

"Feel better?" he asked.

She blinked her large blue eyes up at him, then eased her hands out of the tight fists they had been in and moved them down onto her belly.

"Still... hurts," she said softly.

"Hmmm, maybe something else is complicating things. I'll order more tests. Lots of tests. Don't want anything to happen to a pretty thing like you," he smiled.

She smiled tentatively, her chest rising and falling rapidly.

"Yes, I think we should admit you for a day or two of nice expensive tests," he smiled.

Chapter Three

Amy Johnson knocked on the director's door, then walked in at his okay.

"Ah, Doctor Johnson," he said warily.

She closed the door and came over to his desk, then sat down in front of it. "Hi, Doctor Butler. Is there a problem?"

"Uhm, yes, yes there is, Doctor," he said. "I'm uh, afraid the hospital is growing concerned over the, uh, the mortality rate among your patients."

She frowned and tossed her head to one side, briefly shaking her blonde bangs off the steel rims of her glasses.

"I'm conducting highly experimental procedures," she said. "I'm using completely new vaccines, medicines and diagnostic procedures. There's bound to be a few fatalities."

"Ahh, well, yes, uhm, but you see, they don't know that you're... ahh, experimenting."

Amy took off her glasses with a sigh and put them on his desk. She rubbed her eyes and then sat back in the chair to look at him.

"I can't help it if the medical establishment of this hospital is too short sighted to acknowledge the brilliance of my ideas," she said. "They're all idiots anyway. Who are they to judge me?"

"Well, ah, yes, perhaps, but ah, you have killed eighty-three people in the last year."

"I haven't killed them," she said indignantly. "They died. Most of them were terminal patients anyway."

"Yes, ah, but some were in for rather, ah, minor procedures."

"Well, I've learned a lot over the last year. I think I'm close to perfecting a cure for diabetes."

"Really? Well now, ah, that would be wonderful. Certainly bring, ah, much good... ah, publicity to the hospital."

"And a lot of money," she said dryly.

"Well, ah, yes, yes, there is that."

"Ooooh, Doctor Butler," she sighed, putting her hands up behind her head and arching her back as she stretched. "Can't you just imagine all the cameras and reporters? All the newspapers talking about me? Can't you just imagine the crowds of doctors applauding my brilliance at the next symposium?"

Doctor Butler couldn't actually imagine that, but he could imagine her naked very nicely, especially the way her chest stuck out like that, pushing her white doctors' coat open and aside.

She rolled her head slowly, sighing in pleasure as she imagined people all cheering her brilliance and admiring her great intelligence. She smiled at Butler through slitted eyes.

"It makes me soooo...hott," she sighed.

"Yes, I know," he gulped.

She drew her legs up and apart, draping them across the two arms of the chair. Her hands cupped her breasts, then slid down to her skirt. She gripped the hem and inch by inch pulled it upwards until her naked pussy was revealed.

She began to stroke her pussy as she draped her head back across the back of the chair. She moaned in pleasure, pumping a finger into her slit as she rubbed her clitoris. Her other hand slid up the front of her shirt and unbuttoned it, then unclipped her bra.

Butler bit his fist as he stared at her round breasts thrusting out free and naked. His eyes bugged out at the sight of her perfect nipples, so erect, so long and red and hard. He watched entranced as her fingers slid over them, tweaking and squeezing them.

"Ohhh, Doctor Buuuutler," she groaned, squeezing her breasts as she pumped her finger harder into her pussy. "You just...you just have too...ohhhhhh...get them to...to...ohhhh...to leave me aloooooone."

"I...I...I don't...know if I can this time," he gulped, panting for breath.

"Ohhh, Doctor Butleeeeeer," she moaned, thrusting a second finger into her pussy, pumping them slowly and deeply as he watched. "ooohh, I just...I just have to find this cuuuurue," she moaned.

"They're...they're very insistent this time," he gulped, mopping his sweaty forehead, then the rest of his damp face.

"Uhhhhhhhhh!" she groaned, slumping down more and spreading her legs wider.

He saw her finger slide towards her wrinkled little anal opening and bit down on his handkerchief as it probed, then slid in to the knuckle.

"Ooohhh!" she moaned. "Oohh Doctooooor. You just haaaaave tooooo."

She pumped her fingers in and out of her pussy and anus, then squeezed her fingers together and rubbed her flesh inside. She rolled her head from side to side and stroked and squeezed her breasts as the doctor stared in drooling lust.

Her head thrashed and she arched her back as she let a long, quavering groan of ecstasy escape her full, soft lips. Her hips jerked upwards, humping her pussy up against her pumping fingers, and then she went limp.

"I just...have to...have...more time," she panted.

"I-I... I'll see what I can do," he said in a choked voice.

She stood up and pushed her skirt down, then walked over to him. "Oh Doctor Butler," she purred. "You're such a man of science!"

She bent over and hugged him against her, pulling his face into her still naked breasts. She sighed as she rubbed him in against her breasts, crushing them against his face. Seconds later her fastened his lips around her right nipple and began sucking desperately.

Her lips curved up into a cunning smile as she stroked his nearly bald head and cooed softly into his ear. He sucked wetly at her nipple, gasping and panting and groaning in pleasure.

"You're such a man, Doctor Butler," she sighed.

She slid her hand down to his bulging crotch and unzipped him, then slid inside to grasp his cock. He gasped and sucked harder as she squeezed his cock. She got her thumb under the cockhead and stroked it quickly, and within seconds he exploded, shooting into his pants.

She pulled her hand out and wiped it on his jacket, then stood up and pulled her bra together, smiling down at him. "You got me so hot this time," she chided. "And there I'd promised never to touch you."

"I didn't mind," he gulped, staring rapturously up at her breasts.

"If this keeps up, Doctor, you'll have me on all fours before long, and be pumping me like a bitch in heat."

But not likely, she thought, as she smilingly did up her buttons, then turned and walked out of his office.

She sighed in relief on the outside, glad that was over with. Doctor Butler was pretty easy, though, compared to the rest of them. She'd actually had to fuck and suck her medical school teachers to get the grades required, and then had to let the old leech that ran this hospital sodomize her to get in.

Then of course, she'd had to fuck her supervisors to cover up all the mistakes she'd made while doing her internship.

Sex. They were all so vulnerable to it. She'd never had much interest in it herself. She'd never had an orgasm, for one thing, and considered most of the acts a woman did during sex to be totally subservient, undignified and disgusting. She did it, but only to advance her career and protect herself.

She wasn't a lesbian, though she'd had sex with women for the same reasons as she'd had sex with men. She simply had no interest in sex. As far as Amy Johnson was concerned sex was without any merit whatsoever. It wasn't even really needed for reproduction any more since that could be accomplished

through artificial insemination.

As long as weaklings like Butler were addicted to it, though, she'd use it to cover herself and help her in her chosen field. Sooner or later one of those damned formulas would work, then she'd have the fame and fortune she craved, and be able to tell the world to go and kiss her ass.

God damn hospital, she thought to herself as she strode down the hall. What the hell did they care about deaths as long as they got paid? It was a good thing they didn't know about her other experiments. She congratulated herself on her brilliance in secretly applying experimental formulas and vaccines to patients in other wards that had no connection with her.

The hospital would have thrown a fit over the way some of those had turned out, especially that one that had turned out to cause an infectious lung infection and had killed fifty people last year. They were still calling that legionnaires disease and trying to figure out where it'd come from.

Oh well, there were always plenty of people. Wasn't the world overcrowded? She should stick to the black and Hispanic patients from now on. Nobody cared when they died.

* * * * *

"Pssst, Nurse Moore! Vicky!"

"What is it, Tammy?" Moore sighed. She regarded candy stripers, at least the young ones, as nuisances, especially since they were rivals for the doctors' attentions.

"Uh, could you, uhm, come in here for a second," the girl said, blushing slightly.

Moore followed the blonde into 409 and over to the bed of the one of the comatose patients.

"What?" she asked, then she blinked her eyes in surprise at the way the sheet stuck up over his crotch.

She jerked it back and stared admiringly at the huge thick erection the man sported.

"Wow," she said.

"Is he, uhm, waking up?"

"I don't know," Moore said.

She tore her eyes off the man's cock with some difficulty, then pulled out her flashlight and checked his eyes. She took his blood pressure and listened to his heart.

"I don't know," she said. "I'll call one of the doctors. It's possible he is but it's more likely just a physical reaction."

"To what?" Tammy gulped, red faced.

Moore turned to her suspiciously. "Have you been playing doctor, little girl?" she demanded.

"Huh? Hey, I have not!"

"You haven't touched this?"

"No way!"

"Then what's making it stick up and salute you like this?"

"How should I know," Tammy said in an unconvincing voice.

"You little liar," Vicky snorted. "You've been playing touchie feelie, haven't you?"

"I have not!" Tammy said, stamping her foot.

"Tell the truth. Did you touch him? If I bring the doctor in here and he says someone's been playing games with this guy's prick..."

"I-I didn't touch it," Tammy said desperately. "I mean.. I mean, I might have said some things...."

"Said some things?"

"Well, Doctor Miller said if I talked dirty to him he might wake up."

"Doctor Miller? That leech? What else did he say you should do?"

"Well... well... he said to show him... uhm, my breasts."

"And show Miller as well, no doubt. Did you touch the patient?"

"Well, not his dick. I mean, when Doctor Miller was on top of me I might have had my breasts against his face but..."

She gulped and shut her mouth in embarrassment.

"Oh, don't worry, you're hardly the first one Miller's gotten his dick into. Hell, he's fucked me a few times too. He's pretty good at talking a girl out of her panties."

"Boy, I'll say," Tammy sighed.

"So, what do we do about this?" Vicky grinned.

"I don't know."

"You could uhm, take care of it."

"What? You mean suck him off?" Yech. He's dead."

"Oh, don't be dumb. He's not dead, you little dope. He's in a coma. Hey, maybe if you fuck him he'll wake up. Who knows, maybe it was your little screw with Miller that's gotten him up this far."

"No way! What if Gertz comes?"

"That old dyke? Hell, she won't do anything to you as long as you do her too."

"Forget it!"

"Oh, well, all right. You watch the door, then and I'll take care of it."

Tammy shuffled over to the door and opened it a crack. Vicky licked her lips as she stared at the big pole, then with a sigh of pleasure, bent over the bed and slid

her lips around the thick, meaty cockhead. She circled it with her tongue, then began to suck.

It was incredibly thick, and she could hardly get her lips around it. She eased her mouth down further, and sucked harder, squeezing and massaging his balls as she sucked.

"God, it's big!" Tammy sighed from the door.

"I'll say. God, I wish my boyfriend had a cock this big."

"You have a boyfriend?" Tammy gaped. "I thought..."

"What?" Vicky glared.

"Uhm, never mind."

"I just like sex, okay. Anyway, you aren't exactly one to judge, fucking a guy on top of a comatose patient, shoving your tits in his face. That's sick."

"Oh, and sucking him isn't?" Tammy glared.

"Shut up and watch the door. If that Gertz bitch shows up we'll both be licking pussy until doomsday."

She gripped the thick cock in both hands and forced her mouth down farther. She was taking this as a challenge. There'd never been a man she couldn't bring off, and even if this one was unconscious, he should still respond to her expert tongue action.

She ran her tongue all up and down the shaft, then pumped his cock as she sucked on his balls. She popped the head back into her mouth and sucked on that again, then pumped it for awhile. It remained stubbornly erect.

"Don't you know how to do that?" Tammy demanded from the door.

"Hey, I've sucked more cocks than you've had pimples, you little brat."

"I do not have pimples!" Tammy said in outrage.

"This calls for drastic action," Vicky said. She pulled her panties off, then

climbed onto the bed.

"What are you doing?" Tammy gasped. "You're going to fuck him!?"

"It won't go down the other way," Vicky glared.

"Jees," Tammy said.

"You wanna do it?"

"Uhm, no thanks. I like my lovers to be awake."

"Hey, if you hadn't done a tit massage on his face we wouldn't have this problem."

"I'm sorry," Tammy said contritely.

"Just watch the fucking door."

Vicky straddled the man and gripped his thick boner, then eased it against her snatch. She slowly lowered herself until her sex lips were straining apart under the weight. She groaned as the thick head forced them wider and wider.

"What's the matter?" Tammy called.

"He's so...uhhhhh...big," she panted, then gasped again as his cock slid into her.

"Ohhhhhh, maaaaaan," she groaned as her pussy walls bloated outwards.

She slowly eased down the monster cock, feeling her pussy spreading enormously wide, the flesh stretching and straining as the big prick pushed higher.

"Oh, Jesus he's big," she gasped.

"Can you get it all inside?" Tammy asked, staring at the thick cock sticking up into her pussy.

"I can get any man into me," Vicky said, gritting her teeth.

She eased lower, feeling his cockhead push way up into her belly, closing her

eyes briefly as she slid lower and was impaled on the massive prick. She'd never felt so packed with cock before. Her juices were flowing and bubbling as she eased her cunt down to the base and then sat her bottom on his thighs.

"God," she sighed. "It's all inside me."

She rubbed her stomach as she looked down in amazement, wondering how that long a cock had ever managed to find space inside her trim belly.

She leaned forward, sliding her hands over his hairy chest, groaning as the cock shifted and twisted inside her. She slowly ground her bottom around on his thighs, gasping as it stirred her guts. She pushed herself erect and then leaned back, rubbing her buttocks in slow circles.

"We don't have all day," Tammy complained.

Vicky ignored her. She straightened again, then began to rise slowly, just an inch or so. She sank back with a groan of pleasure, then rose again, straight up, several inches. Again she slid back, taking the massive prick deep into her belly.

Tammy divided her attention between the bed and the door. It was getting pretty obvious to her that Nurse Moore was getting off on this, that those gasps and groans weren't from pain at all. In fact, as she watched the woman's body moving up and down that thick cock she felt her own juices beginning to flow.

She wondered what it would be like to take a cock that big into her pussy. Surely it wouldn't fit. Moore was bigger than her and she'd barely gotten it all inside. Still, she couldn't remember of a girl ever dying from too much cock. She couldn't even remember a girl who hadn't been able to get a cock into her because it was too big.

She watched Moore lean forward over the man and brace her hands on his chest, then began to hump up and down, riding his cock like it was a horse, her buttocks slapping up and down as she leaned into the man's chest. She was riding him faster, and Tammy watched the thick cock, now glistening with Moore's juices, sliding up and down in her pussy.

Or rather, her pussy was sliding up and down on his glistening cock. The man, Mister Aaron, she remembered, hadn't moved an inch.

Moore fucked faster and faster, gasping and grunting each time she rode down his cock, bouncing freely now, much to Tammy's amazement, her pussy sliding furiously up and down that glistening red prick with no effort at all.

Tammy stared at Moore's pussy gulping that cock up into it again and again, and felt a lewd animalistic lust grip her own loins. She squeezed her thighs together in sympathy, wishing she had something hard to stick into her own pussy.

Vicky grunted and moaned as she rode the man's stiff cock. It was an amazing and delightful feeling to have so much cock pounding up into her. The bed springs were helping her now as she literally bounced atop him, her mind frazzled and glowing with sexual heat.

Her pussy slid smoothly and quickly up and down his steel hard cock, effortlessly taking it up into the depths of her furnace like box as her mind and body crackled with lust and heat. She came with a shuddering cry, arching her back and grasping her breasts through her nurse's dress, squeezing and mashing them down with her fingers as she bounced on his hard, stiff pole.

She fell forward over him, gasping for breath as she stared into his closed eyes. She felt his cock still hard inside her and shook her head in amazement. She pushed herself erect again and once more began to ride his cock.

She unzipped her dress and pulled it up and over her shoulders, She was too hot now for clothing, both from sexual lust and the exertion of her long ride. She undid her bra and began to fuck once again, riding him furiously, squeezing down on her pussy, rocking from side to side, then back and forth, slapping her buttocks against his thighs as she rode his cock.

She came again, groaning in pleasure as she dropped forward and ground her soft breasts against his hairy chest. Still his cock remained hard. She straightened, eyes weary, body overheated. Once again she began to ride his boner, until yet again she came.

"How long are you gonna do that?" Tammy hissed from the door.

"I'm exhausted," Vicky panted.

She groaned as she sat up and his stiff cock stirred inside her. She slowly and with no small effort pulled herself up off his giant slab of meat, then practically

fell off the bed.

"It's still hard!" Tammy hissed.

"Shit! No kidding," Vicky gasped, falling back onto the empty bed next to Aaron.

"Your turn," she sighed.

"Me?" Tammy squeaked.

"You got it up. You can get it down. I'm all fucked out."

"Well...well come and watch the door," Tammy gulped.

Vicky heaved a sigh, then stumbled out of the bed, grabbing her nurse's uniform as she passed Aaron. Tammy passed her and went over to the man, then looked back at Moore. The idea of fucking a guy in front of another girl was embarrassing, even if she had just witnessed the other girl doing the same for half an hour.

She was dreadfully afraid the doctor would notice though, not Miller, but one of the important ones, and would figure out it was her. What would her parents say to that, she wondered.

And, though she wouldn't admit it to anyone, watching the lewd display had left her own pussy steaming and desperately in need of a cock.

She was too embarrassed to strip, but she climbed into bed and straddled Aaron, then lowered her pussy onto his cock. She eased the crotch of her panties aside, then felt his cock against her bare pussy.

She gasped and made a face as she realized the wetness covering the giant man tool was from Nurse Moore's pussy, but by then it was too late to do anything that wouldn't insult the woman. She eased down, groaning as her pussy opening was slowly spread wider and wider. She kept trying to get it inside but it was just too wide.

"Hurry up," Vicky called impatiently.

"I'm... ungh, t-trying," Tammy gasped.

She rubbed her pussy up and down against the big cockhead, adding pressure, then easing off, then adding pressure again. Slowly but surely she sank down onto his mammoth prick, groaning and wide-eyed with amazement as it slid up inside her.

"Oooh! Oohhhhh! Oohhhhh Godddd!" she gasped.

"Yeah. That's what I said, Vicky sighed.

Down she slid, eyes bulging out as the massive prong pushed deeper than any cock every had, bloating out her sex tunnel as it thrust high into her belly. She was utterly impaled on his heavy prick, and despite the pain she knew a hot, burning lust as well.

Finally she hit bottom, her bottom pressing firmly against the man's thighs. She held her hands flat against his chest, quivering and trembling as she fought to hold absolutely still.

"OOohhhhh," she moaned. "I don't think I can move!"

"Pretty soon you won't be able to keep still," Moore grinned.

Tammy was panting heavily as she sat there straddling the unconscious man. Then, with infinite slowness, she tried to ease her pussy up a little.

She came, crying out in surprise and pleasure as her pussy spasmed and shook around the mighty pole of flesh. She grunted and gurgled in ecstatic delight, shaking and twisting her bottom around to twist the cock inside her. She yelped and groaned and whined in heat and pain as her cunt burned and spasmed and shook.

Then she fell flat on his chest, chest heaving, breasts rubbing against him.

"Didn't take much to put you out," Moore sniffed.

"Wa...wa...wait," Tammy panted.

After a minute she pushed herself up again and then began to slowly slide her

pussy up and down the man's cock. She used very slow, shallow motions at first, but they grew in strength and length as her excitement mounted once again and her pussy adjusted to the giant cock inside it.

Again she came, yelping and whining as she bounced atop him. Again and again, then again she came, each time her pussy squeezing and spasming and clutching at his cock. She rode wildly, then softly, twisting and bouncing and shaking and rutting in a frenzied passion.

Like Vicky she soon found her clothing too restricting, tearing it off until she was utterly naked.

Again she came, then again, riding up and down on the stiff cock, breasts bouncing, hair shaking, head bouncing up and down, until like Vicky she was all fucked out and could barely move.

"Let me try again," Vicky said, licking her lips in hunger, her own passion reignited by now.

Tammy crawled off and Vicky slid her own pussy down once again. She fucked the man to another orgasm, then climbed off, shaking her head in weary resignation. "We ain't never gonna get that cock down, and I don't know as I want to now anyway. The thing should be a national fuckin' treasure."

Chapter Four

Nurse Gertz watched the pretty brunette as she carefully filed the forms in place then went into the Nurse's lounge. She shook her head in resignation, knowing full well she had forgotten to give 417 his medication as she'd been told.

She waited a moment, looking around. Two nurses and two orderlies were changing sheets. Nurse Moore, along with that candy striper bimbo were doing something down the hall, so that left only Nurse Cunningham.

"Carol, would you take these down to administration?" she asked, "And while you're there see if you can get us some more forms."

"What forms?"

"Get us a few dozen of everything. They won't go to waste."

"Okay."

She watched her go down to the elevator, then get on. Now she was more or less alone with that idiotic little twerp. She went to the lounge and pushed open the door. Shawna was sitting down sipping a coffee. She looked up anxiously as Gertz came in.

"Nurse Cooper," she snapped.

"Yes, Nurse Gertz?" Shawna gulped, jumping to her feet.

"What are you doing in here?"

"I-I'm on a break," the girl said.

"On a break? And what about Mrs Petrey? Is she supposed to wait until after your break for her medication?"

"Oh!" Shawna's eyes widened in alarm.

"You are an incompetent little fool," Gertz snapped."

"I'm sorry, Nurse Gertz! I-I forgot," she cried.

"I think you had better go back to cheerleading, Cooper. You're obviously not mature enough to be a nurse."

"But I..."

"And when I make out your efficiency report you can be sure that the hospital administration will realize that fact," Gertz snapped. "Then you'll be waiting on tables like you should be!"

"But... but Nurse Gertz!"

"Silence! Get down the hall and give Mrs. Petrey her medication you stupid incompetent girl! Go!"

Shawna scurried past, sniffing and rubbing her eyes. Gertz slapped her bottom hard as she passed and Shawna yelped in pain.

Gertz came back out of the room and went to the nurse's station, licking her lips in anticipation as the girl ran down the hall to give out the medication. Actually, she wasn't that bad, considering her lack of experience, but Gertz liked her like this, flustered and uncertain. She liked all her women like this.

She sometimes wished she were a man, so she could drill their little pussies with her big hard cock.

Cooper scurried back, all breathless and red-faced. Gertz schooled her face into a stern expression and glared at her.

"I've had it with you, Cooper. Go home. We'll do fine without you tonight."

"But...But Nurse Gertz..." Shawna gasped.

"Go on, get out!" Gertz snapped, pointing towards the locker rooms.

"But I..."

"Go!" Gertz yelled.

Shawna's lips quivered and she slowly turned and shuffled down the hall to the women's locker room. She went inside and a nasty smile appeared on Gertz's stern face. She looked around her carefully. Everything was quiet. She wasn't technically supposed to leave the nurse's station alone, but Carol would come back in a few minutes and she'd take care of it.

Still, timing was very, very important. The pathetic little thing was probably whimpering to herself right now. Gertz didn't want her quite like that, not quite. She wanted her naked if possible, or at least in the process of changing.

She went to the locker room and very quietly opened the door and slipped inside. There was a second door inside, so that people passing in the hall wouldn't see the women changing when someone opened the outer door. She went to the inner door and opened it a crack.

Cooper was sitting on a bench, her head in her hands. Her locker was open and her dress was unzipped. Gertz hung back, waiting impatiently. She cursed the girl silently, wishing she would strip and get into the damned shower, then Gertz could rush in and yell at her again, say that Petrey had complained maybe. She'd spank the girls' bare ass until it turned bright red.

Then she'd - have a change of heart, and "comfort" the poor dear, let her cry on her shoulder, and pretty soon Shawna Cooper's mouth would be on Gertz's cunt!

She heard the girl's sobs and shook her head in disgust. She glanced behind her anxiously. Time was running out.

Then the girl got up and stripped out of her dress. Gertz's eyes locked eagerly on her small, perfect form as it emerged from her clothing. She watched her remove her bra, and sighed at those firm breasts, then growled low in her throat at the sight of the girl's bottom.

She was small, but her body was PERFECT! An incredibly narrow waist, that marvellous ass that stuck out like an apple...She was gonna really give it to this bitch!

Then she heard feet at the outer door. She quickly let the inner door close and spun around, pulling the outer door open as Doctor Nicole Rawlins pushed it in.

"Oh. There you are," Rawlins said. "I was looking for a nurse. Mister Zimmer

has fouled his bed. Change the sheets and clean him off, Nurse Gertz."

"Yes, Doctor," Gertz said, her heart in her throat as she quickly strode down the hall.

At first she was just relieved to have gotten out of there without being caught peeping at that little slut Cooper, but then she started cursing vilely. She'd been so close! She could just feel that soft little ass against her hand!

God damn son of a bitch!

Rawlins watched her go with a slightly bemused expression. She wondered at the paleness of the woman's face, and the tension in her voice, almost as if she were frightened of something. She shrugged and pushed open the door of the locker room yawning tiredly.

The locker room was empty, though one of the lockers was open. She went to her own locker and unlocked it, then took off her white jacket and hung it up. She pondered the unlikelihood of getting through the next three days off without being called in on something as she undid her shirt, then pulled out her gym bag and pushed it inside.

She unzipped her skirt and slid it down and off, pushing it into the bag as well, then removed her underwear as well. She pulled her towel off its hook and then padded naked down to the end of the room, then into the shower room.

One of the shower stalls was occupied, water gushing down on a shadow that moved behind the light curtain. She hung her towel up outside a second stall, and reached in to turn on the water. Then she heard a sob from the other stall.

She hesitated, blinking her eyes as she looked at the other stall. She heard another sob, then a loud, shaky breath, followed by several broken sobs. She hesitated again, wondering whether to take off now, or maybe ask what was wrong. She didn't even know who was in there.

Finally, she knocked on the wall. "Uhm, hello?" she called. "Are you all right?"

The water shut off and there was silence.

"Are you all right?" she asked again, a little embarrassed.

"I'm all...right," the other woman called unconvincingly.

The curtain drew back a little and she looked down to see a pale young face looking up at her.

"You're...Cooper, aren't you?" she asked.

The girl rubbed her face and sniffled several times, then nodded.

"Is...something wrong?"

"I... no," Shawna gulped.

"Shawna, right? You're one of the student nurses."

"Ye...yes. Ma...Ma'am," the girl sniffled.

"Oh, please, don't call me Ma'am. It makes me feel old," Nicole smiled.

"Doctor?"

"Why don't you call me Nicki?"

Shawna gave a half shrug, though it was hard to tell since she held the curtains closed around her.

Nicole suddenly remembered her own nudity and felt ridiculous. She couldn't very well try and cover herself now, though, without looking even dumber.

"Why don't you tell me what's wrong?" she smiled. "I might not be old but I'm older than you, and I've been around this hospital for quite a while."

"It's...it's just that...I can't seem to do anything right," Shawna moaned, shaking her head and leaning against the side of the stall.

"Everything's hard at first," Nicole said. "You'll get the hang of things."

"I don't think so," Shawna sniffled. "I don't think Nurse Gertz is going to let me continue in the program. She says I'm a-a... she says I'm... incompetent," she sniffled, rubbing her eyes again.

"Well, it isn't up to Nurse Gertz to make decisions like that," Nicki said. "She's just the head nurse for this floor, and not a particularly good one either."

"But she's going to talk to the nursing supervisor," Shawna whimpered, breaking into tears now.

"Honey, don't worry about her," Nicole sighed, automatically raising her arms to hug the girl. Shawna broke into tears and collapsed against her, letting go of the curtain, which slid aside.

Once again Nicki remembered her own nudity, and the girl's for that matter, as the naked girl's body, still wet and soapy, pressed tightly against her own. She patted her awkwardly, uncomfortable as hell as she felt the girl's naked breasts pressing against her ribs, and her own naked breasts pushing into the side of the girl's head.

Shawna was much shorter than her, and as she hugged her the side of the girl's face wound up pressed right against her left breast. In spite of her discomfort and embarrassment at this Nicki didn't pull free. She stroked the girl's head and murmured comforting words as she cried.

"Come on," she sighed. "Believe me it isn't that bad. Nurse Gertz is a nasty bitch, that's all, and the nursing supervisor can't stand her."

"Re...really?" Shawna sniffled.

"Really. Anyway, nursing students are supposed to screw up. That's why they're here, to learn."

Nicki's discomfort was giving way to a strange feeling, a strange kind of tension. The girl felt so sweet in her arms, her flesh so soft and slick against her own. It was almost... sexual.

Nicki hadn't thought about sex with a woman since her own student days, when she and her roommate in college had... well, had relieved the pressure from each other when neither had time to go out and find men.

But now, with the soapy slick body of this... this very pretty young girl pressed against her body, Nicki felt a hot tingle between her legs. She dismissed it as silly, but as she stroked the girl's head, and her face moved slightly against her

breast, she felt her breasts swelling, and her nipples hardening.

"I don't know what I'd do if they kicked me out of the program," Shawna sniffled. "I don't have anything else to do."

"They won't kick you out, honey. Trust me," Nicki said.

She gave the girl a little squeeze, and felt her soft wet breasts sliding and squeezing up against her ribs.

Nicki stepped back a step and wiped her face with her arm, then cursed softly as she got soap in her eyes. Nicki got her towel and helped rub the soap out of her eyes and Shawna sighed in resignation.

"I can't do anything right," she groaned.

"Oh, shit, kid, don't worry about it for Christ's sake. Look, you'd almost have to murder someone to get kicked out of the program. Believe, me, they expect you to screw up a lot. Especially in THIS hospital."

"Really?"

"Really. For sure. I screwed up a lot myself when I was a student, and again when I was an intern. Hell, I still screw up occasionally. I'm human."

"I hope you're right," Nicki said anxiously.

"I am. Believe me. Gertz is probably on the rag or something. She's a bitch even when she's in a good mood, so I can imagine what she's like to work for in a bad mood."

"She is kind of mean," Shawna said.

"Ignore her. You'll be rotated to another section before too long anyway, and it's your teachers that make decisions, not some floor supervisor."

Shawna smiled weakly, then heaved a big sigh of relief and hugged Nicki tightly. Once again Nicki was excruciatingly aware of her soft round breasts pressed into her ribs, slippery and wet and warm.

Shawna suddenly pulled back as if startled, and her eyes went to Nicki's breasts and her very erect nipples. Nicki blushed and her heart skipped a beat, for she knew full well how long and hard her nipples got when she was excited.

Shawna looked a little embarrassed, and Nicki realized at once that she'd felt the hard nipples against the side of her face, and now saw them. Her face turned even darker red as she turned away and grasped at her towel.

"Uhm, uh, I uh, guess I uh, kind of forgot I was uhm, naked and all," Shawna said.

"Oh, that's all right," Nicole said, wrapping her towel around her.

"Oh, hey, don't be embarrassed," Shawna said. "I mean, if you get excited, you get excited. It's not like you can control it. I get excited myself all the time, and it doesn't even take some soapy naked girl rubbing herself against me to do it.

"I'm not...I mean, I'm not gay or anything," Nicki said, red-faced. "I don't know what...I mean, I guess..."

"Like I said, you can't control something like that," Shawna smiled. "Hell, now that I think of it, if some naked girl rubbed herself all over me I'd probably get excited too. I'm sorry. I wasn't even thinking."

"Don't be foolish," Nicki gulped.

"I guess if I hadn't been... uhm, so... miserable, I'd probably get kind of excited too. I mean, jees, I had my face right against your breast and all."

"Not that I'm gay either," she said. "But... well, I mean, I've thought about it, you know, having sex with a girl. I've wondered what it would be like."

Nicki nodded awkwardly, wishing she could find a reason to break away and hurry off.

"Have you ever?"

"What?"

"I'm sorry. I guess I don't have the right to ask that."

"I... well, when I was in college," Nicki said, struggling to find her lost dignity.

"Yeah? And you liked it, even though you're straight?"

"It wasn't... it was okay," Nicki frowned, looking away.

"You wanna, uhm..." Shawna shrugged awkwardly. "Uhm, try it again?" She gave a weak smile.

"What?" Nicki stare.

"Well... well, I never... I mean, I never asked anybody cause I was afraid either she'd be straight and then she'd be disgusted, or she'd be gay and, like, want to fall in love with me or something. I mean, I don't want a romantic relationship with some lesbian woman, but... I've always wondered..."

"You're being silly," Nicki said, blushing again.

"I know but..."

"I...I don't...I mean, I have a boyfriend. Anyway, I have to go. If you're all right now, you'll excuse me, all right?"

She stepped into the other shower stall and closed the curtains, then slipped off the towel and reached through the curtain to hang it up. She turned on the water, and leaned back against the wall of the stall as the water gushed down on her.

Her pussy was quivering and sparkling with life at the thought of having sex with the pretty young woman. It had been years since that experience with her roommate, and though she'd thought about it off and on she'd never come close to any other woman again, not in that way.

Suddenly she had been brought back to that time of hot, luscious lesbian sex in a way that had set a fire burning deep in her loins. She cupped her breasts where the girl's face had been rubbing, feeling her still very hard nipples.

She shook her head then laid it back against the side of the stall, breathing deeply, trying to get control of herself again. The whole thing was silly. She was a respected doctor and had a boyfriend. They were even talking about getting married, maybe having a kid.

Her hand crept down to her groin and her fingers rubbed lightly at her clitoris, sending a wave of sensory pleasure through her slender body. She stroked her breasts and pinched her nipples, then picked up the soap and rubbed it over herself.

She soaped up her pussy and breasts, then the rest of herself, then returned to her groin and breasts. She rubbed her hands all over her chest and down her flanks to her pussy, then began to rub steadily at her clit. She shuddered as the heat roared and her mind began to rise upwards, to float through a shimmering cloud of lust.

She closed her eyes, and her head rolled slowly as she humped against her fingers.

She heard a noise and turned, shocked to see Shawna Cooper standing there, naked, and equally soapy. She opened her mouth to protest but the girl stepped through the curtain and pulled it shut behind her.

"Wha... g-go away," she gasped.

Instead the girl, swallowing nervously, stepped forward, slid her hands up onto Nicki's shoulders and pressed her lips against hers.

Nicki started to push back, but though she was larger and probably stronger than the girl she couldn't seem to get any force behind the effort.

And then Shawna's tongue was in her mouth, and her desires swept over and through her. Her hands slid down and cupped the girl's buttocks and drew her in to her body, digging her fingers into the soft, soapy buttocks as her tongue pushed back.

Their soapy bodies slid wetly together as they panted and groaned in sexual heat. Their hands raced over each other's bodies as they ground their pelvises together and sucked on each other's tongues.

They shifted back and forth, out of the water, then under it, then out again, gasping and moaning in deep, gut churning sexual pleasure. Nicki slid her leg through Shawna's thighs and Shawna raised her leg up and wide, propping her foot against the wall.

They slowly began to grind their pussies together, grunting louder, gasping and

whimpering as the pleasure burned through their bodies.

"Oh fuck! Fuck!" Shawna gasped, her skin alive, on fire.

Nicki crushed her lips down on the other woman's, silencing her as she grabbed a full breast and dug her fingers into it. She ground her pussy harder and harder, their bodies shifting and swaying and jerking furiously as the sexual rush grew more and more powerful.

Nicki forget where she was, forgot the dangers, forgot everything in the rush of memory, the memory of sensations, of soft, female flesh against her own. She felt the pleasure swelling, the pressure in her skull rising, then she stiffened and shuddered violently, grinding herself furiously against the younger woman's sex as she gurgled in ecstasy.

She clutched Shawna's buttocks tightly and all but crushed the slight framed girl between herself and the wall, smashing her pelvis up again and again as the climax seared her mind and body.

Then she slowed and halted, groaning weakly and panting for breath.

"Tha...tha...that was...nice," Shawna gasped, her own chest heaving as Nicki pulled back.

Nicki fell back into the corner of the stall briefly, staring at the younger woman, then she licked her lips and pushed herself off the wall. Her hands shot out and gripped Shawna by the sides of the head, jerking her forward and pulling her head back.

She crushed her lips down onto Shawna's as she twisted the girl around and shoved her into the corner of the stall. She gripped Shawna behind the head, forcing her head far back, making her arch her back, then shot her other hand down between the gasping girl's thighs and gripped her pussy.

She squeezed her soft, pussy pad, then slid two fingers up inside the slit and pumped them in and out. She pressed her thumb against her clit and ground it down against her fingers, grinding the hot, sparkling little button with a furious, frenzied motion.

At the same time she bit down on Shawna's exposed throat, closing her lips and

sucking hard and hot as Shawna moaned and gurgled and whined in shocked pleasure.

Nicki sawed her fingers rapidly in and out of Shawna's pussy slit, grinding them over her clitty as she rolled her thumb back and forth over it. Shawna gave a strangled cry of pleasure, then began to jerk and heave in helpless sexual bliss.

Her head pulled back even further, thrashing spastically from side to side as her hips ground and humped against Nicki's fingers. She closed her eyes and gave a long, quavering groan of pure ecstasy, her bottom slapping and grinding back against the corner of the stall as her orgasm blasted her senseless.

Then she collapsed into Nicki's arms, groaning exhaustedly as she clung to her in dazed relief.

"Jesus," Nicki panted, looking around. "We have to get out of here. If someone finds us..."

"Ohhhhh, I don't think I can move an inch," Shawna groaned. "I want to lie down forever."

Nicki pulled her under the water and quickly rinsed them both off, then turned off the faucet and jumped out of the stall. She hurriedly dried herself while Shawna found her own towel and began to slowly run it over her body.

"I know a much better place," Nicki said, eyes alive and hungry. "Downstairs, the rehab centre."

"It...they closed it," Shawna blinked. "Because of the budget cuts."

"I know. Get dressed."

Chapter Five

Nurse Gertz looked suspiciously after the two women as they left the locker room. They had been in there a suspiciously long time. She'd been about to take the risk, to sneak in and see what the hell was going on.

She wondered if... no. It wasn't possible. Probably the silly little bitch had just been crying on the doctor's shoulder.

She turned and looked up to the end of the hall, watching as Nurse Mullins shuffled out of Mister Aaron's room. She was the third nurse Gertz had seen coming out of there in the last fifteen minutes, and she wasn't even assigned to this floor.

She glared suspiciously, then stalked around the end of the counter and up towards 401. Now that she thought of it she hadn't seen Nurse Moore, or that little big titted candy striper in some time, not since they'd gone into there.

How much work could a comatose patient require anyway?

She listened at the door, but couldn't hear anything. She shoved on it but it didn't open. Something was blocking it. She hammered her fist on it.

"What's going on in there? Who's in there? Open this door at once!" she demanded.

There was some shuffling and sounds of furniture being moved around, but no answer. She knocked on it again. "Who is in there?" she cried.

The door opened and Nurse Moore stood there, looking worn and disheveled. Behind her the candy striper stood, her face red.

"What's going on in here?" Gertz snapped, stalking through the door and looking around. Her eyes passed over the comatose patient, then jerked back. There was a textbook laying on the sheet right on top of the man.

"We were uh, we were doing a little studying," Vicky gulped. "It was so quiet in

here and...and uh..."

"This is disgraceful!" Gertz cried. "This is a patient. You do not use him for a table!"

She scooped up the heavy book and glared at both of them. "Both of you have work to do! You cannot hide in here goofing off while others do your work for..."

She looked back at the bed again, watching in amazement as the sheet over the patient's groin began to slowly rise upwards. Soon the sheet was propped up what looked like a full foot above the patient's groin. She snatched the sheet away and stared at the enormous erection sticking up from his tangled pubic hair.

Her head whipped around and she glared at Moore, who turned her head away and whistled awkwardly.

"What is this?!" Gertz screeched.

"Oh, come, Nurse Gertz," Moore said blandly. "I know you're gay but surely you know what that is."

Moore glared at her, then at the candy striper, who was fighting off laughter.

"How did it happen?"

"We have no idea, Nurse Gertz," Moore said, her voice filled with sincerity.

"It didn't just happen on its own!"

"Maybe he's having a nice dream," Tammy suggested.

Gertz glared angrily at her and the little blonde shuffled backwards a step.

"You! Go and get me an ice pack!" she snapped at Vicky.

"Yes, sir. Uh, I mean ma'am."

Gertz snarled as the nurse scurried off, then turned towards Tammy, who was trying to edge around behind her and out the door.

"Where do you think you're going?"

"Uh, I was uh..."

"You were what?"

"Nothing."

"What do you know about this?"

"Nothing! I swear!"

Gertz grabbed her arm and pulled her up tight against her own body, then scowled down at her. "If I find out you were in any way responsible for this I'll have you arrested as a pervert!"

"I-I didn't!" Tammy gulped.

"You're lying," Gertz growled, digging her fingers into the girl's soft flesh.

"Ow!"

"Tell me the truth, you little slut!"

"Hey! Who are you calling a slut?"

"It was nurse Moore then, wasn't it?" she glared. "Just tell me it was her and I'll let you go."

"But it wasn't!"

"Liar. I'll call you parents and tell them what a slutty little girl you are."

"Oh no!"

"Oh yes. You'll regret crossing me, you little blonde whore."

"I'm not a whore!" Tammy whimpered, her lower lip trembling.

"Oh no? You think I didn't notice you and doctor Miller earlier? You think I don't know what you two did?"

Tammy gulped and looked down at the floor. Gertz leered in satisfaction.

"You're a bad girl, Tammy," she purred, sliding her hand off the girl's arm and under one of her full young breasts.

Tammy gasped and stared up at her, but couldn't move away.

"You and I will meet after my shift, little slut," she purred, "and I'll show you what I do to bad girls."

She snatched her hand back as Vicky returned with the ice pack, but she smiled down at the quivering blonde girl as she contemplated the ways she would turn her tender white flesh black and blue and red tonight.

* * * * *

"I haven't been down here since it was closed," Shawna said in a near whisper.

They walked through the darkened rooms, looking around at the idle equipment, much of it draped in plastic sheets.

"I've been here a few times," Nicki said. "To borrow equipment mostly."

"I didn't know we were allowed to do that."

"We aren't, technically."

She led the way through a swinging door to a room with a tiled floor and several narrow, padded examining tables. These too were draped with plastic.

She turned to Shauna, who suddenly felt herself unaccountably shy. In the showers she'd felt very hot and filled with lust. Her actions had been spur of the moment, while her body and mind were gripped by heat. Now, in the cold, near darkness of the basement she felt reluctant and uncertain.

And as Nicki slid her hand up and down her body she wanted to pull away, to turn and leave. She just didn't now how. She'd initiated things, after all, and had agreed to come here. How could she turn away now without making Nicki furious?

She looked down reluctantly as Nicki's fingers deftly unbuttoned the front of her shirt, then popped open her pants and unzipped them. "Get those off," Nicki said

as she moved over to a cupboard.

Shauna shrugged and sighed, then removed her shirt, slid her pants down, and kicked off her shoes. She saw no way out of this, and, what the hell, it had been kind of enjoyable up in the shower, even if she did feel a trifle perverted now.

She undid her bra and panties, starting to feel a tingle of heat as she realized she was naked in this large room, with the big glass windows looking out into an even larger room. It was almost like fucking in a public area.

She wondered how many other doctors had keys to this place, and what would happen if they showed up when she and Nicki were... were doing things.

She heard a ping and looked with surprise to a small microwave oven.

"What's that?" she asked.

"Get on the table and find out," Nicki grinned, pulling out a small plastic container.

Shauna climbed up onto the table and sat on the edge, but Nicki pushed her back and had her lay down, then roll over. She looked back to see the older woman stripping off her own dress, stripping naked, and felt another tingle of heat. This was kind of kinky, after all, down here with another woman, all naked.

Then Nicki picked up the plastic container, some kind of squeeze bottle, Shawna noted, and stepped up to the side of the table. Nicki poured something warm onto her bare back, then set the bottle down and began to rub the stuff into her shoulders and back. It felt slippery, slick, oily.

"What is that?" she gasped.

"Just oil, for massage. Ever have a massage?"

Shawna didn't answer. She felt the oil being spread further down her back, then felt the woman's hands sliding up and down her sides and along her ribs. She stroked them down over her buttocks, then along her legs and thighs. The tingle in Shawna's pussy began to grow hotter and more powerful.

Nicki's hands stroked smoothly and softly, not giving much of a massage at all in

Shawna's opinion. Yet her skin quivered and burned where the hands moved, and she felt her body starting to thrum with sexual tension as she felt her flesh all oily and slick.

Nicki's hand slid over her buttocks in slow, gentle movements, then down along her inner thighs, stroking back and forth just below her puss. Her hand stroked the small of Shawna's back, then her hand moved smoothly down between her buttocks and in between her thighs to slide over her pussy mound.

She gasped and her bottom instinctively rose as Nicki's oily hand rubbed back and forth over her mons. Then the hand slid back up between her buttocks and along her spine to her neck. Shawna laid her head flat, all her senses concentrated on that hand as it slid back down her spine, down between her shoulder blades, down to the small of her back, down between her soft buttocks and in between her legs again.

Her hand rubbed softly back and forth across her pussy, back and forth back and forth. Then the middle fingers pressed inwards deeper than the others, slowly easing in between her sex lips, spreading them apart, making the fingers saw along her pink flesh.

Shawna closed her eyes and shuddered at the surge of sexual heat that moved through her body. Her breathing grew faster and heavier as she spread her legs a little more.

Nicki's hand slid back up between her buttocks, then up her spine again. Her other hand stroked the side of Shawna's chest, sliding the hot, slippery oil across the side of her breast, then down her side again. She slid it across the younger woman's back and up her other side, stroking it along the side of her other breast.

Her other hand slid back down Shawna's spine and in between her legs. It sawed back and forth along the hot, oily flesh, the middle finger pressing in harder, sliding back and forth between Shawna's pussy lips. Then on one stroke that finger found the mouth of her sex and slid right down inside her. The oil eased its way and it drove in to the knuckle, then wriggled slowly around inside.

Shawna's bottom rose again and she groaned low in her throat. The finger pumped in and out of her slowly, then was joined by a second, the two opening and closing inside her, pressing against the walls of her pussy tunnel, first on one side, then on another, twisting and probing inside her belly.

They slid in and out as Nicki's other hand moved down onto her bottom and began to stroke and caress it. Then they were joined by a third finger, and Shawna groaned again as they slid in to the knuckles and pumped back and forth.

Nicki was careful to make sure the fingers ground along the girl's clit on each stroke, and was rewarded by seeing her legs spread to the limit of the narrow table, and the round little bottom rise invitingly.

She slid the fingers out, then sawed them directly against Shawna's clit as she eased her thumb into the girl to take their place. She pushed the thumb in fully, then curled it towards the fingers gently rubbing over the girl's clit.

Shawna's sparkling little button was caught between them, and Nicki rolled and squeezed and stroked it with fast, expert motions as the younger woman jerked and moaned and began to slowly hump her pussy up towards the stroking, grinding fingers.

"Oohhh!" she groaned. "OhhH! Ohhhh! UnnghhHHH!"

Her fingers dug into the sides of the table and her head jerked from side to side as her bottom humped up repeatedly against the fingers manipulating her hot, throbbing pussy. She panted and trembled, her eyes clenched as waves of sensual pleasure rolled over her body.

Nicki ground the hot little clit between her thumb and fingers, then brought her other hand over the woman's wrinkled little back opening. She straightened her middle finger and slowly pressed it against her rosebud stroking against it in a circular motion, oiling up the little wrinkled hole. She drove it slowly down inside then, ignoring the nurse's whining protests as she drove it in to the knuckle.

Shawna came, humping up desperately as she grunted and moaned and trembled in ecstasy, her body flaring with heat as her pussy exploded in powerful bursts of sexual pleasure. She writhed and shook on the table, gasping and gurgling in heated excitement as her body reveled in the intoxicating blasts of lust and pleasure.

Nicki smiled and then rolled the panting girl over. She poured more oil onto the center of her chest, watching as it trickled down to her belly and pooled around

her belly button. Her hands stroked through the liquid, spreading it out over her belly and hips and thighs, then upwards.

Her fingers mashed Shawna's breasts, crushing and squeezing and kneading them as she worked the oil into the soft meat. Then she climbed onto the table. She threw a leg over Shawna's prone body and sat down on her belly, straddling her.

Shawna looked up dazedly as Nicki smiled down, then the older woman leaned down, sliding her breasts against Shawna's. She spread her body out over the smaller woman, grinding and rubbing her naked flesh against the oily skin below her.

Their lips pressed together in soft, moist kisses as their hands moved over each other's bodies. Their breasts mashed back and forth over each other as they panted and sighed in pleasure. For long minutes their soft flesh stroked together as their tongues and lips did a slow, hot, wet dance.

Then Nicki sat up. She gripped the table and let her legs slide over the sides. She smiled down at Shawna, her face gripped by lust and heat, and began to rub her naked, oily pussy and buttocks back and forth, back and forth, stroking against the oily flesh of Shawna's belly.

Shawna's hands rose and stroked and squeezed Nicki's breasts as she felt the soft pussy pad stroking against her. She felt the tiny thatch of pubic hairs scraping across her belly, and the particular softness of her little pussy crack as it ground over her body.

She slid a hand down then and pressed her thumb against Nicki's clitt. Nicki gasped and her back arched, her head going back and her hips rising just a bit. Shawna stroked her clitt, then hooked her finger under and forced it up into the other woman's opening.

Nicki sighed in pleasure, easing back further. Her oily hands slid through her hair as she arched far back, almost laying back along Shawna's legs.

Shawna slid a second, then a third finger inside the woman, her mind burning with excitement as she watched her digits pumping in and out of Nicki's sex. She sat up, her other hand stroking over Nicki's belly as she pumped her fingers faster between the tight, sucking lips of the woman's pussy. Daringly, she added

a fourth finger, clamping them together in a tight wedge as she slowly pumped them in and out of Nicki

Nicki lay fully back, her hands still under her head, her back rising again and again, her head rolling as she spread her legs wide, drawing her knees up and back. Her body writhed in the grip of passionate sexual fires as she bucked her crotch up and moaned in feverish sex-heat.

Shawna's fingers pumped steadily inside her, and her thumb rubbed and ground against her clitty. The oil made a squishing, moist sound as Shawna felt the other woman's pussy sucking and squeezing down on her fingers. She watched Nicki's writhings and heard her moans, but her attention was mostly on her fingers as they appeared, then disappeared through that tight crack in Nicki's body.

She felt a blast of sexual heat herself, and pumped her fingers harder, then, when she pulled her fingers back one time she took her thumb off Nicki's clit and pressed it in tight against the other fingers before she thrust back forward.

She used her other hand to stroke and frig and grind over Nicki's clit as her five fingers twisted from side to side and ground slowly inwards.

The first inch was no problem at all, but after that the wedge of her hand began to get wider and wider. Nicki's head slapped back against the table repeatedly as she came, and Shawna felt her pussy spasming and squeezing and sucking on her fingers as the other woman groaned and moaned.

A powerful force built up inside Shawna, a fixation, a terrible need. She pumped her fingers slowly, twisting the knuckles against the pussy pad in front of her as she sought to force her fingers... her hand, deeper.

She wanted, needed, was suddenly obsessed with the idea of getting her whole hand into Nicki's pussy. She pushed forward, then eased back, twisted her hand from side to side, then pushed forward again. She used more and more pressure, making Nicki groan and raise her hands to paw feebly at her.

She twisted her hand slowly from side to side, trying to squeeze it into the narrowest possible wedge as she added more pressure against the woman's snatch.

"Sha...Sh...Shaaawnaaa," Nicki groaned, starting to try and sit up.

Shawna pushed forward and watched her knuckles slowly pass into the gaping opening. She felt their tightness against her knuckles, felt Nicki's sex opening wide, the flesh taut and straining around the bony knuckles as they eased slowly through.

Nicki groaned loudly, her legs jerking and twitching, her hands slapping and jerking helplessly against the table. Then Shawna's knuckles moved through and she felt the pressure easing, felt Nicki's straining pussy lips sliding over the heel of her hand, then clamp tightly on her wrist.

"Oh fuuuuck!!" Nicki gasped.

"It's inside you!" Shawna gulped. "My whole hand is inside you!"

The pussy tunnel was not as tight as Nicki's sex lips had been, and she was able to move her hand around a little more. It was an amazing feeling, one she'd never felt before. Her hand was inside, fully inside someone's body, and she felt the softness and heat of Nicki's belly around it.

She looked at the taut sex lips wrapped around her wrist and groaned in pleasure, wishing it was her, wishing someone's hand was up in her little pussy. She moved her fingers around inside Nicki, feeling the tight, but elastic walls give way.

She slid her hand deeper, watching as more of her wrist slid through the tight entrance, feeling no ending to the sucking tube of warm flesh wrapped around her hand.

Nicki's legs were spread wide, and she drew her knees back, letting the weight pull them down to either side as she let her senses move inwards, concentrating on the hand inside her, the unique and never before felt sensation of a hand moving in her belly.

It crept higher and higher inside her, and she groaned and trembled as the heat roared in her skull.

Shawna finally felt the end, her probing fingers running up against Nicki's cervix. She pushed in a bit deeper, until her fingers were pressed firmly against it, then stroked it in fascination.

"God! God! God! Goodddd!" Nicki croaked.

Shawna tried to push in more but her fingers bent, and that gave her another idea. One by one she slowly drew her fingers in against the palm of her hand, forming a tight fist inside Nicki's belly. Now she had a little more room, and she slid her arm forward.

One of the jobs she'd often done was to grip a elastic bandage in her fist, then, bending her arm at the elbow, run the bandage straight down her arm to loop over her elbow, then back up to her fist, then do that again and again and again until the bandage was wrapped neatly. Then she could remove it in a neat coil.

She knew because of this, that the distance from her fist to her elbow was just about precisely ten inches. Ten inches wasn't so much was it?

She stared down at Nicki's pussy lips wrapped so tightly around her forearm. It was not far from her elbow now. She wondered if she could get her whole forearm inside the woman, push it in all the way to the elbow.

She was a small woman, and her arm was narrow, but each inch up from her wrist made it wider. Nicki's pussy opening was already spread farther than it had ever been before, the lips so tight they looked like they might tear.

She couldn't resist the temptation, though. She eased her fist slightly back, then pushed forward again.

For Nicki it was like giving birth in reverse. She groaned and whimpered and panted for breath, her mind spinning and her body boiling with lust and pain as the fist shifted and turned inside her. She came, then came again, her pussy squeezing and spasming around Shawna's fist and wrist as the girl twisted it around inside her.

Never had she felt so absolutely full, so crammed. Every tiny movement made Shawna's fist grind across some part of her internal organs, and the pleasure made her helpless to do anything, to even think about anything but more pleasure.

Her sex tunnel strained to accommodate the thickness of the instrument inside it, but her pussy lips strained even more, and ached hotly as Shawna forced more of her arm into the gurgling doctor's pussy.

"Ever had an internal before?" Shawna giggled almost hysterically.

Her own hand was between her legs and rubbing frantically at her clit as she moved her fist deeper into Nicki's belly.

Nicki's entire body was shoved downwards by the pressure of the hand in her sex. Her head slipped off the end of the table and she groaned as her vision, already distorted, shifted upside down. She didn't care, though, didn't care about anything but that thick big...thing inside her. And then she felt the girl's tongue sliding over her engorged clit, and her mind rolled over.

Chapter Six

Gertz saw the elevator indicator resting on the basement and frowned suspiciously. Now why would anyone be down there? This wing's basement held the closed rehab rooms. It was supposed to all be locked up. It wasn't her business, of course, but then Gertz seldom minded her own business.

She called the elevator, left the desk to one of the other nurses, then rode down to the basement. The doors opened into a darkened hallway, but the emergency lights made it possible to see it was empty. She walked down the hall a few yards to the glass doors that led into the rehab area, then pulled at them. They were locked, as they should be.

She was about to turn away when something caught her eye. There, at the back of the big room, was a small room, which had a wooden door but a big glass window. She clearly saw movement there. She pressed her hands around her face as she peered through the glass, and her eyes widened in shock.

What she saw was unmistakably a naked female body. It lay on its back on a table, skin glistening, breasts upthrust proudly. The woman's legs were bent tightly at the knees and the knees were wide, wide open. And between her legs...

Gertz thought she was mistaken. Her heart was pounding and her pussy was buzzing as she stared at the scene, sure she was wrong. But then the woman's knees bounced and she got a slightly clearer view.

Someone had an arm inside her, a female someone. She saw the woman's breasts hanging below her as she worked her hand, hell, her arm into the other woman's pussy.

Who was it?!

The woman on her back had her head bent back over the edge of the table. Gertz couldn't see it. The woman kneeling was only partially visible, mostly just her breasts and knees and arm. Her head was too high, and Gertz couldn't see anything of it.

She cursed and shook the door, desperate to see more, maybe to even join in. She pressed her face so hard against the glass it threatened to break. Her mouth was open and she was panting heavily, steaming up the glass as she saw the prone woman writhe and jerk spastically. She'd fantasized about fisting someone forever, but she was too big a woman, with too big an arm.

She watched the other woman's arm move deeper, almost all the way to the elbow, and moaned in desperation, almost clawing at the door as she sought to see better, to catch a glimpse of their faces.

She saw the prone woman's body begin to jerk and bounce and shake, convulsions ripping through it as the woman was gripped by what was obviously a powerful orgasm. She clenched her teeth, almost crying in frustration that she couldn't hear, couldn't see better.

She shook the doors harder and harder, as if she could someone rip them open by sheer force of will. She watched the prone woman's body slow down its movements, then go still. The other woman stroked her free hand over the woman's breasts and belly, and Gertz gnashed her teeth.

Then the kneeling woman paused, her torso turning towards the door, giving Gertz a better frontal shot of her breasts, which she instantly lusted to get her lips around. She realized she was shaking the door and halted, staring at the image on the other side of the room.

* * * * *

"Uh oh," Shawna said.

She could see someone at the door. She couldn't make out a face since the door blocked everything above the woman's waist, but she knew it was a nurse, and knew they'd been spotted.

But she realized immediately that if she couldn't see the nurse's face then the nurse couldn't see hers. She looked down at Nicki. Nicki's face would be clear except her head was dangling over the far side of the table.

She heard the nurse calling now. "Come out here! Come out here!"

Gertz.

"Oh shit!" she said.

She eased her hand slowly back down Nicki's pussy tunnel, then, with a lot of care, she worked her hand back through her sex lips. She saw Nicki's pussy gaping open even with nothing in it, but had other things to worry about besides whether she'd permanently damaged the woman's pussy.

She slid back along the table to the head, which was out of sight of the far door, then slipped awkwardly off. She was all oily, so didn't want to touch her clothes. Instead she found a surgical mask and hair covering and pulled them on.

She walked calmly to the table and pushed it away from the door, knowing Gertz could see her as she did. It felt a little weird to expose her body, but she had little choice. In fact, in the sexual mood she was in that was even a little exciting.

As she pushed the table away she turned and went to the door. She pushed it open and stood there for a minute, then walked through. Gertz was seventy feet away, her face pressed against the glass doors as she stared in.

"Open this door!" she cried.

Shawna felt tingly, hot, daring, excited. Gertz was gay, she knew, and was probably hot as hell. Yet she had no idea who was in here. It was dark, after all, and she had this mask and hair net thing on. She slid her hands slowly up and down her body, looking right at Gertz as she did.

She slid her hands up behind her head and made her chest push out at Gertz, then let her hips sway from side to side.

"You open this door, you little slut!" Gertz shrieked.

Shawna turned and bent over, wagging her bottom at the woman, then turned again and eased back against the wall. She let her hands go straight up the wall as she arched her back and writhed slowly in place.

Then she brought her hands down her body and stroked her breasts. She slid one further, down between her legs, then began to masturbate very obviously.

"Wait till I get my hands on you!" Gertz growled. "I'll teach you a lesson you won't forget!"

Shawna felt elated. The woman didn't know who she was at all. She stroked her fingers over her clit and wished she dared say something. She turned then and walked back into the room.

"Come back here!" Gertz yelled.

"Is there another way out of here?" she asked Nicki.

"Wha...wha..whaaat?" Nicki groaned.

Shawna noted that her pussy had closed.

"Is there a back way out of here?"

"Oohhhhh."

Shawna helped her sit up, then held her for a second as the woman's head swung from side to side.

"Nurse Gertz is at the outer door. She doesn't know who we are, but she's seen enough to know what we're doing."

"Ge...gertz?"

"Yeah."

"Shit."

"That's what I said."

"We have to clean ourselves off first."

"She isn't going to wait too long before going for a security guard or someone."

"Shit."

"I think I can delay it. You take a fast shower, get the oil cleaned off. Then put on a mask and cap and I'll shower."

"Huh?"

Shawna winked, then went to the door and stepped out. Nicki slid off the table and peeked through, watching as she began to sway and shake and let her hips swing from side to side.

"Holy shit," she said.

She dropped to her knees and crawled past the door underneath the window, then over to the showers. She turned on the water and quickly soaped herself off, getting the oil off. It didn't take very long, and she used some towels that were nearby to dry off.

Then she knew she'd have to take Shawna's place. She found the masks and put one on, then wound her hair up and put on a cap, pulling almost down to her eyes. She knocked on the door.

"I'm done," she said.

"Thank God," Shawna said, pushing through. "Your turn to entertain the old dyke."

"What do I do?" she asked nervously.

"Pretend to masturbate, dance, show her your ass. Anything so long as she can't see or tell who you are."

She hurried to the showers as Nicki stepped through the door. Gertz was giving the hinges on the glass door a test as she pressed her body against it.

"You!" she cried. "Come here and open this door!"

Nicki shook her head.

"I won't tell anyone!" Gertz said desperately. "I...I just want to talk to you."

I'll bet, Nicki thought.

She began to pose her body, sliding her hands up and down her sides, cupping and stroking her breasts, arching her back to make her tits stick out.

"Stop that!" Gertz cried. "Stop teasing me!"

Nicki almost laughed as she turned and bent over, then spread her legs wide.

"You slut!" Gertz yelled. "I'll stick more than my fist up your cunt! I'll shove my whole foot up there!"

Nicki swung her bottom from side to side.

"I'll take a cane to that ass of yours!" Gertz yelled. "I'll cover it with welts! You won't be able to sit down for a month!"

Nicki slid a hand in between her legs and eased a finger up between her sore pussy lips, sliding them in and out as she felt a kinky kind of thrill.

"Come and let me in!" Gertz cried. "I'll whip your ass, you whore! I'll whip your tits too!"

Not any time soon, Nicki thought smugly.

Gertz snarled and raced for the elevator. Nicki watched worriedly as the doors closed on her, then she hurried back into the other room.

"Hurry up!" she cried. "She's probably gone for a guard."

She quickly dressed, not bothering with her underwear, which she shoved into her purse. Shawna bolted out of the shower and toweled off quickly, then jerked her pants up and slipped on her shirt.

"How do we get out?"

"Emergency exit!"

They ran to the far end of the room and pushed through an emergency door. They ran up a set of concrete stairs and then pushed out through another emergency door, finding themselves outside.

They ran for the parking lot, then got into Nicki's car and pulled away.

Gertz returned with a key she'd all but ripped from a security guard. She unlocked the door and ran inside, her hands flicking to the light switches to brighten the place. She ran to the far door and went inside, cursing savagely as

she realized the pair had gone, probably up the emergency exit.

She looked down and found a pair of panties on the floor, picked them up, then pressed her face against them.

"I'll find you," she vowed, looking around with bulging eyes. "I'll find you and you'll lick me till your tongue falls off!"

* * * * *

"OOOoooo," Anna groaned.

"Does that hurt?" Miller asked.

"Eet....eet feels funny," she gulped.

"Well, that's all right. Just so it doesn't hurt," Miller assured her.

Anna was bent way over a wooden chair, her bare bottom sticking up and out as Miller sat on another chair behind her. He held a small metal probe in one hand, and a metal vibrator in the other. He was pressing the vibrator directly against her clit as he slowly twisted the thinner probe in slow circles and pressed it against her anus.

The probe was oiled, and slid slowly into Anna's rectum as he continued to hold the vibrator against the Polish girl's clitoris. He began to rub the tip of the vibrator back and forth against the clitty, applying a little more pressure as he felt the probe sliding deeper.

"Now you let me know if there's any pain, Anna."

"Yes Doktor," she panted.

He moved the probe around inside Anna's rectum, twisting it slowly this way and that, then easing it deeper. It was more than eight inches deep now, and he was aiming for twelve. He pumped it in and out slowly, then eased it in to the limits he'd set and applied a little more pressure.

It slid deeper, and Anna groaned again. Her bottom was shaking a bit, her slender thighs trembling as he ground the vibrator against her clit.

"How do you feel, Anna?" he asked.

"I-I-I feeling so...so straaange," she gasped.

"Between the legs?"

"Yesssss."

"That's good. The frangistam is massaging your inner coils and releasing the pent up NutraSweet."

"The...the whaaat?" she groaned.

"Just try to relax," he said soothingly.

"Oohhhhhh."

He grinned and slid the probe just a bit deeper. It was at ten inches now. He twisted it in slow circles, then nudged it to one side, then the other, then up, then down, stirring around her anus.

"Oohhhh," she groaned. "OH!"

"Something wrong?"

"Ohh! OH Doktor! Ooh!"

"Yesss?"

"I-I-I...OOHhhhhh! OOhhhhhH!" UHHhhHH!"

Her bottom humped back wildly against the vibrator as he sawed it against her clitty. The Polish girl yelped and whined and moaned in startled pleasure, unable to comprehend what was happening to her. Her insides twisted and heaved, her mind frying in the boiling sexual juices that were swirling through her body.

Anna was not only a virgin, but an intensely religious girl from a rural Polish farm. She had never been allowed to date, except for a few chaperoned events with boys from families her parents knew well.

She had a large picture of the sainted Pope John Paul over her bed, and

whenever she felt something coming from – down there – that might be considered to be associated with -- bad things -- she immediately turned to the picture and prayed until it went away.

She had never masturbated, not even once, and had always fought hard to keep her mind off nasty things like boys and sex.

The feelings that had come from - down there - when the doctor had used the hose on her the other day were completely unique. It had felt wonderful, amazingly wonderful, and she'd been afraid that it had been something vaguely - sexual - but then had reasoned that it had been some kind of dizziness due to the blood the doctor said he was siphoning out.

This time the... the sensations... had been far more powerful, and she had had to grip the side of the chair as her body threatened to shake apart under the pressure and stresses it had created. It had been so much pleasure that she simply knew it had to be caused by something... something... nasty... sexual...

And yet, it was the doctor with his medical instruments that had caused it. The doktor was a learned man who was only trying to help her, so these strange pleasurable sensations couldn't be his fault.

They had to be hers.

Somehow her body... down there... was getting enormous pleasure out of the doktor's medical instruments. She didn't know how that could be, or why, and wondered if somehow she were going insane, if whatever was wrong with her body was affecting her mind as well.

Even now she felt her body trembling as the... the medical instrument that rested against her body sent its vibrations through her entire body. Her very bones seemed to be shaking and humming in response, and... and... down there... that place where she had always been taught was evil... down there was a hot, crackling sensation of... of... of she knew not what.

But she knew it was building up again, and she knew what had happened the last time. She didn't want that to happen again. So much pleasure had to be sinful. She gasped and her head jerked up as the thing, the other thing, the one in her..behind, pushed deeper inside her, and seemed to scrape against the center of her belly way up high inside her.

"Hmmm. This is bad, very bad," Miller said.

"D-Do... doktor?" Anna gulped.

"I think we need to recalibrate your spinal taurus. It would also help, I think, if I did a deep, rectal massage with a french tickler."

"A what? A who? I-I not understand, doktor," she moaned.

"Well, never mind. You just try and relax and I'll take care of everything."

Miller eased the vibrator between the trembling girl's sex lips and found her hole, then slowly eased it into her. She groaned slowly and deeply as the vibrator drove up into her pussy, but she made no protest as she panted and gasped for breath.

He stood up and unzipped his pants slowly, then pulled his cock out through the zipper. He reached into the pocket of his white jacket and pulled out a thick rubber tickler and slipped it over his cock, then pulled his jacket aside.

He pressed his hand against the base of the vibrator and slid it a little deeper, drawing another gasp from the girl, then twisted the probe around in her anus a little more. He pulled it out and fitted the tip of the tickler against the round hole.

"Now I want you to relax," he said. "Relax your muscles as much as possible."

"Oohhhhhhhh," she groaned.

He pressed the tickler into the hole and shoved gently but firmly, watching as it slid through into her rectum. Her bottom bounced up and down slowly, then she groaned and her head thrashed in bleary confusion.

"Oh! Oh! OHhhhhh! OHhhhhhhhHHHH!" she groaned, her body shaking and trembling as another orgasm swept over her as Miller drove his prick deep into her anus as she came, reaching below to the vibrator and gripping the base, then jamming it down against her clit. He smirked as his cock drove down to the hilt in her ass, and then sighed as he felt her spasming sphincter sucking and squeezing on it.

He let her bottom get used to it, only pulling back an inch so she wouldn't feel

his zipper.

"You see?" he sighed. "The bad aspartame is being released. I know it feels strange, but that's... that's only because it's uh, uh, affecting your nervous system."

He began to pump his cock in her anal tube, turning to look behind him at the closed door. It was locked, but hell, you never knew when some snot with a key would bull his way in.

"Thaat's it. Thaaaat's it," he said soothingly. "Juuuuust relax."

He pumped his cock in slow, smooth, deep strokes as the vibrator continued to shake inside her pussy. The blonde girl continued to twitch and jerk and groan as her body was assaulted by the strange and to her mind forbidden sensations of pleasure.

He reached down and gripped the base, pressing it a little deeper, making her groan as the tip nudged her cervix. He ground it against her cervix, producing a high, warbling gasp, almost forcing the entire vibrator through her straining sex lips.

That's it, you little whore, he thought. Shake that round white ass for me.

He fucked a little faster, working her anus open as the girl gurgled and moaned in passion and pleasure.

"I think we'll finish with the blashemdam device," he said. "It's softer on your blurben tube."

He eased the tickler out of her anus and slipped it off his cock, then pressed the head of his dick against her hole and slid it in to the hilt. He pumped it slowly in and out, sighing in pleasure.

"Is that... is that... easier..." he panted.

"It... yes.. .I-It seems... it seems... softer," she gulped.

"Thaaaat's good."

He fucked his cock in and out with faster and faster strokes, then reached down and twisted the vibrator around in her pussy. She started to moan again, and within a minute or so her bottom was humping back against his cock as he thrust it into her.

He felt his balls getting ready to blow as her anus squashed down around his prick, then he gritted his teeth and clamped his lips closed as what felt like a gallon of jism blasted out his cock and poured down into her round rectal tunnel.

He closed his eyes briefly, then pulled his cock free and stuffed it rapidly into his pants. He removed the vibrator and slid that into his jacket, then helped her upright. She staggered a little, still dazed both from the orgasms and from being upside for so long.

"We'll see if that helped any," he smiled, sitting her down on the edge of the bed. "We'll do another series of tests."

"Mo...more tests?" she panted, trying to focus her vision.

"Just a few," he smiled.

He'd already run up a bill of over seventy thousand dollars, but he was hoping to break six figures before she finally left. Maybe he'd run her past Doctor Johnson, that stupid little quack, and see if some of her weird experiments would have any effect.

With any luck the Polack girl would get an infection of some kind and he'd be able to bill another hundred grand to the embassy for treatment.

Not to mention how much fun she was to have around. He couldn't remember the last patient he had that was THIS gullible. This idiotic girl didn't seem to know anything about anything. This was the third time he'd fucked the little bimbo and she still didn't have any idea that she wasn't still a virgin.

He shook his head in amusement as he wandered down the hall, wondering what new tests he could possibly justify.

Chapter Seven

Tammy hummed softly to herself as she pushed the cart down the hall. She was thinking about Brad Collins, and his hunky body, and wondering where they'd go tonight after she got off work. Brad had the nicest smile, and he did the most amazing things to her pussy with his fingers, that she'd decided she really must see how good he was at fucking.

She pushed the cart into room 433 and smiled perkily at the occupants. "Hello there," she said. "Anyone want anything to read? Any magazines, books?"

"Got any Playboy?" Mister Billings asked.

"No," she smiled.

"Ahh, the hell with it."

"I couldn't see it anyway," Mister Doyle said.

"There, there," she said, patting his hand. "You'll be able to see better soon."

"It's too bad you can't see what she looks like," Billings said. "That's one damned cute little minx with her hand on yours, Eddie."

"Really?" Doyle said.

"Gorgeous little blonde with a dynamite body," Billings said.

"Mister Billings," Tammy giggled. "Shame on you."

"You bring that pretty behind of yours over here, girl, and let me have a closer look at you..uh, I mean the books."

She moved the cart over beside his bed and he glanced idly at it, then shifted his eyes onto her body.

"Mister Billings," she said, rolling her eyes in mock annoyance.

"Can't blame a guy for lookin', girl," he said. "Sides, since I'm never gonna get out of here any way but a box, lookin' is all I can do."

"I thought you only had an ulcer," she blinked.

"Uh, no, I got a uh, a liver problem. My liver's just about had it and I've only got a few weeks to live, maybe less."

"But that's terrible!" she gasped. "Isn't there something they can do?"

"Nope, nothing at all," he said sadly.

"Ohhh, you poor man," she said, putting her hand on his arm in sympathy.

"Could you...could you maybe...maybe do something for me?" he asked, looking at her with the saddest expression he could manage.

"Anything!"

"Well," he said. "I'd dearly love... that is... for the last time in my life... I'd dearly love to... to... see a pretty girl's breasts."

"Huh?"

"I know. It's too much to ask," he sighed.

"Well, uhm, you mean, like, like with no clothes?" she asked reluctantly.

"I'd just look is all," he promised. "Just for a few seconds. Just something to remember the world by."

"Wow. Uhm, gee, I don't know," she said. "Nurse Gertz would be really pissed off. I mean, upset."

"She's not here, and she never comes in to see us anyway," he sighed.

"Weeeeellll, if you promise not to touch," she said.

"I promise," he said eagerly.

She went to the door and looked out, then closed it and hurried back to his

bedside. She unzipped the front of the dress and shrugged it over her shoulders, then unclipped the lacy bra between the cups and let them slide aside.

His eyes feasted on her fat, round orbs and he gurgled in his throat as his mouth hung open.

Tammy stood there a little nervously, a little embarrassed, and a little excited as the man stared at her breasts. She knew that she shouldn't, but after all, if the man was dying...

"That's enough," she said finally, as his hand started to come out.

"Honey?"

"Huh?"

She turned to look behind her at Mister Doyle, who's eyes were both covered by heavy patches.

"Could I maybe... could I maybe touch them?"

"No! Of course not."

"But I'm blind," he said mournfully.

"Oh. I'm sorry," she said, coming over to his bed. "But well, it was only because he's dying you see..."

"But so am I," he protested.

"Huh?"

"I have a brain tumor. That's why I'm blind."

"I thought you just had cataract surgery."

"Uh, well, yeah, I did, but they found a tumor in my eyes and there's nothing they can do about it."

"That's awful!" she said.

"I'm never gonna see again neither so... so... do you think... could you ease a poor dying man's days and just let him, just let him touch your pretty boobs?"

"Well... I dunno," she said anxiously. "I shouldn't."

"For a dying man?" he moaned.

"Uhm, well, I guess... I guess it wouldn't hurt."

She opened her dress again and he reached out with his hand, touched her chest, then found his way to her breasts. Both hands stroked the round, ivory breasts in a gentle caressing touch, cupping and squeezing them gently. Then he closed his hands tighter, digging into the soft mammary meat, making it ooze out between his fingers.

"Ahhhh," he sighed as his fingers moulded and mashed her lovely breasts.

Tammy swallowed repeatedly as she watched the blind man squeezing her breasts. She was starting to get kind of horny. She felt quite safe here, since they were both dying men, after all, and couldn't do anything she didn't want them to.

It was kind of slutty letting some guy she didn't know grope her. On the other hand, if he was dying it would have been kind of mean and selfish of her not to let him have a last request, especially when it was such an easy thing for her to do and would mean so much to him.

"Oohhhh, they're so soft," he groaned. "So soft and yet so firm."

Tammy gulped as his fingers found her nipples and stroked across them. He rolled her hard little buttons between thumbs and forefingers as she fought to keep her heart from pounding too loudly.

"Please," Billings croaked. "Please could I... I touch them too?"

"I... you can't...I mean, I can't..."

"Pleeeeeease," he moaned, coughing dramatically and then groaning.

"Uhm, well, I guess it wouldn't hurt," she gulped, fighting the knowledge that she wasn't being completely altruistic now, that her pussy was starting to help

her decisions.

She gently dislodged mister Doyle's hands from her breasts then hurried over to Billings. His hands slipped under her breasts and cupped them, lifting them as though weighing them. "They're so beautiful," he sighed.

Tammy flushed with both pride and embarrassment as Billings stroked and squeezed her breasts, then gasped as he pulled her forward, bent over, and fastened his lips around her left nipple. He sucked furiously, his teeth gnawing on the sensitive button as his tongue lapped back and forth over it.

"Mister... mister B-B-Biiiiiiiings," she gasped, trying to gently push him away.

He groaned and moaned and continued sucking her nipple as he stroked and squeezed her breasts. Her attempts were half-hearted at best. She didn't want to hurt the dying man, after all, and besides that her nipple was like a hot coal as he sucked it, and she was starting to feel a hot, moist heat deep in her belly.

Finally she staggered back, breathing hard.

"Ho...hooonneey?" Mister Doyle croaked from behind her.

"Mi...mister Doyle," she panted, moving over to him. "That... I think that's enough," she gulped. "We... can't...I mean, I can't..."

"Please," he whimpered. "Please."

"I..."

His hands came out and squeezed her breasts, and she looked at the door nervously as he pulled her towards him. She bent over his head as he sucked hard on her right nipple, his hands squeezing and kneading the hot, swollen flesh as she closed her eyes and fought to keep from trembling.

Then one of his hands slipped off her breasts and down her side. It slid around behind her and cupped her bottom, stroking and groping it. She practically ignored it until it slipped up under her skirt and through her panties to touch her bare bottom.

"Mister Doyle!" she gasped, trying to pull free.

"Please! I'm dying," he moaned. "Don't deny a dying man just a little pleasure."

"But... but... Ohhhh. I don't knowwww."

He stroked his hand up and down her between her buttocks, then eased it down between her legs and over her pussy. She gasped, and shuddered at the pleasure that poured through her as his fingers rubbed against her clit and along her tightly closed pussy lips.

"I-I-I have to...goooo," she moaned as his fingers slid through her sex lips and up into her pussy.

She trembled with lust and heat as he stroked his fingers in and out of her puss and sucked harder still on her nipple. She finally fell back against the empty bed beside him, panting for breath, her hair disheveled and her body radiating heat.

"I-I have to...to go," she gulped.

"Come and kiss me goodbye, Tammy," Billings moaned, then coughed several times rather pathetically.

Tammy moved over to him reluctantly, firmly clipping her bra together then zipping up the front. Her chest was heaving as she bent and tried to kiss him chastely on the forehead, but his arm slid around her and pulled her down lower. His lips slid onto hers and his tongue drove into her mouth as she groaned and tried to pull back.

He gripped her hand and gently but firmly slid it under the sheets and over his bulging erection. She gulped but didn't resist as he pushed her hand into his pajama bottoms and over his hard, hot cock.

"Jerk me off, honey? Please," he groaned. "You made me all hot and I don't have the strength to do it myself."

"You...but...I...you..."

"Pleeeeeasee," he groaned, rubbing her hand over his hard cock.

She gripped it reluctantly, then began to slide her fist up and down its length. It wasn't very difficult, after all, and she'd been doing it to boys on dates for years

now. And anyway, he was dying. Surely he deserved a little pleasure.

He groaned as she pumped his cock, then slid his lips over hers again. One of his hands was tangled in her hair behind her head, but the other slid in between her legs and rubbed her pussy through the dress. She quivered as his hand slid up under her skirt and cupped her pussy mound, then his fingers slid into her as his thumb stroked up across her clit.

He gripped her panties and tugged them down around her thighs, and she found she didn't have the will to resist as his fingers found her button and began to roll and squeeze it. He thrust a finger up inside her. She whined helplessly as he finger fucked her and sucked her nipple, and her bottom started to grind and shake as he stroked her clit with his thumb.

He pulled her head back, then slid it down his body to his crotch, where her fist was pumping. She panted and trembled, then shoved the sheet back and pulled his pants down. She stared at his erection for a moment, then slid her lips over the head and began to suck.

She was bent way over now, her belly across the edge of the bed as she sucked Billings's cock. Billings jerked her skirt up over her round behind, then grabbed at her panties and tore them right off. He stared lustfully at her gorgeous round bottom and the hot, furry box between her legs, then added a second, then a third finger to her slit.

He pumped them rapidly as she bobbed her lips on his pecker, then gripped her thighs and dragged her up off the floor and into the bed. He pulled her legs around so they were straddling him, then gripped her bottom and pulled her pussy down into his face.

He mashed his lips against her little slit and groaned in ecstasy at the scent and feel and taste of her, then, squeezing and mashing his fingers into her buttocks, he shoved his tongue in between her pussy lips and began to lick in frenzied lust.

She jerked and bounced her bottom around, and groaned through the cock blocking her mouth, but took no action to pull free as he licked and sucked on her burning sex hole. She ran her lips up and down his cock, then slipped them free, squeezing his glistening tool with her hands as she slid her lips down onto his balls.

She sucked them into his mouth one at a time and massaged them with her tongue and lips, then lapped up the length of his hard shaft again, puckered her lips, and pressed them down on the head. She forced her mouth down onto his cockhead, letting it push through her tightly puckered lips and up into her mouth.

She sucked as she licked furiously, her pussy sparkling and burning, making her grind and jerk her bottom around against Billings' mouth as the heat burned deeper and hotter inside her.

Billings pried her buttocks apart with both hands, staring at the gorgeous pink opening and little round hole. He hooked his thumbs into her slit, prying it wide apart, revealing the glistening pink flesh within. He slid both his index fingers into her anus and pulled hard in opposite directions, spreading that hole as well.

Then his tongue shot into her pussy and he wriggled it around inside her. He slid his lips down onto her clit and drew it into his mouth, sucking and blowing and chewing and stroking it with his tongue, lips and teeth.

His cock suddenly erupted like a volcano, thick, massive wads of jism blasting out the tip and pouring down the shaft. She slurped and sucked it all down her throat, bobbing her lips excitedly as she squeezed his cock to get every last drop.

She was humping back against his fingers and mouth as she drank his semen, and jammed her pussy into his face, panting and grunting and moaning in delight as her entire body flared and boiled over with heat. She came, sucking maniacally on his cock as she bounced her bottom up and down and gurgled in wondrous delight.

His cock slowly softened, and she lay there gasping for breath, trying to get her energy back as Billings idly stroked and squeezed her bottom and pussy.

"I-I... have... to... to go.." she panted, rolling off him, then slowly sitting up.

"I'm so grateful to you, honey," he said. "It was a wonderful thing you did."

"Ye..yeah," she gulped, standing shakily.

"What about me?" Doyle said poutily. "I'm dying too. Why does he deserve more pleasure than me?"

"I... oh all right," she sighed tiredly.

She shuffled over to him and pulled the sheet back. His cock was just as hard as Billings' had been. She slid her hands around it and squeezed, then lowered her mouth and began to suck. Like Billings, Doyle slid his hand up and down her bottom while she sucked, then up under her skirt.

She was not laying across the bed as she was with Billings, but just bending over, propped on her elbows as she sucked his cock. He slid his hand up and down the front of her body and then quickly unzipped the dress. She paid him little mind, intent on sucking him off quickly and getting out of there.

He popped the catch between her bra cups, though, and they tumbled out in all their full, heavy glory. He squeezed and kneaded them with one hand as the other slid over her bare pussy, stroking and squeezing that.

Then, like Billings, he pulled her fully into the bed. Unlike Billings, though, he pulled her head up towards his.

"M...Mister..Doyle!" she gasped, trying to wriggle free.

"Baby, baby, baby," he groaned, pulling her face down against his and mashing his lips over hers.

He dragged her over atop him and then cupped her bare bottom, digging his fingers into the soft flesh. He reached under her and pressed his cock against her slit as she groaned and kissed back, no longer much caring anyway.

She felt his cockhead nudge her slit and raised herself a little, then sank down onto it as their tongues dueled inside her mouth.

His hands pulled her skirt higher, roving all over her bottom and lower back as she ground her hips over him. He jerked the top of her dress back as well, shoving it over her shoulders and down her arms. She groaned and rose on her knees, pulling her naked breasts over his face so he could suck them as she rode his prick.

She rode higher and faster as the pleasure rose inside her, and when Doyle gripped her breasts and mashed them down around his face she felt the inside of her chest boil over with lust and desire. She bounced wildly, groaning and

yelping and whining in heat as the sexual energy roared through her body.

And it was then that nurse Gertz shoved open the door and glared in at her. Her eyebrows rose so high they practically disappeared as she saw the teenage blonde's buttocks humping wildly up and down, and saw the thick, hard, bulging red cock sticking straight up into her spread pussy. She watched the girl's slit sliding up and down over it in disgust and fury.

Billings quickly turned onto his side and pretended to sleep as Gertz strode over from the foot of the bed to stand beside it.

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" Tammy gasped, eyes closed as she bounced on Doyle's prick.

"Here it comes, baby! Here it comes!" he gasped, blinded by her heavy breasts as he continued to grind them against his face.

"UuhhhhhhhH!" she groaned.

"Oohhhhhh!" he moaned.

"Yes! Oh! Oh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh!"

"Hngh! Hngh! Hngh! Hng!"

She slowed and then collapsed atop him, chest heaving and body sweating, hair plastered around her face.

"Are you two finished?" Gertz asked in an icy voice.

Tammy's head jerked up in shock and fear.

"Nu...Nurse Gertz!"

"Get off there, you little whore!"

She scrambled out of bed as Doyle pulled the sheet back over himself.

"Of all the sluttish, whorish things I've seen in my entire life this surely takes the cake!" Gertz screamed.

Tammy was mortified as she tried to jerk her clothes together. She pulled her

skirt down and clutched the top to her chest as Gertz glared down at her.

"I-I was..I was just...he-helping them," she stuttered.

"Helping them?!"

"I-I mean, they're... they're dying and... and I thought... that... their last request..."

"Neither one of these two slugs is dying!" Gertz snarled. "This pig is going home tomorrow and that buffoon over there who's pretending to sleep only has an ulcer."

"But..but..."

"Get your clothes on, slut!"

Tammy turned and jammed her arms into the dress, then pulled it up over her shoulders and zipped it closed. Gertz gripped her arm in a vice-like grip and dragged the panting, whining girl out the door and down the hall.

"You've really done it this time, you little whore," Gertz said. "I'm going to take you to the hospital administrator, then call your parents and have them come and get you."

"Please! Please!" Tammy panted.

Gertz ignored her, dragging the whimpering girl along and then shoving her into an empty room. She looked around them, then went in after her and closed the door behind.

She folded her arms and glared at the stricken girl

. "What a filthy little girl," she said, glaring.

Tammy stared at the floor.

"Look up at me when I'm talking!" Gertz snapped.

Tammy jerked her head up, eyes blinking rapidly and lips quivering as she stared at the angry woman. The thought of her parents coming here and being told what she had been caught doing was more than she could bear. What would she do?

How could she ever face them again?

"P-P...Please d...don't call m-my parents!" she whimpered.

"You think I can allow this kind of behaviour on my floor?"

"Well... n-nooo," she sniffled.

"Perhaps you'd like me to punish you myself."

"Yes!" Tammy gulped. She nodded her head rapidly. "Anything you want!"

"Really?" Gertz said, eyes narrowing.

"Yes! Yes! I'll do anything."

"Well then, maybe we can keep this a secret," Gertz said. "We'll have to make the punishment suit the crime, though." She appeared to think for a few moments as Tammy stood there quivering in fear.

"Take off your clothes," Gertz said.

"My... my clothes. But..."

"Would you rather I call your parents?"

"No!"

Tammy unzipped her dress then shrugged it off. She removed her already opened bra, and since she had no panties, belatedly remembering they were back in Billings' bed, she was naked, all except for her shoes, which Gertz also ordered her to remove.

"Put your hands behind your head and stand up straight!" Gertz snapped.

Tammy did so at once, her face red with embarrassment as the tall nurse glared at her naked flesh.

Gertz almost drooled as she saw the luscious, nubile teenager's body. What a hot, tight little slut she was! What a walking piece of cunt meat!

"Are you proud of that body, slut?"

"P-Proud?"

"You think you're real hot stuff, don't you?"

"I..."

"You love to turn on the men with it, don't you? You love wagging your titties at them and showing off your round little ass."

"No," Tammy gulped.

"Lying tramp. I know you fucked Miller! I know you gave that comatose patient a hard-on!"

"I-I-I..."

"Whore! Slut!"

Tammy quivered in misery as the woman's tongue lashed her, calling her slut and cheap and stupid and ignorant and all kinds of other things. A tear trickled down her cheek as she sniffled unhappily.

"Do you know what we do with dirty little girls?" Gertz said. "We spank their dirty little asses! Turn around and bend over the bed."

Tammy reluctantly turned, then bent over the bed.

"Raise that ass higher, slut. Spread those legs. That's it! Cheap tramp!"

Gertz slipped off her nurse's dress, quivering with lust and anticipation. She slid a hand up and down the girl's soft body, then cupped her pussy and squeezed hard. "Dirty little thing," she purred. "We'll teach you better won't we?"

She pulled Tammy's wrists forward across the bed, then pinned her wrists tightly together. She pulled up the restraint on the side of the bed and wrapped it around both arms at once, then buckled it securely as Tammy gaped in surprise and fear.

"You're not going to be doing much sitting, little slut," Gertz growled. "And after that we'll give your pretty pink tongue a work out, hmmm?"

She moved back around the bed, then raised her hand. It cracked down on Tammy's bare bottom with a surprisingly loud sound, and the girl squealed in pain, jerking helplessly as a red palm print appeared. Gertz felt her pussy burn as she cracked her hand down again, then still again, then again.

She slipped her free hand into her panties and fingered her clit as she slapped the girl's reddening buttocks with hot, hard strokes.

Chapter Eight

Doctor Marvin Butler walked slowly along the hall, muttering to himself as he glanced idly in at the patients. He'd had yet another unsatisfactory run-in with Doctor Johnson this morning. There was only so long he could protect the woman when her patients kept dying off. Didn't she understand that?

But he couldn't bring himself to allow any harm to befall the beautiful woman. The thought of no longer having her around, of no longer being able to see her luscious body, of never feeling her hands on his cock again, that was more than he could bear. She was practically his only pleasure in life.

It was a strange sound that distracted him as he passed a closed door. He paused in confusion, hearing the sharp reports and what sounded like whimpering. He wondered if someone had hurt themselves. He looked around but saw no nurses, so shrugged and pushed the door open.

He saw, to his intense astonishment, the very shapely red rear end of some woman bent over a bed. The girl was naked, and blonde, and from what he could see quite a morsel. Standing behind the bed was another woman, one not nearly so delicious. She was wearing a black bra and black panties, and had a hand down the front of her panties as she spanked the girl.

Doctor Butler thought he had somehow dropped into one of his fantasies, as he'd often wanted to spank Doctor Amy Johnson like this, but then the woman turned around and he recognized Nurse Gertz.

"What is the meaning of this!?" he demanded.

Gertz halted and jerked around, eyes wide as she stared at Doctor Butler.

"Well?"

"I-I-I..."

"Who are you?" he demanded of the blonde girl.

"T-T-Tammy Smith," she squeaked.

He glared at her, then saw the candy striper uniform. He turned and glared at Gertz as she hurriedly pulled her uniform back on.

"Nurse Gertz," he hissed. "I can have you brought up on charges for this. I can have your nursing certificate revoked."

"But... But doctor..."

"Get out! I'll decide what to do with you later!"

"I..."

"Out!" he roared.

She scurried past him and he closed the door behind her, then went over to the bed.

"I uh, I uh hope you're uhm, not hurt," he said, his eyes flickering up and down the delicious looking young blonde girl's body.

"Just uhm, just my uh...my behind," she gulped, red faced.

He slid a hand onto her bare bottom and stroked it slowly. "I have a uh, a cream that will make you feel better," he said.

"Could you... uhm, undo these?" Tammy sniffled.

"Oh, of course!"

He hurried around the bed and unbuckled the restraints, then helped the girl to stand.

"Maybe you better tell me why Nurse Gertz was... ah, punishing you," he said.

She looked away nervously and his eyes glowered in her breasts before whipping away.

He sat her back on the bed, despite her imploring looks at her clothes, which lay on the floor nearby.

"Now then," he said. "I'm the chief of Medicine here. I need to know what exactly was going on here?"

"I uhm, Nurse Gertz was... uh, punishing me for... uhm, for having sex with a patient!" she gulped.

"You did that?" he said sternly.

"I didn't mean to! I mean, I was only... they told me they were dying, and I was just trying to make them feel better. I didn't actually mean to... to have sex with them," she sniffled.

"And Nurse Gertz was spanking you for that?"

"She...she said she'd have to call my parents and tell them what I did," she sniffled. "Or else I had to let her punish me."

"Hmmm. Well, this is serious. I'll have to do something about Nurse Gertz. On the other hand, I can't have our candy striper having sexual relations with the patients."

"I-I didn't intend to," she gulped, trying to fold her arms over her breasts and hold her hands together over her pussy.

"Maybe you should tell me exactly what happened," he said.

He put an arm around her shoulder as he listened to her halting tale of how she'd just intended to let one patient see her breasts, then just let one touch them, then...

He sighed and shook his head. "Now, Tammy," he said. "I think your whole problem is you lost control of yourself, didn't you?" he scolded. "You could have stopped them any time but you didn't want to."

"I-I-I guess," she sniffled.

"Well, that's only normal," you see. "At your age there are so many hormonal changes, so many chemical imbalances in your body, and that is all manifested in sexual behavior. I think if you want to go on working here we'll have to make sure your uhm, your sex drive is weakened."

"You uh, you mean like, uh, taking some kind of drug so I don't want to have sex so much?" she blinked.

"Ah, well, not quite, no. That is, there are such drugs, but, well, there's an easier way to ease some of the pressure inside you."

"How?"

"Well, to have sex, of course."

She blinked up at him.

"Not with patients, of course."

"Oh. But I have sex."

"I mean just before you start work."

"Uhm, but I uh... I don't know if... I mean..."

"How are you to have sex just before you start work every day?"

She nodded her head.

"Well... I uh, I suppose I could take care of that for you," he said, his eyes flicking down to her softly contoured legs.

"Uhm, you mean, uh, I should, like..."

"Come a little early and come to my office before you start duty," he smiled.

"Then we can take care of that terrible need of yours in a way that doesn't threaten the patient's well being."

"Well... uh, I don't... I mean... it isn't like I..."

"Now, now, now. There's no need to thank me," he smiled, stroking his fingers through her hair. "I'm sure this will be a good thing for both of us."

He gripped her hands and pulled them up away from her groin. She stared at them, then up at him. He smiled reassuringly, then let them go and slid his right hand down between her legs. She gasped, and bit her tongue as she turned her

head away.

"Believe me, Tammy, I know what you need," he purred.

He stroked her clit with an expert touch, and to her surprise she felt a sudden wild heat between her legs. She sat back, her hands behind her on the bed as his fingers slipped into her and stroked across her clit.

"I-I... Do..doctor," she whined.

"Shhhh," he said, manipulating her clit with a skilled touch. He'd masturbated his two wives for twenty years and they'd always been helpless against his talented fingers. He was older now, and widowed, but his fingers had lost none of their expertise.

Tammy groaned and her head pulled way back, her chest sticking out as she arched her back. She ground her pussy against his fingers as the heat raced through her, and within minutes she was coming with surprising power.

Then Doctor Butler rolled atop her and she spread her legs tiredly, smiling up at him as his cock slid into her.

"Oohhhh wooonderfulll," he groaned.

She sighed in pleasure and slid her arms around him as he began to hump into her.

* * * * *

Nurse Gertz snarled angrily as she threw the equipment back into the racks. Of all the stinking rotten filthy luck! She'd had that little whore in her hands for just a few minutes, but that had been long enough to know the bitch was just walking cunt. She'd have done anything...ANYTHING Gertz ordered, and now not only didn't she have the blonde whore but she was stuck down in the basement working for that stupid egghead Amy Johnson.

She was lucky she hadn't been fired and brought up on charges, of course, but she raged anyway. She had too much seniority to be wasting her time down here on one of that stupid woman's idiotic projects.

She glanced up as the woman came in, then turned away.

"Gertz, do you have that new formula?"

"Yes, doctor," she sighed, reaching for a beaker.

"We just got a new subject and I'm interested in seeing how it will react with her."

Gertz handed the beaker to her and Doctor Johnson walked out again. Gertz shook her head at the unfairness of life. That sexless icicle had a great body and face, and couldn't care less. She was probably still a virgin.

Gertz jerked the door open and wandered out into the lab, her eyes widening a bit as she saw the girl Johnson was working on. She was a gorgeous, statuesque blonde that Gertz would have loved to get her hands on.

She couldn't risk it, it though, but as doctor Johnson had the girl strip completely, she felt a quivering in her loins, and wondered if this were all some sort of trap to catch her again.

Johnson gave the girl an injection in the behind, then rubbed some kind of cream over her. Oh, if only she'd make me do that, Gertz sighed, watching the doctor's hands moving professionally over the blondes' thighs and pussy.

Johnson had the girl drink some kind of stuff, then had her get dressed again. Gertz sighed and turned away. She went back to the files and began to work on them. They were an absolute mess, and she'd already decided she would have to take them all out and file them properly.

For the next several days she went through every file in the cabinets, then the ones in Doctor Johnson's desk, her confusion growing. There weren't many consent forms, for some reason, nor were there any FDA approval forms indicating the experiments Doctor Johnson was carrying out had been legally approved.

At first she thought they had simply been misplaced, but the more she read, and the more she understood just how many people had been killed by Doctor Johnson's experimental therapies, the more certain she was that Johnson had never obtained permission.

The woman was dosing people at random, not telling them what she was doing, and never getting permission from either the hospital or the FDA. If she were found out not only would her license to practice medicine be revoked she'd probably spend the rest of her life in prison!

Gertz smiled when she realized how much power that gave her. Compared to this what she'd had over that blonde whore was nothing. She held Johnson's life in her hands!

And not just hers alone. Doctor Marvin Butler, that son of a bitch, had to know about this. He was shielding the bitch for some reason? Why would he do that? Gertz would find out. She'd control Butler just like she did Johnson, and through him she'd control the hospital. She could get people hired and fired at will!

When Johnson returned from lunch she found Nurse Gertz sitting in Johnson's chair, feet propped up on her desk. She frowned indignantly. "Nurse Gertz," she said frigidly. "What do you think you're doing here?"

Gertz got up, but not with fear, rather, she looked smug and self-confident. Johnson instantly felt wary as the woman moved around the desk and then pushed the office door closed. She looked over at Johnson, then back at the door, then locked it.

"What are you doing?" Johnson demanded.

"I know."

"What? Know what?"

"I know what you've been doing, honey. I know how people have been dying. I know you didn't ask their consent. I know you didn't get permission from the FDA. I know everything."

"I-I don't know what you're talking about," Johnson gulped.

"I have all the proof I need to get you locked up for the rest of your life.... doctor," Gertz sneered.

"What do you want?" Johnson said. "You must want something or you would have notified the authorities."

"You're a bright one, aren't you," Gertz smirked. "Well, yes, now that you mention it. I do want a few things."

"What?" Johnson demanded.

"To start with, strip."

Johnson stared at her, then almost smiled. Was that all? Sex? These people were so pathetic. Sex seemed to be all they cared about. Once again Johnson was going to get out of a difficult situation by simply letting someone paw her body for a few minutes.

She took off her jacket, putting on an expression of embarrassment and reluctance. It wouldn't do to have the woman think she didn't care about this. She'd come up with some other demand, like money.

Naked, she stood there, trembling, looking embarrassed and fearful as Gertz licked her lips triumphantly. Gertz moved around the desk again and sat in her chair, then raised her legs and draped them across the arms of the chair.

"Put your hands behind your head," she ordered.

A little surprised, Johnson complied.

"Stick those titties out, whore," Gertz spat. "Yeahhh, nice titties, nice, fat, plump tit bags. Now turn around, bend over, and show me that ass."

Flushing angrily Johnson complied again, wondering as she did whether she had been wrong, whether Gertz was going to prove to be more difficult than she'd thought.

"Spread your legs, whore," Gertz ordered.

Johnson spread her legs further, starting to feel a little embarrassed now.

"Now reach your hands back between your legs, slide your fingers into your pussy, and pull it open for me."

"Wha...what?" Johnson gulped.

"You heard me, slut!"

"But..."

"Do it!"

Amy Johnson had often let others use her body for her own purposes, but she'd never been subjected to such abuse before, nor been forced to display herself in such a degrading fashion. Men, and a few women, had always been happy just to get their eyes and hands on her.

She slid her fingers into her pussy, then eased her cunt lips open as the woman sat behind her.

"Wider, whore. Stick two fingers of each hand up your pussy and rip it open for me."

Amy grunted in effort, bent way over, she had to carefully balance herself as she reached both hands back between her spread legs and slowly worked two more fingers into her tight pussy opening. She felt very embarrassed now as she slowly pulled in opposite directions, opening up her slit for the woman behind her.

"Hmmm. Look at that pink meat," Gertz said. "I bet a lot of cocks have gone down that hole."

Amy caught her breath and felt a deep tightness in her chest and belly. She was starting to understand that she was not in control of the situation any more. She'd thought, when this stupid woman made clear her desires, that she'd be in control, as she was with Butler and others.

"All right, whore, get down on all fours now," Gertz ordered.

Amy gratefully eased her fingers out of her pussy and got down on her hands and knees.

"Now turn around and crawl over to me."

Amy shuffled around, and looked back, then slowly crawled towards her until she knelt between her legs.

Gertz hiked her skirt up and smiled at Johnson.

"Get down on your knees and lick me, bitch," she ordered.

Johnson nodded and dropped to her knees, then gripped the woman's thighs and began to tongue her pussy. This woman wouldn't be put off as easily as Butler, but so what? So she had to do a bit more with her, it was worth it.

She ran her tongue up and down the woman's slit, then peeled her sex lips open and began to tongue her clitty.

"Yessss," Gertz sighed, sliding her hands through the blonde's hair. "You and I are going to have a lot of fun together, little slut."

She slumped lower in the chair and drew her knees further apart, groaning in pleasure as the blonde doctor rolled her tongue up and down against her clitty. She let her head roll back and groaned in satisfaction, pulling down on the other woman's hair and mashing her face into her snatch.

"That's it, bitch," she panted. "Suck it! Lick it!"

She slapped the side of Amy's head, then tugged on her hair again, mashing her face into her wet pussy. She humped faster and harder against the blonde doctor's face, then groaned and arched her back, crushing Johnson's face into her pussy as her insides exploded in pleasure.

* * * * *

Miller looked down at his cock worriedly. No matter how he tried he could not get a hard-on. At first it had merely been embarrassing. He'd cornered a cute, hot assed nurse in radiology and got her panties down, then, no matter how much the woman sucked, he hadn't been able to get so much as a twitch out of his dick.

That had never happened to him before. He'd tried several times since then, running through the most perverted and exciting fantasies he knew, even going through some porno mags and books he kept in his desk. Nothing seemed to stir his little man.

As a doctor he knew the main reason for something like this was stress, some kind of psychological problem. But he also knew he didn't have any

psychological problem, and wasn't under any particular stress. He was calm and rested, and so there was just no reason why his cock continued to remain limp.

It had been twenty-four hours now. He hadn't gone twenty-four hours without either fucking or jerking off since he was twelve. What the hell was going on?

He went to another hospital and had a complete physical, hoping something would show up. It didn't, so he'd had to disclose his little problem to the doctor. He'd taken another series of tests, but so far nothing had turned out, and his cock had continued to stay limp.

It wasn't a loss of sex drive. He was as hot and horny as ever. That only made it more frustrating. He had a great lust to get his dick into women, and he had all these available women, but his cock would not wake up and cooperate.

Then he'd suddenly realized something. The last time he'd had a hard-on was when he'd fucked that little Polack girl the other day, telling her it was another special massage. He'd had one of the biggest comes in his life for some reason, and since then he was mister limp dick.

"Oh, shit," he said, suddenly remembering that he'd sent her down to doctor Johnson for some kind of experimental treatment. What had that shit headed woman done? What kind of weird, mutating shit was affecting him anyway?

He raced downstairs and pounded on the lab door, but nobody answered...not at first, anyway. Finally, Doctor Johnson opened the door and looked out.

"Johnson," he growled. "What have you done to me?"

"Excuse me?" she blinked.

"What kind of shit did you give to that Polish girl?"

"The who?"

"Anna. Anna, the blonde bitch with the big tits! What kind of shit did you give her?"

"I'm afraid I'm not at liberty to divulge that, Doctor Miller."

He shoved her back and grabbed her by the lapels of her jacket, then shoved her back against the wall. "I want to know what kind of shit you gave her! Ever since I screwed her yesterday my dick's been as limp as a noodle. I know one of your witch's brews is responsible!"

"Oh."

"Oh? Yeah, oh!"

"Uhm, well, that's just a minor side effect. It will go away as soon as she takes a shower."

"What?"

"The uhm, the lotion I applied to her will seep into the blood. The remainder will be washed away by a simple shower. Then it won't contaminate... that is, it won't affect anyone she has sexual relations with."

"What about me!" he shrieked.

"Oh, uhm, well, that's a little more complicated.

"Will it wear off?"

"Uhm, not on its own."

"You bitch!"

"Well, I didn't know you were going to fuck her," Amy said indignantly, trying to shove him back. "Can't you keep your dick in your pants for once day?"

"I could have if you'd told me!"

"Well I didn't know you'd be screwing your patients!"

"I always screw my patients! And I want to go on screwing my patients! Now what do I do to cure this?"

"You uhm, you need to get a hyperbolic chamber and take a number of long treatments in it. That will force the sodium nitrate and nitric oxide out of your blood."

"A hyperbolic chamber? We don't even have one of those!"

"No, but County General does."

"How many treatments?" he glared.

"Uhm, maybe, uhm, a couple of hours, say, uhm at a time, for say, uhm, a couple of months."

"Months!" he howled. "MONTHS!"

"Twice a day," she said, wriggling out of his hands and sliding away.

"You cunt!"

"Oh, I think that's just delicious," Gertz chortled, coming up suddenly from around an office door.

"You would, you fuckin' dyke!"

"At least I can fuck people, Miller, dear, which is more than you can do."

He snarled furiously and then turned to go.

"If the blonde girl needs someone to comfort her during your time of loss, Miller, send her to me," Gertz laughed.

She shoved the door closed then locked it, and turned back to Amy Johnson.

"Get that coat off, slut," she sneered.

Johnson unbuttoned her white coat and let it slide over her shoulders and off. She was naked underneath and Gertz slid her hands possessively over her body.

She spun the smaller woman around and pulled her hands together at the small of her back, then quickly tied them together with cord.

"Now get down on your knees," she ordered, holding the woman by the hair.
"Now the belly."

She had her lay out on her belly on the cold tiled floor, then walked across to the

other end of the room.

"Crawl to me, slut, crawl on your belly."

Amy started wriggling across the floor, feeling that strange tightness in her belly and chest expand and slide down through her legs and up through her belly and arms. She panted and grunted as she wriggled slowly across the tiles, her breasts rolling and mashing beneath her as she made her way towards Gertz.

Her loins felt heavy and moist, and to her utter astonishment, she realized that she was feeling aroused. Johnson couldn't remember the last time she had felt aroused sexually, and was so shocked by it that she halted her movements.

"Move your ass, whore!" Gertz yelled.

Amy started wriggling again, and made her way over to where Gertz was standing.

"Now clean my shoes off, doctor slut," Gertz sneered.

Amy moaned, but then began to lick at the other woman's shoes, feeling the pressure in her loins grow, feeling the heat in her body expand. She had no idea why she should be becoming aroused, and had no way to control it.

She was degraded, mortified, used, and yet... something inside her was responding to it, responding as it never had to anything before. When Gertz gripped her by the hair and dragged her up onto her knees the pain was awful, but it was easily overridden by the stunning pleasure that blasted through her body.

And when she was dragged over to a chair, and then pulled over Gertz's lap, she felt only a deep anticipation and a gut churning sexual lust. She came at the first blow, groaning and gurgling, choking on her own ecstasy as her body bounced and shook and heaved in helpless sexual oblivion.

Gertz continued to spank her, and Amy continued to come, over, and over, and over again, shrieking in mad ecstasy as her body was roasted in the fires of sexual delight.

* * * * *

"What!?"

"I'm sorry, Doctor Miller, but it's not covered by your health plan. You'll have to pay cash."

"Cash!?"

"That's right."

"But... but..."

"It's expensive, so we'll need a deposit before beginning treatment."

"Ho...how much?"

"Fifty thousand."

"In cash?!"

"You say you'll need the chamber for two hours a session, twice a day for two months. That's a hundred and twenty sessions. That's expensive. The entire bill will run into about a quarter of a million dollars."

"What!?"

"Sorry Doctor."

"I have to pay it. Me!?"

"I'm afraid so."

"AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

* * * * *

Tammy slid through the door into Doctor Butler's office and sashayed across the floor and around his desk. "Hello, Doctor Butler," she said, smiling and licking her lips.

"Well, well, coming in to work again, Tammy?" Butler smiled.

"Uh huh," she grinned.

She was wearing cut-offs, and stood right next to Butler's chair. He smiled and reached up, unbuttoned them, slid the zipper down, then shoved his hand inside. His fingers found her button and she began to groan and shake her bottom from side to side.

"Oohhhh," she groaned. "How do you dooooooo that?"

"Experience tells, honey," he smiled, watching as her back arched and her head began to roll from side to side.

She humped her groin against his fingers as they danced over her clitty. Then she came, came with a bucking, jerking motion that almost dropped her onto the floor.

Instead she fell against him. He smiled and rose, turned her and bent her across the desk. He tugged her pants down and slid his cock into her, then fucked contentedly for long minutes.

* * * * *

Johnson's hands trembled as she reached out and knocked on the door. She looked around nervously, licking her lips as she tried to understand what it was that had come over her lately.

It was true she had no choice but to submit to Gertz's pleasures, but why did she... how was it that she... that her body responded in the way it did? She'd never had any interest in sex, and now she found herself totally consumed by desire.

The door opened but the room behind it was black. It slid wide and she shuffled in, then gasped as the door clammed behind her. The light came on, and she stared in shock, fear, and heat at the woman who stood there.

Gertz was dressed in thigh high stiletto heeled leather boots, a black leather G-string, pointed black leather bra, long, leather gauntlets, and a cruel looking black mask. She held a pair of handcuffs in one hand and a long, coiled whip in the other.

Uh oh, she thought.

"Strip," she growled. "And get ready for some real punishment, bitch."

* * * * *

Nurse Vicky Moore couldn't help sliding her hands over Jeff Aaron's cock. She wondered how much effort it would take to get it up again. She grinned and then slid her lips down over the head.

To her surprise it began to harden almost instantly. Soon it was sticking up like the rocket ship she knew and loved. She propped a chair against the door, then slipped off her panties and climbed aboard.

She began sliding her pussy up and down, up and down, sighing happily as she worked her pussy over the bulging erection. She rolled her head slowly and arched her back as the heat rose inside her, then yelped as a pair of hands gripped her breasts through her nurse's uniform.

She jerked her head forward and stared at Jeff Aaron's wide eyes.

"Holy shit!" she gulped.

He said nothing, but his eyes were fixed on her as he began to hump up into her. He jerked her uniform open and crushed his breasts, then pulled her down against him and slid his lips onto hers.

He humped up into her for long, long, long minutes. Her bottom bounced wildly atop him and her pussy slid up and down his stiff pecker. She came, then came again, then came again and yet again, as he continued to jounce and bounce her up and down on his bloated tool. Her bottom became bruised and sore and her pussy felt raw as his cock continued to piston and churn inside her. She began to wonder if it was possible to actually be fucked to death.

Then he came, and she felt like she was sitting on a fire hose as his semen gushed up into her belly. He groaned and crushed her bottom against him as his juice poured into her, flooding her womb and spurting out around his cock as he finally relaxed and groaned in relief.

"Well, she panted. Welcome back to the living, honey."

“Where am I?” he croaked.

“Why, just about the best hospital in the world, honey!”

END