

The "Trained" Nurse

The sun was setting, and driving home from Memorial Hospital where she worked as a nurse, Brenda Hall found herself wishing that her husband Harold would be home that night - but he was away on a business trip, and wouldn't be home for another couple of days at the earliest. She thought to herself, "At least when I get home, I'll be able to take it easy - today was *entirely* too busy!"

After she left the main highway that let to town, where the hospital was, she thought about how lucky she was that she and Harold had been able to find the house they had: far enough out in the suburbs that they didn't have any noisy neighbors to deal with, but still close enough that it wasn't a major nuisance getting to and from work.

A few minutes later, she came up on the area where there was a small rest stop kind of area at the side of the road. It was on the inside corner of a sharp curve in the road, and had been the scene of several accidents. As she got closer, she could see that what looked like some kind of motorcycle club was taking a break - and, worse still, they seemed to have overflowed the rest area and out onto the highway.

She slowed down, thinking that one of them would notice her, and let the others know to move out of the way - but it didn't happen. She finally had to come to a complete stop, and rolled down her window to call out to them "Excuse me! Would you mind moving out of the road, please?"

One of them yelled back "Go around, dumbass!", followed by jeers and cat-calls from the others.

Only then did she notice that they weren't what could be called a motorcycle 'club' - gang was more like it, she thought to herself. Rather than get into an argument with them, she turned the wheel of the car a bit, slowly and carefully driving around them - ever on the alert for a vehicle coming from the other direction. As she passed them, she saw several of them look at her closely before starting to make a number of gestures. 25 years old, with a 36B-24-36 figure on her five-and-a-half foot tall body, and a trim 105 pounds, she knew that she looked good - but she didn't think that the bunch growing smaller in her rear-view mirror were all that fussy to begin with.

Putting the bother of what had just happened behind her, Brenda's thoughts began to drift toward home - and more specifically, how much she was missing Harold. He'd been gone nearly a week, and she was *definitely* getting 'anxious'. Just thinking about the welcome home she had planned for him got her juices flowing...

She was brought of her reverie by the sound of motorcycle engines - a lot of them, and very close. Looking in her rearview mirror, she could see that what could only be the gang that had been back at the rest area was rapidly approaching. Struggling with her emotions - fear, mostly - she kept her eyes on the road and kept driving. Even when they caught up and began to flow around her, banging on the car and the female riders flashing their breasts at her as the men hooted, she tried to pay them as little attention as she could. She let up on the accelerator a bit to

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get them past her even more quickly - "There must be thirty of them, at least!" she thought to herself.

It couldn't have taken but a couple of minutes at the most - though it certainly seemed longer - they were by, and racing up the road, soon disappearing from sight. Brenda felt herself relax again, and soon had her car back up to the speed limit.

It was several minutes later when she heard a loud "BANG!", followed by the feeling of her car pulling toward the side of the road; it took her only a couple of seconds to realize that she'd had a tire blow out.

Pulling over to the side of the road - and making sure she was out of the way of any traffic - she got out and had a look at the tire. Sure enough, she could see a spot on the sidewall where the fabric inside had apparently given up the ghost. With a sigh, she went back and opened the trunk - and after several minutes futile searching, realized that she didn't have a jack handle. Tire, check. Jack, check. Jack handle - nope. Rummaging around, she couldn't even find something she could USE as a jack handle.

Grumbling to herself, she put everything back in the trunk, locked the car, and headed toward the small bar she knew was a little ways up the road.

As it turned out, the bar she'd been thinking of wasn't a 'little' ways up the road - it was a full three miles, causing her to reflect how much closer things seemed when a person was driving a car between them...

Nonetheless, she still got to it; it had gotten to be full dark by the time she got there, and it was a relief not to be out on that lonely road, afoot, by herself.

Stepping inside, she was surprised to see that it was full - with a lot of people wearing leather jackets. The jukebox along one wall was also going full blast, from the sound of it. She carefully made her way over to where she could see a pay phone, and opened her purse to get the change to feed it - and soon realized that she'd used her last two quarters to buy a soda from the machine in the nurse's lounge at the hospital. Pulling out a dollar bill, she went over to the bar to ask the bartender for change; but before she got there, one of the men drinking beer stood up and moved to block her. Looking up at him, she heard him ask "Hey, ain't you the broad that yelled at us? The one we passed a little while ago?"

Only then did she realize that this bunch of people were the same ones that had been at the rest stop - and had harassed her when she passed her, apparently on their way to the bar.

Trying her best to remain calm, she told him "I don't think so - I just got here."

Another of the bikers got up and came over, saying "Yeah, I think she is! Hey, Charlie! C'mon over here! Ain't this the bitch that yelled at us?"

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A THIRD biker came over, looked at her, and nodded before confirming "Yup, that's her. I remember the little nurse uniform she had on - sure makes her look cute, don't it?", with a leer.

The first biker grinned and said "Sure does. Say, missy, how about you have a beer with us and show us how sorry you are about disturbin' us when we was trying to take a break?"

"I really don't think I can do that - I really do have to get home. If you'll excuse me?" she told them, starting to move around the biker in front of her.

The second biker took her by the arm and told her "Aw, now, little missy - we ain't **asking** you - we're *telling* you: you're gonna have a beer with us!"

About that time, the bartender said "All right, you guys - I don't want no trouble here!"

Charlie, the third biker, called out "Ain't gonna be no trouble, Clyde, as long as you don't be callin' no cops or nothin'. We're just gonna teach miss better-than-everybody-else here it ain't NICE to be yelling at folks, is all."

The bartender looked at the three of them, then past to the rest of their gang, and realized he was on the short end of the odds. With a shrug of his shoulders, he picked up a bar rag and began wiping the bar - clearly giving in.

With a biker on each side of her, and one behind, Brenda soon found herself seated at one of the large round tables with a cold bottle of beer in front of her. She wasn't normally a beer drinker - but it didn't seem to be the time or place to be asking for a wine cooler.

What she didn't really notice was that the beer in front of her was one of the 'high alcohol' brands - at least, not until she took her first swallow of it!

All the bikers laughed when they saw her spluttering after that first swallow - what they couldn't see was how quickly it began to have an effect on her. Over the next several minutes, Brenda continued to take swallows of the beer in front of her; with each one, her inhibitions became a little less inhibiting. By the time she finished the bottle, she wasn't drunk - but she certainly wasn't sober, either.

In fact, she was far enough from sober that when one of the bikers put his hand on her leg - above the hem of her nurse uniform skirt - she didn't mind *at all*. The little fantasies she'd been having about her and Harold were still fresh in her mind, and the feel of the biker's hand on her leg felt... well, pretty good, actually.

A fresh bottle of beer was put in front of her, and she listened to the bikers talking about the trip they'd just returned from. And when she felt the hand on her leg sliding higher and higher on her thigh, she didn't object. It wasn't long before she could feel it touching the mound of her sex; and THAT feeling was simply too good to ignore: with only the briefest hesitation, she opened her legs, welcoming further contact - contact that was soon in coming.

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With the first touch of the hand directly on her pussy, Brenda felt herself starting to respond - her pussy getting wet, her nipples hardening inside her bra, and her face beginning to flush as her arousal increased with each second. When she felt a second hand come to rest on her other leg, softly stroking the inside of her thigh, her excitement only ratcheted higher. She couldn't help but lean back in the chair she was in, closing her eyes so she could focus on the delightful sensations the hands on her were creating. Her eyes were still closed when she felt a large hand on one of her breasts; she didn't open them or say anything, and the hand soon began squeezing her breast and pinching its nipple through her uniform. In just a few seconds, it was joined by another; with hands on both of her breasts and between her legs, she couldn't help but release a moan of pleasure.

Some time went by - she had no idea how much - before she felt fingers at her throat; it took her only a moment to realize that they were trying to unfasten the buttons that ran down the front of her uniform. Her pussy felt so wet, her breasts felt so tight, that she didn't object when the first button finally came undone. She **wanted** those wonderful hands touching her skin!

In short order, her uniform was completely open, leaving her exposed in her panties and bra for the whole world to see. The hands had left her body only briefly; long enough for whoever it was to pull her uniform out of the way, and they were back, feeling even more delightful as they played with her breasts and nipples through the sheer material of her bra.

Between her legs, one of the hands had pushed her panties out of the way, and she could feel a large finger slowly stroking between the lips of her pussy while another was rubbing circles on and around her erecting clitoris. She could FEEL herself leaking her woman's oils when a deep voice whispered in her ear "You want to be naked, don't you? You want a hard dick inside, don't you?" - and heard herself answer "God, yes!"

In just a few seconds, she felt herself lifted up and her nurses uniform peeled down her arms, then her bra being unfastened and removed, and finally her panties being slid down her legs. When she heard another voice say "Up on the table, missy!", she opened her eyes only long enough to do as she was told, then closed them again as she felt someone's head move between her parted thighs. The first time the tongue ran its way between her labia, she nearly came off the table, it felt so good!

Between her thighs, the person continued licking and sucking on her labia and clitoris; above her head she heard a rasping sound - and when she felt the head of a penis on her lips, knew that it had been someone's zipper. She eagerly took the cock head in her mouth and began sucking on it, and heard someone moan in pleasure.

The cock in her mouth was hard and hot when she felt herself begin to orgasm in response to the tonguing she was receiving. Letting it pop free of her mouth, she heard herself cry out as the first wave of release washed over her.

Around her, she could hear voices talking, but their words of "Damn, will you look at that?" and "Hey, I think she likes it!" and "Damn if she isn't getting into it!" held no meaning to her.

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She was nearly finished with her climax when she felt a body move between her legs - and a moment later, a wonderfully hard penis pressing against her opening. She didn't hesitate to open her thighs even more, and was rewarded with the sensation of being filled as whoever it was thrust into her wet and welcoming vagina.

Even as she was delighting in the feeling of being fucked for the first time in too long, she opened her mouth to begin sucking on the hard penis that she'd been enjoying moments before.

From the groans coming from whoever was at her head, she knew she was pleasing them - and eager for the taste of cum, applied herself to the happy task of trying to get that person to squirt every drop of his semen into her eagerly sucking mouth.

She suddenly felt the person between her legs begin thrusting into her in short, hard strokes - and a moment later, felt her insides get hot and slippery as he filled her with his cum. It was enough to push her into her own orgasm, and she tried to scream her pleasure around the hard penis filling her mouth.

As she came down from her climax, she realized that she was being fucked again; and it took her a few moments to realize that there was someone *else* filling her with hard cock. Before she could take any pleasure from that fact, she heard a grunt, and her mouth was filled with cum as the penis in it squirted shot after shot of semen. She happily continued sucking, rolling the thick wads of man-juice in her mouth until the softening erection was pulled away from her. She barely had time to swallow her salty snack before another penis was brushing across her face. She opened her mouth and was soon sucking on it, feeling it getting harder in response to her efforts.

Several times, she felt herself being filled with someone's hard penis, then being fucked until he came - making her cum, too - before someone else moved in to take over. And time after time, a hard or semi-hard penis would be introduced to her welcoming mouth, where she would suck and lick it until it gave up its precious load of cum for her to taste and swallow.

Somewhere off to the side, she heard a female voice demand "Hey, how about us?!", followed by a man's voice saying "Hell, come on up and get some if you want - she probably likes girls, too!"

The conversation didn't mean anything to her - until she felt a pair of smooth, firm thighs bracket her head. Opening her eyes, she found herself facing the sight of an obviously aroused female pussy lowering toward her. She tried to object, but her pleas were cut off by the woman over her pressing her exposed cunt against Brenda's lips. Brenda opened her mouth to try and say something, but the sound was muffled; in the process of trying to talk, she'd also gotten her first taste of pussy - and realized that it didn't taste as bad as she'd thought it would. In fact, it tasted pretty damn good!

Brenda didn't mind - at least, not *too* much - not being able to suck cocks until her mouth was full of cum. This new taste was something she was definitely starting to like, and she started applying her considerable oral skills toward getting as much more of the taste as she could.

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As she was licking and sucking on the exposed labia and clitoris of the woman on top of her, Brenda felt a number of small, soft hands begin to play with her breasts - and realized that it could only be some of the women in the biker gang. The thought of them touching her got Brenda even more excited, and she began bucking against the man that was fucking her at the time. She heard him groan, then felt the sensation of him emptying his balls into her, filling her yet again with spunk.

Brenda knew what felt good to HER when Harold used his mouth on her, and she quickly began doing the same things to the woman above her. She was rewarded with a rapidly increasing amount of pussy juice, which she eagerly lapped up - and in the process, brought her new woman friend to climax.

When the woman finally pulled herself off Brenda's face, Brenda let her head fall back - only to have another penis pressed against her mouth. Happily, she opened her mouth and took it in, joyously trying to bring whoever it was to an orgasm so she could have the mixed taste of pussy and cum in her mouth...

Even as man after man plundered her woman's treasure, Brenda found herself alternating between having her mouth filled with hot cum, and even hotter pussies.

Brenda didn't know how long it went on. She only knew that she was near the point of total exhaustion from all the orgasms she'd had, and her mouth and tongue were sore from all the cocks she'd sucked and pussies she'd licked. People had stopped using her head some time before - she didn't know how long, and really didn't care - but there were still people moving between her legs and fucking her, and that she DID care about: it felt damn good, even if there *were* what felt like gallons of cum running down her ass!

Finally, she felt someone move between her legs and push his hard penis inside her - and heard him exclaim "Shit! It's like trying to fuck a boxcar with the door open! I'm gonna flip her over and get something that you assholes haven't wore out yet!"

She felt the penis withdraw, and uttered a small moan of complaint, only to be told "It's all right, sweetheart! Daddy's gonna fix you up just *fine*!"

When she felt the man trying to turn her over, she willingly helped, thinking that he wanted to do her doggy style - a position she liked a LOT. And, in fact, he stuffed himself into her that way, and slid in and out a few times before withdrawing. She didn't understand why until she felt something press against her anus - but before she could utter any kind of protest, felt him force what felt like a full foot of hard cock up her ass!

Brenda nearly screamed with the feeling of having herself violated that way - but when she felt him start moving in her, cut her cries off before giving voice to them. Once he was inside, it really wasn't so bad...

A few moments later, she changed her mind - no, it wasn't not so bad; it was starting to feel pretty damn good, actually! As she began to respond to having her ass fucked, she heard several

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murmurs around her - people saying things like "Shit! Is there anything that *doesn't* turn her on?" and "Fuck - she likes it ALL!"

Brenda was starting to really enjoy what was happening to her when she felt him suddenly pound into her several times - followed by a hot, wet feeling deep in her bowels. With the realization that he was cumming - and in her ass! - Brenda couldn't help but orgasm, giving full voice to the spasms of pleasure wracking her body.

She was still experiencing what had to be the strongest orgasm of her life when she felt someone else stuff a hard penis into her dripping pussy and move it around a few times before pulling out again. She started to release a groan of complaint before she felt him pressing against her asshole - and gladly relaxed herself to welcome him as he forced himself into her rear entrance. In short order, he was pumping in and out of her tight anus, bringing her a pleasure she'd never thought she would enjoy.

Before long - too soon for Brenda! - she felt him make several hard thrusts into her, and the sensation of having her bowels washed with his hot cum.

He was replaced with another one, and Brenda was looking forward to having her ass fucked again - the last one had finished before she'd even really gotten started!

Her third rectal lover took his time - moving in and out of her in a steady pace that only got her more and more excited. She tried tightening her rectum around his plundering penis, and heard him groan his pleasure. She was on the verge of having another orgasm, from having her ass fucked, no less, when she felt him give her a few hard thrusts and begin spraying his seed inside her. The feeling of it was enough to push her into her release, and she all but fainted from the intensity of it.

When she finally recovered from her climax, she was disappointed to realize that there wasn't anyone fucking her - not in her pussy OR her ass. She released a whimper of disappointment, and was told "Jeezus, lady. Don't you **ever** give up? You done wore all of us out; I don't think there's one of us - even the girls! - that you haven't made cum at least TWICE! Why don't we get you dressed, and you go on home, huh?"

Hands gently helped Brenda to her feet, and then got her dressed as she slowly got her wits back. By the time she had all of her clothes on, she was still more than a little bit 'out of it'. She absently told them "I just came in here to call someone about the flat on my car. I've got the spare and jack, but no jack handle..."

Someone answered "It's okay, lady. We'll take care of it."

She was guided to a chair, and brought a cup of coffee. As she took a sip of it, she heard a motorcycle start, then leave.

As she was finishing her coffee, she heard a motorcycle return, then someone come into the bar and say "Okay, she's good."

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A few moments later, one of the three that had first confronted her helped her to her feet and said "Come on, Missy. Time for you to go home."

She let herself be guided outside, then onto the back of a motorcycle. Holding tight to the person in front of her, she found herself getting aroused again at the vibration of the bike's engine against her pelvis. A few moments later, she could feel the wind as they rode away; a bit later, things slowed down again, and she looked around to see that they'd taken her to her car.

She was helped off the bike and into the car. Someone knelt down to tell her "You best stay here for a while and get your shit together before you drive home, okay?"

She nodded, and the person stood up and closed the door. A bit later, the motorcycle started up again, and she heard it fade in the distance.

It was nearly an hour before she finally felt able to drive home - remembering bits and pieces of what had gone on in the bar the whole time.

When she finally got home, her first step was to take a shower - not from shame, but simply to get all the residue of having fucked so many people off her body; it was sticky, and starting to smell. By the time she was done, she was smiling to herself as she thought "Howard is going to be in for one BIG surprise when he gets home..."