

The Neighbourhood Nurse

I suppose I was lucky to crash my BMX bike right outside Geraldine's place, a nurse my family knew well.

As I sat on her couch in my soccer shorts, having her see to the abrasions on my knee, I couldn't help but notice that her humongous boobs were pretty close to coming all the way out of her bath robe as she sat on the floor in front of me, legs crossed and using medical kit on me.

She was maybe in her late twenties, red haired, freckled, and blue-eyed.

"Now we need to stitch this just a bit," she blabbed on cheerfully, and began to do so. At this stage, one of her breasts did make an appearance, and to my embarrassment, my penis, which had moved precariously close to the outer seam of my shorts during her attempts of getting at my inner leg, sprung forward and right into her field of vision.

"Oh, cute!" she said with a good humoured laugh and made no attempt to put it back inside my shorts, "I've seen it before, did you know? Coming to think of it, I was the one who did the stitches when you were circumcised. You wouldn't remember, of course."

Now she actually took it in her hands and took a good, long look at it. I had an absolutely raging erection.

Her index finger probed the dark ring halfway down the shaft where the normal skin joined the long stretch of shiny, pink skin behind the glans. She looked at it intently all the way around it, then took hold of the darker skin and pulled forward on it a bit. "Does it bother you how tight it is?" she asked with slight concern in her voice. "How do you ever... oh, never mind. I've always thought Carol does them too tightly, but what can I do, I'm only the nurse. This doesn't move at all, does it?" No amount of trying moved the darker half of the shaft skin any closer to the glans.

By now, her bathrobe had opened up all the way, and I could see her amazing breasts swinging quite freely with every move. She was oblivious to it, focused entirely on my penis.

"When I circumcise," she continued, "I always cut at an angle and leave a good bit of skin, so that some of it can be pushed over the rim and onto the glans. I think it's important for a boy to have that. And I leave the little frenulum well alone. So much easier, too. Just tug, chop, done. Push it back behind the gans, and apply vaseline till it's healed. Carol always does these very high cuts, perfectly circular, like yours, because she feels it's best when the skin is tight and as far back from the glans as possible. She says the boys would otherwise always try to tug on the remaining skin, and make it longer. You wouldn't do that, would you? Anyway, so she also needs to remove the frenulum and then the underside needs stitches, which is tricky and takes time. But it does end up looking very sleek, of course. Which reminds me, I did the stitches on the underside of your penis, too. Looks like that healed almost without any scars. Just a little bit of scar tissue here..." she put her index finger on a little, hard knot and massaged it slightly. "Let me get you some ointment," she said, rose up and disappeared around the corner.

I had never seen my penis harder than this. The stretched back, inner skin was so drum tight, I could see the reflection of the living room window in it. It was absolutely throbbing.

Then she came back with a small tube of ointment and knelt down in front of me again. This time, her boobs remained covered, but glimpses of her bikini zone were clearly visible as she knelt with her legs planted wide apart for better stability.

"Such a shiny, purple glans you have," she marveled. "Normally, they get quite pale and mat from the exposure over the years. Oh, I can see a little bit of precum on its way there...is it very sensitive?" She dabbed at it carefully with her index finger. "I noticed you are often wearing these silky soccer shorts. Perhaps that helps. And I suppose you don't ever masturbate touching the glans with your hands? That's another thing. Over time, those who touch themselves with bare hands all the time get a fairly rough skin texture on the glans. Whatever you do, don't rub the glans with bare hands, ok? Now let's get some of that ointment on you. It reduces scar tissue very quickly and makes it soft."

She put one hand on my testicles and gently pushed back on them, tightening the soft skin to the maximum. Then she put a tiny bit of ointment on the underside of my penis. At that point, I could no longer hold back and ejaculated with such force all over her shoulders, I nearly blacked out.

"I'm sorry," she said and sat next to me on the couch, holding my head against her chest, "I had no idea you'd go off so easily." I could somehow tell she wasn't all that sorry though, as I started playing with her nipples through her bath robe. I may have brought her to a climax, because her eyes flickered briefly once. Then she leaned toward me on the couch, her robe falling open again, boobs in full view, and spoke breathily more to my penis than to me: "You know what the best thing is to keep a permanently exposed glans shiny? The closest thing to having a foreskin. Lips." And she closed her soft, warm lips around my glans and slowly brought me to another orgasm, this one making a complete mess of her hair eventually, and leaving me feeling several iQ points short.

On another occasion, when I came back to have her inspect my knee, she showed me yet another way to keep the glans moistened.

Needless to say, this needs to be done regularly.