



Foundation

a nurse's tale...

written by

Miss Irene Clearmont

Mrs Deidre McCann, a senior ward nurse in the St. Christopher Hospital in New York. Not just another senior sister, another angel, but Deidre oversaw training, practical examinations and staff induction.

Tonight, was the final interview with a failed candidate for senior nurse for general ward duty. That *awful* Irene Clearmont, a woman who had been a thorn in the side of Deidre for well over a year now. At last the time that she would have to put up with Irene was coming to an end because Deidre was sure, that when she failed Irene, she would finally leave and be out of her hair. If, however, Irene had passed the exam and the practical's, Deidre would have to guide her for another two years.

A prospect not at all to the taste of the senior nurse.

The glass door opened, and Irene came into the office. She was a little mature to be doing the exams, but there again, some just start late in life!

"Sit down, Miss Clearmont," said Deidre with a small wave of the hand. "I have been considering the results that you got in the theoretical exams as well as the practical exercises and have called you here to discuss my decision as regards the St Christopher Hospital examination course for senior nurses."

Irene looked at the woman who she knew did not like her and waited. The presence of both these determined and forceful women filled the room to overflowing. The tension moved up a notch.

"I am afraid that I have to tell you that you have failed the practical examinations and passed the theoretical exams," said Deidre in a rush to get the moment over.

She fully expected an outburst from Irene. An explosion of wrath that she braced herself for, but there came nothing! It was the practical examinations that were subjective and under Deidre's control. They were the ones that would take the most effort to resit.

"You failed on the treatment side, Irene," said Deidre as she filled the silence, "not the diagnosis and theoretical..."

It was at that moment that Irene leaned forward and hissed, "Either you pass me, or you will regret it for the rest of your life!"

"I'm sorry? Are you threatening me?"

Irene leaned back and gazed at Deidre with a gimlet-like stare. She knew why she had been failed. Personal conflict, her rough treatment of patients and small observations and suspicions on the part of Deidre. That night when she had so nearly been caught...

"I'll ask again, are you threatening me?"

"No, I'm telling you..."

"You are dismissed, and you can count yourself lucky that there will be no mark of this conversation on your record!"

Irene stood and looked down on Deidre before whispering, "Not today, not tomorrow, but sometime in the future, you had better watch your back..."

"Out now," shouted Deidre. "Now!"

The letterbox slammed closed and the letters fluttered to the floor behind the front door.

Deidre picked them up idly and leafed through them as she went back to her coffee on the kitchen table.

"Bill, bill, advert, bill and prize draw," she muttered as she dealt the letters onto the table like playing cards.

The prize draw envelope caught her eye because it had no branding or other advertising other than a small statement at the bottom of the envelope that announced: 'You have won a cruise to Florida. Twelve nights and return flight.'

Normally she tossed these brash come-ons in the bin, but this was just a little fascinating. Inside the envelope was a plain letter that announced that her participation in a credit card lottery had won her... There was a number to call to release the tickets and an address to check the validity of the prize.

"What is it darling," asked her husband when he saw her reading the letter and making a small noise of satisfaction.

"Honey I won a cruise, I think..."

"That's great he muttered, where to?"

"Florida."

"I love Florida at this time of year," he commented.

"It's just for me," she smiled. "It's a bit odd, but there is just a single ticket for a single cabin!"

"Oh, that's a shame..."

"It's next week!"

"Can you get the time off?"

"Of course, they owe me over three hundred hours at the moment, I'll use them all on a little sunshine and relaxation."

"Well you'd better pack..."

The taxi, actually a limousine, that arrived was in keeping with the idea that Deidre was going on a cruise.

Police later admitted that they had no reports of a car of that type and colour registered in Manhattan and that the car must have come from outside the state. The police *also* had to admit, after two months investigation, that they had no idea what the motive could be for such a complex and expensive abduction involving a mere senior nurse. The excuse that the police gave for their failure was, of course, that after a week, the trail had gone cold and any report of an abduction usually has to be either solved, or well on the way towards being solved inside seventy-two hours.

The investigating officer shrugged at the husband in mock sympathy and wondered who the bitch had run away with...

A hand reached down to the smooth head of the former head nurse and stroked the skin with an almost loving touch.

Once the door on the desk was opened, the tightly restricted and helpless victim of Nurse Clearmont could be slid out of the compartment to allow Irene to play with her as she willed.

The occasional game did both of them so much good.

Occasionally, there was a just a small conversation. One sided of course, because it had been a number of years since Deidre was allowed to even utter a cry never mind actually form words that had meaning. Occasionally, Irene would use the small keypad at her disposal which controlled every function and node of pain and pleasure on the captured woman, but mostly Irene just liked to enjoy a little 'alone time' with Deidre. Slip out the drawer in which she was permanently mounted, helplessly welded tightly in position by those steel loops. Then, with a

small sigh of pure pleasure she would guide that masked face between her thighs to extract a little pleasure, a little revenge and a great deal of satisfaction.

Feel the questing studded tongue tickle her, tease her to climax with such loving strokes.

Today was one of those days!

A day for climax, a moment where she could enjoy the complete subjugation and humiliation of a woman who had thwarted her all those years ago.

"Enjoying the cruise still?" asked Irene as she opened her legs to reveal that hungry pussy that was served by so many who hoped or were forced to please her. "I have a wide ocean of pleasure between my legs!"

Irene lifted the cover from her slave's eyes and permitted her the gift of sight. Opened her thighs wide and slid a finger along the furrow before raising it to taste herself with relish.

"Pleasure me, dear..."

Deidre rolled her eyes up to look at the smiling face above her and opened her mouth as she was trained. Irene was the only person that she had even seen for the last ten years even though she knew there were all of the others who remained out of her sight. Irene was her world, her entire experience, her universe.

The gaping cunt filled her senses, the trickle of excitement wetting the nylon stocking tops. The perfume of pure feminine arousal, the pout of soft smooth flesh. The clitoris that swelled in anticipation of the coming pleasure and the puckered ass that required slow strokes of the tongue to satisfy the woman who owned her.

The first touch brought a gasp from above. A sign that Irene could perhaps be satisfied with an hour's attention and service.

Perhaps she would not be fucked today?

Perhaps Irene was in a good mood?

This was the world that she inhabited, service and obedience.

Pleasing Irene was all that she was allowed to do.

Pleasing Irene was what she was created for.

For Deidre had been created by Irene.

Moulded and altered for mistress.

Her tongue probed deep.

A hand stroked her head gently and patted it.

Deidre loved her owner.

Of that there was no doubt.

Loved Irene with all her heart.

Irene was the only thing in Deidre's life.

She was at once goddess, mother, demon and lover.

Deidre tasted her owner and was so very glad that she belonged.

The End.

This is, of course the start of the *Miss Irene Clearmont* story! I have occasionally mentioned what happened before the events of 'Dark Widow', but now you have seen how a nurse became the evil female sadist that occupies so much of my writing.

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