



# ***Donna the Night Nurse***

*(MF, oral, work)*

**By Leo N Sanderson**

**My name is Ron Kelly and I'm an oil field worker. I am 28 years old and I have been working for the Magnum Oil Company for 5 years on offshore drilling platforms off the Louisiana coastal waters.**

**During a period, last week, when I was tired and not watching what I was doing; I got some NC-127 lubricant on my hands while I was trying to remove a series of drill bits from our rig. This lubricant is also a nerve agent and within minutes I could no longer feel my fingers and within an hour my hands were complete numb.**

**The company flew me in to New Orleans via our helicopter to this small hospital, and that's where I am now. I have a private room on the top floor of this two story building.**

**The place is not new and looks like it was built in the 50's, but my bed is comfortable and the sheets are clean and the TV has a remote that I can control with my foot. The real pisser is that with both wrists in casts, I can't do a damn thing for myself. I hear the food is pretty good though and I was told the Night Nurse is a real "Knockout!"**

**About 5:30 PM, I am in bed, (as usual) watching TV and getting hungry, when SHE knocks on the door and enters my room! The Nurse is blonde, bosomy and beautiful! She said: "Hello Ron, my name is Donna and I'm going to feed you now. Are you hungry?"**

**I think she could hear my stomach growl, so my weak reply was unnecessary. I was totally surprised by the woman and could only watch her as she set the tray of food down on a small metal table and sat herself down on a stool and began to feed me. Nurse Donna was a sexy thing with the typical white starched uniform, white cap, white hose and white shoes.**

**Her breasts were full and I could see the deep cleavage as she bent forward to offer a forkful of food to me. Her hair was the golden-blonde color that I always thought was so**

sexy, her lips: full and red, her eyes: very green and with long black eyelashes and the eyelids with just a touch of a pastel blue. The guys were certainly right! The Night Nurse was a knockout!

After Nurse Donna had fed me and had fluffed up my two pillows, she took the tray and dishes away. As she turned and walked out of the room, I watched her rear twist and turn under the tight white cloth. It was great having her so close to me for the 15 or so minutes, close enough to smell her perfume and feel her cool fingertips against my cheek when she wiped away some food crumbs or drops of water from my lips.

And then there was that tent pole in my shorts that kept rising up when she was in the room. I wondered if she had seen it under the sheet. Was I really that horny? Or was the nurse a woman cursed with too much beauty? Too sexy for her job? Maybe she enjoyed helping others. I wondered what her husband looked like? my thoughts suddenly changed to picturing Donna completely nude, in bed with some hairy gorilla and they were in the middle of a hot and sweaty session: he pressing his 8 inch monster into Donna's moist tightness.

He playing with her perfect, full, pink-nippled breasts with his big hands and sometimes sucking on the tips, drawing the erect nubs into his mouth with such force, that she cried out; tears coming to her eyes. In my daydream, I had Donna nude but she still had her nurse's cap on. Just as the couple were about to climax together...

I heard my name spoken and I opened my eyes. The night nurse stood over me and it was 9:32 PM. I was groggy, but I heard her say: "Mister Kelly, would you like for me to give you a bath now?"

The small hospital was only able to handle a maximum of 100 patients at a time. I was the 26th person to occupy a room so you could say that the place was almost empty. My Doctor was coming by only once in the morning, making his rounds, so Nurse Donna was really my real "Doctor" with the personal care she was giving me.

Donna removed the sheets and placed a rubber sheet on the bed. (I rolled over to one side as she worked.) Then she removed my hospital gown and now I was naked, except for my white Jockey briefs. My cock was in a state of rest fortunately... until Donna touched my chest with a warm, soapy wash cloth.

It began to grow and expand as she leaned over me, her bosom just inches away from my lips. Her neckline opened and I could see her white bra. I wondered about its size. I guessed it had a tag somewhere that read: "36DD"

Donna asked if it was all right for her to remove my shorts and complete her task. I told her to go ahead and raised my ass as she put her fingers into the waistband and drew the cotton underpants over my erect cock and down my legs. She gasped and I saw her eyes widen as she caught the first glimpse of my erection. I am not a movie-star handsome

guy, but the women I have known never seemed too disappointed in my looks.

Perhaps my 10 inch cock (Soft) was the reason? Donna placed the shorts on the end of the bed and smiling placed a hot, soapy wash cloth on top of my cock and balls and gave them a vigorous rubbing! "Wow! You must really please your wife with the equipment you have!" Donna said, with a twinkle in her eyes and a laugh.

"I'm not married now," I said.

The days dragged by slowly. Me with my hands and wrists in plaster casts and bandages, having most of my meals and miscellaneous bathroom tasks being done by the day nurses and at night I lived for the sponge baths given to me by the sexy Donna. Once when she removed my shorts, she asked me: "When was the last time you had sex?"

I told her about my divorce and my job offshore with the oil company and she asked if she might help release some sexual tension. Her hands had just washed me all over and she was drying my genitals with a warm towel...and my cock was beginning to get hard, my balls were hot against her fingers. She had dimmed the lights in the room and a radio played softly in another room, down the hall somewhere.

Donna grasped my penis in one soft palm, her fingers curling around an expanding, excited mass. Her other hand captured both of my balls and she began a slow, movement: gently rolling my balls as she stroked my erection with her other hand.

She had unbuttoned her blouse and allowed me to look into her now braless neckline, as she snuggled by my side on the bed. She had propped me up into a half-sitting position with three pillows and now as she massaged my heated "equipment," I could almost touch her pink nipples with my tongue as she leaned close to me.



Her warm fingers and perfume were driving me crazy as I fought back the growing sensations she was producing in me and I could feel the sperm welling up, my balls tightening up and I feared the delicious moment would be over too soon. Donna gave a few extra strokes along my engorged shaft and leaning closer, kissed



the purple head of my cock, just as I exploded and splashed my warm semen over her red lips and cheeks.

I came with such force and experienced such a powerful orgasm, that I "blacked out". (The French have a term for this: they say "Petite morte" or "A little Death" ...or something like that.)

Donna cleaned me up and helped me into a fresh pair of shorts and put fresh, clean sheets on the bed before she left for the night.

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As the weeks passed, I was healing nicely and thoroughly enjoying my hospital stay. Donna was giving me extra treatments almost every night and was surprising me with things like double chocolate cake and nights when she would slip into my bed after she had removed her uniform.

She allowed me to suck her breasts and I could almost have an orgasm when she pressed them into my face and I could feel her twin firm nipples harden in my mouth with my tongue bathing them, or when I could feel her hot, damp pussy lips against my cock or cheeks.

It seemed that Donna was satisfied by giving me pleasure and did not expect any sexual favors from me in return. She was just such a caring, loving creature, a nurse that truly just wanted to ease my pain and help release any "sexual tensions" that I might have!

Yesterday, Nurse Donna came to me at 10:00 PM and she was wearing a black, silky, thigh-length teddy under her white uniform. She did a slow grinding strip-tease dance in front of my bed and slipped on a pair of black 5 inch heel shoes that she had carried in.

In the dim light of the room, she twisted around, moving close to my bed, bending low, so her heavy breasts were visible to my eager eyes and touching me with her fingers; helping my raging hard-on with tickling fingertips and gentle kisses placed on my throbbing cock-head.

Donna undressed me and gave me a great massage and during the rubbing, caught my penis as it was straining out to it's most extended position and slipped it into her warm, wet mouth! I could feel her tongue swirling around the head and touching the part underneath the head that's shaped like a heart, and I could not hold back. I erupted into her mouth, drenching her tongue and causing her to almost choke because of the amount of my seed flowing down her throat.



We enjoyed each other for several nights ... until the night before I was to leave the hospital. Donna had allowed me to make love to her in my bed and she screamed out loud when I pressed my 11 inch "Monster" into her and suddenly the room was filled with light and there were nurses and Doctors there in our faces, shouting at both of us. At first, they thought that I had forced Donna into my bed, but the truth came out when Donna admitted her part and it was learned that she had been "Night Nurse" to several other male patients in the hospital.



Sometimes I think about Nurse Donna and wonder where she is, while I lay in my bunk here in the offshore men's dorm aboard the rig. I was a fool to let her get away. Maybe I'll have another accident someday and there will be another "Night Nurse" for me.

P.S. There is a rumor going around, that says the company is going to hire a female nurse to live here on the platform. She will have her own quarters and the word is that she is sexy as? ...well they say she is a "Knockout"!

The End

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