

I've been asked to wear a nurse's outfit before--heck, I have several in different styles tailored to fit my form, depending on how realistic a client wants my act to get. Some just want the suggestion of a nurse-like character, while some want all the trappings and trimmings. So yes, I will wear the white PVC bikini hat and bra-and-panty set with the little red crosses on them if you like. It's cute, flirty, and fun, even if not particularly "realistic." On the other end of the spectrum, I have a few modern pairs of scrubs, and the classic 1940s white starched nurse's uniform. Some individuals enjoy roleplay, and I certainly count myself among them, so I enjoy indulging similarly minded clients.

This brings to mind perhaps one of the most daring, and at the same time, sweet, calls I had awhile ago. A male whose brother was on the decline wanted to give the old boy a thrill. While hardly an unusual request, it had a few interesting particulars. We met briefly on neutral ground as arranged by the agency. He seemed a nice enough fellow; a marmalade tabby beginning to go gray around the ears. In fact, I remember his eyes as particularly vibrant, and his fur luxuriant.

He motioned for me to sit. "Belinda," he said, offering a paw, "I'm Charlie. The agency recommended you very highly. I can't tell you how grateful I am that you took time to meet me today." His tone was smooth, cultured...but not arrogant. He spoke perhaps the most perfect unaccented American English I had heard.

I smiled politely. "You flatter me," I said. "Besides, I must say, the agency's specifics on this call were intriguing. This isn't to say that I don't get the occasional third-party booking, but..." I stopped. I had to ask. "Forgive me, but you seem strangely...familiar..."

He laughed. "You're not trying to pick me up, are you?" he asked, an avuncular humor draining any ill intent out of such a cynical line. "I kid. No, I get that a lot, but...well, let's just say that the look runs in the family."

I left it at that. Part of the role of a companion is discretion. "My apologies. In any event, I do have a few questions. I understand the costume you'd like me to wear, but... to a hospital? Forgive me, but that seems rather..."

“Tasteless?” he said, without rancor. “I mean no offense. But...I know my brother. He loves burlesque and dress-up. He comes from old-school vaudeville.” Apparently my expression changed--I’ve always had one of those faces--because he smiled sadly at me. “Yes, we’re that old.”

“You must have seen a lot of amazing things.”

He nodded. “Nearly everything under the sun. Good and bad,” he answered. “Look, I’m going to level with you. Maury doesn’t have a lot of time left.” His perfect speech pattern seemed now to contain the very faintest of Broadway accents, with a hint of Yiddish. “I don’t know how much longer he’s going to be with us. Well, me, really. We’re all we have left. If it’s the money, I don’t care. I’ll double it...” I put my paw on his to stop him.

“Charlie. It’s okay. I’ll go.”

“But wh...” I stopped him again.

“Because you’re willing to buy my time for him, and because I’m willing to bet he’d do the same for you.”

“Belinda, you’re a saint!” he said, tears at the edge of those gorgeous amber eyes. He took both my paws in his, but I was having none of it. I threw my arms around him and gave him a big hug. He smelled masculine, but in a natural way, with only a hint of plain old soap and a little deodorant betraying his old-world refinement.

“Not even close,” I whispered, “but for you boys, I’ll try.”

There is something very, very strange about walking into a modern hospital wing wearing a short-sleeved white poly-cotton shirt dress with thin navy piping and tiny red crosses on the collars. I did at least have the presence of mind to avoid sticking out too much by wearing a long navy coat and leaving the hat off. Of course, I couldn’t hide the black bag, which was part of the outfit, and stuck out like a sore thumb. At least that would draw attention away from the sensible shoes, which nobody but a nurse from the 1940s would wear. Fortunately, while the ward’s chief nurse saw me coming and

headed me off at the pass, she seemed to know what was up. Of course, she still gave me the third degree.

“Look, I understand a male needs a little thrill, especially since...” she trailed off. It’s hard to explain the emotional impact of a stout Guernsey bovine two heads taller than me, in the business of healing, presumably used to dealing with death on a daily basis, unable to talk, and to see her face go from impassive and stoic to watching those big brown eyes of hers cast themselves downward. “You got one hour,” she finally said. “And if we get any kind of alert from his monitors, you get your bouncy little ass out of here, you got that?”

I liked her. I nodded. There had never been a question.

“Good. You do what you gotta do.”

I nodded again, and headed to his room: 2623: Maurice Katz. I donned my hat, secured it to my French-braided blonde hair with a hairpin, and knocked on the door. A weak voice called “Come in...”

I entered. Maury looked just like a much older version of his brother. “Who are you?” he asked. His eyes were lighter than his brother’s, more gold than amber, but still well-focused and curious despite his age.

“Hello, Mr. Katz. I’m Belinda, and it’s time for a...” I shrugged out of my light coat with a practiced motion, revealing that body-hugging nurse’s uniform...”special checkup.” I batted my eyelashes at him.

“Holy cats!” he exclaimed, seeming to forget himself. “They don’t make nurses like you anymore. Errr...” He got a closer look at my figure. “Come to think of it,” he said, returning to the cultured speech pattern he shared with his brother, “I don’t believe they ever did. Believe me, I woulda remembered.” Again at the end, he fell back to his natural accent.

I’m always flattered when a client loses himself a little.

“Okay, you got me, Mr. Katz...I’m not a real nurse. But I think I can make you feel a *lot better*,” I said, in an innocent voice that I’ve since been told should

be registered as a lethal weapon.

He grinned. "Honey, if we tried what I got in mind, it'd probably be the death of me," he said, pointing with a thumb to the machines next to his bed. "Though, I gotta be honest, I can think of worse ways to go..."

I sat down next to him on the bed. With all the tubes and connections, it was hard to find a safe place to even touch him. I managed, though; there's a reason I'm hard to book. He smiled deeply when my paw touched his chest, my fingers resting in his soft fur. It must have run in the family. "I'll do my best to take *very good* care of you," I said, winking conspiratorially.

"Heh. I wish you'd come along to take care of me 50 years ago, toots. Back when I was touring with my brother, in the early years, I'd'a married a curvy doll like you in a heartbeat." He looked me up and down appreciatively, in a way that only very wise and sweet old men can really get away with.

"You are such a flatterer, Mr. Katz."

"Maury, please."

"Maury, then."

"So did my brother put you up to this? He knows I'm goin' stir crazy in here. They won't tell me how much time I got left, but the news ain't good."

I nodded. "Your brother's a good guy," I said, and meant it.

"He's the best," he said, a lifetime of meaning behind the words.

A little while passed; I stroked his fur and he purred almost boyishly. I think he may have nodded off for a few minutes, but then he reached up and ran a paw along my champagne-colored arm. "What the...are you wearin' some kinda body suit under there?" he asked.

"Not exactly." I gave him a brief explanation of my origin, complete with mad science, plastic skin, inflatability, air pressure, and the like. It felt a bit like I was pitching myself as a burlesque act, which in a way, I guess I was.

“Gee whiz,” he said. “You really *are* a doll!” Then his face fell. “Aw, geez, I’m such a schmuck, I didn’t mean nothin’ by that...”

I leaned in close and whispered. “Relax, Maury. You are so far, if not the sweetest male I’ve ever met, definitely in the top five. And...I kind of *am* a doll. Besides....” and I paused for comedic timing as best I could. “I’m not *that* thin-skinned.”

We had a good laugh, and I started to pet him again. It’s strange how much my sensor system reacts to different textures. His too: Maury relaxed visibly and rested. We chatted about his vaudeville days, and it turned out that I had seen a bunch of his movies on various internet archives. He had had a string of short relationships with actresses and singers, but had never found the right one. He sadly admitted that part of it was that he tended to fall in love with his co-stars, and they with him, but they weren’t able to keep relationships going past the end of a film shoot or a theatrical run. He apparently had a thing for curvaceous types like me, and they for dashing, wiry gents like him.

“But it wasn’t all bad,” he said. “At least I still had my health, up until a few years ago. And thankfully, Charlie and I managed to put a few bucks together between us for our golden years. So it’s been a good run. Not all of it in the spotlight, granted, but at least I never got shuffled off to Buffalo.”

I nodded. “A very good run. I found your movies not too long ago, and I’ve loved every one of them. So if you’ll indulge me, I’d like to put on a little show for you.”

He grinned. “My dear, I would be honored. I can’t promise you a standing ovation, but you will definitely have my full attention.”

With that, I smiled, kissed him on the nose, and started my music player. I had a good burlesque-quality playlist set up...nice and soft, considering the setting and an audience of just one. The shoes, while not flattering to my calves, at least allowed me to pull off some decent moves as I flirted and teased him mercilessly. By the end of “In These Shoes,” I had inflated my chest enough that two buttons “accidentally” came undone. I paced myself, partially for his benefit and partially for his health, but by the end of the

second song, “Big Spender,” I was down to pasties, garter belt, seamed stockings, and a stethoscope. And the hat. The hat does not come off for this act.

He applauded as best he could. “That was sensational, doll. You’re a natural. Relatively speaking.”

I leaned on the bed and petted him a bit more. “You’re a great audience,” I said, giving him a kiss on the cheek. Maury purred softly in my ear.

“Is it...okay if I touch you back?” he asked, hesitantly.

I put on my best dutiful nurse act. “In your specific case, I think a thorough mutual examination is definitely in your best interest.” I put my stethoscope on his heart, and pretended a certain clinical demeanor as I ran my paws up and down the parts of his body that were not attached to various hospital equipment. He petted me back, making no pretenses, unable to hide an almost boyish delight as his paws stroked and squeezed and groped. “Oh, dear,” I said, “it looks like you have some serious stiffness right here.” His rampant erection was clearly visible under the sheet.

“Well, I couldn’t get the entire audience out of their seats, but at least I got one member standing up,” he said, grinning weakly.

“So I see. Well, we’ll just have to get him settled down. It would simply not do to have the other staff observe this.” I hit him with the full force of that innocent act.

He winked at me while he held my rounded hips. “I’m sure I’m in very good hands.”

“Hands?” I whispered, leaning close so that my bouncing bosom hovered over his head. “Yes, I suppose we could do that too if the first treatment isn’t enough.”

About six weeks later, I received a handwritten note from Charlie.

Belinda,

I regret to inform you that my brother Maury passed away two days ago. Thankfully, he went in his sleep, and apparently there was no pain. I will miss him deeply; in fact, I have to confess that I find it very difficult to write these letters to people he has known, because each one reminds me that I have lost my best friend. I have to remind myself that everyone else he befriended deserves to know, too, as painful as that will be.

Even though you only met him once, though, I cannot thank you enough for how you treated him. I don't think anyone else could have gone into the room of a dying male and offer him so much joy in so short a time. His condition actually improved for a few days after your visit, and I like to think it was because of you. I have enclosed directions for his memorial service, and if your schedule permits, I would be deeply honored if you would come to pay your last respects. Additionally, if there is ever anything I can do for you, name it. You gave my brother perhaps one of the last few happy memories he got, and that means the world to me.

*Sincerely yours,
Charlie*