

## **Trials of a gym owner.**

*Exhib, MFF, hum.*

*The young owner of a small gym finds his female clientele a bit overpowering, then the narrator reminisces about his experiences with nurses when he was a lad many years ago.*

When Mike's father died suddenly he inherited a minor property portfolio, amongst which was a small gym. This was practically defunct, and when Mike talked to the manager he made it clear that he would like to get out of the business, and that he had only kept it running to please Mike's dad. Now Mike, who was about thirty at this time, had spent some time in the Army as a Physical Training instructor, and had only resigned to sort out his father's affairs. He therefore decided that he would take over the running of the gym and see if he could make a go of it.

The gym was sited in a small town, and Mike did some market research to try and establish what he could do to attract more business. The first complaint was that the place was too dull, and the equipment was shabby. He closed it down for a fortnight and spent sixteen hours a day redecorating the building and overhauling the equipment. He put the word around the local sports clubs, and, with the help of some introductory offers, the clientele enlarged usefully, enough to at least make the place break even.

Mike had been married a couple of years, and he got Susan to visit the local ladies organisations, and she came back with the suggestion that fitness training classes would be popular, so he put an advert in the local press, and was pleasantly surprised at the response, and he started weekly classes. These were basic exercise routines, designed to lose weight and firm up the general musculation, involving bending and stretching, sit-ups, etcetera.

Although a couple of men appeared, they were soon scared of being in a tiny minority in a crowd of women, and so it became an all girl affair – plus Mike, of course. The majority of the women were in the thirties and forties, mostly married, and who had let their bodies get a bit out of shape, often after having a family, and they came to the classes to try and regain some of their youthful figures and lose the love handles that had appeared while they weren't paying attention.

When it started, the women all dressed in a quite conservative way. Some had bought lycra shorts and so on, but they were mostly dressed in tracksuits, and when they warmed up and took the tops off, they would still be wearing something like tee shirts over sports bras. Some even wore knitted pullovers and jeans, so, all in all, they weren't a particularly alluring bunch, and not much make up and a bit of sweat didn't add anything. However, after a few weeks, things began to change.

Mike was an attractive young man and some of his ladies began to try and lead him on a bit. Most of them used to meet for coffee or a drink after the sessions, and they decided that a bit of teasing wouldn't come amiss. As a result, some of the ladies began to wear rather more revealing gear, and Mike became aware of a more feminine atmosphere. Nothing too exciting to start with, but tee shirts became a bit tighter, shorts shorter and so on. As the feminine charms came more into view, so Mike moved in the opposite direction, and he was finding it necessary to wear loose track suit trousers to conceal the fact that he was getting a bit aroused at times, and he didn't want it to show. He even took to going into the toilet for a quick wank to ease the pressure a bit.

Christmas was approaching, and the last session of the course was to take place on Christmas Eve. As the ladies arrived there was a lot of giggling and chattering going on, and Mike became a little suspicious. When they started to emerge from the changing room his fears were fully justified, and he watched with some horror as they paraded past him. The range of clothing varied from the suggestive to the extremely revealing. The tee shirts and sports tops were either very tight or very loose, and, while normally most of the girls wore either tights or tracksuit bottoms, tonight they were all wearing shorts, and these were also either very tight or very loose, and he could already imagine just what effect these clothes would have when the exercises started.

He followed into the gym and took a good look at the horror before him. Everywhere he turned he was faced by visions of uncontrolled boobs, big ones, little ones, bouncy ones, saggy ones. None of the girls was wearing a bra, and, when they started exercising, that fact became even more obvious, as the friction woke up their nipples, which were soon pushing out through the flimsy material. When they progressed to floor exercises, things got even worse. The tight shorts got pulled up into the arse cracks when they bent over, and into the vulva grooves when they were on their backs. The loose shorts were even worse, and he was presented with views varying from quick glimpses to downright full views of pussies, some shaved, some hairy, but all enticing.

Mike soon had a raging hard, and his loose tracksuit bottoms didn't cover the fact, despite him taking up a semi-stooped posture. The girls were all quite aware of the effect that they were having on him, and did their best to make things even worse. Breasts popped out from over and below tee shirts, and a couple of girls who were wearing tight shorts were displaying wet patches at their crutches, showing that they were really entering into the spirit of things.

At last the session was finished, and the crowning glory was when all the girls rushed up to wish him a happy Christmas, giving him sexy open mouthed kisses and rubbing their boobs against him. Finally, after turning down all the offers of further entertainment that was made to him, he was able to get rid of his tormentors and close up the gym. He leaped into his car and drove home at highly illegal speeds, all the time sporting a monster erection.

When he got home it was now fairly late, and the house was in darkness except for the light in the hall and a dim glow from their bedroom. He rushed in, closed the door, and galloped up the stairs, panting with lust and ripping his clothes off as he went.

Now, gentlemen, take my advice, **don't try this at home**. It may work in bodice ripping novels or porn stories, but, believe me, it's not a wise course of action, and fraught with the risk that all you'll be lusting after is the nurse in Accident and Emergency at your local hospital.

Not that nurses are what they used to be. I mean, have you seen them? The way they dress with white coats and trousers it's a job to know whether they are nurses or decorators, no hats, hair all over the place and wearing plastic aprons as though they're just going to do the washing up. Instead of learning their trade on the wards being taught by sisters they spend three years in university and know everything about medical machinery and bugger all about human beings, in other words, patients. Sorry, some of them are OK, but really.....

My mate was in hospital recently and he was due to have an enema. I n marched this figure in white overalls carrying a bucket and a collection of brushes, flexible wire probes and various other bits.

“Christ, you aren’t going to give me an enema with that lot, are you?”

“No worry, I’m not a nurse, I’m from Dynarod to fix the blocked basin waste.”

“Oh well, you might as well do it, you’d probably make a better job than the last nurse. She trolled in, all hair and finger nails, never seen a patient before, I shouldn’t think. She said ‘I’ve never done one of these before, sister says you’ll tell me what to do’. So I told her, and she screamed and ran off to find her union rep and the last I heard she was having counselling for damage to her sensitive little mind.”

Now, when I was young nurses were real nurses. They didn’t only spend time actually nursing instead of machine minding, they also dressed properly. Tidy hair was neatly contained in a cap, plain for the juniors, more and more ornate for the seniors and sisters. They wore dresses coloured according to their status, and always a starched white apron, pinned to the dress. And then, the piece de resistance – the stockings. Usually black stockings, worn with low-heeled lace up shoes of a matching colour, and real stockings with seams, not tights, that invention of the devil. In those days, stockings had to be held up, so suspenders were needed, attached to belts or roll-ons, elasticated to hold in the more mature tummy.

Of course, as the dresses weren’t too long, when the nurses were leaning over the bed to attend to a patient there was always the chance that the skirt would ride up, giving a tantalising glimpse of stocking tops and perhaps a flash of naked thigh or even a suspicion of knicker leg. The plumper the nurse, the better the chance of a good view, and many a man has been released from hospital early as a result of the psychological uplift from these happy events. Mind you, some left feet first, but at least they went with happy smiles on their faces.

And, if you were lucky, some of the girls had a very broad interpretation of what comprised nursing attention. When I was in my early twenties, I had a motorcycle accident, which left me in hospital with one leg in plaster, and one arm immobilised in a suspended position. In those days treatments were rather slower than now, and after a couple of weeks I was getting very fed up and rather frustrated. I’d see the pretty nurses and catch the odd glimpse of stocking top, which only made things worse. Then, for a reason which was never clear, I was moved to a private ward where I was on my own, and even more miserable.

One night, as I tried to get to sleep, a student nurse called Pam came in to check my pulse and temperature. She was a most attractive girl, only nineteen, nicely rounded in all the right places, and very new to the job. Normally she would not have been working on her own, but there had been a flu epidemic and a lot of nurses were off sick, so sister had told her to do her best at general nursing, though not to give any drugs or do anything at all technical. She was very chatty and tried to cheer me up. Then she came up with a suggestion.

‘As you’re wide awake and a bit hot, would it be OK if I gave you a good wash now, instead of in the morning before I go off duty? I know it will be a panic in the morning, while it’s pretty quiet just now.’

I told her that I’d be quite happy with that idea, and she duly pulled back the bedclothes and got a bowl of hot water and a flannel and soap and started by washing my face and neck. In view of the immobilisation of my arm and leg I wasn’t wearing any pyjamas, just a hospital gown that fastened at the back, though for convenience it was just draped over me, so when she pulled it away to get at my chest I was left naked. Pam carefully washed my chest and arm, leaning over me to get at as much of my back as she could reach, and I could feel the pleasant pressure

of her breasts as she leant against me. She then began washing my stomach, and as she progressed a little lower I could feel the blood starting to swell my floppy penis.

When she reached the top of my thighs she bypassed the interesting bits and proceeded to wash the one available leg and foot. When she had finished that, she said 'Do you want to...to finish off yourself or shall I do it?'

I wasn't about to miss this opportunity. On the previous occasions when I had been washed there had always been two older nurses doing it and, although they had washed my private parts, it had been done so briskly that I certainly hadn't been in any way aroused, but I thought that this might be a bit different.

'Well, the others nurses always wash all of me, so I suppose you had better do it.'

'All right, but I better warn you that I've never washed a man down there before, so you'll have to tell me if I'm doing it right.'

'You'll be OK, just remember to do it gently and take your time over it. It's a rather sensitive area.'

'I'll do my best. Here we go.'

She soaped the flannel and began to delicately wash my pubic region. She cautiously approached the base of my penis, then took hold of me, rather roughly.

'Steady there. Perhaps you'd find it easier if you just soaped your hand and used that instead of the flannel.'

'Oh, all right'

She did as I had suggested, and this time the feel of her hand was very different from the rough flannel, and, needless to say, my cock started to grow as she held me. She let go and looked a bit startled.

'What have I done? Is it supposed to do that?'

'You really are innocent, aren't you? It's growing because your hand feels so good and it's getting me a bit excited.'

'You knew that would happen, didn't you? That's why you told me to use my hand instead of the flannel. And now I'm all embarrassed, you rotten bugger.'

'Sorry Pam. But it did feel good. Why don't you have another go and learn a bit more about male anatomy.'

'As you're a bit tied up I suppose I'm safe, so I might as well play with you for a bit.'

My cock had subsided while we were talking, but as soon as she took hold it started to grow again. This time she didn't let go, but just held me, and very soon I was good and hard. She gently stroked me, and then she noticed that my foreskin was pulling back a bit, showing the tip of my glans.

'Can I pull this right back?'

'Try and see.'

She gently drew my foreskin back, uncovering my glistening glans, and a drip of milky pre-cum. She stroked the shiny surface with her soapy hand, and I felt my cock swell till it was rock hard. Her eyes were big as she looked at it and felt the throbbing of my engorged member.

Just at that moment the door opened and in walked none other than the Matron.

'What on earth do you think you are doing, Nurse Wilson?'

Pam had dropped my cock as though it was on fire – which it was, nearly – and she managed to stutter that she was giving me a wash.

'If a male patient has an erection like that – well, like that was when I came in – it is a sure sign that he is getting something a lot more interesting than just a wash. In other words, you were playing with him. You are a disgrace to nursing. Your training has obviously not taught you one of the first principles of the nurse patient relationship. Now, what should you do when a male patient appears to be in need of sexual stimulation?'

'Tell him not to be disgusting?'

'You certainly do not. What do you think that does for a patient's morale? No, what you do is this.'

She walked across the room, took the visitors' chair and jammed the back under the doorknob, then she came back to my bedside.

'Now, how skilled are you at masturbating a man?'

'I've never touched a man's penis before, not even when I've been with another nurse. I've only sort of watched, and I never saw one get big like this one did. And I'm not at all sure how to masturbate a man at all.'

'Oh well, it's time you learnt. Right, first of all you need to get him excited, so caress him round his belly and thighs, then gradually get round to touching his penis, or you can cup his scrotum in your hand. Go on, have a go.'

Pam very timidly did as she was told, but her nervousness came across to me, and my penis stayed limp, even when she took hold of it and squeezed it gently.

'You're clueless, girl. Here, let me show you. First of all, I should have told you to stand in the right place. Like this, so that your bottom is alongside his hand, in case he wants to return the compliment a bit.'

She stood alongside me, facing towards the bottom of the bed and took hold of my penis, and this time it started to grow firm. She began to slide the foreskin back and forth, a little further each time till it was exposing and then covering my shiny glans.

'This is the way to do it, and, as he gets a bit more excited – you can tell because his breathing starts to get a bit ragged – you go a bit faster, and, sooner or later - sooner this time, I think - you'll feel his penis throb as his seminal fluid starts to rush up his penis. If you want to delay things a bit, just stop and apply a bit of pressure underneath – see, where my finger is – and that will stop him coming. Then you can start again when he's relaxed a bit. You can make things even better for him by holding his scrotum, and most men like their perineum caressed, and you can even slide your finger up to his anus, and press on it till it opens and lets you in.'

'Ugh, I wouldn't want to stick my finger up his bum. That sounds disgusting.'

'One day a man may want to do it to you, and you'll find it can be great fun, and it's not too unpleasant having a penis up there, as long as it's been well lubricated. You've got a lot to learn.'

While this was going on, I had wondered what she had meant by "in case he wants to return the compliment a bit"? She didn't intend me to grope her, did she? Now, although she must have been nearly fifty at the time, she was still an attractive woman once you got past the aura of the uniform, and she had a good figure, well rounded without being fat. As her hand started to move gently on my now fully tumescent tool, I cautiously place my hand on her bottom. As she didn't immediately push me away, I became a little bolder and increased the pressure so that she would have no doubt what I was doing, and began to caress and squeeze her firm buttock. After a bit, I threw caution to the winds and slid my hand down her thigh till I reached the bottom of her skirt, till I felt the slippery surface of her stocking. Then I pushed my fingers forward so that I was stroking the inside of her knee. Again, no negative reaction, so I began to move slowly upwards, and I felt the swelling of her upper thigh. On I went, and felt the sudden change from firm stocking to warm, soft flesh.

My hand had been on the outside of her thigh, but now I moved and twisted my wrist so that my fingers were probing between her thighs. Surely she will stop me now, I thought, but no, she stayed still and said nothing, while her hand was sliding my foreskin back and forth with some vigour. I slid my fingers forward and upward, and I felt her legs part slightly to make it easier for me. Soon I felt the edge of her knickers, made of some silky material, and, as my fingers rose, suddenly I had reached the junction of her thighs and I felt a sudden heat as I probed the shape of her outer pussy lips. It wasn't the first time I had had my hand up a woman's skirt, but I wasn't too familiar with the geography. I slid my fingers to and fro and felt that I was starting to part her lips and enter the slit between. I was aware that her flesh was much warmer, and realised that her knickers gusset was distinctly damp. I was just thinking about trying to get inside her knicker leg, but I got rather distracted by the fact that she had upped the speed of massage of my penis and I felt the onset of my orgasm. She knew just what was happening to me, and, as the hot fluid rushed up from my balls into my shaft she pulled my foreskin right back and held it there as I spurted high into the air, landing on her arm and hand.

She moved away from me, and I dropped my hand to let her skirt swing free. I looked at Pam, and her eyes were wide as saucers. She obviously had never seen a man cum before, and she said as much to Matron.

'I never realised that they squirted like that.'

'Well, you have learned something tonight, then. Here, try a taste of seminal fluid – go on, you can't get pregnant this way.'

Pam wasn't too sure about this, but Matron was God in the hospital, so she cautiously licked a little from her arm. Her nose wrinkled a little, then she smiled.

'It wouldn't sell a lot in a bar, but it doesn't taste too bad.'

'Well, one day you might like to get a taste direct from the source, if you see what I mean. Oh, don't look so dozy – you've heard of a blow job, haven't you?'

'I've heard of it, but I never liked to ask what it was. Do you mean masturbating a man with my mouth?'

'Clever girl, at last the light has dawned. Anyway, this isn't getting the work done, tidy him up and leave him in peace. He looks as though several birthdays have come together, so he should sleep well.'

She leaned over and gave me a quick kiss, and whispered in my ear 'See you tomorrow, you dirty little bugger.' After she had gone, Pam started to tidy up the bed and the room. She obviously wanted to talk about what had happened, but couldn't bring herself to start the conversation, so I spoke instead, though to be truthful I was a bit shell shocked by the recent events.

'Game old girl, isn't she.'

'I can't believe what she did. I didn't imagine that she..she masturbated you, did I. And what was going on behind her back, what were you doing.'

No you didn't imagine it. She wanked me good and proper, and, while she was doing it I had my hand up her skirt groping her...her private parts, though I came before I had got really far.'

Then I remembered the wet feeling as I had fingered her vulva, and I smelt my hand. I was distinctly aromatic, so I held it out to Pam.

'Smell this, that's what your boss smells like.'

She sniffed at my hand.

'That's a bit like I smell down there. I just can't believe she let you do that. Talk about surprises. Please don't say anything to the other nurses, will you, or it will be all round the hospital in no time. Although, come to think of it, it doesn't matter if you do. No one would believe you, they'd just think you were being disgusting. Anyway, I've got to go. I'll look in on you when I go off duty, but I won't wake you if you're asleep, but I'll be back tomorrow night. Goodness knows what might happen, she might come back and give me some more instruction.'

She gave me a quick kiss, then went, and I went to sleep and dreamed of getting my hand up her leg.

The next evening I lay in bed in hopeful anticipation, but when the nurse arrived it was a middle-aged staff nurse. When I asked her what had happened to Pam, she replied, rather sniffily, that Matron had altered the shifts and she had had to change her day off with Pam. Obviously, this hadn't pleased her at all. It didn't please me too much, as when she washed me she gave me the flannel to wash my private parts myself, though I'm not sure I'd have got much of a thrill if she had done it.

Anyway, next evening, sure enough Pam breezed in, and took my blood pressure (which I'm sure had gone up at the sight of her) and temperature.

'Sorry I didn't show up last night. Matron decided to swap my day off, I've no idea why. I've got some other patients to deal with, but would you like me to come back later and practise some of the skills Matron taught me?'

The look on my face was enough to answer her, and she giggled and went out. A few minutes later the door opened, and in walked Matron.

'Nurse Wilson not here?'

'No, she's been but said she'd be back in a few minutes. Just out of curiosity, why did you swap her day off?'

'It's none of your business, but it was because I had to go to a dinner last night so I couldn't come myself, and I'm not sure she's really experienced enough to do advanced patient care yet, not the sort that you need. So I decided to swap her days so that I could come and instruct her further. I trust you don't object?'

'Far from it. I'm honoured to get personal attention from such an august body – and a very nice body too, if you don't mind my saying.'

'Cheeky! I do try to keep myself in trim – after all, you never know when some cheeky patient is going to stick a hand up your skirt, and you wouldn't want it to be too uninviting, would you?'

Just then the door opened and in came Pam.

'Good evening Nurse. I've come to see if you wish to continue your instruction in advanced patient personal care – very personal.'

'Anything you say, Matron. I'm very keen to learn.'

'Good. I've instructed Sister that I shall be with you and this patient for some time, and that we are not to be disturbed. Nevertheless, precautions should be taken. What should you do first?'

Pam didn't reply, but crossed the room and jammed the chair under the door handle.

'Well done, at least you learnt something. Now, let's get the patient ready for treatment. First thing is to give him a kiss, so that he realises something interesting might be about to happen. Go on, do it'

'Pam leaned over and gave me a quick peck on the lips, then drew back.'

'Good God, is that the best you can do? I said kiss him, not give him a peck like his old auntie. Like this.'

She leaned over and her mouth landed softly on mine. Her lips were slightly parted, and as she kissed me I felt her tongue flick across my lips. I quickly grabbed the back of her neck and pulled her closer, and now her tongue thrust deep into my mouth. I returned the pleasure, tasting a slightly minty flavour, where I guessed she had cleaned her teeth recently. Our tongues had a quick battle, then she pulled away, and pushed Pam back into action. This time she wasted no time in trying to emulate Matron's efforts. It was fascinating to compare the two women; Matron's mouth was wide with full lips, where Pam's was smaller and her lips thinner. Both were equally delightful, and when I pushed my tongue gently into Pam's warm mouth, she responded by flicking her tongue in return. Then she withdrew, and looked at Matron for the next instruction.

She pulled back the bedclothes, then pulled up my gown, leaving me naked from the waist down. As a result of the kissing activities, my penis had stirred slightly, though it was nowhere near erect. Matron surveyed my equipment, then turned to Pam.

'Now, Nurse, we were talking about blow jobs the other night, and you sounded as though you didn't want to defile your pretty little mouth. I think it would be good for the patient's morale if you debased yourself a little and give him a treat.'



'You're not serious, Matron, are you? Decent people don't really do things like that, do they? And anyway I don't know how to.'

'Well, on those terms it looks as though you're going to become an indecent person by the time we've finished here, but I suppose I'll have to give you a demonstration first. Now, first I'll get into the adjacent position to allow the patient maximum participation.'

She moved round so that she was standing alongside me with her back towards me. She bent over and took hold of my flaccid penis, opened her lips and fed it directly into her mouth. I heard Pam gasp, and I had a bit of a gasp myself as my cock was engulfed in her warm, wet orifice, and instantly began to grow. She held me there, sucking gently on my member, and when she felt that it was fully engorged she raised her head and released me.

'Now, Nurse, pay attention carefully. First thing to remember is to keep your teeth well away from his penis, unless you want to scar him for life. Just close your lips round his shaft and push his foreskin back gently – like this.'

Her lips enclosed me and as she pushed back I felt my glans emerge into her soft mouth. She withdrew again, and showed Pam the state I was in.

'See how it goes. Now your tongue starts working on him, like this.'

Her long, soft tongue appeared and she licked up and down the full length of my shaft, then began to flick across my shiny helmet. Then she pushed me deep into her mouth and began licking me, swirling and sucking and driving me crazy, but she quickly released me again.

'Now the tricky bit is to try and get his entire penis into your mouth. The problem is that he is longer than your mouth is deep, so it means you'll have to get him part way down your throat, and, as you well know, if something is pushed down someone's throat, there is a gag reaction to stop you choking. However, with practice, it can be overcome, but you have to work on it, and don't expect success the first time. This is how it goes if you get it right.'

With that she lowered her head and started feeding my cock deep into her mouth. I couldn't believe what she was doing, as I felt myself going deeper and deeper and felt the constriction as my glans entered her throat, until I could feel my pubis hard against her lips. Then she began to move slowly up and down, and the sensation was amazing, like nothing that had ever happened to me before. It was my first blow job, and, believe me, she was a real expert, and I don't think any other woman ever took me in the way that she did. As I was starting to get really wound up, she released me again.

'So you see what can be done. The big decision to make now is whether to let him come in your mouth. If you keep hold of the base of his penis you will feel the pulsing and get a good idea when he is going to squirt. Personally, I like the taste, so I hang on there, and swallow as he comes, but you'll find out whether you like it or not. It's a bit of a surprise how much some men can produce, so make sure you don't choke.'

While this demonstration was going on, I had let my hand wander over her luscious arse and up under her skirt. I slid happily over her slippery nylons and onto the warm soft flesh above. My fingers were pushed between her thighs, which she had thoughtfully parted, and caressed my way upwards till I reached her knickers gusset – except, there wasn't one. She had left her knickers off, and my first point of contact was with the furry lips of her vulva. I stroked to and fro and soon felt her outer lips

parting and my fingers began to explore the damp inner lips. A little probing and I found my way into her hot, wet vagina, and I pushed my middle finger deep into the slippery tunnel. I didn't get far before she released my penis from her mouth and gently pushed on my wrist so that I had to withdraw from her sex.

She moved away from me and made Pam take her place. She was obviously very nervous, but she stood beside me and bent over my throbbing penis. She very cautiously started by licking the tip, which was wet from pre cum and from Matron's saliva. She decided that it wasn't too revolting, and she started to lick up and down the length of my shaft, not very expertly but it felt pretty good. Then she put her lips over the end and very slowly pushed my foreskin back, and I felt her tongue lapping over my exposed glans. She pulled back, and held me in her hand.

'See how far you can get it in – you saw me swallow it all, now you try.'

Pam leant forward again and slowly moved her head down. She managed quite a lot, but when the tip reached the back of her throat, she began to gag, and had to pull her head away.

'I'll try again, but I don't think I can manage it all.'

Once more, her curly head descended as she tried to take in the full length, and this time she got it a bit further, and I felt the glans begin to enter the tight channel of her throat, but she didn't get far before she had to give up, and pull back. This time she didn't take me right out, but began to move her head back and forth, her lovely lips sliding up and down my cock, and her tongue playing tunes on the tip. As I had already enjoyed Matron's ministrations, I was well aroused and I could feel the pressure building, telling me I was ready to come.

'I'm going to do it – you'd better pull off.'

She didn't stop her movement, if anything she went faster, and very soon I felt the rush of fluid from my balls and up my shaft, and next thing it was squirting into her mouth. She was obviously unprepared for the sudden rush of slippery seminal fluid in her mouth, and she gave a great gulp and swallowed some of it, then released me as she had a coughing fit, and the rest of my donation was oozing out from her parted lips. Finally she could speak again.

'I wasn't quite expecting that much. It tastes all right, though, and next time I'll be ready for it. That's assuming that you'd like a next time.'

I was just going to answer when Matron interrupted.

'You can see he would – look at his daft silly grin. Give a man a good blowjob and you've got him hooked. The only problem is that he'll then want something more.'

'Oh, I don't think I'm ready to go any further.'

'Don't talk so wet. Half an hour ago you wouldn't have considered doing a blowjob, now you're offering a repeat performance. You aren't still a virgin, are you?'

Pam looked at her defiantly.

'Yes I am, and actually doing it is a lot different. I'm saving myself for my wedding night.'

'Good God, I bet you're the only 20 year old virgin in the Nurses' Home – or in the parish, come to that. Well, I've got to go. I may pass by tomorrow night, and see if I can advance your education a little!'

With that, she left. Pam moved round to stand beside me.

'Do you think I'm silly still being a virgin? It's not that I don't fancy the idea, it's just the way I've been brought up. Mind you, I wasn't brought up to give strange men blow jobs, I somehow don't think my Mummy would like it.'

'To quote the old joke, Mummy isn't going to get it. Anyway, you've made me very happy. Just stand a little nearer, please.'

She moved close beside the bed, and I dropped my hand to fall on her lovely rounded arse. I fondled it gently, giving a squeeze to first one buttock, then the other, then I slid down slowly to the hem of her skirt and found her firm leg just behind her knee. Then I started a cautious move upwards, sliding over her nylon-clad thigh till I found the warm, resilient flesh of her thigh. Slowly I caressed my way upwards till I felt the start of the curve of her buttock, and I realised that she wasn't wearing any knickers.

'You're a naughty girl, aren't you!'

'If Matron doesn't wear knickers, why should I? You won't take advantage, will you. In any case, I can't stay long'

'Just a bit – tell me when to stop.'

My hand was fondling and squeezing the firm globes of her arse, and felt absolutely great. I slid my finger into the crease and moved gently up and down the arse crack. I wondered about investigating the wonders of her little puckered entry, but thought that might be a bit too much for her, so pushed my fingers between her thighs and pressed upwards. Her legs were tightly together, so I just came to the soft hair on her outer lips and rubbed my finger along the junction and felt it start to penetrate the separation. I realised that she would let me carry on if I pushed her, but decided that it might be good politics to take my time, so I pulled my hand away.

'Oh, isn't my pussy good enough for you to grope? Doesn't it feel as nice as Matron's?'

'Silly girl, it's just that I don't want to go too far when I know you'll have to rush off and do some work. But I wouldn't mind a kiss before you go.'

She moved away from me, tidied up my bed, then leant over and gave me a long wet kiss, her tongue diving into my mouth and her lips locked against mine. She released me, and delved into her pocket and produced a pair of knickers. She stepped into them and pulled them up, lifting her skirt so that I caught a quick glimpse of her bare thighs and a triangle of fair hair. Then she told me that she would be off duty the next night, gave me a quick goodbye, and left me. I lay there for some time, going over in my mind the incredible events, savouring the feel of two mouths on my penis, and again sensing the feel of two delightfully rounded arses against my hand. I felt I needed to pinch myself to make it feel true, then I lifted my hand to my nose and smelt the aroma of a mature, sexy pussy on my fingers, and went to sleep happily savouring the scent.

The next night passed uneventfully, though the night Sister did pop her head in to ensure that I was OK, and made a remark about how Matron seemed to think that I was a special patient, and wasn't I lucky.

The night after that, Pam was back on duty. She came into my room and gave me a quick kiss, while I gave her arse a quick grope. She had just finished taking my temperature and blood pressure – that was a waste of time, as both were about to mount a bit – when Matron came in, dressed in her own clothes, not her usual uniform. She jammed the chair under the door handle, so I guessed she was preparing for action.

'Now, Nurse, are you ready for the next lesson in advanced patient care. This will require considerable personal involvement on your part. I trust you've thought carefully about what I said last time, and I hope you're ready to make the greatest sacrifice a nurse can make for a patient, while having no end of fun at the same time.'

'Oh Matron, I'm not sure I can go quite that far. I'd like to, but I did want to keep a bit back for now.'

'Well, I'll just have to demonstrate the technique for you, and see if that makes you change your mind. I presume you're willing to participate in this educative process?'

This last remark was addressed to me, and I just nodded dumbly. I couldn't believe that she was going to shag me, and in front of one of her nurses, but I was more than willing to find out. I wasn't a virgin, but I hadn't had much experience of the two backed beast, so this could be a whole new event in my life.

'Right, Nurse, prepare the patient. He needs to be thoroughly aroused for this event. Do what you did last time to get him started.'

Pam moved round to stand beside me and started by giving me a long kiss, her tongue playing tunes in my mouth and her luscious lips nibbling at mine. Then she slowly drew the bedclothes down and pulled up the hospital gown, exposing my family jewels to her interested gaze. My cock was already stirring from her kisses, and, when her hand closed around it, it began to grow. She bent over me, and slowly slid her lips over me, enclosing me inside her warm, wet mouth. Her tongue was swirling over the end, and she slowly moved her head up and down. While she was doing this, I had slipped my hand up her skirt, and was happy to find that, once more, she was not wearing any knickers. My hand cupped the furry pubis, and my finger slid down till it began to enter her slit, and I felt the bulge of the hood over her clitoris. I started to probe under the hood, when she lifted her head and moved away from my side.

Matron had decided that the arousal process was sufficiently activated, and that my penis was ready for action.

'Right, Nurse, he's ready, so I'll demonstrate. First thing is to get rid of excessive clothing, which only gets in the way.'

She was wearing a dress that was zipped down the front, and she slid the zip down and let the material swing away. She put her arms back and gave a quick wriggle and, to Pam and my surprise she was naked except for stockings and a suspender belt. Her body was in excellent shape, especially considering that she was, as I found out later, well past fifty. Her breasts weren't particularly big, and, as a result they hadn't sagged and were still firm, with big dark brown nipples. Her hips were rounded, as was her belly, and her legs were very shapely. Her pubic triangle was

dense and nearly black, with a few grey hairs intruding, and I could just see her pussy lips through the hair. All in all, still a very attractive woman.

'Now, as the patient is fairly well immobilised, there's not a lot that he can do to contribute to the proceedings, so it's a question of when a man's useless – which is most times – the woman has to do all the work.'

With that she climbed up onto the bed and straddled me. With her legs spread wide I could see that her outer lips were well separated and her pussy lips were protruding slightly. She lowered herself so that her lips were rubbing against my penis and she slowly moved back and forth so that the lips parted and I was sliding in the groove, then pressing against her clitoris, which I could see peeping out from under its hood. She looked down at me, and gave me a great smile, as she lifted herself and moved so that my cockhead was just entered into her vagina. She lowered herself very slowly, and I felt my cock being engulfed, at the same time as I could see pussy lips open wide as the full length of my member slowly disappeared into the hot, slippery grasp of her welcoming channel.

'You see, Nurse, now he's trapped, and you can do what you like with him, and he'll probably like it too. Trouble is, he can't do much to help, so perhaps you'll be good enough to come a bit closer.'

Pam moved close to her and, to her surprise, Matron put her hand behind the pretty young head and drew her down so that her mouth was close to her nipples. Pam guessed what was required of her, and cautiously stuck out her tongue and licked a nipple. Matron made a little squeak of pleasure, and Pam realised she was doing the right thing and took the nipple between her lips and began to suckle.

'Oh yes, girl, that's good. Now give me your hand....that's it, now put your finger here...and give me a good rub.'

So there was Pam, sucking at her boss's breast and playing with her clitoris. As Pam touched her, I felt her vaginal muscles clamp down on my cock, and I knew I wasn't going to last too long. She must have guessed that, and began to move slowly up and down. She was moaning with pleasure, and, although she was only making short movements, the effect of the internal caressing that I was getting from her hot grasp soon brought me to the edge of an explosion. She pushed Pam away, and just sat down hard on me and locked me in her throbbing vagina. There was a look of total bliss on her face and she let out a long moan as I jetted my load deep into her. I could see and feel her whole body clenched and rigid. Gradually she relaxed, and, at last, after what seemed an age she lifted herself and let my now limp member slide out of her canal.

Matron came back to ground from whichever heaven she had been in, and she slowly lifted herself from me. Her stretched vagina was oozing my juice, and she grabbed a tissue and wiped herself, then she lifted her leg over my body and climbed down from the bed. She picked up her dress and slipped it back on.

'There now, that was fun, wasn't it? Wouldn't you like to try? And, by the way, was that the first time you'd touched another woman? You were a bit clumsy, but, with practice, you could be good at it.'

Pam was nearly in tears.

'No, I haven't touched a woman before, and I can't think what made me do it now. And, yes, I enjoyed it and I hate you. And, yes, I want to do it but I'm scared and I didn't want to do it before I got married and now I don't know what to think.'

'Well now, mixed emotions here, I fancy. Come on, let's ask the patient what he thinks, shall we?'

'Oh, I'm glad you remembered I was here. Thank you Matron for a lovely shag. Of course I'd like Pam...Nurse Wilson to do it, but not if she's not sure about it. There's always another night.'

'You're probably wrong there, at least while you're in hospital. You'll be having your plaster off tomorrow and you'll be going into a rehab ward, and there won't be any scope for nocturnal sex there. So it's either now or risk him getting away, Nurse.'

'Right, I'll do it There's got to be a first time, but I never thought the Boss would be giving instructions.'

'Right, wait a minute while I check up that Sister is OK. Don't want her rushing in in a panic, do we.'

While Matron was out of the room, Pam and I had a quick consultation.

'You're sure you want to do this? I think I've rather fallen for you and I'll wait till I'm out of hospital if you'd rather.'

'I'll take a risk of you thinking I'm just a little tart, 'cos I think I've fallen for you and I'd like to make a real commitment. But I'm a bit scared – you're going to be gentle, aren't you?'

'Well, you'll be in control, not me, so you can take your time.'

Matron came back in the room.

'One small detail – babies, or lack of them. When are you due for the curse – and are you regular?'

'Tomorrow, and as regular as clockwork.'

'Good. We don't want to have to organise any illegal operations, do we? Not that I would, of course. So you're going to show him you're up for this?'

Pam slowly took off her apron, then she undid the buttons on her dress and slipped it off her shoulders. As it fell away her pretty bra was on show encasing her firm breasts, then her flat tummy and slim hips covered only by her suspender belt (this was before the days of hold up stockings) and her suspenders attached to her black stockings and framing a triangle of fair hair. Her legs were long and shapely, encased in the shiny black nylon, but my eyes were attracted to the swell of her pubis and the top of the crack just visible through the furry covering.

She stepped out of the dress, smiled at me a little nervously, and put her hands behind her back as she unclipped her bra. The lacy covering loosened, then she shrugged her shoulders and let it fall free. Her breasts were as beautiful as I had hoped, not over large, but full and firm, not needing the support of the bra to hold them. Her aureoles were pale pink and slightly raised and were surmounted by darker pink nipples that were already firm and protruding.

She moved closer to the bed and I stretched out my arm and very gently caressed a breast, stroking it and then taking the nipple in my fingers and giving it a gentle squeeze, resulting in her making an audible intake of breath. She leaned over and kissed me as I caressed her, her lips parted and her tongue delving into my mouth.

She stood back and turned to Matron.

'How am I doing up to now?'

'You're doing just fine. Would you like me to go away and leave you to it?'

'No, I'd like you to stay. You've got me this far, I might need advice.'

She turned back to me, bent over the bed and took my penis into her mouth. It was already semi rigid, and her soft touch produced a monster hard for me. She climbed onto the bed and straddled me, her legs spread either side of my thighs, and I could see her outer lips parting and her pink pussy lips, glistening slightly from the moisture seeping from her vagina. She raised herself and moved forwards so that she was poised over my eager cock, then she turned to Matron and just said 'Help, please.' Matron stepped forward and took my cock in her hand, and guided the tip to the edge of the shiny lips and moved it to and fro so that they parted slightly, and Matron put her other hand on Pam's thigh and gently pushed her downwards. I watched as her lips opened wide and saw my foreskin pull back as the shining purple glans began to enter her body. I felt her warmth enfolding me, but after a moment I could feel the obstruction of her intact hymen preventing me going any further, and she stayed still as she felt the attempted intrusion.

I could see the look of doubt and a little fear on her face. Matron realised what the problem was and she placed her hands on Pam's hips and gently pushed her downwards. I felt the pressure on my cock, then suddenly the thin membrane ruptured and I was through. Pam let out a little cry of pain, but, as Matron continued the pressure, she descended till her pubis locked with mine.

'Oh, that hurts.' She cried.

'It'll soon go, and it will never hurt again.'

She stayed still a little longer. Her virgin passage was so tight that I thought it was locked on me, but then she slowly lifted herself and the feeling of that slippery, hot grip on my cock was the best thing I had ever experienced. She lowered herself again, and I watched her face and saw her wince slightly. This was obviously not a totally pleasant experience for her, but she gamely persisted and gradually her movements speeded up. I was caressing her breast with my free hand, and every time I squeezed and pulled at her hard little nipples she made a tiny squeak. Then she leaned forward so that I could lift my head far enough to take one of her nipples in my mouth and tease it with my teeth.

I was beginning to feel close my approaching orgasm, and she must have sensed it because she sat up and began to move faster. I was able to move a little under her, and I managed to thrust up at her as she descended, and we soon had a rhythm going. Then I felt the rush of fluid building up in my balls and soon it flooded out of my cock and into her pulsating channel. As I came, she sat down firmly on me as I thrust up, and I could feel the amazing grip of that tight vagina, opened for the first time to an intrusive cock.

She just sat there, with a slightly dazed look on her face, not a very happy expression. Matron moved to stand beside her and slipped an arm round her and pulled her close, as her hand cupped her lovely breast and her fingers stroked her engorged nipple. Her other hand slid across Pam's belly and her fingers found their way into the top of her slit, and I watched as one finger began searching out her clitoris under its hood, then she started to massage it more and more vigorously.

Pam's body tensed under the probing attention and her head fell backwards in obvious pleasure. She was moaning quietly and, although my cock was a bit limp, I felt the pulsing in her vagina where I was still held happily captive. She became more and more tense, then she suddenly let out a long, quiet sigh, and her body relaxed. To my amazement, she turned her head towards Matron, and the two women locked their lips in a long, slow kiss.

At last they released each other and Pam lifted herself off me, my flaccid member sliding out and flopping limply onto my thigh. As she rose, a stream of blood streaked fluid leaked out of her ravaged vagina. Matron took a tissue and mopped her up before she climbed off the bed, and dressed herself.

'Well, Nurse, now you know what it feels like to have your vagina full of penis. Next time will be even better for you, no pain, lots of gain! By the way, I don't approve of my nurses going round without knickers – if you bend too far over the bed, you could give some of the poor old buggers an instant heart attack.'

'Oops, sorry, Matron – I forgot.'

She delved in her apron pocket and produced a pair of frilly knickers and put them on – giving me a quick flash of her lovely arse as she bent over with her skirt pulled up.

'Good girl. You're a quick learner. You should have a good chance of winning the Best Nurse Prize this year. Now I must go – don't spend much longer with lover boy, Sister might get a bit upset. Oh, wait, we'd better change the bottom sheet. Someone might notice a mixture of blood and seminal fluid and start asking silly questions.'

The two women quickly went to work and changed the sheet, then Matron leaned over the bed and gave me a long, wet, sexy kiss, while her hand gave my cock a friendly squeeze, then she left us together.

Pam came and sat beside me and held my hand. There were tears in her eyes and she was obviously on the verge of crying.

'Was this just a one night stand?' she asked.

'No, we're going to see a lot more of each other, I hope, and I can't wait to have two arms and two legs available to make love to you properly.'

We were married a few weeks after she completed her training. One of the best wedding presents was an enormous double bed – from Matron. She said that she thought it might come in handy for us if we ever invited a third person into bed with us. She was absolutely right, and many a night was spent with Pam, myself and – Matron, and this went on for many years. In fact, Matron died in our spare bed.

Pam and I were talking to the doctor who had come to certify her death.

'You know, there are a couple of slightly odd features about the lady's body.'

'And they are?'

'Well, there are signs that I would normally take to indicate that the deceased had experienced sexual congress shortly before her death, but, I mean, that would be most unlikely in a lady of eighty six years of age.'

I tried very hard not to snigger, and asked politely 'And the other odd feature?'



'I don't ever recall seeing a corpse with such a big happy smile before!'

Now, where was I before I started reminiscing? Oh yes, I remember. Mike was rushing upstairs, ripping his clothes off.

He managed to achieve the unlikely strip tease without tripping over and arrived at the bedroom door stark naked except for one sock, and with an enormous erection – in fact, the dripping end of his cock arrived in the bedroom quite some time before the rest of him.

There, in the soft rosy glow of the bedside light was a vision of delight, the gentle maiden he had so assiduously courted and finally married, and whose body had yielded many rapturous hours of sensuous, erotic fulfilment. Her lovely face, framed by a mop of curly hair, had ensnared him, her lustrous eyes and her luscious lips, which he had so often kissed and which she would open to engulf his cock and bring him to storming orgasm, would always be his image of perfect beauty. Her long neck surmounted her white shoulders and soft arms, which so often surrounded him in their moments of passion. She was wearing a diaphanous night dress with a deep cleavage, and the swell of her breasts was clearly visible through the gauzy material, her dark pink nipples pressing the fabric into two small mounds.

She gazed into his eyes, then looked down at his rampant member, then she breathed the words so familiar to many married men:

'I've got a headache – you can sleep in the spare room.'