

Nurse Lovejoy

Emily Sinclair

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Though I did not have access to a mirror, I imagine the look on my face as I stared at my client's mother could best be described as shocked horror because those are the first two emotions her question elicited. I had heard her, of course, but had to make sure I heard her correctly. "Excuse me?"

"What, are you deaf as well as incompetent? I asked if you satisfied my son's sexual needs."

Yeah, that's what I heard the first time. Had she been some random woman on the street I would have slapped her across the face and then walked away, but unfortunately I was in her home and an assault charge would be a one-way ticket to the unemployment line so I kept my temper in check, took a deep breath and calmly replied. "I'm not sure who you think you hired, but I'm a nurse, not an escort. My job is..."

"To take care of my son's every need," she cut me off. "Now get in there and take care of him, or you're fired and I won't pay."

"Ma'am, I'm paid by the insurance company and you can..."

"I'll file a complaint against you!" she cut me off again to continue her tirade of entitlement. "Now get in there and take care of my son or I'll call the police and tell them you abused him."

That right there was the straw that broke this camel's back. "You go right ahead and do that, Ma'am, and I'll show them the video I recorded of our time together proving absolutely nothing happened. I'll leave with my job and you'll go to jail for filing a false police report, but you go right on ahead and call the police. I'll wait."

The mention of a video seemed to only make her angrier and for a moment I thought she was going to lunge at me, but she stood her ground. "No one gave you permission to record anything. I want that video right now!" she demanded.

"Absolutely not. As clearly stated in the forms you signed when hiring me to be your son's nurse..."

"MOM!" Brian said from the hallway leading from the living room to the rest of the house. Both arms and his upper chest in a cast from a horrible skiing accident, he looked like a mummy someone got started on and decided not to finish. "I am so sorry Nurse Lovejoy," he apologized. "My mother..."

"Wants what's best for her son so stay out of it and go back to bed where you belong!"

I had only known Brian all of the hour we spent talking while I gave him a sponge bath and fed him breakfast, but in that short time I could see he was a very kind and caring young man with a passion for motorcycles and skiing despite the unfortunate setback the latter put in his plans of riding across the country on the bike he and his father were building so what came next surprised the hell out of me if only because I did not think he had it in him.

"No, you want what's best for you as always you demented nutjob! Everyone told me staying here during my recovery was going to be a huge mistake and boy were they right. Unfortunately, I need someone to take care of me when the nurse isn't here and you were the only one available." Shaking his head, he just glared at his mother.

"You know, you've got really good insurance that will absolutely pay for in-home care long enough for those casts to come off. Since your mother is your medical power-of-attorney she would have to sign..."

“Oh, she’s not my medical or any other type of power-of-attorney. That role went to my sister Heidi and if you’re sure I can get in-home care without having to pay out of pocket sign me up and I’ll go pack. Or rather I’ll call my sister to come pack for me.”

“Let me make a few phone calls and I’ll let you know for sure. Then all you’ll need to do is call the agency and they’ll assign you a nurse.”

“I’m going to be defenseless in these things for the next two months and I want someone I can trust. That’s you, Nurse Lovejoy.” His cheeks blushed in the cutest possible way. “I mean, unlike the other nurses that have come and gone the last three weeks, you didn’t just come in, give me a bath and walk out. You sat down and talked to me. You asked me how I got injured and gave advice on how to regain my mobility after the casts come off. Unlike the last four, you seem to care for your patients than getting paid and that goes a long way in my book.”

“Thank you. I’d be more than happy to continue on as your nurse as long as it’s not here. When you, or rather your sister, calls to set up in-home care you can give them my name and identification number and they’ll most likely let us keep working together, but before we go that far, in-home care means I’ll be living in your home for however long it takes so the first question I must ask and that you’ll be asked by the agency is, do you have a spare bedroom?”

“I’ve got three spare bedrooms actually. One of them is a second master suite which you are more than welcome to use. Um, since I’m pretty sure she’s not going to do it and Heidi won’t be here for a few more days to check up on me, do you think you could dial her number for me?”

“Sure.”

“I want you out of my house right now!” his mother screamed at me.

“Shut up and go take your meds,” Brian shot back. She made a move as if she were going to jump me and to my surprise, as injured as he was he came to my defense. “You take one step in her direction and I won’t be the only one in this family in casts,” he said with an eerie calmness that even made me shiver. Turning to me, he just shook his head in disgust. “I am so sorry you had to experience my mother’s entitled bullshit.”

“You have nothing to apologize for,” I said looking straight at his mother. “Point me in the direction of your phone and I’ll call your sister so we can get you into an environment more conducive to healing.”

His face suddenly turning several shades redder, he nervously chewed his lower lip while looking down at the floor. “There’s just one thing you need to know about me before you accept the job. I’m a nudist. The only reason I’m wearing anything at all right now is because I’m at someone else’s home, but when I’m at my place I don’t wear anything. I completely understand if that’s a problem and you don’t want to take the job because of it, but I thought you should know before accepting and finding out later.”

“Thanks for telling me. As long as you don’t have some weird rule where everyone has to go nude I don’t see it causing any problems.”

“Think of it as clothing optional. If your comfortable enough to go nude, great. If not? Well, that’s great too. The one thing I will say, however, is that I will remain nude no matter what so if it becomes too uncomfortable for you to deal with then I’ll have to get another nurse.”

“Your house, your rules.”

“Then my phone is on the stand in the bedroom.”

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After a very brief conversation on the phone describing what had happened, Brian hung up and fifteen minutes later Heidi stormed into their mother’s home in what can only be described as a raging inferno. Spending the next half hour telling her mother off for treating me

like garbage and attempting to pimp me out, she then quickly packed up all of her brother's belongings, called the agency to have me placed on in-home care duty and then we helped Brian into her car. An hour drive later and I pulled behind them into a long driveway leading up to a beautiful brick ranch sitting on approximately seven perfectly manicured acres.

The clothes came off the second Heidi stepped out of her car. Looking back at me and then to her brother, it did not take a genius to figure out what she wanted. Shutting the door to my car I walked over to Brian, took one look at him and then shook my head. "Yeah, I don't want to risk him falling and hurting himself even more than he already is, so I think it might be in everyone's best interest if we waited until he was inside and sitting before taking his clothes off."

"I see why he wants you to stick around," Heidi said, giving me an approving nod as she walked up on the front porch and unlocked the door. Brian and I joined her a moment later and then we went inside. When he first told me he was a nudist I pictured a house filled with plastic-covered furniture, so when I walked in to see nothing of the sort I was slightly shocked, but as I looked around the modestly furnished and decorated living room to the open kitchen I had the distinct feeling he took the old saying 'cleanliness is next to godliness' to heart.

"Welcome to my home," Brian said as he sat down in an overstuffed recliner. "Sis, could you please show Nurse Lovejoy to the spare master suite?"

"Please, call me Amelia," I smiled as I stood in front of him. Bending down, I untied and removed his shoes, pulled his socks off and then reached up to unbutton his pants. My eyes drifted to his well-toned and shirtless chest and to my embarrassment I felt my heart skip a beat. Suddenly fumbling, I finally got his zipper down and hit pants and boxers hit the floor. Doing my best not to stare at his rather impressive dick, I stood up and straightened out my skirt.

"Amelia," Heidi grinned. "That's a very pretty name. I like it."

"Thanks."

"Your room is this way. When you're ready to go home and pack a few things just let me know and I'll stay here to look after my brother. And thank you again for agreeing to do this for him."

"It's my pleasure."

Opening a door, Heidi motioned me into a huge bedroom with queen-sized bed and six drawer dresser with attached mirror and matching nightstand. To the left was a closed door I assumed was the closet and to the left of that an open door led into a bathroom. Stepping into the room behind me, she closed the door and then moved to stand in front of me. "My brother is a really sweet guy that a lot of people have tried taking advantage of over the years. It takes a lot for him to trust someone so the fact that he recommended you for this job speaks volumes, but I want to make one thing perfectly clear. Hell will feel like paradise compared to the things I'll do to you if you hurt him."

Maintaining eye contact if only because I was too afraid to move, I replied. "There's a reason I record all of my visits and it's not because I'm a pervert. As his medical power-of-attorney you are entitled to a copy of every video and may drop in at any time to check and make sure he's not being mistreated."

"Then you won't mind if I place cameras in every room for the duration of your stay?"

"None what so ever."

"Perfect. I think we'll get along just fine," she grinned. "Why don't you go ahead and get whatever you need from home and I'll have a talk with my brother about setting up the cameras."

"I'll be as quick as I can, but I do live over an hour away on the other side of town so..."

“No rush. I took the rest of the day off work because of my mother’s bullshit so I’ll be here when you get back. Oh, and I don’t know what your feelings are about our nudity, but it would mean a lot to my brother if you made even the slightest hint at acceptance. I’m not asking you to go fully nude, but maybe if you could go topless and just wear a bra that would mean a lot to him. Anyways, you go pack and I’ll take care of things here.”

“I’ll think about it,” I said, my voice sounding every bit as nervous as I was.

“That’s all I ask.”