Lucky?

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He didn't feel so lucky after the accident, but maybe the hospital stay could change his mind

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“Well, Mr. Phillips, it seems your luck is holding. I’d say we can have you out of those casts in another week or so.”

John chuckled, while glancing at the casts on his arms and legs that had left him bedridden since the accident weeks before.

“If you want to call it luck.”

Doctor Davis smiled, enhancing her already attractive features, and shook her head, causing her curly brunette locks to bounce.

“When you meet the business end of a forklift, getting away with only broken arms and legs is lucky.” She then yawned.

“Sorry to keep you up.”

The doctor waved her hand in a dismissive gesture. “I’m at the end of my normal day. The last thing we want is to delay your recovery by going against your internal clock. You’ve worked graveyard shift for over a decade now.”

“I appreciate it.”

“Well, I’ll see you tomorrow. Have a good night.”

John watched her leave, his eyes locked on the sexy sway of her bottom. It was one of the few times when he allowed himself the luxury of admiring his stunning doctor. The hospital robe and thin sheets did little to hide an erection, and Doctor Davis certainly had that effect on him.

His manhood swelling beneath the sheets, John lay his head back and wondered how he'd managed to rate such gorgeous doctors and nurses. It was torture at times, but the distraction from his immobility was certainly welcome.

After two years of unwelcome abstinence brought on by long work hours and working the graveyard shift, leaving him awake when everyone else was asleep, he was willing to take what he could get.

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"One. Two. Three," Amber counted out, and then the blonde smiled. "Rock crushes scissors – I win."

Amber's brunette opponent pouted, lamenting her luck at losing this little game two times in a row. "Lucky bitch."

Amber tossed her golden curls and let an evil grin spread across her face. "You'll win another one eventually."

She unbuttoned the top button of her scrubs as she walked over to retrieve a cart with a basin sitting atop it. The tiny opening really revealed nothing at the moment, but she knew that would change when she bent over.

Cathy's mouth dropped open when Amber pushed the cart out in front of the nurse's station. "Oh my god – you're not wearing a bra, you slut."

"I have less to work with, so I have to flaunt it a little," Amber responded to her friend and colleague, who had a full cup size advantage. "I'm going to get a twitch out of that cock one way or another."

Cathy shivered. "If it ever happens to me, I'll probably faint. He's as thick whensoft as my boyfriend is when he's hard."

"At least you have a boyfriend. I'm just going through batteries," Amber responded as she pushed the cart toward John's room.

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Here we go again, John thought as the nurse pushed the cart into his room and shut the door.

"Bath time, Mr. Phillips."

As always, John kept his eyes on her face, or stared at the ceiling while the nurse pulled the cart next to the bed and opened his robe. In his mind, he ran through a day at work, letting the details distract him from the attractive woman stroking a warm sponge over his chest.

“You should be able to do this yourself before long,” Amber remarked as she dipped the sponge again and leaned over the bed.

“Looking forward to it,” John responded, and glanced down.

He immediately wished that he hadn’t, because he could see straight down the blonde nurse’s top. Though her nipples were still hidden in shadows, he could see both obviously firm globes, and knew that she wasn’t wearing a bra. He snapped his eyes back to the ceiling, turning his thoughts to the start-of-day procedure at work, the most tedious portion of his normal day.

The sight of her bared charms had eroded his willpower, however. He could feel the faint tingle between his legs, and fought against it with everything he had. When the sponge moved lower, he had to turn his thoughts to even less arousing ones. Despite imagining the most obese, ugly woman he knew, he was losing the fight. When the sponge stroked over his thighs, it was over.

His cock swelling and straightening beyond any ability to control.

John muttered, “Sorry,” his face warming as blood rushed there as well.

“It’s okay,” Amber replied, “It’s a natural reaction. I was actually a little concerned that you might have some restricted blood flow that the doctor might need to look into.”

She continued to wash him despite his ever-growing erection, as if nothing had changed, but it did little to curb John’s embarrassment. By the time she stroked the sponge over his family jewels, he was as hard as a rock and twitching from her touches.

“You have nothing to be embarrassed about,” Amber said as she curled the sponge around his cock. “Just relax, we’re almost done.”

John couldn’t help but close his eyes and revel in the feeling as she spent a long time stroking the moist sponge over his cock. When she’d lingered for what must have been a full minute, he opened his eyes and glanced down his body. He found her staring at his cock with nearly undisguised desire in her eyes as she squeezed the sponge tighter around him.

“It’s getting a little dry,” John suggested as he winced from the sponge scraping over his hard flesh.

“Sorry,” Amber apologized as she uncurled her hand from around him, causing him to throb and twitch. Her voice had a husky quality that matched the hunger in her eyes, and he could see her stiff nipples pressing against the material of her scrubs.

“It’s okay,” John responded as he locked eyes with her. Her deep blue eyes drew him in, and some distant part of him was aware that she was breathing heavily. “It felt good,” he said, his tongue acting before his brain could stop it.

Amber sucked in a deep breath and shuddered. She smiled and said, “That’s my job – to get you feeling better.”

“It’s working,” John said, caught up in her beautiful face, sexy body, and her eyes falling to his cock as he spoke.

“There’s something else I could do,” she said in a breathless whisper.

In complete disbelief, John couldn’t answer that. The hard organ dancing between his legs was speaking volumes, however.

Amber curled her soft hand around his shaft, her fingers unable to touch around his girth. She stroked her hand slowly over him, using the other to pop open more buttons on her scrubs, fully revealing her breasts to him.

“Incredible,” he sighed as the perky globes emerged from beneath the cloth.

Amber moved her hand down to the base of his erection, leaving just the swollen head and a little over an inch of the shaft exposed above her fingers. That didn’t last long, as she leaned down to take him in her mouth.

John let out a short, quiet groan as her hot mouth surrounded him. She bobbed her head over him, her lips stretched wide around his girth. Her long blonde hair tickled him as her lips and tongue worked their magic on his cock.

He winced a little as his casts bit into him from the involuntary muscle contractions that she was causing as she sucked him. When she looked up into his eyes at the top of a stroke, his hips bounced upward, pushing his tip against the back of her tongue.

Though she let out a little gagging cough, she didn’t release him. He could see a thick coating of her saliva on his cock, which was now dripping down over her hand as well.

It had been a while, even before the accident that had laid him up, and John knew he wasn’t going to last much longer. “Close,” he warned in a whispered grunt.

Amber responded only by sucking him even harder and faster. John clenched his teeth, fighting against the groans that wanted to escape him. He still growled, deep in his throat, when he erupted.

Amber quietly moaned around him as she sucked and swallowed, drinking up his cum as it spurted from him again and again. Thankfully, she released him when he grew too sensitive to handle any more, because he couldn’t even move enough to push her away if she hadn’t.

“Holy shit,” John groaned once he recovered his breath. He looked up at Amber to see her still bare breasted, daubing at the saliva on her chin with a towel.

A little fear crept into her eyes as she appeared to realize what she’d done. “You won’t tell anyone, will you? I could lose my job. I shouldn’t have done that.”

“Not a soul. God, that was incredible.”

Amber buttoned her scrubs and smiled, convinced by the tone in his voice. “Are you okay for me to wash you off?”

John let out another quiet groan and answered, “Not really, but make it quick.”

He breathed heavily as she sponged away her saliva and his cum from his softening cock, and then let out a sigh of relief when she blotted him dry.

“I need to get back to the station,” she said as she closed his robe, but not until she’d allowed herself another lingering glance at his cock.

“Wish I could do something for you.”

Amber purred, “Me too. I’m so wet. Do you want a taste?”

“Oh yeah.”

She glanced back at the door for a second, and then quickly pulled down the front of her pants. She

tugged aside her pink panties, revealing the most beautiful pussy he'd ever seen, and dipped a finger inside her.

He sucked her glistening finger clean as she covered herself again with her other hand.

"You taste good."

"So did you. I've got to go. You won't tell anyone?"

"Nobody. Wouldn't want you to get in trouble."

"I'm already in trouble. I'm going to be horny as hell for the rest of the night," Amber remarked, and then pushed her cart toward the door.

John smiled as she let her hips sway for his adoring eyes, wondering if this was a one time thing, or whether bath time had just become a lot less nerve-wracking.

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"That took longer than usual," Cathy remarked with a crooked smile when Amber returned to the station. "So..?"

Amber looked around to make sure that nobody else was near, and then curled her fingers to show the girth of his cock.

"Oh – my – god," Cathy whispered. "Seriously?"

Amber nodded.

"He didn't freak out, did he?"

Amber shook her head. "I said that it was a good sign that he didn't have any blood flow restrictions and he seemed okay after that."

"I don't suppose we could skip the game and just let me have a turn next time?"

Amber replied, "Oh no," and then let out a little laugh.

Cathy sat down and said, "Bitch." She then laughed as well, and gestured for her friend to sit down.

“Okay, describe every little detail of it so I can fantasize about it the next time Ron’s humping on me.”

Amber sat down as well, and leaned in close to tease her friend – and herself.

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Cathy pushed the cart into John’s room, feeling a rush of euphoria from having won the rock-paper-scissors round to have her turn bathing the handsome young patient. She’d taken a cue from Amber, removing her bra and leaving a button unhooked before preparing the cart.

She could feel the tingle of fresh wetness between her legs when she saw the bulge beneath his hospital robe. She’d seen him many times, and knew that the increased hump meant that he was already hard. She wasn’t even going to have to try to tease him to erection. It was all she could do not to shudder and touch herself when she opened his robe to see it in all its glory.

“Sorry about that,” John said, though there wasn’t much in the way of apology in his tone.

“It’s quite okay. We were on the verge of mentioning it to the doctor because we were concerned about constricted blood flow.” Cathy dipped the sponge and added, “Doesn’t look like we have to worry about that.” She turned away for a second to hide her wince when she heard the desire in her voice.

“I guess it will probably be easier to wash with all the wrinkles out,” John joked, his erection twitching before her eyes, and his gaze locked on her revealed cleavage.

Cathy felt a little self-conscious under his stare for a moment, but she couldn’t think of much else for long with his fascinating, amazingly thick cock only inches away from her. Though only average in length, it was bigger around than any cock she’d ever seen – or even imagined. She had little trouble keeping a smile on her face as she brought the sponge to his body.

The little sighs that he emitted as she washed him served to drive her to a fever pitch. The tingle between her legs quickly transformed into an ache, and she found it nearly impossible to avoid drinking in the sight of him – so hard and throbbing.

“You seem a little distracted,” John said with a smile, his eyes unashamedly roaming over her body, especially her breasts.

“You’re usually pretty nervous during a sponge bath,” Cathy responded, beginning to suspect that her friend had done more than seen his cock last time.

“It was just a little intimidating to have a beautiful woman standing over you while you were naked, at first.”

Cathy dipped the sponge again to wash his lower abdomen, still well-defined with muscle despite the weeks of forced bed rest. “Thank you. Amber must have done a good job of convincing you to relax.”

“Yeah, she did.”

Cathy’s suspicions grew even stronger from the tone in his voice. It wouldn’t be the first time that her friend had done something risky with a patient. A few months earlier, Amber had admitted to baring her breasts and pussy for a kindly – if lusty – old man dying of cancer to fulfill his final wish.

She didn’t know at the time that she was the third in line to do so, following Cathy and another nurse on an earlier shift. The three had shared a quiet laugh, and it did much to explain why he had passed with such a wide smile on his face.

Another glance at John’s cock gave Cathy an urge to lick her lips, and made her wonder if she wasn’t second in line this time. The more she considered that Amber might have sucked his cock – or more – the hotter she felt.

Cathy moved on to his loins, his cock now filling her vision and her fantasies. A clear drop of pre-cum welled up from his tip as she washed him, making her even more aroused. She knew that he was purposely contracting his muscles to make his cock twitch, attracting her eyes to it. She squeezed her own intimate muscles, trying to quell the desire building deep inside her.

His groans were undeniably sexual as she washed his cock, and she wanted to drop the sponge to replace it with her hand from the moment she touched him. Fearful of the potential consequences, she kept a tight rein on her own needs. “All done.”

She couldn’t have missed the disappointment in his eyes if she’d tried. He was hoping for more, and Cathy had little doubt as to why. “Amber took good care of you last time, didn’t she?”

“Well, yeah,” John replied, looking a bit nervous.

“We’re good friends,” Cathy hinted, her desire surging.

John smiled and said, “Keep secrets for each other and things, huh.”

“All the time.”

“So if you knew that she’d done something that could get her in trouble, you’d never tell anyone?”

“Like sucking your cock?” Cathy asked, all her inhibitions burning up in the flame of her arousal.

“Yeah, like that.”

“You can’t let on to anyone but us. You have to promise. Not any of the other nurses or anything.”

“Promise. Two hot nurses is more than enough for me.”

“God, you have such an incredible cock,” Cathy breathed as she wrapped her hands around it and stroked it.

“I want to suck on those big tits,” John said, his eyes fixated on her chest.

Cathy let out a quiet gasp and quickly popped open her blouse, freeing her heavy breasts. She leaned over him and shuddered as he sucked her right nipple between his lips. “That feels so good. I’m so hot.”

John released her right nipple to suck on the left for a second before saying, “I feel like I’m about to explode.”

Cathy let out a gasp and stood back up, turning toward his cock. Her lips stretched wider than ever before as she took him in.

“Holy shit,” John sighed as she took him all the way to the root, her nose nestled in the curly hairs at the base.

She sucked him hard and fast, eager to feel him explode in her mouth, but mindful that she could get caught, even if she and Amber were usually the only ones in the ward at this time of night. Unable to ignore her needs any longer, she slipped a hand beneath her pants and rubbed her aching pussy through her panties.

“Let me see,” John gasped out, upon noticing her playing with herself.

Cathy let him slip free of her lips with a wet pop, and quickly turned around. She pulled her pants and panties down to her thighs before taking him in her mouth again, her fingers dancing over her shaved

nether lips.

John watched her for a few seconds, and then groaned, “Closer.”

Cathy glanced over to see him wiggling his fingers. It took some effort, and the position wasn’t exactly comfortable, but she managed to move to where she could continue sucking his cock while he fingered her wet heat.

Cathy moaned around his thick organ as his talented fingers rubbed and probed her, rapidly building her toward a crescendo. Flavorful bursts of pre-cum flooded her mouth as the hot tingle in her depths grew stronger by the second, even though his fingers slowed as he neared his own peak.

“Gonna come,” he grunted when he reached the point of no return.

Cathy cupped his tight balls in her hand and took him as hard and fast as she could, her jaw and lips both burning from opening wide enough to take him in. After only a few more sucks, he growled and erupted in a hot burst into her mouth.

Though she choked a little, Cathy eagerly gulped down his creamy offering, moaning as it settled warmly in her belly. She kept sucking after he stopped spurting, coaxing every drop that she could from him. All the while, his fingers haltingly teased her aching sex.

He panted for breath when she released him to lick up a dribble that had escaped her to hang from her lower lip. She reached back to rub her clit while he tried to keep thrusting a finger into her depths.

“Up... Up here,” John groaned, and then wiggled his tongue suggestively when she glanced toward him.

Cathy whimpered in her throat and stood to drop her pants to the floor. She carefully avoided his casts, and managed to straddle his face, her juices dripping onto his lips even before she settled.

She had to clamp her hand tight over her mouth as he went to work, his tongue swirling over her like a living thing. She ground her folds against his lips, already on the edge within seconds of his first lap.

Pained, stifled whimpers fought for release as he brought her to orgasm, causing her whole body to tremble. She had to lift her quivering pussy from his lips long before he was ready to stop licking for her juices, unable to endure the pleasure any longer. Only moments later, she had to fight for the coordination to climb from the bed, her legs cramping up from the powerful contractions of her muscles.

Somehow, she managed the presence of mind to pull on her pants and button her top, afraid of anyone discovering her. John licked his lips and smiled at her. “I liked that. You wanted to scream, didn’t you?”

“God yes,” Cathy replied, and then leaned over him to kiss him and lap her juices from his chin. “You made me come so hard.”

“Me too,” he chuckled.

The phone ringing at the nurse’s station jolted Cathy back to reality. “We’ve got to clean up before anyone finds out.”

John nodded and let her wipe her juices from her face, and her saliva from his flaccid cock. A minute or two later, his robe covered him again.

“So when’s my next bath?” He asked as the still panting Cathy tried to straighten out her hair and clothing.

“Soon,” she purred, and kissed him once more before going to check in the bathroom mirror to make sure she wasn’t disheveled.

He wiggled his fingers in an approximation of a wave as she left the room with her cart.

Amber’s eyes lit up when Cathy returned to the nurse’s station. “I know that freshly-fucked look,” she whispered, and then emphatically gestured for her friend to join her behind the counter.

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“Well, you’re in good spirits, Mr. Phillips,” Doctor Davis remarked as she checked his chart.

“Best hospital stay I’ve ever had,” John said with a wide smile. After over a week of giving and receiving oral pleasure with his two sex-hungry nurses – often from both each night – he certainly was in fine spirits.

“Everything looks good, so we’ll take those casts off tomorrow.”

“So I guess I don’t have to worry about jostling any more?”

“No, the breaks have healed, so you can ask the nurses to help you sit up and move around a bit more. You’re going to have to have some therapy to retrain your muscles after so long in bed. Odds are that you won’t be able to go home for a while, and you won’t be able to return to work for a while after that.”

“I have a good disability plan at work, so I guess I’ll just enjoy the vacation.”

“That’s the spirit. I’ll see you tomorrow, then. I’ll have the nurses put you on a massage pad to help with some of those muscle aches, since it’s safe to move you enough now.”

“Thank you, Doctor.”

John smiled as his sexy doctor left the room, happy with the prognosis. The only reason his two hot nurses hadn’t straddled his cock yet was because of the movement restrictions. With those restrictions removed, he was anticipating the best night of his life.

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“Heads,” Amber called as Cathy flipped the coin.

Cathy sighed, “You win.”

“You’ll get your turn,” Amber whispered, her voice full of anticipation. “We already know he can get hard again in no time, with the proper encouragement.”

“I’ll key the intercom in his room if anyone else comes up on the floor, or one of the patients gets up or something. You’re going to have to listen for it and not get too distracted.”

“I know. It won’t be easy. Come on – let’s pass out the meds. I’m practically dripping.”

“So am I, and I have to wait for hours.”

“I bet it will be worth the wait.”

“Me too,” Cathy responded with a silvery little laugh.

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John smiled as Amber entered, and quickly shut the door behind her. She didn’t say a word as she

sauntered into the bathroom and took off her clothes, the plan that she'd worked out with her friend. If Cathy buzzed the intercom, she'd quickly close John's robe and hurry into the bathroom to dress again, which would give her a few extra seconds if necessary.

John couldn't wait. He'd been at least half-hard for hours in anticipation, and couldn't even adjust himself to relieve the pressure. Amber walked out pinching the pale pink nipples capping her breasts, and wasted no time climbing into the bed.

"God, I've been waiting for this," Amber said in a sultry voice as she climbed onto the bed, the little blonde triangle on her mound pointing at her bare-shaven labia drawing his eyes.

"Me too," John breathed as she straddled his hips and reached for his cock.

Amber rubbed the swollen tip of his cock over her nether lips, letting him feel the abundant wetness there, and then angled his cock between her folds. She sank down slowly, her eyes tightly shut, her mouth wide open, and her jaw trembling.

John let out a long, hard breath as her tight pussy wrapped around him for the first time. She felt incredible, as hot and wet as any woman he'd ever been with.

"S-so big," she stuttered as her intimate muscles clamped down on him, squeezing him even tighter.

He stared between their bodies, loving the sight of her pussy straining to contain him, her lips stretched taut around his girth. A thick sheath of her wetness coated him as she rose up over his erection, her labia clinging to him in a soft, slippery caress.

Amber leaned forward, bracing one hand on the bed while she slipped the other between her legs. Her breasts jiggled right in front of his face as she rode him, rocking her hips to stroke him inside her while she circled her clit with the fingertips of her other hand.

John grinned and tapped the controls of the massage mat beneath him, cranking it up to maximum vibration.

Amber choked off a yelp as the powerful vibrations flowed through his body and into hers. Her hips moved faster, as did her fingers. Her face flushed red, spreading down to her chest, as the combination of his cock, her fingers, and the humming mat drove her to new heights of pleasure.

"Love – your – cock," Amber gasped as she rode him, her bottom starting to slap against his thighs, and probably scraping against his casts as well.

“Damn, that pussy feels good. Come for me,” John growled, wishing he could grab her and hold her against him, or even better, turn her over and pound her hard.

“So good. So big. So hard,” the blonde nurse whimpered as she rose up onto her knees again, her fingers now a blur over her clit.

“Make that tight little pussy come,” John encouraged her, his eyes roving from her now bouncing breasts, up to her flushed face, and down to his cock vanishing ever more rapidly inside her.

“Oh! Oh! Oh my god!” The words bubbled from her lips in carefully controlled whimpers as she drew closer to the edge.

John could feel the hot itch of his own climax building as he listened to the sweet symphony of her bottom slapping off his thighs and the squishy sound of his cock plowing into her soaked pussy. He fought against the urge to come, but knew that he was losing the battle to the sexy nurse riding him.

“So close. Going to come,” Amber yelped, almost too loud, though neither she nor John noticed the dangerous volume.

John growled as he tried to keep his semen contained, but couldn’t hold out any longer. With a grunt, he blasted his cream deep inside her.

As he swelled, pulsed, and pumped her full of cum, Amber tumbled over the edge as well. Her fingers froze over her clit and she pressed hard against him, her walls clamping down on him like a vise. She had her head thrown back, thrusting her breasts out at him, and her mouth open in a silent scream. She quivered and twitched as the vibrations flowing through his thick cock kept stimulating her even after she stopped moving.

When the first wave of orgasm finally released her, Amber sucked in a great breath of air and fell forward against his chest. She panted and gasped for breath, her firm breasts tight against him, and her pussy rhythmically squeezing him with every spike of pleasure running through her body.

“Oh g-god. Oh god. S-so f-fucking g-g-good,” Amber stammered, still unable to open her eyes.

“Hell yeah,” John echoed, twitching from the squeeze of her around his over-sensitive cock.

For long minutes, Amber could do nothing except lie atop him, her pussy burning and throbbing with pleasure at the same time. An involuntary twitch caused him to slip from her, spilling their mingled

juices all over him and the still vibrating mat beneath her. She managed to turn off the mat, and then summoned up her strength to rise.

She was still dripping his cream when she rose, and covered her sex with her hand as she struggled to climb off of the bed. He smiled once she regained her feet and switched hands, bringing her cum-soaked fingers to her lips to lick them clean.

“Need to...” Amber stopped to suck in a deep breath, and then gestured with her head toward the bathroom.

John nodded, and then smiled as she waddled to the bathroom, trying to keep from dripping on the floor.

Amber returned on weak knees a minute or two later with a towel, and did her best to clean up the evidence. She did what she could, but knew that she and Cathy would have to change the bed after the brunette had her turn. She looked down at his flaccid cock and shuddered, remembering how he’d felt inside her.

“I’m going to walk funny for a week,” she said with a little chuckle.

“You’re fucking incredible,” John said as she leaned down to kiss him.

“So are you. I thought you were going to split me in half, but it was *so* good.” She then looked at the clock and said, “I’d better get back out there.”

John let out a satisfied sigh and said, “Okay.”

Still a little wobbly, Amber returned to the bathroom to dress, and blew a kiss to her patient before leaving the room.

John lay back to doze, to recover his strength for round two in a little while.

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John awoke with a start, quite surprised that he’d fallen asleep. He was hardly upset by what had awakened him, however. Cathy leaned over him where she’d just finished opening his robe and teased his cock with her heavy breasts.

John admired her full, heart-shaped ass, a nice contrast to Amanda’s dancer’s butt. She nestled his

slowly hardening cock between her breasts and tickled the tip with her tongue.

“Why don’t we warm each other up,” John suggested.

Cathy let out a purr and climbed up onto the bed. She knelt over him and teased her large, pinky-tip sized nipples while squatting down to tickle his tummy with the dark racing stripe of curls on her mound. After a lick of her lips, she stood up and walked carefully to the head of the bed. With a quick turn, she knelt down again and filled his senses with the sight, scent, and taste of eager, aroused woman.

Cathy’s tongue danced over his stiffening organ as he lapped her folds, finding her just as wet as Amber had been. He couldn’t wait to have his cock buried inside her as well. Soon enough, he stretched the brunette’s lips as her juices dribbled into his mouth.

John managed to get one last swipe of his tongue as Cathy lifted her hips. She once again stood and turned around before settling to her knees over his erection. She lay down atop him, her wet folds against his tummy, and said, “I want that cock inside me.”

“It’s all yours,” John said. “It’s not as if I could stop you, if I wanted to.”

“Mmm – I’m going to have my way with you,” she said as she scooted backwards, into position.

John could hear the wet crackle of his cock penetrating her as she guided it into her depths. She wiggled her ass when he hit bottom, stirring his thick member inside her with a little moan.

Cathy leaned forward, dangling her pendulous breasts in front of his face, and guided her right nipple into his mouth. He suckled the stiff bud while she ground against him, the hot friction on her clit causing her to moan again.

She offered him her other nipple, and then returned to the first, her hips continuing to slowly swivel and grind over his buried cock. Finally, she could resist her need no longer, and sat up over him, pulling her nipple from his mouth with a slurping pop.

Rather than bouncing as Amber had, Cathy continued to swivel her hips while she lifted her hood to directly rub her clit. As she grew more excited, she turned her efforts to rocking her hips, which allowed her to move much faster.

Cathy groaned as her pleasure mounted and John admired her swinging breasts, the motion growing more pronounced as she strove for greater stimulation. Though he reveled in the feeling of her tight

pussy squeezing him, he was nowhere near a climax when she soared toward her first orgasm.

Cathy rocked her hips violently, her fast-moving fingers spattering her abundant wetness over John's tummy as she rode him. Her energetic motions hovered just below the point of painful to him as she neared her peak, and then tumbled over the precipice.

John clenched his muscles to rise up toward her a little and make his cock throb as she came. He could feel a stream of her juices meandering down his balls, and the sight of her silently screaming, her face a brilliant shade of red, made him wish he could move enough to thrust up into her.

Cathy's head lashed back and forth, whipping her curly brown locks as her body undulated atop him, riding the waves of her orgasm. She gasped, panted, and whimpered, senseless from the pleasure and starting to worry him that she'd cry out too loudly and cause a scene that would end the chance of any more nocturnal visits from the two nurses. Thankfully, she settled down from her peak without loosing the scream that obviously wanted to erupt from her.

The beautiful brunette collapsed against his chest, still breathing heavily, and occasionally twitching her hips. As best he could with the restrictive casts, John tried to thrust into her, seeking his own release.

With a gasp, Cathy levered up onto her hands. This time the motion of her hips stroked him inside of her, building his own ecstasy.

"Damn, those tits look good swinging in front of my face."

"Ah, I love your big fucking cock. Does your nurse's little pussy feel good?"

"Hell yes," he responded, now feeling the itch of his own climax approaching.

"Oh my fucking... I'm close again," Cathy said in a voice husky from the effort of her hips pumping on his erection. "Fucking love your cock."

"Oh yeah. That's it," John grunted, nearly there.

"You going to come?" Cathy asked, now bucking with wild abandon on his cock.

"Fuck yeah."

"Do it. Fill my pussy full of cum." The last word turned into a quiet, high-pitched moan as her own

ecstasy gathered, preparing to unleash.

“Yeah,” John responded in a long growl, and then groaned as he spurted his seed inside her, coating her walls.

John grunted and gasped as she continued to bounce on his cock, seeking her own release. Just as he thought he wouldn’t be able to handle any more, her eyes popped wide open and she let out a squeal. He felt her pussy clamp down on him, and she trembled through her climax.

As with Amber before, Cathy cleaned up the evidence. She didn’t use a towel until after she’d lapped up all she could with her tongue, though. She managed to help John move enough to change the bedding by herself, feeling a burst of energy from her orgasms.

I guess I am lucky, He thought as she left the room with a wave and a final shiver.

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Cathy froze when she stepped out of the room to see Doctor Davis standing in front of the nurse’s station. She could see the fear in Amber’s eyes, and felt it grip her as well.

“Come here,” Doctor Davis said in a tone that said she would accept no excuses, her expression hard and unrelenting.

Cathy swallowed, her stomach sour and tears welling up in her eyes. Having little alternative, she crossed to the nurse’s station to join her likewise misty-eyed blonde friend.

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John was surprised to see Doctor Davis when he looked away from the television upon hearing the door open. She was the last person he expected to see at after three a.m. She shut the door behind her and immediately crossed to the bed.

“What is it, Doc?”

She pulled over a stool and sat down next to the bed, taking off her glasses at the same time. “It has come to my attention that two of your nurses, Amber and Cathy, may have behaved in a very unprofessional manner toward you.”

John shrugged his shoulders and lied, “Not that I’ve noticed.”

“Hmm,” Doctor Davis said as she tapped her folded glasses against her chin. “Are you sure? If they’ve made you uncomfortable with any sort of unwelcome advances, all you have to do is tell me.”

With a shake of his head and a smile, John said, “Nope. They haven’t made me uncomfortable at all. Somebody must be trying to get them in trouble.”

The doctor put down her glasses. “I see. I don’t believe you, however.” She stood up and added, “I’m going to need a sample.”

“Of what?”

A mischievous grin spread across her face as she laid her hand over his cock. “Of this.”

John grinned as she pulled out the pins holding up her hair, letting the dark waves cascade down to her shoulders. His smile grew even wider as she unbuttoned her lab coat, revealing that she wasn’t wearing anything beneath it.

Her breasts were a little larger than Amber’s, just as firm, and a perfect, teardrop shape. Small dark nipples surmounted the enticing globes, obviously stiff with desire. The doctor had a thick nest of curls on her mound, though her labia were bare.

By the time the doctor peeled open his robe, John was already half hard. A few teasing brushes of her fingertips was all it took to bring him to full erection. He was a little sore from the recent workout, but willing to endure for the greater good.

Still wearing her open lab coat, with her stethoscope around her neck, she climbed onto the bed to straddle him. “Just relax, Mr. Phillips. This won’t hurt a bit.”

“I’m a big boy, Doc,” he responded.

“Mmm – yes you are,” she said as she reached back to aim his cock into her. She gasped as she sank down on him in one quick drop. “A very big boy.”

“Is this part of my physical therapy?” John asked as she rocked on his erection while caressing her breasts.

“Yes. I thought we’d start a little early. We’ll be doing this at least once a day, and I’m going to need a daily semen sample as well. We’ll probably have to continue your therapy even after you’re

released.”

“You’re the doctor,” John said with a chuckle.

She put the stethoscope in her ears and leaned down, pressing the cold metal against his chest. After a few seconds, she removed the instrument and said, “Your pulse seems a little elevated.” She leaned down a little further and said, “Take two of these and see how you feel,” while offering her breasts to his lips.

John suckled her left nipple for a few seconds while she twitched her hips over his cock. “If all medicine was this good, nobody would ever want to get better,” he said before switching to her other breast.

After a minute or so of suckling her nipples while she gyrated on his cock, the doctor sat up and reached into the pocket of her lab coat. She pulled out something and slipped it over the tip of her middle finger, which he recognized as a tiny vibrator when she turned it on.

She started slowly, rising and falling over his hips with agonizing slowness, taking him into her depths, and then withdrawing until the rim of his cock head just peeked between her stretched labia. She rocked the tiny vibe back and forth over her hood, letting the buzz awaken her hidden clitoris.

Desensitized from having already flooded his two nurses with cum this evening, John didn’t even feel the beginning of a climax building within him, despite how good his doctor’s tight pussy felt wrapped around him. Even when she bounced over him faster, he knew that she was well ahead of him.

The doctor’s breasts bounced as she rode him, one hand ministering to her clit with the vibrator while the other alternately braced her into slightly different positions, or tweaked her stiff nipples. Her creamy juices soon sparkled in the dark curls on her mound, and the stiff hairs at the base of his shaft.

Soon enough, she was riding him so hard that the bed started to creak, which it hadn’t done with the other two women. John felt his ass sinking into the mattress from the force of her bottom slapping against him.

“You’re d-doing very well,” she panted as she rode him hard, every deep penetration making a squishy sound because of how wet she was. “I think we’ll need to... Oh, forget it. God, your cock feels good.”

“Come for me, Doc,” John said, correctly assuming that she was on the edge of orgasm.

“I think I can do that for y-you,” she responded, the last, stammering word rising in pitch as her head snapped forward, hiding her face in a curtain of dark waves. She braced her hands on the bed next to him, her slippery finger vibe humming against his side as she came. She continued to haltingly bounce on him, drawing out her orgasm.

John rocked his hips back and forth, keeping her coming as well. He could feel the tremors of her orgasm rippling through her body, every bit as powerful as the vibrations of her tiny toy. Finally, her head dropped even lower as her ecstasy gave her respite.

She panted for breath and chuckled, her walls still caressing him with rhythmic contractions. “That was...” She took a deep breath and tried again. “That was incredible.”

John gave her a minute or two to catch her breath and stop trembling, and then said, “Are you ready for that semen sample?”

The doctor let out a growling purr and rose up over his hips again. “Fill my cup.”

John gasped and groaned as she stroked him with her slippery canal, her intimate muscles tightly clenched so that he could feel her surrounding every inch of him. Her patience must have worn out as the pleasure built inside her again, because the speed of her bouncing hips suddenly increased.

This time, John knew he was rising right along with her. Even as the pleasure built in her expression, he could feel his cum bubbling up for release. Her vibe returned to her clit, slipping beneath the hood to directly stimulate the swollen bud this time.

She yelped, and he groaned as they reached simultaneous orgasm. Her womb fluttered and her walls closed tight about him as he spurted what little cream his body had managed to manufacture deep inside her. The beautiful brunette let out a contented moan, her hips twitching in circles as she caressed her tummy and mound.

As he softened inside her, the doctor rose up onto her knees above him, letting his cock slip free. She gathered up the mingled cream leaking from her depths, bringing it to her lips to lap it up with hungry moans. When she ceased to drip, she plunged her fingers inside her for more.

John watched the whole time through heavy eyelids, wondering how much more fun he might have once he could actually move again. He was drifting in and out of sleep as she cleaned him up, and he’d fully succumbed by the time she dressed and left.

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Doctor Davis stepped out of the room, her hair still down and disheveled. The two nurses smiled, happy that her initial hard reaction was nothing but an act. Amber reached beneath the counter and retrieved the doctor's clothes, handing them to her after a quick glance to make sure that nobody was watching.

The doctor smoothed back her hair and shivered, little shocks of her orgasms still creeping up on her even now. "He's going to need a great deal of physical therapy, so I'll be here every night to start it. Once I've finished my part, the two of you can take over."

"Understood, Doctor," Cathy said with a smile and a twitch of her eyebrows.

"It's times like this when you remember why you got into medicine, isn't it?" Doctor Davis remarked with a little laugh.

"Oh yes," Cathy replied.

"Absolutely," Amber agreed.

"I bet he feels lucky now," the doctor said with a wink as she gingerly strolled to the elevator.