

A woman with long, wavy brown hair is shown from the waist up, wearing a vibrant red dress with a white floral pattern. She is holding a large, overflowing bouquet of white flowers with yellow centers. The background is a soft, out-of-focus landscape with green grass and a blue sky. The overall mood is romantic and elegant.

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Wild*

**Magic Touch**

# Magic Touch

By Robin Wild

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While nurse Sally Wright washed the patient in room 207, her fingers skimmed lower and lower. She kept an eye on his penis. So far, it remained small and sleepy. Because it seemed the polite thing to do, she chatted cheerfully while she worked. "You've got nice pubic hair. Lovely and soft. I'll just slide back this skin here. Mm, there we go. Clean as a rose."

She dried the patient then sat beside him on the bed and lowered her voice to a

whisper. "Now, let's make it big and hard."

Sally massaged gently. The skin felt cool and damp, the erectile tissue softer than marshmallow. Her intentions were not the least bit lustful but the potential for transformation was highly arousing. The familiar tension ached deep inside. She became very conscious of the places where her skin touched her underwear. Her genitals warmed and moistened but his remained limp and indifferent.

Eventually, she gave up; there was always tomorrow. She held his penis for a while longer, folded over on itself within her hand. While her fingers squeezed affectionately, she wondered about the consequences. Her actions were unethical, probably illegal, but any day now the patient's relatives would make the decision to let him die. A man's life was on the line and no-one seemed to care.

Sally did not make a habit of molesting helpless men. It had only begun the previous night. She was washing the patient, quite innocently, when something had moved against her fingers. It startled her so much that she jumped away from the bed. Keeping her distance, she had watched, intrigued, while his penis stirred and grew in small pulsing jerks. It became almost erect before shrinking again. After that, it seemed only natural to try coaxing it back up, but her efforts proved fruitless.

Anyway, it was not as though she kept it a secret. She had gone immediately to Sister Elliot to report what had happened - leaving out the coaxing part, of course. The Sister had smiled wryly and told Sally to 'get a life'; her imagination was playing tricks. What an insult! Sally knew an interested penis when she saw one. It was also a challenge. And if the patient really was 'brain dead', as the doctors claimed, what would he care?

Sally re-connected the catheter. She checked the the intravenous drip, the respiratory monitoring equipment, and the cardiovascular electrodes, then she tucked in the sheets and stood watching the patient for a few moments more. At least his vital organs functioned normally. At least no ugly tubes and attachments marred his face. It was so easy to imagine his rugged but pallid features blossoming into a smile, his wide mouth laughing, his dark hair ruffled by the wind, his lean body full of vitality. When Sally turned and left the room, her eyes glistened on the verge of tears.

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Rohan Henderson knew he was comatose. The initial terror of that realisation had been supplanted by something even more horrifying: a state of perpetual hallucination. Somewhere,

though, detached from that bizarre kaleidoscope of forms and colours and sounds, those swirling galaxies of excruciating horrors and indescribable beauties, a faint glimmer of his true self endured, and waited. Gradually the glimmer grew and eventually, as though guided by some great cosmic gyroscope, re-established a measure of equilibrium.

Rohan thankfully re-claimed his mind, however he wished it would shut-up, at least for a while. With nothing better to do, the various layers of his consciousness chattered and bickered constantly.

One layer argued that being comatose was fun. 'People spend a lifetime trying to escape awareness of the physical world in search of enlightenment ... Pure consciousness is cool. It's the only reality ...' Cool? That must have come from some adolescent layer. 'The physical world is full of trouble and pain ... I can

create anything I want right here within my own mind.'

Another layer challenged: 'Okay then, smart arse, create me a roast lamb dinner with mint sauce and plenty of gravy!'

And another: 'Hey, Einstein, conjure me up a beautiful blonde - No, make that a brunette. What the hell, give me two brunettes and a blonde. And make sure they think I'm the sexiest man on Earth.'

Rohan soon tired of this cerebral banter and settled into a deep sleep.

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It was the brilliant light that woke him. He felt no fear; the sensation was comforting and soothing, as if he were floating in pure warmth and calmness. A soft breeze caressed his skin. Its gentle touch made him aware of his nakedness.

He stretched and twisted; his body had never felt better. The light brought to

mind stories of near death experiences: the serenity, the safety, the acceptance. Then he realised the light was simply natural daylight, so dazzling only due to its absence for the past few weeks.

At last! There would be doctors, nurses, perhaps his mother and sister. He strained to see their faces, tried to think of something witty to say. But when his eyes had adapted he saw flowers - yellow daisies. Not merely a few in a vases, but thousands in a field! And he was floating - hovering like Peter Pan! Fluffy clouds drifted across a blue sky. Birds warbled nearby, and from below, a melodious voice sang his name. He floated towards the voice - and then he saw her.

She lay in the grass, her eyes the deepest blue, almost indigo; her amber hair flowing amongst the flowers; her body golden and voluptuous; her skin smooth and bare. Her arms beckoned. Her

mouth beckoned. The pinkness between her thighs beckoned.

In one graceful motion, Rohan swooped down and glided his penis in. Her fluid heat welcomed him easily. Almost immediately, her eyes shut tight, her fingers clutched at his buttocks and her body braced. Her breath caught and escaped repeatedly. She moaned and grunted. Her vagina clung in a sucking motion, clinging, relaxing, clinging.

With a silent scream, Rohan's pleasure burst free. Pure ecstasy surged from his thighs, from his buttocks, from deep in his groin, from behind and within his testicles; it burned along his penis, scalded into its head, the sliding head - sliding, sliding, sliding - to explode exquisitely in electric arcs of release.

Breathless, he unclenched his eyes. She had raised herself on her elbows to gaze at where they were joined. Rohan gazed there, too. "Do I know you?"

She smiled. "You do now."

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As the fading spasms resonated through Sally Wright's body, the erotic images dissolved. The yellow daisies dissolved, too. They became the primrose quilt. The fluffy clouds became the shadows cast by the garden foliage on the bedroom ceiling.

Her fingers began moving again, massaging the sensitive front wall of her vagina. Her thumb squeezed down on her clitoris. Another orgasm came quickly and left the sheet beneath her quite damp.

Sally licked her fingers. She would not have been the least bit surprised had they tasted of semen. Never before had her favourite fantasy been that realistic. Until now the men's faces had been only vaguely defined. After all, she did not create them for their faces.

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The next night, Sally quickly washed and dried the patient then sat on the edge of the bed. Her fingernails raked lightly through the brown curls on his chest. They teased lower and lower, making small circles over the softer hairs of his stomach. Her heart raced. Her body glowed. This was not due to lust, she told herself, but fear of being discovered. She brought her mouth close to his ear. "Tonight's the night, Mr Henderson. I'm gonna drive you wild!"

Tonight she would tantalise every bit of his body, every bit except one, unless - no, until it was at least half erect. Far from that state now, it lay tiny and inert, curled belly up across a bed of pubic hair.

While her fingers teased over his skin, she watched. She willed the awakening. She pictured the filling out. She imagined the stiffening.

Her fingers brushed slowly over his hips, down the outsides of his thighs and up the insides. They tickled the sensitive place behind his scrotum. She lifted the loose skin and fondled gently, slipping the testicles within the skin, stroking the wrinkled surface, barely disturbing the hairs. Suddenly, her heart thumped. "Orright!"

There! The smallest twitch! "Come on! Come on!" Sally held her breath. She stroked the valleys between thighs and scrotum. "Get big for me. Your horniest ever erection."

Another twitch. And another. She leaned closer. "You can do it. You can."

But the twitching stopped. In desperation, an idea came to her: What if he could hear? Keeping an eye on the closed door through the small crack in the privacy curtain, and feeling as though she were about to commit a crime worse than

murder, Sally again brought her mouth close to his ear. "Let's have a fuck."

She never used that kind of language, but hearing it now, issuing awkwardly from her own mouth, excited her immensely. "Come on, fuck me. I want your gorgeous, hard cock in my hot, wet cunt."

Sally watched his face. Nothing.

Her panties were sticking to her skin. That gave her another idea. She pulled the band tight to make the crotch ride up while she slipped it back and forth. Then she took them off and held the wet silk close to his nose.

Yes! Another twitch. It was almost imperceptible, but blood was definitely pulsing in. She got up and locked the door. If anyone came she would say it had jammed. How could she explain what she was about to do next?

Sally climbed onto the bed and knelt astride Mr Henderson's face. She lowered

her crotch until her clitoris lightly touched his nose. Looking over her shoulder, watching for the slightest response, she rubbed her vulva on his mouth.

Another twitch. It seemed to be working, but again the affect on her was far greater than on him. Sally checked her watch. Only ten minutes remained of the night shift. Soon, she would have to hand over to the day staff.

She climbed down, leant over his hips and brought her mouth close. She intended to suck but before her lips touched, his penis flexed feebly. "You want it? You want it?"

It was responding to her breath! With her mouth almost touching, she breathed out hotly. "Come on. Come to Sally."

Another stir. Another twitch. Another centimetre. Sally felt so jubilant that she forgot to keep her voice down. "Good cock! Very good cock! Very, very good cock!"

She teased back and forth with her breath. Yes! There was a continual straightening and broadening. Soon, the tip had reached past his pubic hair and was well on the way to his navel.

Excellent! Even better than the first time. And so gorgeous! Almost stiff enough to - No. That would be going too far. Anyway, she needed to watch, needed to taste. She licked his inner thighs, lapped his scrotum, worked her way up. "Mm, you're a very good boy. Mm, you're a lovely cock. Mm, so hard. Mm, so long. Mm, so thick. Mmmm -"

The tip of her tongue made a slow trail all the way along to the head. Her lips planted a little wet kiss there. Yes! Another few centimetres. It lifted itself to nudge at her mouth.

Sally realised, with a twinge of alarm, that her hand had wandered between her legs. Her body trembled all over. Her nipples were two fiery stiff points, her

clitoris an even more fiery third. Her entire vulva seethed with expectation. But it was only natural, she told herself, to be aroused.

She pressed two fingers into her vagina then lubricated Mr Henderson's penis with her own secretions. Concentrating intensely, and feeling every firm curve and contour travelling under her fingers, she slid the skin up and down the way she knew men did it themselves. The warm shaft strained against her grasp. A few minutes ago, folded on itself, she had enclosed it in one hand. Now, even were it soft enough to fold, two would not contain it.

Elated, she held the skin down tightly to study the shape. Then she began licking thoroughly and slowly, working her tongue around and around as if savouring a luscious ice cream. Sally stopped now and then to admire her creation. She had tried fellatio before but the men were

always too impatient to let her indulge at her own pace.

Her lips encircled the head. She slipped her mouth up and down, sucking delicately at first, then hungrily, while flipping her tongue across the tip.

Certain he was about to ejaculate, Sally checked Mr Henderson's face, but his eyes remained closed and his features expressionless.

Aware of little else but the erotic form filling her mouth and her own approaching orgasm, Sally closed her eyes. A moment later, however, they sprang open abruptly when someone knocked at the door.

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She sparkled like a golden star. Was she a dream, a creation of the mind? If she was his own creation he could create her again. The incessant chatter of Rohan's

myriad layers of consciousness receded to nothing while he devoted his entire will to that task. But he created only memories, pale and lifeless imitations. She sparkled like a distant star, an elusive golden jewel. And yet, this time -

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How could Sally stop now? She ignored the knock on the door. Sister Elliot called out several times but eventually went away. At precisely the right instant, for no reason other than the need to watch, Sally withdrew her mouth. Ignoring the discomfort of her own interrupted orgasm, her hand took over the rapid motion while powerful spurts of semen shot a metre into the air. Laughing, she turned her face skyward to feel it raining down on her cheeks. She opened her mouth to taste it tingling in her throat.

And she washed the patient's lower body again, this time with her tongue.

When Sally signed off for the night, Sister Elliot regarded her coldly but seemed to accept the jammed lock story. Sally denied hearing anyone at the door.

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Later, much too excited to sleep, Sally lay in bed re-living the moment. She closed her eyes and sniffed her fingers. The semen scent made her eager to visit her fantasy place again. She rolled onto her stomach and propped herself on her elbows. Soon, the sheets became warm grass tickling her breasts. The primrose quilt became a sea of yellow daisies bending with the breeze. The petals brushed the backs of her thighs. Soft eddies of air curled over her bottom. She rubbed her clitoris against the grass stems and parted her legs wider to let the breeze

lick her vulva. Her vaginal opening felt cool and vulnerable. Each lick made it quiver and contract.

Then the licks became warm!

Strong hands lifted her to her knees. Sally looked over her shoulder to see Rohan Henderson's rugged face grinning above her buttocks. Resting on her elbows again, holding her bottom high, she moaned as his tongue and lips brought her closer and closer. Her vulva floated on his mouth, sailed with it, moulded around it. He murmured how beautiful it was, how beautiful she was. Then, cool tendrils of air replaced his tongue.

Had he paused to admire her? Was he about to sink his penis in? Not knowing was torture, very sweet torture.

Suddenly, wet heat enclosed her clitoris totally. He was lying on his back now, still behind her, and pulling her down to his mouth. His tongue swirled faster and faster. The pleasure glowed and

glowed and glowed - Bursts of orgasmic flame lashed though Sally's groin and burned to the depths of her womb. The contractions churned raw and savage, wrenching the life from her limbs. Her body rolled quivering into the grass.

After she had caught her breath, Sally rose to her knees, held her buttocks high and once again parted her legs. For a second or two the cool air licked deeply, then was replaced abruptly by his penis - hot, smooth, hard, gorgeous - sliding in, in, in.

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On the fourth night, Sally locked the door to room 207 and slipped out of her panties. She had made an important decision: there was no point trying to be professional and detached any more. After all, she was only human. What harm

would be done by allowing herself some pleasure while helping the patient?

Skipping the usual sponging, she went directly to teasing. Her efforts brought immediate results. She twirled her tongue one last time around and around then climbed onto the bed astride Mr Henderson's hips. Poised, kneeling, she stroked his penis back and forth along the inside of her vulva. The one was as rigid as the other was wet. Trembling, she pulled her pubic hair up with one hand and guided the smooth tip in with the other. Face skyward, eyes closed, rising right off, letting just the head enter, she bounced very slowly, whimpering with the sensations. Then, gradually, watching her pubes parting, the plump halves bulging, the slick lips rippling, she slid down.

Sally remained still, clenching her vagina, relishing the fullness. After a few moments she closed her eyes again, threw

back her head, began a slow rhythm, and imagined they were at her special place.

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Rohan was immersed in brilliant light. He floated down, rolled onto his back and watched the fluffy clouds sailing above. He could smell the flowers. Their nodding yellow heads formed his horizon.

Was this a dream, a memory? He did not know. Would she come again? His skin crawled at the thought. His scrotum tingled. His penis glowed and strained and stiffened. He wet his fingers with saliva and massaged lightly while willing her to appear. In his imagination his hand became her silken moistness sliding back and forth.

At first, he felt only a vague sense of her presence, smelled a trace of her raspberry scent. Next, he heard her breath, soft and steady, becoming stronger, faster. Suddenly, as though a switch were

thrown, his pleasure grew one-thousandfold. Her vagina gripped - a thirsty, juicy grip - and glided, glided, glided. Her real vagina on his real penis!

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Sally moaned. She rode swiftly while staring at Mr Henderson's impassive face. When his eyes snapped open, she got such a fright that her body jerked up when it should have come down and his penis sprang out. She pressed it back in.

At the very instant orgasm boiled through her, she heard the jangle of keys. Again her body jerked and again his penis slipped out. Sally was replacing it frantically when Sister Elliot flung the privacy curtain aside.

The Sister and Doctor McKenzie gaped in silence, but the silence lasted only a moment. "Nurse Wright! What on earth are you doing!"

Sally had glanced over her shoulder long enough to see the sister's venomous eyes and the doctor's ruddy jowls. Despite her embarrassment, she could not stop pressing all the way down and grinding out the last morsels of pleasure.

"She appears to be raping the patient, sister."

"I can see that! Get off that man at once!"

Sally collapsed trembling onto Mr Henderson's chest. His eyes had snapped shut again and his body lay motionless but his penis remained erect inside her.

"Nurse!"

"Wait! I can feel something!" Coaxing him on, she squeezed her vaginal muscles and tilted her vulva rhythmically. Mr Henderson's movements became more and more forceful. Before long, his penis was gliding in and out majestically.

"Look!" Sally's triumph eclipsed her embarrassment. "Is he really fucking, or what!"

She heard Sister Elliot waving the master keys fiercely. "You get off that poor man this minute, or I'll -"

"No!" Sally was defiant. "No way! I'm gonna make him come."

She heard more hushed voices, soft murmurings and nervous giggles. Soon, a crowd of nurses and interns had gathered in the room.

Acutely aware of their view of her buttocks and anus and splayed vulva, and of the patient's glistening penis sliding in and out, Sally dared not glance over her shoulder again. Instead, she tried to ignore the onlookers while she let her nipples brush Mr Henderson's lips. If only he would suck them, that might snap him out of it. But his mouth and eyes remained closed and his face expressionless while his body undulated silently beneath her.

At least the Sister had stopped threatening her and the crowd, perhaps half the staff of Valley Private, was egging her on. Sally found herself relaxing a little, and even performing. She rocked her pelvis more vigorously than she might otherwise have while the sister and doctor spoke in hushed tones.

"What can we do, doctor?"

"You'd better get Security, while I keep an eye on them."

"Why don't you get Security? I'll keep an eye on them."

"All right, we'll both keep an eye on them."

"I suppose no harm's really been done. I mean, he doesn't seem to mind, does he?"

"Perhaps we should let them finish."

"Mm. Perhaps we should."

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When the orgasm shuddered through Rohan Henderson, the daisy field dissolved and with it all memory of everything that had happened since the accident. He opened his eyes to see a pretty young woman's eyes staring back; eyes a deeper blue than the bluest sky, almost indigo. Her breath was on his lips, her face close to his, her amber hair tucked under a nurse's cap, her tunic hitched to her waist and open down the front, her pubic hair crushed against - his!

But he could see no farther; everything more distant was out of focus. He felt his penis, wet and softening, and warmly clutched. Strangely, he thought he heard clapping and laughter.

"Hullo, Rohan." A faint smile flickered over the nurse's lips, then she buried her face in his chest, sobbing.

Rohan tried to take stock. He remembered the truck looming out of the storm; a black monster like the one in

Speilberg's first movie. Then the sickening, tumbling feeling when his car went over the embankment. Next, those indigo eyes.

The nurse raised her head again, smiling through her tears. He kissed her wet cheek. "I don't know what's going on, kid, but whatever it is, it beats dying.

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Sally was driving. Rohan had been dismissed from hospital earlier in the day, and so had she. When he had suggested they spend the remainder of the day together, it seemed like a perfect idea. He was sorry she had lost her job, but Sally knew it could have been worse.

"They could've hit me with sexual abuse or something."

"Well, I reckon you deserve a medal."

"But what if you didn't recover? What if I was a male nurse and you were a woman?"

"I did. You're not. I'm not."

They drove on in silence, then Rohan pointed to a field on their left. "There's a nice spot for a picnic."

It was a grassy clearing ablaze with yellow daisies. Sally smiled and pulled over.

As they walked into the field, Rohan looked very confused. "This is weird. These flowers really make me horny."

Sally laughed. "Strange, isn't it? Daisies always make me horny, too." She took his hand and pulled him down into the grass.

END.

