

## The Nurse's Aide

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The cast on my upper body put me at the mercy of my nurse's aide

I last thing I remember, I was taking my Ninja out for a ride. The weather was perfect and I leathered up to feel some speed between my legs. But that was the last thing I remembered.

What I know now is that I T-boned the car that ran the red light and I was extremely lucky. Oddly, nothing happened to my lower body. Usually, in a motorcycle wreck, it's the legs and lower torso that get all banged up, as they slam into the handlebars on impact. But in my case, it was my arms and shoulders. And even though I was wearing a helmet, my head got slammed hard enough to erase the memories of the last few minutes.

So, now here I am, lying in a hospital bed, with my entire upper body surrounded by a massive plaster cast. My arms are held out and suspended by cables and my neck is immobilized. I shouldn't complain. They say I'll be out of here in a week when my neck is stabilized and after the pins, nuts, and bolts holding my arms and shoulders together heal into place. But it's a royal pain in the ass pissing and crapping in a bedpan.

About a week ago, on my second full day of consciousness, I was awakened at five in the morning by a young girl. She couldn't have been more than eighteen years old and she was wearing a Candy Striper's uniform. Candy Stripers are nurse's aides. They go to school in the day but they also have jobs in the hospital helping the nurses. They are called Candy Stripers because their uniforms are white and covered with thin red vertical stripes. They look like candy canes and I can tell you, I wanted to lick my Candy Striper when I saw her.

This Candy Striper woke me up busying herself in my room. She had turned the lights on but only very dimly, so I couldn't see her very well. In a soft timid voice she asked me if I needed a bedpan. "Wha? I, uh, I. What time is it?" She whispered that it was five and repeated her question. Looking down at myself, I was embarrassed to see that I had a morning woody poking the sheets straight up. I was mortified. She was right there and

my pup tent was absolutely unmistakable. I wondered if she had ever even seen an erection before.

Before I could even reply to her, she turned my sheets down and uncovered me. My stupid hospital gown had ridden up and my erect penis was waving in the wind at her. I turned beet red. I couldn't move my arms or turn over. My only possible reaction was to bend my legs, which I did. She took this to mean that I needed the bedpan, so she slid it under my ass.

She was doing her best to act professional and nonchalant like I'm sure they teach them. But I could tell she was shocked and fascinated and curious and horrified all at the same time. "I'm sorry," I said to her. "You woke me up and, you know, most guys have erections when they wake up."

She was still trying to do her job, which included maintaining an air of being in charge. She must have thought I was apologizing and telling her about my erection because it meant I couldn't aim into the bedpan. "It's all right," she said cheerfully. "You don't have to be embarrassed. I'll help you." Without another word, she took my penis in her hand and tried to point it downward into the bedpan. And she didn't just poke me downward with her index finger either. She grasped me fully and tightly in her fist like she was afraid it was a trout that might wriggle out of her hand.

"Ah, ah, ah. That hurts. Please don't do that." She quickly raised my penis back up and afraid I would piss all over her she put her other hand on top of my dick. So here she was holding me tightly in one fist while capping the head of my penis in her other.

"I'm so sorry. Ooooh. I didn't mean to hurt you. Is it going to be okay? Er, I mean are you all right?" I honestly didn't know if she was cranking me or serious. She had the aura of a very inexperienced and innocent young girl who honestly didn't know a thing about a man's genitals. But at the same time I felt like she might be a high priced whore whose schtick is to wear a nurse's uniform and act all innocent as she fucks your brains out. To make matters worse, she was stroking my cock like you might stroke a cat you had accidentally stepped on.

"Look. First, what's your name?" Lola, she told me. Great. I have a Lolita for my nurse. "Lola, let me explain. Men wake up with erections. There's no controlling it. They just

happen. And when a man has an erection, it stifles his need to piss. My bladder could be full to bursting but with that erection, my bladder is going to wait, and wait it will. Further, when a man has an erection, it can wave around a bit, pivoting at the base, but only to a point. If you try to force it, something's going to hurt. It doesn't hurt like a kick in the balls, but it hurts. Finally, while I thoroughly enjoy your tender hands on my penis, you do surely know that my erection is here to stay? He woke up ready for action as always, and you're giving it to him right now."

She instantly let go of me. Doh! What a fucking idiot I am. I had a cherry virgin stroking my cock and I practically chided her for it. I had to do something and quick.

"Listen, Lola. I'm sorry. I'm not thinking straight since it's so early. I didn't mean for that to sound so. I don't know. so ungrateful. You're trying to do your job. You're nervous. You probably haven't taken care of too many men before. I thought I was being helpful trying to explain to you how a man's anatomy works. In my wildest fantasies, a girl just like you has me in her complete control. And now, as I wake up to my fantasy come true, I ruin it. The truth is, I've been here for over a week and I can't. you know."

But she didn't know. Her eyes were wide, taking in everything I had said so far but she didn't follow me and I could tell.

"It's been over a week and I haven't, uh, I haven't had sex. So. you know. my penis is harder and more eager than ever. That's all I was trying to say."

"But. what happens when so much time goes by? I mean. do you stay hard like this until you do. um. have sex?"

"Well, no," I told her. "The erection will go away but it will be very quick to come back at the slightest touch or lustful thought."

"But that must be." She hesitated. I could see the gears turning in her head. She was trying to bring herself to say something that she found slightly embarrassing. "That must feel. good. Doesn't it?"

"Well, it does feel good. Of course it does. But what feels better is to have sex. You know. an orgasm always feels so good and it relieves stress and relaxes you. It's true for women

too." I threw this last part out just to see the reaction on her face. Surely, even if she is a virgin, surely she's masturbated. Her reaction would tell me.

Her jaw dropped a bit and she inhaled as if she were about to quickly say something. But she stammered. "Well. Yeah, sure. Sure it does."

"Lola? Please tell me you've experienced an orgasm before. I mean, you may be a virgin and all but haven't you ever touched yourself?" She was at a loss for words. Unbelievable. This girl, this gorgeous young woman, with the brick house body and the curiosity to get her in some fun trouble, had never gotten herself off. God, is there no justice in this cruel world?

"It's okay, Lola. I would totally understand if you're saving yourself for your marriage," I lied. Boy, did I ever lie. I just didn't want her to think I was calling her a freak. So she went about her tasks and left and I didn't see her again that day.

The next day, Lola woke me again but this time she didn't try to hoist me onto the bedpan. She was sitting on a chair beside me whispering to wake me up. When I opened my eyes, she said, "I was checking to see if you had another erection but you don't. I'm glad to see that." But now that I was more fully awake, the sheets started to rise.

"What? Lola?" She saw my eyes looking down at my sheets. Her eyes followed and she watched the sheets slowly rising.

"Oh. Can I watch?" Without waiting for my reply she pulled my sheets off and lifted my gown. I guess she thought that since she had held my cock in her hand the day before, there was an intimacy between us. And I guess it was hard to argue the point. But her curious, eager eyes on my stiffening cock made it hop to attention. "Can I. can I touch you again?" She asked this sheepishly like I might think her a pervert or something. Pfft. Yeah, right. Like that's going to happen. This girl's dirty curiosity was awakened, about six or eight years late, but her beast was out.

"Yes, Lola. Of course you can." As her hand grasped my cock I added, "But don't be surprised if you make me cum."

She let go quickly. "That can happen?" She asked this without taking her eyes off my groin.

"It's okay, Lola. I was partly joking. I won't have an orgasm with you touching me. For that you would have to pump me up and down a bit." Oh, please, oh please, oh please.

She put her hand back on my cock. "I can feel it getting harder. Why does it hurt boys when their balls get hit?" She used her other hand to lift and fondle my scrotum. I gasped a bit and my cock got even harder. I was at full mast now. Her eyes got bigger and the look of innocent wonderment on her face was a thing of beauty.

I totally forgot about her question. Instead, I said, "Lola, it's been so long. And my hands are completely useless. Would you mind helping me a bit?" She didn't take long to understand what I was asking.

"How? What do I do?"

"Just grasp me firmly with your hand and pull up and down. Try to drag the skin with your hand. Don't worry about hurting me. As long as you don't squeeze my balls too hard, I'll be okay."

She began to stroke me and I encouraged her. Yes. This was ecstasy. She only had to pump me for a minute before I shot all over her. She was fascinated watching my cum spurt out in repeated blasts.

"Your sperm shot so high. I never knew it would do that. And I could feel your balls moving when you. when you."

"When I came, when I climaxed, when I reached my orgasm, and if you want to sound medical, when I ejaculated." I thought I was being helpful with the vocabulary lesson but it occurred to me that I might be sounding too flip. "Thank you, Lola. I can't tell you how good that feels. Maybe tomorrow my penis won't be such an early riser."

But the next day, Lola was curious. She woke me again and I felt her hand on my still soft penis. What woke me was my sheets being lifted off me. And when her hand picked up my flaccid penis it immediately came to life. "I wanted to see if you were right about not

being so easy to get hard, but I can feel you getting bigger. Do you want me to help you again?"

I felt like the straight man in a comedy routine. I could get used to this hospital stuff. "Yes, Lola," I whispered. "I would like that. I would like that very much."

She stroked me and brought me to another glorious erection. My eyes had been closed but as I was coming, I opened my eyes and looked at her. Her face was hovering inches from my penis. I shot cum all over her face. She blanched at first as if she didn't expect it but she continued to watch closely and with, I was sure, lust in her eyes. She examined my white cum closely, rubbing it between her fingers all the while leaving it on her face. How odd, I thought. Most girls' first reaction would be to wipe it off. Even if she wanted to examine my cum in her fingers I would have expected her to wash it off her face first.

I was so looking forward to going to sleep that night. I felt like a little boy on Christmas Eve, unable to fall asleep but wishing and hoping I would so the night would pass quickly. Sure enough, on the fourth morning, Lola entered my room and uncovered me and I awoke with my penis in her hand. She had begun stroking me even before I was fully awake. She didn't say a word. I didn't say a word. I just spread my legs wider and she took my balls in her hand and jacked me powerfully and with authority. Who would have guessed this sweet innocent thing from a few days would have such expertise in her hands and fingers.

Again, I found myself with my eyes closed as she pumped me up and down. But the sudden wet and warm feeling of her mouth surrounding my cock opened my eyes like I was Frankenstein come alive. She continued to pump me with her hand as she held the tip of my penis in her mouth. I almost instantly came and she swallowed it hungrily, little muffled moans coming from her throat.

I didn't even know what to expect on the fifth day. I hoped upon hope that she was coming to visit and offer her healing touch. I was awake when she opened my door. She left the lights off. She pulled my sheets down but instead of moving to the side of my bed to fondle me, she got on top and straddled me. I could see her from the faint city lights coming through my window. The window was behind my bed and lit her up light moonlight. She was wearing a different Candy Striper uniform. Instead of pants and a top, she had one of those one-piece dress uniforms. She wore white stockings and the

skirt of her uniform came to her knees. She even had one of those old fashioned nurses' hats that pin in place on top of her tied up hair.

Straddling me, she reached to her neck and began pulling open the snaps that held her uniform closed. One by one the snaps popped open revealing her tantalizing, firm eighteen-year-old breasts. She was wearing a white lacey pushup bra that closed in front. Damn my useless hands. She continued to peel herself open like a ripe fruit. As each snap opened with its loud "POP" my penis stood taller and straighter. Her peeling uniform exposed her abdomen and a white lace garter that undoubtedly held those white stockings so taut. More popping. More blood draining from my brain to go where it was needed more urgently.

Her uniform popped completely open and I saw that she had no panties. Her well-manicured blonde pubic hair looked fine like corn silk. She took me into her hands and guided her already wet pussy to me. She teased me back and forth between her lips and I could feel her wetness spreading over the end of my cock. She hesitated, as if bracing for the pain. Then she slowly but confidently slid onto my cock, biting her lower lip as my penis forced a larger opening through her hymen. Her pain must have been sharp because she uttered a little cry but her pain was overpowered by her pleasure because she started to rhythmically fuck my cock as if I wasn't even there.

She started to moan a little loudly and I began to worry that someone would interrupt us. She was lost to it and didn't care. Her small cries of pleasure became louder and more frequent until she was fairly shouting, "Yes. Yes. YES. Oh, fuck me, NOW." I figured if she was so reckless I had little to fear, so I quickly came into her as she burst into her own waves of pleasure.

She slumped over me and began to kiss my face and mouth. It was the first time I had ever kissed her. She was delightful, her breath and lips so sweet. Her aroma was pure eighteen-year-old and I couldn't believe the good fortune my motorcycle wreck had brought me. But as I was thanking the gods, the lights came on bright and I looked over Lola's shoulder to see half the night shift crowding through the door.

Lola was fired. They removed my cast and discharged me a day early, that is to say, later that day. Many new hospital policies were written, practically doubling the previous

section on employee conduct. The new section was fondly referred to by staff as "The Lola Rules."

Lola's career as a nurse was ended but don't feel too badly for her. She's making five times as much money "dancing" and taking money from guys who have a thing about Candy Stripers. And me? I'm completely pussy whipped. She was completely accustomed to my arms being in that cast, so she chains me to the bed every evening before milking me to her supreme enjoyment and then going off to work. She says it's to keep my penis from getting me into trouble, though how much trouble I could get into handcuffed and helpless, I don't know. I can't even masturbate.

She returns home at three in the morning hot and bothered from all her exertions and lap dances, and if my penis can't satisfy her, she straddles my face until she's happy. She unchains me to allow me to bathe, eat and go to work but I can't leave home until she gets me to cum in her mouth, again, to keep me out of trouble. So twice a day, at seven in the morning and seven at night, she makes sure to get an orgasm out of me, having learned well the lesson that I taught her about neglected penises.

I still sometimes wonder how she could go from the innocent, inexperienced and naïve Candy Striper I met two months ago to the sex-crazed, vixen dominatrix she is today. Who cares? Every day I thank God for that wonderful man who ran the red light.