

Lizbeth Dusseau



Nurse Nancy Misbehaves

Nurse Nancy Misbehaves

By Lizbeth Dusseau

A Pink Flamingo Ebook Publication

ISBN 10: 0974113441

All rights reserved

Copyright ©2002 Lizbeth Dusseau

Chapter One

The Night Shift

"Oh, Mr. Tatum, you really shouldn't be out of bed at this hour!"

She sashayed into the room, wiggling her cute behind and smiling prettily. Her springy blonde curls bobbed like a golden halo in the dusky light, her bright eyes shining like sapphires as she indignantly watched her patient climbing from his bed.

"Can't stand it anymore, little lady," the man announced grimly.

Nurse Nancy pushed him back on the bed, kindly but firmly. "You want to use the bathroom? I'll help you," she said, feeling like a mother hen, though she hardly looked like one. "That ankle of yours needs to be babied, or you're going to be here a lot longer than you planned."

Feeling the touch of her sensuous hand, his sour expression warmed to a grin and his limp penis began to stir. "I'd rather baby you, darling."

"Oh, you are so sweet," her eyes sparkled naughtily.

She stood right next him, all one hundred and fifteen pounds of lush sweet-smelling flesh. He drank in every drop of her fresh-faced Southern charm, and taking her warm hand in his firm grip, he guided it down to his crotch. There was just the thin layer of his hospital gown between her fingers and his swelling cock, and the heat from him poured out all over her like honey from a jug.

"Mr. Tatum!" she jumped back, "you behave yourself!" But she couldn't break his grip on her hand.

"Oh, no, little girl, you've been teasing me for three days, and men like me jus' don't take kindly to being teased with nothin' to show for it."

She smiled, feeling the pulsing warmth of his growing erection send rivers of delicious sensation all the way up her arm. They spread to her chest and down to her softly undulating belly, making her spasm in a most erotic way.

“But, really, sir, I can’t do anything like that for you here,” she said in her sassy Southern drawl.

“Oh, sure you can. Who’d know at 2 a.m., anyway?” His sour expression transformed to a sly smirk, which made her want to giggle.

Men were always making a play for her, and she knew just how to bat her blues eyes in reply, while brushing them off in her next gesture. But this fellow was a bit too delightful to ignore. He had a cowboy’s rugged look, a craggy, tan complexion and green eyes that flashed both cold and warm. And muscles. Taut, sinewy muscles—not an ounce of fat on his lanky build.

“Little sweet talk, little sweet cream,” he moved his other hand under her short, white uniform skirt and let it amble up between her thighs as if he was getting set to stay there, “Best way to cure this backwoods boy and get me back in my boots. Whadya say?”

Ooo my! How he tormented her—her hand on his fat erection, his hand snaking its way inside her panties—what *could* she do but let her body speak?

“You really can’t,” she purred breathlessly. Her heart began to pound hotly, and she couldn’t stop from wriggling on his exploring fingers. He didn’t have to hold her hand to his crotch; the desire bounded through her, so that she finally grabbed his erection and began to jack him off.

“Yeah, baby, that’s it.”

“Oh, but we really shouldn’t...” she warned herself as much as she warned him, although she already knew she wouldn’t, *couldn’t* quit. The only off switch she recognized was that powerful physical rush that erupted in climax.

“Of course, not? But who’s to know?” her cowboy stallion urged her. His free hand went around her waist, while his fingers continued to probe between her thighs. They’d insinuated their way into the moist treasure beyond her sex lips, into the place that made her quiver; that made her

inner muscles constrict, and excitement flood the area with urgent spasms.

The sly lothario's smile was positively sinful; his green eyes danced with glee.

"Oh, you are terrible, Mr. Tatum." In a last attempt at proper decorum, she tried to pull back—but that's not what she wanted, and that's not what happened next. He pulled her to him harder and made her stay, where his hand couldn't quit its feverish playing anymore than hers could stop squeezing his vigorous muscle. As precum oozed from the tiny opening of his penis, desire pored from her wet lips.

"You want to suck, baby?" he asked.

"Uhuh," she mindlessly responded.

Pulling his hand from her crotch, he pushed her between his legs and presented his eight hard inches of tumescent might to her waiting mouth. She licked it first, her tongue riding round the head like a wave, while her round blue eyes seemed to darken and melt away with her lust. Just licking him made her pussy ooze with juice. It ran right past her panties, and drizzled down her legs. When she zeroed in on his thick meat, her whole mouth seemed to swallow him. She drew back sucking, her tongue and cheeks coiling around the stalk the way a pussy would fuck.

"Damn! You are somethin' else, little girl!"

In the back of her mind, she imagined with horror the stir his exclamation could cause on the quiet hospital floor. She backed off and placed a finger over her lips, "Shush! Or I'll have to stop."

He replied, winding his fingers through her hair and shoving her face back to his cock. "Sorry," he said. But he wasn't sorry at all.

Back to her play, her eager mouth dove for the throbbing cock and devoured it again, and again, and again, each time sucking harder with her tongue curling about the shaft, while her mouth and lips slurped in a frantic, explosive motion. She could feel the cum in him start to rise, so there

was no use stopping, no matter how loudly her patient moaned. Mr. Tatum leaned back on his bed while she worked him, his hand still clinging to her hair. She could feel the urgency, not just in his cock, but through his grasping fingers.

Then suddenly he groaned, “Gawd, yes, baby yes!” and Mr. Tatum shot all over Nurse Nancy’s face, spewing a load that suggested he hadn’t come in some time—which was probably true.

“Oh, dear!” she said, as she sat back on her heels. He’d let go her hair and was reclining against the mattress.

“Now that’s a cure!” he said, when he had enough breath to do so.

She jumped to her feet and grabbed a Kleenex from the box beside his bed, frantically wiping the mess away from her face. “Oh, dear!” she repeated.

“Everything all right in here?” Nurse Willet was at the door asking.

“Oh! Everything is just fine,” she turned briefly toward the woman, smiling. “I was just helping Mr. Tatum to the bathroom, and he was having a bit of a problem. But I think everything is taken care of now. Don’t you think so, Mr. Tatum?”

“Yeah, I’ll be just fine. A fine nurse here, Miss Willet.” Mr. Tatum pulled himself upright with a little help from Nancy and grinned broadly.

“Well good,” the inquiring Nurse Willet remarked. Seeing that nothing was amiss, she turned away and walked back down the corridor.

“Mr. Tatum!” Nancy exclaimed in a hushed whisper, “You cannot do that to me again.”

“Did I see you complaining?”

“You don’t understand... I can’t help myself, and you certainly didn’t make things very easy.”

“Made it easy for you to get me off,” he quipped.

“You’re a very naughty man!”

“As naughty as my nurse.”

She smiled. “Just please, don’t do that again. Now, get yourself back in bed and stay there!”

She abruptly left, slipping into an empty room to catch her breath. And yet, regaining her composure wouldn’t be that simple; her body was still too flushed with sexual desire. Leaning back against the wall, she reached under her skirt and inside her panties, where, with a few brisk strokes to her enflamed, wet pussy, she climaxed, coating her fingers with her thick, sticky cum. For sixty seconds, she thrashed back and forth, mouth open, silently screaming, until a merciful God blessed her with several quick, powerfully glorious spasms.

Then she caught her breath... wiped her hands and crotch, straightened her clothes, and ran her fingers through her mop of curls. With a smile on her face, she re-entered the hospital corridor and started her rounds.

Nurse Nancy had known Johnny Toliver since she was in kindergarten, roughly twenty years. He’d been as randy then as he was now; a spunky charming kid with a swarthy smile, even for a five-year-old, and a mean streak that made him cut off one of her blonde braids with scissors. He’d only gotten halfway through her thick hair when she yanked it back, but the damage had been done. Her mother repaired the mess, cutting off the rest of her long locks to match the shorter hair. She was miserable. The following day, Nancy threw the beautiful blonde remains on Johnny’s desk with a sassy, “There! You satisfied?” His mean streak had been only a brief aberration, so he was just a bit chagrined to see a mountain of lush blonde curls covering his desk.

Johnny was no different twenty years later, and no different when he landed in the hospital with an acute asthma attack. Nurse Nancy wasn’t one to hold a grudge, but she wouldn’t forget either. She kept her distance while efficiently taking care of her patient.

“Hey kiddo, you don’t suppose you could give me a backrub, do you?” Johnny asked her, at the same time moving his shoulders and wincing with pain as if they really hurt.

“And why would you be needing that, except to mess with me?” she replied.

“The other nurses do,” he said with a wry smile.

She looked at him warily. He had something up his sleeve—or his hospital gown to be more precise.

“But the other nurses don’t know you the way I do.”

“You still holding that hair thing against me?”

“I haven’t grown it long since then because of you,” she retorted.

Just the way she held her body was eye candy for a red-blooded guy. She walked, stood and strutted with her shoulders proud, thrusting out her generous bust line as if she were advertising the equipment for sale. And that lovely swell of her hiney from behind—the round orbs seemed to float as they pressed tightly against the back of her skirt. Was it really her cleft visible from that point of view? Or was it just the male imagination that made it look that way?

What a profile! What a package! The guys exclaimed to themselves. Nancy was just that kind of girl. Just that kind of woman!

“But I was only five!” he gesticulated expressively with his hands. He feigned a look as sad as a naughty puppy.

“And you haven’t changed,” she quipped haughtily. She was rarely haughty, and truly, her smug retorts were just as much a way to tease as they were a serious judgment—though Johnny would never know that for sure. Had he known how he’d feel about Nancy at twenty-five, he’d have never cut her precious blonde braid. They would have hit it off in high-school, gone to the prom, smoked behind the bleachers, fucked hard, and generally run around as the two biggest sluts in their class. They deserved each other; everyone knew that. They were destined to be the perfect

couple; everyone knew that, too. All but for one rash move in a childhood rage when Nancy refused to play tetherball on the playground and took off with her girlfriends laughing at him because he forgot to zip his fly.

"I think it's time to bury the hatchet... or even if you don't, isn't giving your patients backrubs part of the job?"

"My job is to see that you rest and take your medicine, so that you can get back to work."

"I'll rest better if you give me a backrub." He batted his long dark lashes her way, pursed his lips and crooked his finger. His voice deepened sexily, "Don't you think twenty years is long enough for your revenge? And I know you give massages; I saw you rubbing old Mr. Dwyer's shoulders yesterday."

"He had muscle cramps," she said.

"And I don't?"

"No, you don't," she said pointedly.

"But I would rest better."

She could remember wanting him in high school, thinking how she'd give anything to give up her silly game of revenge and do what everyone expected of her. While she listened to her friends whisper about his sexual prowess—the biggest dick in the senior class, *'and he sure knows what to do with it...'* she pined for him silently, screwing other guys, while in her mind, she was dreaming about what Johnny Toliver could do with the *biggest dick in the senior class*. As he sweet-talked her with his lame logic, the old feelings came flooding back. If a back rub was all he wanted, that would be just fine. But she had a hunch that he had more in mind. There was an out-to-conquer look in his big brown eyes.

"Well, as long as you behave yourself," she finally relented, moving closer. "Just turn around and keep your hands to yourself."

"Oh, babe, I'll do anything you say," he said, scrambling around the bed.

"Then don't call me '*babe*'!

"No?"

"No!" she gave his shoulder a meaningful tap.

"Promise, honey, I'll be good as gold."

"Promise, honey, my eye. You're a scoundrel and that will never change!"

Nancy's fingers worked their way into the hard muscle of Johnny's shoulders. Ah! How his bare skin breathed with lust. It wasn't seconds before she realized the feelings eating at her pussy. *Oh, lord! she thought. "Just like old times!"*

The situation might have become more serious, but she managed to escape the worst of it when she was called out of the room.

The next day... a repeat of the day before.

Oh, why is Dr. Lyman keeping Johnny in the hospital? Nancy wondered unhappily. He seems perfectly healthy to me!

Again, he begged her with his big, brown, soulful eyes, and she was trapped, massaging his shoulders, while her mind raced to erotic thoughts, and her body responded with anxious desire

"You know, you never change, Johnny Toliver!" she exclaimed.

"I'm still waiting for you, babe."

"Don't call me *babe*!" she said. She worked her fingers deep into his thick muscles, while trying to ignore the delicious sweep of sexual energy rolling through her like a gigantic ocean swell. Her pussy tightened as if she had his dick inside it and her belly began to spasm. She jerked her hands away. "What *are* you doing to me!" she gasped.

"Nothing, sweetheart, nothing..." He turned and stared her down, making it impossible for her to look away. "But look at *you*."

"What do you mean, look at me?"

"You're all flushed."

"I am not!"

"I know a horny woman when I see one."

"I am *not* horny."

"Sure you are. Let me prove it." Before Nancy could react, Johnny pulled her toward him, spun her around and pinned her to the mattress.

"What are you doing!" she spit out at him in her loudest whisper.

"Shush!" he quietly returned. "Let's just say I'm making up for lost time."

Her dress was nearly unbuttoned to the waist. *How did that happen?* And his hands were searching inside, finding a handful of tit to squeeze.

"Ooo, you are a terrible man."

"Am I?"

"Yes, yes you are." But her willpower was almost spent. She felt trapped, not so much by his strength but by the savage desire for fucking. Their legs scissored and his knee pushed into her crotch.

"We shouldn't be... No, please, I could get in... Oh, honey, that feels so," she gasped in sensuous, breathy whisper.

"Get in trouble? You really aren't concerned about that, are you?" He covered her mouth with his for their first kiss, so she couldn't answer the question.

"Oh, gawd!" she exclaimed when she broke free of him, but then she went right back for more. Her hands eagerly drew his face to hers and her hips ground into his bare skin; while she felt *the biggest cock in the senior class* begin to swell against her tummy.

He reached under her dress, and snaked his finger under the elastic of her thong panty. "I knew you'd be available," he purred, lapping her earlobe at the same time. He ran his tongue down her neck, and when he nibbled her throat with tiny bites, she was gone—too far-gone to bring her body

back to reality. Her legs widened, allowing that big dick to move urgently inside her slippery channel.

"Oh, my, yes," she whispered over and over, as she raised her hips to greet his and the fucking began. "Lord in heaven!" Twenty years of sexual yearning burst free in fifteen minutes of sparkling exhilaration... her desire for revenge dwindled into nothing. With Johnny Toliver slamming his erection deep into Nancy's tightly grabbing hole, the end was in sight. All her erotic womanly charms worked their magic, while he worked his magic on the sexy nurse. "You nasty man!" she exclaimed—forgetting the fuss she might create in the silence of the hospital. Her pussy bore down on Johnny's shaft and he came, grunting—though not as loudly as he might have elsewhere. Afterwards, the two lay in a tangled, sweaty heap, until Nancy suddenly got her wits about her and jumped from the bed.

"Lord have mercy on me! You can't do that again!" she exclaimed, while she hurriedly adjusted her clothes.

"Oh, yes we can, darlin'" Johnny looked up at her grinning.

Their mingled juices were oozing from her crotch and soaking her panties. She was still breathing hard. And yet, her efforts to throttle her desire weren't working. She still wanted him bad!

"How about a date, after I get out of here?" he asked.

"Oh, Johnny Toliver, you always mean trouble," she sassed, because she had to be at least a *little* indignant. Otherwise, she was quite exuberant, her body still vibrating rapturous and gleeful. "But I gotta go now."

"Go then," he ended it with a self-satisfied smile.

"What am I going to do?" Nancy asked Meg, as the two nurses were sipping cokes in the nurse's lounge.

"About Johnny Toliver?"

"Yes, about Johnny Toliver. Haven't you been listening?"

“Of course, I’ve been listening, and I think you should give in. Face it; you’ve been wanting him for years.” She paused meaningfully. “But I would keep the fucking to his apartment or yours.” Her eyes were quite merry and full of mischief. This was hardly like Meg Damien, who was normally prone to a nagging negative gloom. Lately however, the pretty redhead had her head in the clouds, all because of Dr. Merriman. The much older man had changed the young nurse’s disposition a hundred and eighty degrees.

“That’s easy for you to say.”

“It does no good to repress your sexual desires.”

“Oh, and you’re an expert on that after a few months with the great Doctor? You, who wouldn’t even give a kiss away six months ago?”

“Yes,” she affirmed, “I’m quite an expert in repressed sexual desires... and how to free them!”

Meg’s round face shined and as her pink lips pursed cutely. She’d become quite a sensuous little thing with this new relationship. Her lush round body oozed with a sexuality she’d never had before. People noticed; the transformation was evident to almost anyone that knew her. Most obvious, she stopped hiding her body behind the shroud of a formless uniform. Her firm breasts and curves now spilled from her more traditional *and* more womanly nurse’s uniforms. She’d become quite the talk of the hospital—taking the heat off Nancy, who’d always been considered an unabashed sexpot. When Meg suddenly took on a completely new persona, no one could quite figure out exactly what had happened to the very shy young woman. She still maintained the demure sweetness she’d been known for, but her whole being seemed to glow, dispelling the shadow that had always made her a bit grim to be around.

Nancy wasn’t convinced the cure for Meg’s woes would last. The enigmatic Dr. Avery Merriman seemed to have a real grip on Meg in every aspect of her life—but how long

could that last? He was overpowering, demanding, and sometimes not very nice to her. Nancy, who liked to maintain some control in her relationships, couldn't understand what attracted Meg to the aging physician. But still, her friend seemed perfectly happy to give her every waking moment to this man of her dreams. Maybe for Meg that was okay.

"So, you think you're free of your repressed sexual desires?" Nancy wanted clarification.

"No, not free of them, but free to pursue them."

"I see." Nancy wanted to pry more, and probably would have, but not in the nurse's lounge where there were ears ready to eavesdrop any lurid details. "Well, I have to say, you have changed. But I can't see what that would have to do with Johnny Toliver and me."

"Humm, maybe, just maybe Johnny Toliver *is* the right man for you and that's why you've put him off. He scares you!"

"Oh, cripes! That's silly. He may turn me on, but scare me? Never!"

"Oh well, I just thought..." she said, a bit listlessly, as if her mind had drifted away.

"And I just think we'd better get back to our stations before *Nurse Ratchet* reports us!"

Nurse Ratchet was actually Nurse Mildred Hightower. She'd been working at Fairhaven for nearly thirty years, and was still going strong as ever—a fit, regimental, by-the-book administrator, who'd earned her nickname a hundred times over. The worst of it—like her movie counterpart—she was sickly pleasant in a modulated sort of way that made everyone cringe. But then, she did keep her nurses on their toes and that was exactly the way the hospital board wanted it.

"You're right, I don't need her reporting me to Avery." She looked a little scared, but a little excited, too, which only made Nancy more baffled.

Nancy and Johnny had sex two more times before he was released from the hospital. By the last incident, she's given up any hope of repelling his advances—she was *putty in his hands*. She lost a spirited battle the second time he came on to her and she gave him blowjob—she was on the rag, or he would have had her pussy too. The third time... she spent the early evening avoiding Johnny's room, keeping herself busy in other areas of the floor. But she couldn't ignore him forever; there was the tray of bedtime meds to dispense. The closer she got to his room, the more her body seemed to switch into high gear. Her face was flushed, her heart pounding, and the fire in her crotch became so hot she thought she'd burn up if she they didn't have sex. She wanted him. Wanted him badly.

"You've got to be quieter," she said in a hushed voice, as she entered his private room and closed the door behind her. She drew the drape around his bed and began to strip away her dress.

"Oh, my, what do have here? The little slut I always knew you were?"

"Shush, just fuck me," she purred again, as she wiggled her way out of the dress and pushed her breasts toward his face. Pulling her bra down to her waist, she presented the round orbs to his waiting lips; her naked nipples were proudly erect. Johnny mauled her tits with both hands, and left hickeys from a dozen love bites. Nancy's pussy started to spasm; she needed his cock for the rest. With Johnny rock hard in seconds and sticking straight up through his hospital gown, there was no discussion necessary. She climbed on, wrapping her legs around his waist, kissed his face, scratched his back, and finally pushed him over, where she rode him to the finish with her sassy behind bobbing like a cork on choppy water.

"You breathing okay?" she finally gasped, when she resurfaced from her sexual stupor.