

## Darlene Takes Her Medicine

Another fine day. I still couldn't believe Patricia's photoshoot! Apparently, Mr. Callaghan had requested I not be assigned his case anymore. Oh well, they come, they go!

For those that are new: I'm a Public Support Worker. Yes, a male PSW. I assist people that need assistance; easy as that. I get my appointments each morning and they can range from basic elderly care and assistance; to daily minor medical care. Hell, I've sat and watched TV while a patient slept and the primary caregiver goes shopping. I've also did housekeeping and one time, I drank coffee and filled out Christmas cards!

So, let's see what's up for today?

Today's first appointment was:

Mrs. Darlene Simpson – 76 James Street – 9am to 1pm.

Note: Mr. Simpson working half-day; safety watch until 1pm.

Excellent! Darlene is one of my favorites. She has some kind of mental incapacity; her body was 58, but her mind wasn't. Mr. Simpson is semi-retired; which means he works whenever somebody calls in sick. He needs somebody to just come and be with her to ensure her safety while he works and also to make sure she takes her medication hourly. I'm the regular PSW for Darlene, however, Mr. Simpson tried to get me taken off this assignment because he wanted a female PSW, but Darlene threw a tantrum with each new worker that showed up. He finally gave in and now I'm the guy! You see, the problem is that Darlene has this habit of walking around the house topless. Her husband has tried to teach her that she can't do that, but she is stubborn; sometimes, she puts on pants and away she goes! Of course, once and a while I just happen to have my camera with me. Hey, you never know when you might see a bird or something. lol

When I got to the house, Mr. Simpson and I exchanged the same old small talk and he left. I went into the kitchen and started the coffee. Darlene come out wearing a tan bra and panty set. Darlene looked good for 58. She was about 5'2; a little overweight, but cute little bcup titties and short blonde hair. "Good morning Darlene!" Well, at least she wasn't topless! She rushed right over and hugged me. "John! John! John! John! John!" She's always so happy to see me; except of course my name isn't John, but she doesn't care. "Are you here today? Are we having cookies? And watch TV?" She looked so excited!

"Sure, but you know the rules. Ted said you have to do your chores each morning before any treats!" Mr. Simpson felt it was important she complete some complex chores each day. "What's our first chore? Do you remember?"

Mr. Simpson always left a list on the counter: 1) Clean the kitchen 2) Water the plants 3) Pick Corn for Supper 4) STAY DRESSED and brush your hair.

She picked up the list and pretended to read it, "Have cookies?" she asked. I smiled, "No, remember" I pulled out my camera, "we start with a picture first! Let's take a picture of, um, your belly button!" She looked down and poked at her belly button while I snapped the picture. What? I have to practice my camera hobby?

"Okay! Chore #2: clean the kitchen!" She giggled and clapping her hands, began to clear the breakfast dishes off the table. I went to my the bathroom to check and see if her medicine was in the locked cabinet; then returned to the kitchen. Ha! Well, that didn't last long! She had her bra off and had wrapped an apron around her middle! I snapped off a couple pictures, then sat down at the table in the dining area to drink my coffee while she cleaned. It always turned me on watching her walk around, humming to herself, her titties bouncing around, the nipples erect. I had gotten braver lately. I reached down below the table and pulled out my hard cock. Slowly stroking it while she moved around. Damn she looked good!

She finished the kitchen and then filled up the watering jug. The sunroom was through sliding doors off the dining area so I didn't have to move. She kept reaching way over, stretching out her breasts. Sometimes, brushing her nipples across the leaves causing them to stick out! I wasn't sure how much more my dick could take when she said she was done. I'm sure she could see what I was doing, but I don't think she realized what I was doing. I put my cock away and went into the sunroom. "It looks nice Darlene! Good job! Smile!" I snapped off another shot.

She got excited when I told her we were going out to the garden. They live in the country and the farmer behind their property grows corn. I grabbed a basket and we headed out to the field. She was singing and skipping as we made our way. Her little boobs bouncing around! As she picked the corn, topless with her see through tan panties on, I couldn't take it. As she filled the basket I started rubbing my cock through my pants. She seen me, laughed and pointed "Sore John?"

"Yes, Darlene, I'm sore, rubbing it better!" She laughed again and continued picking corn.

She filled the basket and we headed back inside. I told her she had to brush her hair now. She headed into the bedroom, for what I knew was a wardrobe change. It was almost time for her medicine so I got everything out of the locked cabinet. She came in wearing heels and red lace panties and that's it. Sigh, I do love my job.

I went out into the kitchen and got her medicine all ready. She took a pill each hour. The pill was a little acidic and irritated her mouth and throat; so she also took 20ml of a liquid throat losenge. She always spent so long brushing her hair. I went in to see how she was doing. She was still brushing. With her hands in the air her tits were stretched up; her nipples poking straight out. My cock reacted and who am I to tell him no? I started to rub it again through my pants, Darlene smiled at me and kept brushing. I snapped off a couple more pictures; which, I must say is tough to do one-handed! She was brushing the back vigorously making her tits bounce around some more! This was getting to be too much for me! Damn, I wanted to suck those nipples! I started to rub faster and Darlene noticed, "Still sore?" Before I could react she reached over and rubbed my cock a couple times, then continued brushing her hair! Well! I fucking near exploded right there! We had never touched like that before; innocent hugs only!

"Um, I'll be right back..." I mumbled as I rushed out of the bathroom. I couldn't take it! My head was pounding! I could feel my cock throbbing, stretching out the front of my pants! With one hand braced on the kitchen counter, I pulled out my cock and started to stroke it! Just thinking of those titties and those little succulent nipples! OH NO! I could feel the pressure building! I was about to CUM and a quick scan of the counter showed no towel or dishcloth or anything! I was going to blow all over the floor and cabinets! In desperation I grabbed the empty medicine cup and emptied my balls into it; my cock jerking and pumping my white juices into the cup!

I heard the drawer in the bathroom close! Darlene was done and coming down the hallway to the kitchen! I put the medicine cup down and turned away, pretending to look out the window, while I put my now softening cock back into my pants. "All done chores? Cookies and TV time?" You could hear the smile in Darlene's voice! It was her favorite time and all I wanted to do was sit down before I fell down!

I turned around and she was standing at the counter. "Oh! Medicine time! Medicine time! Medicine time!" She reached out and took the pill, sticking it in her mouth and swallowing. Then she reached for the medicine cup! "Uuh..uh..mm." I stammered and my hand raised a little! I was in a panic; I didn't know what to say! She lifted the cup up and in one movement; poured my warm load into her mouth. She looked at me and started to swish it around; through her teeth, around her gums, under her tongue. The whole while, raising the fingers on her hand until she got to five then tilted her head back and opened her mouth. I could imagine my creamy load slowly running down her throat, coating it with my cum! Once her fingers had counted off again, she lowered her head, looked at me and swallowed the rest. "Warm this time! I like it better! Cookies now?? Please? Please? Please?"

I gave her some cookies and she went off into the living room to watch TV. The rest of the morning passed in disbelief of what had happened! By the time Mr. Simpson had returned I had managed to get her into a t-shirt and shorts. "Well, how was she? Did she get her chores done today?" he asked me, "And did she get her medicine?"

I couldn't help but smile wide, "Yes Sir! She certainly did!"