

The Nurse's Revenge



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By Misty Meadows

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Smashwords Edition

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Author's note: All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.

Jasmine was a trained professional. She had obtained a three-year degree in nursing and intended to carry on with her studies at some point. She had five years' experience and was good at her job. She knew she deserved to be treated with respect and admiration, but that was far from what she had experienced during her six month stint at Leicester General Hospital.

The patients were hard work. The men were particularly bad. They were extremely demanding and nothing was ever good enough. Then there were those who groped her. The male members of staff were even worse. There were junior doctors who leered at her and made inappropriate comments about what they'd like to do to her. Even senior doctors and surgeons treated her like a sex object, touching her and pinching her bottom. Meanwhile, the female members of staff

were jealous of the attention her beauty brought her and frequently gossiped behind her back.

It wasn't Jasmine's fault that men found her so attractive and she certainly didn't do anything to encourage them. There was no point complaining to anyone, because nothing would be done. All the male members of staff would deny behaving inappropriately towards her and the female nurses would back them up. She would end up being bullied for stirring up trouble, with nobody to turn to and no option but to quit. Although she had been contemplating quitting, she had enough experience to know that wherever she went it would be more-or-less the same.

Consequently, she found herself trying to ignore the sexual innuendo and general harassment that was taking place. There were times when she would make a joke about it and try to laugh it all off, but the truth was she hated being treated differently. None of the other nurses came in for as much sexual attention as she did. Of course, there would always be men attracted to women in uniform, but why did they always seem to gravitate towards her? She was more than just her clothes and looks!

It was a frustrating situation to be in and she knew that one day she was liable to snap. She could end up either slapping someone in the face or doing something else that would result in her losing her job. She was trying to stay positive and continued to hope that the situation would improve, but it seemed unlikely, unless she became unattractive to men overnight. However, she couldn't change the fact that she had curves in all the right places and an aesthetically-pleasing visage. She didn't wear any make-up or go out of her way to heighten her beauty and so there was nothing she could do to make herself less appealing to men.

Jasmine took the syringe and filled it with the clear liquid from the bottle. She took Joseph's arm and plunged the needle in.

"Ow – that hurt!" he exclaimed, "I think you should kiss it better now, don't you?"

Jasmine looked at the dirty old man in disgust. He was well into his sixties and looked much older than his years, but it didn't stop him from drooling all over her. She tried to ignore him, but as she turned around, she felt his hand on her

bottom. He squeezed her arse cheek firmly, causing her to jump. She turned around.

“What a sexy, pert little arse you’ve got. Your husband’s a lucky man.”

“I’m not married,” she said, unable to stop herself.

“Well, your boyfriend, then.”

“I don’t have a boyfriend, either.”

“Oh, really? So, there’s hope for me yet, then?”

Jasmine somehow managed to stop herself from laughing. She had no idea whether he was being serious or not, but he had a smirk on his face which made her feel uncomfortable. She looked at her fob watch. She had only been there for two hours and she was working a twelve hour shift. She sighed. She knew that, unfortunately, Joseph wasn’t the only old lecher she would have to deal with that day.

She walked along to the next bed and pulled back the curtain. Tony was lying there fast asleep. She looked at his chart and changed his drip. Tony wasn’t too bad. Some of the patients were respectful of her position, but the number of idiots she had to care for far outnumbered those who were decent. Next on her list of patients to look in on was one of the undesirables – Lewis.

Lewis had been on the same ward for weeks, but they couldn’t find out what was wrong with him. When he first arrived, he had been complaining of abdominal pains and then other symptoms developed, including numbness in his arms and legs. The doctors ran various tests and he was given an MRI scan, but they were unable to determine what his condition was. Just as he was about to be released he collapsed unexpectedly and found himself struggling to breathe. Since that occasion, he had been hooked up to various monitors, but still no one knew what was causing his symptoms.

Jasmine wasn’t alone in thinking that perhaps there was nothing wrong with him at all and that he was making the whole thing up. Maybe he enjoyed the company of the other patients or leering at the nurses or maybe he really believed there was something wrong with him and was scared to go home. He had collapsed, but perhaps that was due to anxiety, unless he had found a way to

fake it. Either way, there was nothing visibly wrong with Lewis.

Jasmine was a tad scared of Lewis. Even from his hospital bed, he came across as a rather intimidating figure. He was stocky and had a thuggish look about him, as well as an aggressive manner. She eventually walked over to his bed and pulled back the curtain, closing it again behind her.

“The doctor will be here to see you in about fifteen minutes. Are you okay at the moment?”

“I’m alright, nurse, although I do have an itch.”

“Oh, really; whereabouts?”

“Down here,” he said, thrusting his hand underneath his bed cover in order to grab his crotch.

Jasmine’s face flushed. He always managed to catch her out and make her feel stupid. She occasionally replied with a witty retort, but usually she wasn’t quick enough. She just had to check his monitor to ensure it was working properly and then she could leave. She walked around his bed and bent over to examine the screen. The next thing she knew, there was something digging into her backside. Lewis grabbed her arms and held them against her sides.

“Let go of me,” she said.

“But don’t you like the feeling of my cock pressing against you?”

“No, now let me go.”

He relinquished his grip and she turned around to face him. He was topless, thus exposing his muscular physique. He had evidently removed the electrodes from his chest. She found her eyes wandering down his body and they became fixated on the pyjama bottoms he was wearing. His cock was poking through the gap in the front of his trousers. It was huge and veiny, the foreskin pulled back to reveal the bulbous head. She could see that he was leaking pre-cum and began to wonder if there was a damp patch on her dress, where he had pressed right up against her.

“I think you’d better get back into bed now.”

“Yes, baby, but only if I get a hug first.”

“That’s not going to happen. It’s not appropriate for nurses to hug patients.”

“Fine, I’ll just continue to stand here, then.”

He began to stroke his cock that was becoming harder with each motion. She was unable to tear her eyes away from his prick and the way he rubbed himself enthusiastically.

“See, you want it really, don’t you, baby?” he said, noticing her inquisitive stare.

“No, I really don’t. Please, just get back into the bed. The doctor will be here soon, you know.”

“But there’s still enough time for me to bend you over and give you a good seeing-to, isn’t there?”

“Don’t talk like that, or I’m going to have to get another member of staff.”

Just as she started to tug at the curtain, his hand grabbed her by the wrist.

“I wouldn’t do that if I were you.”

He dragged her to the bed and bent her over, so that her arms were spread out in front of her. She tried to say something, but she was struck dumb. She didn’t even try to push him away. She just lied there, powerless to do anything as she felt his fingers running up and down her inner thighs. She could feel herself becoming aroused and knew that if she stuck her fingers in between her legs she would be sopping wet. She suddenly felt her dress being rolled up, her underwear being pulled down and his fingers disappearing inside her.

“Oh god, don’t...”

“You dirty little slut. You’ve been playing innocent, but your pussy is telling me you’re desperate to feel a cock inside you.”

“No...”

“I think so.”

She could feel his firm prick thrusting in between her arse cheeks. Just as he was about to shove his cock into her pussy, they were interrupted.

“What the hell is going on here?”

It was the doctor who had come to tell Lewis that he would require further tests.

“N...n...nothing,” stuttered Jasmine, “He just tried to force himself on me.”

Lewis feigned surprise.

“You lying bitch! She told me that she hadn’t had sex in a long time and that she liked the look of my cock.”

The doctor gave her a disapproving glance. She knew that he believed she had instigated this encounter and that she wanted to have sex with the patient. That was always the way. It was just because she was attractive and gave off a sexy vibe without even meaning to.

“Pull your dress down now,” he instructed, “We will be having words later on.”

“Yes, doctor,” she said despondently.

Jasmine was completely shaken up by what had just happened, but there was no one she could say anything to and now she had to worry about having to face some kind of disciplinary action, even though she hadn’t done anything wrong. It was so unfair!

Jasmine tapped on Dr Evans’ door and waited for permission to enter.

“Come!”

She pushed open the door and was greeted by the sight of Dr Evans sitting behind a large oak table.

“Ah, nurse, please take a seat.”

Jasmine sat opposite the doctor and began tapping her foot nervously.

“I’ll get straight to the point. I’d already heard some nasty rumours about you, but I chose to ignore them. However, catching you earlier seemed to suggest the rumours were true.”

“Rumours? What rumours?”

“That you are prepared to fuck anything with a pulse, including patients.”

“That’s just not true! Who has been saying that? It’s probably those bitches I work with. They’re just jealous of me, you know!”

“And why would they be jealous of you?”

“It’s because men throw themselves at me and find me so attractive.”

“Do they indeed?! You’re very aware of your beauty, aren’t you?”

“I wouldn’t say that. I’m not vain or anything, but it’s impossible to ignore the fact that men tend to proposition me a lot.”

“So, the patient earlier... he propositioned you and you accepted?”

“No, it wasn’t like that. He actually tried to force himself on me.”

“I find that hard to believe. So, he just ripped off all the electrodes, despite being ill and weak, and pinned you against the bed?”

“Yes, that’s exactly what happened.”

“That’s not what he said.”

“I don’t care what he said. He’s lying!”

“You know, I haven’t informed anyone else of this yet, so it may be possible to keep this between ourselves.”

“But I haven’t even done anything wrong!”

“So, why didn’t you tell someone? Why didn’t you go to the police and say that somebody tried to rape you?”

“Because no one would believe me. You don’t even believe me.”

“No, I don’t, and you know that if I take this to the top, you will probably lose your job.”

“Oh no, please don’t do that!”

“Okay, perhaps we can come to some kind of arrangement, so that this little episode stays between us.”

Jasmine wondered where he was going with this. What could she do for him that would let her off the hook... well, let her off the hook for something she wasn’t even guilty of?! In terms of power, she had none. She had no influence within the hospital and she had no allies. She wasn’t rich, so she couldn’t pay him anything. The only thing she had going for her was the fact she was female and attractive.

Dr Evans stood up from behind the desk and she immediately noticed the bulge in his trousers. She tried to look away, as she felt a tad embarrassed at the size of the protuberance, and yet her eyes remained firmly fixed on it. He walked around to where she was sitting and stood directly in front of her, so that the fabric was mere centimetres away from her face. He began rubbing his crotch with one hand and massaging her shoulder with the other.

“Perhaps you should think of this in terms of ‘you scratch my back and I’ll scratch yours.’ If you’re nice to me, I’ll do my best to be nice to you. Does that sound fair?”

“What do you mean by being nice?”

“Oh, come off it. Don’t pretend to be so naïve. We both know you’re a little slapper who just can’t get enough cock. What difference will one more make?”

“So, you want to fuck me?”

He began stroking her lips with his fingertips.

“You have such a lovely mouth. I’d love to see those lips sliding up and down my cock.”

He pressed his forefinger against her bottom lip, exposing her teeth. He slipped his finger inside her mouth.

“I bet you give amazing blowjobs.”

Jasmine said nothing, but watched as the doctor unzipped his trousers and pulled down his boxers. She was now face-to-face with his long, chunky prick. She could see gooey pre-cum oozing out of his cockhead and felt a tad queasy about the prospect of taking him in her mouth. She didn't feel as though she had much choice, though. She felt powerless. She wasn't enjoying working at the hospital, but it would be the same wherever she went and if she did lose her job, there were no guarantees she would find work elsewhere.

“Stick out your tongue.”

Jasmine complied with his demand and stuck her tongue out for him. Without warning he shoved his cock right in, causing her to gag. She pushed against his leg, desperate to get him away from her. She wasn't entirely sure she could go through with this, but it almost seemed too late now. He slapped her face.

“You bitch. You're going to take it like the dirty little slapper you are. Do you understand?”

“Yes, sir,” she said pathetically.

He tried again, this time rubbing his cockhead against her bottom lip first and then the top.

“Now suck the head,” he instructed.

Jasmine tried to imagine she was sucking a lollipop, but it didn't taste like a lolly. His cock had a slightly salty, sweaty taste and he had a lot of pubic hair which tickled her chin. It was hard to concentrate on doing a good job when she didn't really care if he came away satisfied or not. She just wanted to get this over with as quickly as possible, though, and so she knew it would help to show some enthusiasm.

“Mmm...” she said.

“Oh, that's better, isn't it? See, you love my cock, really, don't you, you little

slapper?”

Jasmine didn't answer, but continued to slide her mouth up and down his prick, trying to take him in as deep as she could. She was worried that if she didn't, he would make her and that she would gag, as she had when he first began.

“That's right, bitch. Take it in deep,” he said.

Despite her best efforts, it still wasn't deep enough for him. He started stroking her curly brown hair that she wore in a ponytail, but he was getting impatient and ended up holding her head down, forcing her to swallow more of his cock than her little throat could take. She gagged and really thought she was going to be sick. He placed both hands on her head and began ramming it down, so that she had no control whatsoever. He was just too strong.

He finally released her, allowing her to catch her breath for a moment. Saliva ran down her chin and on to her uniform. She gasped for air and her eyes were slightly glazed over. She couldn't say anything, because he once again began thrusting into her face.

“You fucking little slapper... you're loving this aren't you?”

Jasmine couldn't say anything, but if she could she definitely wouldn't say she was loving the experience.

“Stick your tongue out again.”

She stuck out her tongue as he continued to ram his prick into her mouth and almost vomited as it hit the back of her throat.

“I'm getting close. I would let you swallow, but I want you to walk down the corridor and for everyone else to see what a filthy slapper you are.”

He continued to fuck her face until he was on the very edge. He pulled his cock out and continued stroking it as his balls released the spunk that he had let build up over a few days. He directed each shot at her face. She was forced to close her eyes and she felt it gluing her eyelashes together. It landed on her cheek; on her chin and in her hair. It was warm and sticky and she just wanted to wash her face clean. The spurting finally stopped.

“You can get up and go now,” ordered Dr Evans, “And we’ll say no more about this incident.”

Jasmine began to wipe the spunk from her eyes.

“No, leave it; you can walk out of here right as you are.”

“But...”

“Shut the door on your way out.”

Jasmine squinted through the spunk that coated her eyes. She had to get to the toilets before anyone else could see her in such a state. It was too late, though. She shut the door and turned around to see one of the handsome junior doctors standing beside her.

“What’s been going on here, then?” he asked.

“Excuse me; I’ve got to get to the toilets.”

“I can see that.”

She pushed past him and ran down the corridor, eager to clean off the doctor's semen from her face. She felt absolutely humiliated, especially since one of the other doctors had seen her spunk-covered face. He would no doubt tell the other doctors and they would all think that she would do anything of a sexual nature for anyone, although according to Doctor Evans, that's what they already believed anyway.

Jasmine splashed the scalding hot water against her face and squirted some soap into her hands, working it into a lather against her skin. She looked at her reflection in the mirror. How had it come to this? She was intelligent and well-read; she was caring and kind, yet people walked all over her. She wasn't a dirty slapper, but she was treated like a mere sex object. She had finally reached the end of her tether. Revenge was what she needed. She wanted to make Lewis and Dr Evans pay for their actions. It would also let others know she would no longer take this kind of crap from anyone.

Jasmine was working the night shift. Usually, she would be dreading it, but for once she was actually rather looking forward to it. She was really going to enjoy taking her revenge. Although there were plenty of men deserving of her wrath, she had decided to concentrate her energies on punishing just two of them.

She strolled along the corridor and noticed the young doctor who had seen her the other day covered in Dr Evans' spunk walking towards her.

"Good evening, nurse."

"Good evening."

At least he hadn't said anything about the incident, but she was sure he had given her a funny look. She carried on walking towards the ward where Lewis and the others were. The hospital was short-staffed and so she would be able to do pretty much whatever she wanted without being interrupted by any other nurses. Most of the patients would be asleep and if anyone did wake up, she could just give them some drugs. They were in a hospital, after all!

She got closer to the ward and saw one of the other nurses leaving. She hadn't even bothered to acknowledge Jasmine, because that's how little she thought of

her. It didn't matter now, anyway. Jasmine would have the last laugh! It was time check on all the patients under her care, although there was only one patient she was interested in at that particular moment.

Jasmine walked towards Lewis's bed. The curtain was drawn around it and the lights were out. She pulled back the curtain and slipped through. She could see a little bit of movement under the covers as he breathed in and out. He was dead to the world, but he wouldn't be for much longer. She walked over to him and began to stroke his cheek. He woke up, startled. It took him a few seconds for his eyes to focus enough to work out who it was.

"What do you want? I was sleeping," he whispered.

"I want you."

"What do you mean?"

He was groggy with sleep. He hadn't even thought about the ordeal he had put her through since it happened and so it didn't even occur to him that she could be about to punish him for his behaviour.

Jasmine shoved her hand under the bed cover and began to rummage inside his pyjama bottoms until she found his cock. She began to stroke it into hardness.

"That's what I mean. I want your cock."

"Oh, really?"

His eyes lit up at the prospect of being able to fuck the pretty young nurse with big tits.

"Yes, but first, let's get rid of all these monitors."

She began to pull off the electrodes attached to his smooth, muscular chest and put them to one side.

"That's better, but do you know what would be even better?"

"What?" he asked.

“If you would let me tie you up.”

“Ha-ha! What? You want to tie me up? So, you’re a bit of a kinky bitch, are you?”

“I guess you could say that.”

“Oh, but I want to squeeze those fabulous titties of yours.”

“There’ll be plenty of time for that later.”

“But what are you going to tie me up with?”

“I brought some handcuffs with me.”

“Handcuffs? You’ve obviously put quite a bit of thought into this. What if I had said ‘no’?”

Jasmine smiled and leaned in closer so that he could feel her breath against his cheek.

“And what was the likelihood of that after the other day’s shenanigans?”

“The other day? Oh yeah, when that fucking doctor interrupted us.”

“Exactly. I was so worked up – so excited. You had got me so het up and so wet, but then I had to leave here feeling all frustrated.”

“Never mind, baby. We can make up for that now.”

“Indeed we can, so you’ll let me cuff you to the bed, then?”

“Sure, baby. Go ahead.”

Lewis was still feeling a bit out of it, but he was horny and he was unlikely to pass up the opportunity for some sexy fun. He didn’t mind a bit of kink in the bedroom, but usually he was the dominant party, so this would be a new experience for him. He watched as she leaned over him, her tits hanging out of the dress that barely contained her curves. He felt her breasts brush against his leg, but he was unable to touch her, as she had already clipped the handcuffs into place. She didn’t stop there, though, as she also had some cuffs for his ankles.

Jasmine was enjoying watching him lying there powerless, especially because he was getting all excited, imagining all the delightful events that were about to take place. She could see his little cock rising as she moved around him, as he was no doubt thinking of her touching his cock; imagining that she would ride him; that he would be able to climax. He had no idea that she wanted to torture him and that soon he would be begging for mercy. She had made sure to buy some rather heavy-duty cuffs and knew she needed some to keep his legs in place, too, because she couldn't afford to be kicked in the face.

She threw the bed sheet on the floor and pulled down his pyjama bottoms so his cock was fully exposed.

"You can't wait to get your hands on my cock, can you, baby?"

She didn't say anything, but gave him an evil glare. He was oblivious to it, though, as he was more interested in what her hands were doing. She went over to the table by the side and pulled out a pair of latex gloves. She wasn't going to touch his cock with her bare hands if she didn't need to.

"Oh, don't wear gloves, baby. I'm clean, you know. You're making me feel like there's something wrong with my cock."

"I'm not going to touch that disgusting little thing with my hands."

"It's hardly little, baby! I think you'd struggle to take the whole thing in your mouth."

"Well, we're never going to find that out, because I won't be sucking you off."

"But, later on when you let me out, it'll be my turn to take control."

"Who said anything about letting you out?"

"What? You are joking, aren't you?"

She stared at him coldly. Meanwhile, her hands were rubbing up and down his throbbing member, which continued to get harder. Lewis was confused, but he certainly wasn't going to complain about the lovely sensations running through his cock.

“Don’t stop, baby. It feels so good. If you keep going like that, I’m going to cum in a minute.”

Jasmine had no intention of stopping. She wanted him to climax sooner rather than later, so that she could ensure that whatever followed would be torturous. If she inflicted pain on him before an orgasm, he would still be hoping to climax and he would be able to tolerate her nastiness, but once he came, he would know that there would be no end to his suffering. She rubbed her hand up and down his shaft quickly, which wasn’t as easy as it would have been if she was using lubricant. It was still having the desired effect, though, and she noticed his balls starting to quiver.

“Oh baby, I’m about to cum,” he announced.

At this point, she stopped stroking.

“What are you doing? Don’t stop!”

“I’ll do whatever the fuck I want.”

Lewis was feeling a tad anxious. She looked rather angry and was no longer behaving seductively. He was in an extremely vulnerable position. He looked down at the cum which was shooting from his cock and watched it land on his thigh. He didn’t even feel properly relieved and hadn’t experienced the full enjoyment of a proper orgasm. He suddenly became aware that she was playing around with his balls.

“What are you doing?”

Jasmine ignored him and continued to tie the string around his bollocks. She wanted to cut off the blood supply. She wanted them to turn purple and drop off. He deserved to be castrated given the way he had behaved towards her. As she fiddled with his bollocks she wondered what it would be like to penetrate a man anally. There was never going to be a better time than this to find out, so she rammed her forefinger into his arsehole.

“Ow... fuck! What are you doing? Stop that.”

Jasmine didn’t stop, though, and continued to add her other digits into him until she was using three to penetrate him. She wasn’t using lubricant and she could

tell he wasn't enjoying the feeling, which only made her more inclined to continue. He started to scream.

"Stop! Stop! Help me! Help me!"

"Shh!" she demanded.

"Why the fuck should I? Let me out!"

She removed her fingers from his anus and noticed that they were covered in his shit. She felt sick, but not as sick as he did when she shoved them into his mouth.

"Suck!"

He thrashed around on the bed, but was unable to avoid the taste of his own shit as her shit-covered latex gloves filled his mouth. After a few moments she removed her fingers and took off the gloves. She went over to the drawer where the needles were kept and pulled out a syringe and a bottle of clear liquid. She pierced the top and withdrew some of the liquid. She walked over to Lewis and injected the solution into him.

"What is that? What the hell have you injected me with?"

"You'll see."

It didn't take long to feel the effects of the medication she had injected him with. He started to feel numb all over. He couldn't move his arms or his legs. He couldn't even move his jaw, and so he was unable to call for help. All he could do was lie there. She began flicking his tied-up bollocks, but he couldn't feel it. He wouldn't even know his balls were in the process of dying and that soon they would no longer be salvageable unless she removed the string to allow the blood to flow through them once more. Jasmine had no intention of removing the string, though.

Lewis was only one of her intended victims. She still needed to deal with Dr Evans and so she left the ward to pay a visit to his office. She knocked on his door and barged her way in before he had a chance to say anything. She knew he would be there, as she had planned it that way.

“I’m sorry to interrupt, Dr Evans, but there’s an emergency. Lewis Groves has taken a turn for the worse. Could you come quickly?”

“Of course, I’ll be right along.”

Jasmine walked swiftly back towards the ward and awaited the doctor’s arrival. Finally she heard the sound of his footsteps down the corridor. Just as he turned the corner she grabbed him by the hand.

“Come over here, I need to say something.”

“But, what about the patient?”

“I lied to get you here. I needed to see you again.”

“Look, I’ve got things to do. What is all this about?” he asked angrily.

She was standing directly in front of him and began caressing his cock through the fabric of his trousers.

“There’s no need to be angry with me. It’s just that I can’t forget about what happened the other day in your office.”

“Oh really?” he said, smirking, “You want a replay of that, do you?”

“Something like that. All the patients are asleep and there’s an empty bed in the corner. Nobody will disturb us.”

“Are you sure? What if one of the patients wakes up? Perhaps we’d be better off going back to my office.”

“No, I want to do this here.”

She undid a few of the buttons on her uniform, so that her cleavage was fully exposed. His eyes were fixated on her large breasts and the bulge in his boxers grew. He really wanted to fuck her and it appeared as though she was just as eager to fuck him, so he allowed her to pull him towards the empty bed in the corner. Once they were standing by the bed, she drew the curtain around it.

“Take off your clothes,” she instructed.

“I’m not sure I care for your tone of voice. I like to be in charge in these situations,” he said, bending down to kiss her on the neck.

“I know. Don’t worry, you’ll get your chance. It’s just I really want to see your sexy body. Please do it for me.”

“You can’t wait to get a glimpse of my huge cock, can you, you little slapper?”

“That’s right. I just want to get my hands on it. I just want to feel it in my mouth,” she said as she licked her lips.

Dr Evans was extremely excited. He hadn’t realised his actions the other day would have such an effect on Jasmine. He might have taken advantage of his position, but evidently it was just as much of a turn-on for him as it was for her, and the main thing was that no one would find out, including his wife. He removed all of his clothes and placed them on a chair. He stood in front of her and began to squeeze her breasts.

“Lie down on the bed,” she ordered.

“Yes, ma’am!”

Jasmine didn’t smile or laugh. She just folded her arms across her chest and waited for him to comply with her demand. He lied on the bed and began to feel his prick, wanting her to see it in all its glory as it pointed towards the ceiling. He was looking forward to fucking her pussy or her face. He had no particular preference.

“Stop fiddling with yourself and stretch your arms out.”

“Why?” he asked.

“I want to tie you to the bed.”

“What? Why? I don’t think so. Perhaps we shouldn’t do this after all.”

A look of disappointment spread across her face. He did want to fuck her, but she seemed different from before and he wasn’t entirely sure he could trust her.

“Don’t you want to watch me riding your cock, then?”

“Of course I do, but I don’t want to be tied up whilst you do it.”

“Oh, okay.”

It looked as though she would have to use the medication she had used on Lewis to paralyse him. She would prefer for him to be handcuffed when she injected him as insurance, though. If he moved there was always a chance she would miss the vein and that he would be able to overpower her.

“Close your eyes a minute,” she said.

“Why?”

“So that when you open them you’ll be able to see my sexy, naked body.”

“I like the sound of that.”

Dr Evans closed his eyes. Jasmine knew she had to be quick and that she had to be quiet. She pulled out another bottle of the solution and withdrew some liquid through the syringe. She touched his arm and just as he opened his eyes, she jabbed him in his vein, releasing the liquid into his body as she pressed down on the syringe.

“What the hell was that?”

Jasmine ignored him. He tried to get up off the bed, but quickly realised his legs were tingling and that he was losing sensation in every part of his body. He wanted to scream out. He wanted to call for help, but he was completely powerless. She was in control this time.

“So, you really believed I wanted your cock the other day, did you? I can tell you that I didn’t and that now you’re going to suffer for it.”

She went over to the cupboard and pulled out a pair of scissors and a razor out of one of the drawers. His heart started beating faster, as she hovered over his cock with the scissors in her hand. She started snipping away at his pubic hair.

“I choked on quite a few of these pubes the other day, so I think it’s about time you had a trim. Maybe your wife will appreciate it, because you’re married, aren’t you?”

The doctor obviously couldn't say anything. He could only listen to what she had to say.

"I bet she'd be interested to know that you fucked my face the other day, wouldn't she? I'm sure you'll have some explaining to do when you get home."

Jasmine walked back to the cupboard and pulled out a can of shaving foam. She wanted to give him as close a shave as possible. He watched as she squeezed a small ball of foam into the palm of her hand and applied it to his genitals and listened to the scraping sound of the razor against his scrotum. One little slip and she could cause a lot of damage. She could even purposely slit his ball-sack open and let him bleed to death if that's what she wanted.

"I had been thinking of wanking you off before I did what I'm about to do, but I had to alter my plan slightly when you refused to be tied up."

Seemingly from out of nowhere Jasmine produced a strange-looking almost phallic-shaped object that was made from some kind of metal.

"So, there will be no orgasm for you before I place this device on to your cock."

It was a chastity cage. Once she had discovered he was married, she knew an effective way to get to the doctor would be to ensure his wife found out what a bastard he was. It wasn't enough for her to shave his pubic hair off, because he could probably convince his wife he felt like a change or something. No, Jasmine wanted to know for certain that he would be unable to wriggle free from this. Eventually, the medication would wear off and he would be able to walk out of there, but he wouldn't be able to remove the cage. She only wished she could be there to see the panic in his eyes as he realised that and to hear what kind of explanation he would give his wife!

Jasmine slid on the cage without too much difficulty. His cock fit into it rather snugly and she knew that when he started to get the feeling back in his body, he would feel discomfort every time he had an erection. She attached the padlock to the cage and locked it up.

"You see this key? You will need this if you're going to get out of the cage I've just put on you. So, do you want me to leave it on the side?"

The doctor was obviously unable to respond. He blinked rapidly, hoping she

could understand that he was pleading for her to put the key down. She had won. He had already been humiliated, but leaving him locked in a chastity cage would be too much.

“I don’t seem to be getting much of a response from you. I guess you’re not really that bothered. In that case I’ll just have to take it with me when I go.”

Inwardly, Doctor Evans groaned. He started thinking about his colleagues finding him in this situation and how he would explain all of this to his wife.

“And you know, when I go, I don’t intend to come back, so you’re going to have to find a way to break out of this thing,” she said, tapping the cage.

Jasmine laughed. He really did look pathetic lying there, drool running from his mouth; completely naked apart from the cage around his cock. She suddenly heard moaning. It sounded like Lewis. The medication was evidently wearing off, and so it was time for her to leave. She was tempted to peak around the corner to see what kind of state his bollocks were in, but she wanted to get as far away as possible before anyone had a chance to track her down.

Jasmine had come to the conclusion that she didn’t want to work at the hospital anymore, anyway, and so it didn’t really matter if she got the sack. She wasn’t sure she even wanted to be a nurse, either, so why would she need references? She was actually starting to wonder what kind of experience would be required to become a professional dominatrix. She buttoned up her dress.

“B-bye,” she said, “Have fun explaining this to everyone!”

She walked briskly along the corridor towards her new life. She had come to realise that she really was a strong woman and that she didn’t have to take shit from anyone.

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