

The Twisted Love Potion

by Pan

Chapter 8 - Permanent Position

“Samantha,” Fran shouted sternly. “Get in here, you stupid girl.”

It had been two days since the women had inadvertently shared a can of Fizz Twist. Two days of tension, of heavy breathing and soft gasps, of sideways glances and significant pauses.

The heiress and the nurse had shared space for two weeks, but they’d gotten to know each other better in the previous forty-eight hours than the entirety of the fourteen days before that.

Samantha, to her credit, had mostly managed to avoid screwing up. Bringing her patient a correctly-made (and presented) meal was a form of pleasing her, and her people-pleasing tendencies had been turned up to eleven.

As well as that, the less she messed up, the less the old lady would yell at her. And Samantha knew that she shouldn’t - she *mustn’t* - get pleasure from her patient yelling at her.

It wasn’t right.

It wasn’t right, and she couldn’t control her reaction.

Unfortunately, this was the main thing Fran had learned - that, for reasons she didn’t fully understand, yelling at Samantha made the young woman gasp with pleasure. She’d avert her eyes, straighten her back, and unknowingly emit a small sigh of arousal whenever the old woman insulted her.

So, naturally, Fran insulted her every chance she got.

“Ah, there you are,” she grumbled as Samantha loped into the room. “Took you long enough, you silly cow.”

In all her eighty years, Fran had never encountered any situations in which ‘silly cow’ could be considered erotic...but sure enough, as soon as the words escaped her lips, Samantha trembled with pleasure.

“What can I do for you, Ms Nelson?”

“What an idiotic question,” the heiress grouched, her lips turning up slightly at the way Samantha inadvertently let out a soft gasp at the insult. “But since you’re dumb enough to ask it, let me tell you - it’s time for you to get me off.”

Samantha’s eyes widened, and she hesitated, clearly unsure if she’d heard the request correctly.

“I...I...I bet your pardon?” she asked, Fran enjoying every moment of watching her young nurse falter.

“I said it’s time. For. You. To. Get. Me. Off. Are you as deaf as you are dumb?”

“N-no, Miss, ummm...”

Fran threw up her hands.

“I’m an elderly invalid,” she said, shooting her famous glare squarely into Samantha’s eyes. “I’ve been injured. That’s why you’re here, isn’t it?”

“Ummm...ummm...”

She sighed.

“Let me make this simple enough so that even a young nurse with fewer brain cells than boobs can answer it. Are you here to help me, or not?”

“Y-y-yes, but...-”

“Are you here to help me do what I can’t do myself, or not?”

“Yes ma’am, but...-”

“And do you want me to call your boss and tell them that you’re apparently incapable of

doing even the most basic tasks?”

“No ma’am, please...-”

“Or are you saying that this is too complicated for you, perhaps? Have you ever gotten yourself off, young lady?”

“Yes ma’am, of course, but...-”

Fran smiled at the nurse’s confession. It was something she’d pictured a lot over the last two days - the young woman, naked on her bed, one hand between her legs, pleasuring herself...

It was this image that had pushed her into action. She only had Samantha for less than two weeks - eleven oh-too-short days - and she’d lived long enough to know that letting opportunities slip away was a fool’s game.

There were certainly other ways she could have approached it - she could have made a pass, or simply asked Samantha if she were interested. But the idea of being rejected was chilling, and despite the young woman’s strange reactions to her insults, Fran had very little evidence that her newfound attraction was mutual.

Besides which, she was a woman. And Samantha was a woman. And despite having a few lesbian acquaintances over the years, Fran had never truly come to terms with the woman-woman thing.

No, better to keep it more in-line with the rest of their relationship. Keep it professional.

Play it safe, and ensure the lowest possible chance of rejection.

“Then you should know what you’re doing. You’re my damned nurse, aren’t you?”

“Yes, Ms Nelson, and...-”

“Then do your job.”

A smug grin settled upon Fran’s face as she sat back to watch what Samantha would do next. Her nipples tightened with arousal as she watched the nurse silently wrestle with the decision, try to work out what to do next. After almost a minute of internal debate, a calm look came across her face and she nodded.

“Yes, ma’am.”

Suddenly, the young woman was all business. She moved Fran’s tea tray out of the way, and moved her blanket to the side. Sitting on the bed, Samantha placed one hand on the elderly woman’s wrinkled thigh, and looked her in the eyes dispassionately.

“Let me know what you like, Ms Nelson,” she said softly, moving her hand up Fran’s nightdress, to the soft warmth between her legs.

The heiress’s eyes widened. As she’d rubbed herself to orgasm the previous night, she’d had ideas of how things could go, but she hadn’t been able to envision exactly how good it would feel. She’d felt Samantha’s touch over the past few weeks, countless times - her gentle hands, her silky skin, her firm grip...but as the nurse calmly applied her magic touch to Fran’s nether regions, the old woman saw stars.

“Yess,” she moaned, rolling her eyes back in her head. “Oh yes, Samantha, yes...exactly like that. Exactly like *that*.”

“I’m glad you’re enjoying it, ma’am,” the nurse replied, and Fran detected a tone of disappointment in her voice. Her lips curled, and she grinned cruelly as she realized what the young woman must have been secretly desiring.

“Impressive, really,” Fran continued, an edge slowly entering her voice. “I mean, considering how useless you are at everything else.”

Even with her eyes closed, the eighty-year old woman could detect Samantha’s reaction. Her body slightly stiffened, and she slowly released her breath through her teeth.

“You really are a waste of space, aren’t you?” Fran continued. Samantha’s fingers felt *so* good; she clearly had a lot of experience touching herself - or perhaps other women. She’d mentioned a boyfriend once, but who knew, with this generation? “Perhaps this is the *only* thing you’re good at. There’s a word for women like you, did you know that? Women who are so incapable of accomplishing even the most basic of tasks, they have to resort to using their body...using their body to get people off.”

Samantha was openly moaning now, as her shoulder moved up and down. Her fingers were covered in Fran’s juices as she slowly, rhythmically rubbed her ward’s wet spot.

“Harlots,” Fran hissed. “Trollops. *Whores*. Is that what you are?”

“No, ma’am,” Samantha groaned. “I’m...I’m not...”

“I mean, there’s no other word for it, is there? I’m paying you, and you’re getting me off. I’m paying you to get me off - what else would you call it?”

“A nurse,” Samantha said with a shudder. “I’m...I’m just...”

“No no no,” Fran replied sweetly. “A nurse is a real job, my dear. And you’ve proven to me, over and over again, you’re not capable of doing a *real* job. You can barely make a sandwich.”

“Please, Ms Nelson...”

“A *sandwich*, Samantha. The simplest meal in the world to prepare, and you can barely manage that.”

Fran’s voice was thick with lust; Samantha’s administrations, as well as the sound of the young nurse’s involuntary arousal - it was getting the old woman close to orgasm.

“And if you’re too stupid to be a...what are they called, at the Subway? Sandwich artist! If you’re too stupid to be a sandwich artist, you can hardly be a *nurse*, can you?”

“B-but...”

“Say it,” Fran insisted. “Say that you’re too stupid to be a nurse.”

“I...I...”

“That’s an order. Say it or you’re fired.”

“I’m...I’m too stupid to be a nurse.”

“You’re too stupid to be a sandwich artist.”

“I’m t-too stupid to be a sandwich artist...”

“So what are you?”

“What?”

Fran laughed, a single sharp, mirthless bark.

“A *whore*, dear. You’re a whore. Say it!”

“I’m a whore,” Samantha choked.

“You’re *my* whore.”

“I’m...I’m your whore, ma’am.”

“Yessss,” Fran hissed, her frail body convulsing as an orgasm overcame her. “Good girl. Good little whore...”

For the next several minutes, the only sound that could be heard was the heavy breathing of the two women - Fran, coming down from her orgasm, and Samantha, powerfully aroused but completely unfulfilled.

Finally, Samantha stood.

“Where do you think *you’re* going?”

The nurse’s eyes widened at the glare she received from her ward.

“Umm...ummm...”

“Well? I know you can talk, you cheap bimbo.”

“Ungh...”

“Spit it out!”

“I thought...I thought you might want to b-be...alone?”

“And why would I want that?”

“Umm...ummm...”

Fran sighed.

“Listen to me, you stupid *bitch*...” - Samantha’s eyelids fluttered at the word - “...you will leave when I say you can leave. Now, take that idiotic-looking uniform off.”

“W-what?”

Rolling her eyes, the old woman gestured for Samantha to approach the bed. Dazed and confused, the nurse obeyed her mistress’s silent command. As soon as she was within reach, Fran began unbuttoning the young woman’s top.

“You’ve proven to me time and time again that you’re too clumsy, far too much of a klutz to be trusted in a nice white uniform like this.”

“B-b-but...”

“Buh buh buh but!” Fran echoed mockingly. “Just shut up, girl. You will speak when spoken to, do you understand?”

“Y-yes, ma’am.”

“Good! Now, let’s get you out of this outfit before you spill something on it.”

Fran unwittingly licked her lips as Samantha’s bra-clad tits came into view. Just as she’d thought, the young woman was busty - at least a D cup, if not larger.

“And the bra,” she ordered raspily.

Samantha’s arms shot up to cover her chest.

“M-my bra!? Why??”

Fran hesitated. ‘Because I want to see your naked breasts’ didn’t seem like the most convincing of answers, but she didn’t really have anything else prepared.

“Shut up,” she snapped, in lieu of a better answer. “You halfwit. You stupid, stupid girl. You useless waste of oxygen.”

With every insult, Samantha’s breathing grew heavier, her eyes glazed over further.

“You dumb slut. You hussy. Floozy. Strumpet. Streetwalker!”

“Ms...Nelson...”

“Take your bra off. Now!”

With a nod, Samantha obeyed, and Fran’s mouth fell open at the sight of her unrestrained tits. They were huge, sitting on the front of the nurse’s chest like two halves of a large melon; they had very little sag to them, and Samantha’s nipples looked like they were hard enough to cut glass.

“Your panties too,” Fran hissed, and in her lust-addled state, the young woman didn’t hesitate. Soon, she was standing in front of the old woman, trembling with arousal. Her musk filled the room; it was strong, ripe. Fran’s lips curled in a rare smile. “Come here, girl.”

The eighty-year old heiress inserted two of her fingers into Samantha’s wetness, her grin broadening at the way the nurse’s back arched with arousal, further displaying her large bosom. Even in her heyday, Fran had never been blessed with breasts that size, and she couldn’t stop staring at them, fascinated.

“Your pokey is soaked,” Fran said, her eyes never leaving Samantha’s chest. “You tart. You just love exposing yourself, don’t you?”

“Mm-hmm,” Samantha responded, holding her breath. In fact, Samantha was incredibly shy - even her boyfriend rarely got to see her this naked - but in that moment, she loved everything that was happening.

“You’re a loose woman, do you know that?” Fran said, despite the snugness of the nurse’s pussy. “You’re a wanton, promiscuous, sordid adulteress; the only thing of value you have to offer the world is your snatch, and you’ve been too generous with that, haven’t you?”

“N-no, Ms Nelson...” the young woman moaned. “Please...”

“Please what?”

“P-please...want to...wanna cum...”

“Oh you want to *cum*, do you? You think you’re worthy of a climax? *Puh puh puh puh please, Ms Nelson...*you make me sick. You’re pathetic!”

“Oh!”

Samantha’s face contorted and her cunt began to contract rhythmically around Fran’s fingers. Her tits bounced as she panted, sighed, and loudly climaxed in front of her patient. Her boss.

Her new lover.

As soon as she came down from her orgasm, standing in front of Fran’s bed, Samantha’s face turned a deep crimson.

“Oh my god,” she babbled. “Ms Nelson, I-...I’m so sorry!”

“You should be,” the old woman said coldly. “As you’ll recall, *you* are here to serve *me*, not the other way around. Now, why don’t you put that otherwise-useless tongue of yours to work?”

Before she could so much as raise her eyebrows in shock, Fran maneuvered the young woman’s face between her legs. There was a brief moment of resistance, but to the elderly patient’s great pleasure, Samantha soon began exploring her boss’s pussy with her tongue.

“Now,” Fran said, a satisfied tone to her voice. “Let’s discuss the future. You will get me off whenever I request it. As soon as you enter my abode each day, you will, of course, strip off. I never want to see you in clothing again. Do you understand?”

“Mmm-hmmm...”

“Excellent. And regarding your future...I’m worried that your incompetence - your complete lack of ability to follow even the *simplest* of orders - may have delayed my recovery. To be safe, I’m going to get in contact with your agency. After the two weeks are done, you shall continue working for me indefinitely.”

“But...-”

“Ahem! Did I *say* you could stop?”

“Mm-mm.”

“Then you shall continue. Yes, we may have to make this into a...permanent arrangement.”

Fran’s soliloquy briefly turned into a long moan as Samantha began sucking on her clit, but soon the old woman had regathered her thoughts.

“Mmm, yes. Now, if you can actually do the one thing on this green Earth that you seem to be remotely good at...oh yes, that’s the spot. Yessss...if you can keep me satisfied in at least one way, there will be rewards, like the one I gave you earlier. How does that sound to you, my young slut?”

“Good, Ms...-”

“Did I tell you to stop?”

“Mm-mm.”

“Good. I think after this I’ll have a brief nap, then it will be time for my lunch, then perhaps

you will get me off once or twice more before your shift ends. How does that sound?"

"Mmm-hmmm!"

"Yess, good girl. Good girl, young Samantha..."