Thirty Days In Hospital

By WickedDrX

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Broken bones aren't always bad.

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AUTHOR'S NOTE AND DISCLAIMER: This story is total fiction. The characters do not exist nor are they meant to portray anyone who does or ever did. The story is ADULT in nature. That means its porn boys and girls and therefore not meant to be read by persons under the age of at least 18 years. In fact, 20 would be better. If you don't fall into this category, GO AWAY! NOW! Go read Dick, Jane and Sally and leave the adult stories to ADULTS! One more thing, if you don't like descriptions of explicit hard-core nasty sex, you too can go read Dick, Jane and Sally. One reviewer complained about my stories being nasty. To you I say; "NO SHIT?" Just what did you expect to find on a website dedicated to erotica? Mathematical formulae? To the rest of you, please enjoy. Your feedback is welcomed, both positive and negative.

The Wicked Dr. X

THIRTY DAYS IN THE HOSPITAL

BY: The Wicked Dr. X

I've spent the last thirty days in this hospital and it's costing my insurance company a fortune. After twenty years without a claim for anything I figure I got it coming, so fuck 'em. During the day I plug my computer in, log into the wireless internet and work, just like I would if I were out and at home, so it's not like I'm actually slacking. It's more like I'm working from a really expensive hotel room with only mediocre food. It's the side benefit that keeps me here. I would have been out and on my feet if it

weren't for Candy. Candy is my night nurse. Now you've all heard the nasty stories about those hot and horney night nurses that come into a patient's room and hand out blowjobs like aspirin.

I've always discounted those stories because I figure if they were true, the nurses wouldn't get anything else done. They 'd be so busy having sex with the patients they wouldn't have time to do anything else. Nurses are giving and helpful people. They have to be to do the jobs they do, changing nasty dressings, cleaning up after detoxing drunks and drug addicts that puke and shit all over themselves, and taking care of the very old folk who aren't much better. Anyone with that kind of dedication has my deepest respect.

I was in for a week before Candy came to take care of me. She had been on vacation, she said, for the first time in two years. Went to Europe and had the time of her life. I was surprised when she said she had gone alone. I figured a girl as pretty as she is would have been married or have a dedicated boyfriend at the very least, but no, she says she's single and not seeing anyone seriously. Seems she just doesn't have the time, what with her job, and the extra training she is taking to become a better nurse, and therefore make more money. She likes working nights; some people do, and I'm another one of them. I only work during the day because that's the way corporate America is. If I could work nights too, I'd be happier. Unfortunately, that's not an option for me. So I work myself into exhaustion during the day and party a bit at night.

The last party was what landed me here in this upscale hospital, in a private room with the so-so food and, well, Candy. I was already exhausted from working fourteen hour days for the previous three weeks straight, so when the serious drinking started I was in no shape to be doing what I was doing. Our host, a business contact, was basically a mean son of a bitch who liked to see his guests get really drunk and then let them drive home as best they could. I'll be suing that fucker once I leave here. He liked making the drinks stronger as the party wore on. I never actually made it to my car after the party was over. One of his guests ran my ass over in the driveway, breaking one leg and an arm. I was so trashed I hardly felt a thing, but I could hear the bones snap as the tires ran over me. That was a sound I don't want to hear ever again, I can tell you!

Candy cracks open the door to my room around midnight the first time I met her, and glides in towing the instruments of torture all the nurses push around, for checking the patient's vital signs.

"I'm still alive!" I say brightly. I've found that the nicer a patient is to the nurses, the better they are to you, so I try to put on my happiest face and be as pleasant as I can.

"You mean we've saved another one?" she shot back with a grin that would melt the hardest heart.

"I'm afraid so," I said. "It gets to be a problem for the company if you loose too many of us! No repeat

business.”

“How innovative! I’ll have to put that in the suggestion box!” she said.

“Cute, and a sense of humor. What a combination. You’re hired!” I said.

“No thanks, I have enough to do without another job. So what exactly are you in for?” she asked pumping up the bulb and taking my blood pressure.

“Got run over by a Cadillac in a parking lot while drunk on my ass,” I replied and watched her smile that pretty smile again.

“Did you deserve it?”

“Only if being drunk serves as a reason,” she popped the thermometer under my tongue and grabbed my wrist for a pulse.

“Pulse is a little high, Mr. Ashton.”

“I should hope so, have you looked in the mirror lately? I should think that all of your male patients have high pulse rates.” Again I was favored with a smile.

“You’re naughty, Mr. Ashton, what would your wife say if she knew you were flirting with the nurses ?”

“I suppose that if I had one she would be less than amused. However, since I don’t, it hardly matters.”

She looked at me closely for a couple of seconds, her lips slightly parted, as though she were going to say something, but thought better of it and began stuffing her equipment together.

“Is there anything else I can do for you ?” she asked as she headed for the door.

“First, you can call me Keith, and second, if you have nothing else to do later I would appreciate a bit of conversation. That is, if such a thing is allowed. I’ve been in here a week and the only person that has come to see me was my lawyer, and he’s no damn fun to talk to,” I replied

“I’m supposed to let you sleep, Keith,” she said as if to scold me.

“I’m a night person.”

“I do have other patients to take vital signs from.”

“And that takes how long, an hour?”

“About that,” she agreed.

“An hour and a half and I start pushing the button,” I said, picking up the “CALL NURSE” button. “Don’t make me use this. I will if I’m forced!” Another smile and she turned to leave.

“We’ll see. I could just send in a male nurse you know.”

“Is he as pretty as you?”

“Depends on your point of view I suppose,” she said closing the door behind her.

Less than an hour later Candy opened the door to my room and gave a furtive look down the hall before closing it behind her and pulling up a chair next to my bed. I turned off the television and said “Hi.”

“I don’t know how long I can stay. I could get called at any moment you know, and I’ll have to leave.”

“I certainly understand that, you’re a nurse after all. What made you decide to be one?”

“I like working with people in need, and prostitution is illegal,” she said with that million dollar grin.

“You get a kick out of shocking people too I see,” I shot back without blinking an eye.

“A little. It’s just that so many patients ask that question I had to come up with a snappy comeback for it.”

“Would you rather have been a prostitute if it weren’t illegal?” I asked.

“I don’t know. I’ve never actually thought about it. The comeback usually ends the conversation so I’ve never had to actually defend it before. Who knows?”

“A pretty girl like you could have made a fortune at it I would think. But you do have to have the desire for sex that goes with it.”

“I do have that, “ she admitted, blushing a little. “I just don’t have the time for it, or for much of any

relationship for that matter. I had a boyfriend a while back, but I was gone so much either working or in school that it sort of just died.”

“How sad. I know how you feel though, I have the same sort of problem to a lesser degree. Too much work and drumming up work at parties to actually have a personal life.

“How do you cope with it?” she asked.

“I get run over by Cadillacs and flirt with nurses in the hospital.”

“Cute!” she said and eased off of the chair and onto my bed very casual like and pulled down the thin blanket. “Did the Cadillac run over anything other than your arm and leg?”

“Clipped my hip a little but didn’t do any damage,” I said as she raised my hospital gown and began to examine my hip.

“Is the hip in any pain?”

“No, not actually, but I do get a twinge every so often.”

“Does it cause you any pain if I do this?” she asked and took my limp penis in her cool hand and began to stroke it very slowly. A very few moments later I was hard as a rock and wishing she had on a skirt instead of those damn pants that nurses wear now. “I wonder if I should be putting this into your patient report,” she grinned. “Penis unbroken, uninterrupted blood flow to said organ.”

“Excellent exam, nurse Candy,” I said while breathing hard.

“Glad you like it, “ she whispered. “Maybe a closer examination is in order here, just to insure accuracy. The fact that I enjoy sucking a nice cock from time to time doesn’t hurt either.” She lowered her head into my lap and took me deep into her mouth, sucking hard on my pole. I was suddenly glad for the dayshift nurse’s sponge bath earlier that day. Candy could indeed have made it as a prostitute, her technique was flawless. Her tongue caressed the underside of my happy stick making it dance delightfully in her mouth. Her fingers kneaded my balls stimulating my cock to become even harder. I reached out to her, sliding my good arm between her legs as she sat. The legs spread slightly and I began squeezing at her mound through her uniform. She moaned her delight at this and I knew I had made a happy new friend. Candy scooted closer to me giving me an easier reach. I found the fastenings to her uniform pants and began releasing them only to find that she wore street pants underneath. Suddenly the walkie-talkie phone she carried began to ring. With an exaggerated slurp on my prick she released me, mere seconds from orgasm.

“Like I told you, Keith, I may have to go at a bad time,” she said by way of apology. I nodded in understanding. “Don’t you dare touch that until I get back,” she said thumping my erection with a finger, “I like finishing a job I start.”

“Hurry back,” I said, red faced and trembling.

“Bet on it big boy!” she said and answered the phone in a proper nurse-like manner as she glided out of the room and quietly closed the door.

After three hours I drifted off to sleep. Nurse Candy didn’t come back to my room that night, or the next night either, or the next. I hoped that she hadn’t been caught somehow and lost her job over something like this, but I did hope she would come back to visit me and finish what she started. She was very good at it and I was anxious to see what the outcome would be. No pun intended.

The third night around eleven the door to my room opened softly and Candy entered, pushing the cart of equipment in front of her. She closed the door behind her and took my vital signs in a very professional manner, recording the results properly in the machine’s memory, all without speaking to me. I got the impression she was pissed off at me for some reason but for the life of me I couldn’t figure out why. She had initiated the sexual advance three days earlier but maybe she was ashamed of what she had done and just didn’t want to deal with me because of it. I felt as though I should apologize to her but I just couldn’t think of what to apologize for. I was about to open my mouth and say whatever stupid thing came out as an apology when Candy did something rather unexpected.

She pushed the cart of instruments up against the door, returned to my bed and leaned down and kissed me. Her lips were soft and warm, her mouth sweet like her name. She stroked my face with one hand and began to pull at the thin blanket with the other, groping at the gown that covered me so poorly. Within seconds she had brought my neglected cock to hardness. Standing up, she began to unfasten her uniform top, and then her pants.

“I’m sorry for not getting back to you sooner, Keith, but we literally had a train wreck, and I got transferred to another floor for two days to help take care of the overflow people from the midtown trauma center that were involved,” she explained, sliding the clothing up and down, exposing her beautiful body to me. “I can’t really get naked for you, but I can make it a little easier for you to get at me. That is, if that’s what you’d like to do.” Finally a smile broke out on her beautiful face when I reached out my good arm for her. She fell to the bed and kissed me again, our tongues waging war with each other while I happily groped at her firm breast, and she at my very hard prick.

“Now,” she said as our lips parted, “just where was I when I was so rudely interrupted by sick

people?” Oh yes, I remember!” Once again she bent over my belly and lowered her soft lips to engulf my rigid prick in her soft mouth, sucking it deeply. I began groaning with pleasure and as I had done before made a dive for her pouting pussy with my good hand. Candy slid one leg to the floor, the other curled underneath her opening herself wide to my invading fingers, one and then two of which slid easily into her very wet cunt. I could feel her tighten her muscles, squeezing my fingers, her hips squirming as I teased her clit. Her head bobbed up and down on my cock, my hips thrusting at her in time to her movements. She reached between my legs and gripped my balls lightly, kneading them, licking at them even with my cock driven deep into her mouth.

Suddenly I felt Candy’s body stiffen and then tremble, her hips twisting , the muscles inside her pussy contracting tightly. She groaned deeply and sucked me harder for the several seconds it took for her orgasm to crest. Within seconds it happened again and then again, only more violently. She released her oral hold on my cock for a few moments, shaking and moaning and I teased her clit to climax. Finally she reached between her legs and gently pulled my hand away, pushing my fingers toward my mouth. I sucked them in, tasting her sweet, salty fluids and groaned with pleasure as her head once again descended to my waving prick.

It took longer than I expected for me to reach climax. Candy seemed to know when I was getting close, and she would release me, tap on my cock head to deflate the little bastard and turn to smile at me while I looked at her with a shit-eating grin, my prick falling away limply. When it was lying helpless on my belly, she would start again, sucking it to hardness again, her tongue teasing the tip, her teeth grazing the top of my shaft lightly until I began jerking at her head again and she would start the process all over. It was frustrating as hell to have her bang my prick into helplessness, but she was succeeding in giving me a blowjob lasting almost an hour. Again my hips began to thrust hard at Candy’s face, but this time when she began to back away from me I grabbed the back of her head and pushed her back down. She replied with an enthusiastic “Mmmmmm!” and lowered her head further, taking my cock into her throat for the first time. My hips rammed upwards and I held her head tightly as my cock began to spew wave after wave of cum into my sweet nurse’s throat while I grunted like an animal until I could feel the last of it escape my body and fill hers.

Finally I released my hold on her head and she slowly rose off of my hips, my cock escaping her lips with a slurp.

“That was fucking good!” she said with a smile.

“I’m sorry I held your head so tightly, I didn’t mean to choke you.”

“That’s what I was trying to get you to do!” she said. “I like that. It’s the old domination thing that spins me up sometimes.”

“Really? Into S and M and that sort of thing are you.”

“Not really, but sometimes I like it when my lover forces me to do things I wouldn’t ordinarily want to do. It’s my quirky libido I guess, so if you want to do something a little kinky, just go for it. If I decide it’s too much, you’ll know it, but I won’t get nasty about it.”

“You’re kidding, right?”

“No, absolutely not,” she giggled..

“So, if I ask you to…”

“You can’t just ask, you have to do it, or at least try to do it. If you ask I’ll probably say no, but if you try to do it and if it feels good at the time I’ll let you. Does that make sense to you?”

“Yah, I guess it makes sense,” I replied, dreaming up all kinds of nasty perversions to try on her. Over the next two weeks I tried several of them out on her, mostly the usual stuff, and found that she liked all of it. She laughed like a little kid when I spewed cum all over her face and demanded that she scrape it off and swallow it, she liked the tit fuck and she loved having my finger stuffed in her pert little ass. She says that once I get rid of the casts, she is going to make sure I ass fuck her. Seems she likes anal quite a bit. Hot damn!

My Doctor is making me go home tomorrow. I told the bastard I still have casts on and I’d be helpless. He told me to suck it up and deal with it. Even little kids do alright with casts on. I gave Candy my address, begging her to come over and take care of me on her days off. She says she’ll try, but I’m not convinced she will. She only seems to like fucking guys that are actually in the hospital, so if she doesn’t come over to see me I have an alternative plan. I know where that fucker with the Cadillac lives, and I have another good arm and leg that he can run over!

END