

# First Visit to Lady Ashley "Nurse Mistress"

It's not often that an article begins with the ending, but in this case, the end of the story is very important. My visit to Lady Ashley - Nurse Mistress was excellent! She is a true professional and knows exactly what to do in a medical scenario. By her own admission, the medical scenario is her favorite. And, through at least 10 years of experience fraught with many disappointments and money spent foolishly, I can tell you that there's every truth to the adage, "You get what you pay for." A session with Lady Ashley isn't "cheap" - meaning only that there's a few dollars involved, but in terms of "value received" it's worth every penny and then some. Her pricing schedule is \$250 for the first 1½ hours and \$100 for every hour thereafter. I was able to come up with \$350, so we spent at least 2½ hours together (actually more counting the time we talked before and after the session...so it was 2½ hours of actual session!). Divide that through by the hourly rate and you get \$140 per hour - you'd pay that for any other professional service, and Lady Ashley is no different.

Let's forget the actual service for a moment and talk about the "facilities". Lady Ashley is set up in the basement of her home with a quarter of the basement dedicated to the examining room. This room is complete with a stirrup-equipped exam table (stirrups that support the legs), all the gadgets on the wall (blood pressure cuff, ear/eye device, etc.), the stainless steel silver cabinetry, etc. No faking it - it looks like an examination room. And, as for equipment, there's also no faking it - While I was there she used latex examination gloves, a stethoscope, a rectal thermometer, a disposable proctoscope, a disposable enema bag, a rubber reflex hammer and a little rolling wheel with points on it (probably used by neurologists). The point of this is to say that she does the job well in a fully equipped atmosphere. Oh - and not to forget her attire. She wore a button down the front nurse's uniform which came to just below her buttocks. Underneath it was white garter belt, panties, and stockings. I'm not so sure about the bra since, being an "ass man", I only paid attention to that area (as you'll find out later). The point about her attire is that it covered enough to almost seem "real", but exposed enough to lightly tease me in this fantasy scenario. On with the exam...

I was greeted at the door by Lady Ashley, a slender woman of 32 years old. She is built on a small frame, although she stood tall in a long red dress and black heels. She is fair complected and has auburn colored hair, shoulder-length and in a pony tail on this day. I was invited into her living room where she had me sit down and we got acquainted - a bit on a personal level and a bit on a "professional" level, that is, she was finding out what my past experiences were and what I had in mind for today's session. I shared with her the fact that I had been to the Sherema Clinic in Los Angeles on several occasions and that there was also a Nurse Geneva in Hollywood whom I visit when I'm in the area now that Sherema no longer exists. It was important for me to make very clear to Lady Ashley that the medical scenario was critical, however, the nervousness and humiliation of being examined and exposed in front of the nurse was not to be overlooked. At the same time, however, I do not lean toward D/s, B&D, or S&M

but that an exam scenario sort of touches each of these areas. Had I known the expert that Lady Ashley is, I could have saved my breath explaining this to her...

She led me downstairs where my eyes popped out at the sight of her examining room. She told me to get undressed and she provided me with a hospital gown. I was beginning to realize that this was going to be a great session. Lady Ashley went back upstairs to become the Nurse Mistress. I removed all of my clothes except my underpants (I like to leave them on and have the nurse tell me to take it off) and donned the hospital gown. I soon heard "Nurse" Ashley coming down the stairs and then she was standing in the examination room with me. I greeted her as the Nurse and questioned whether she would be conducting the examination. She told me that the doctor was busy...and so the hesitancy on my part began.



Nurse Ashley had me sit at the foot of the examining table while she listened to my chest and back with her stethoscope. She loosened the gown and let it fall to my waist. She stood at the foot of the examining table looking for something in the drawers when she noticed that I still had my underpants on. They were to come off and Nurse Ashley was very insistent about that. I stood up from the examining table and, while she watched, removed my underpants. Then it was back up on the table - this time, lying back with my legs in the stirrups.

I tried to cover myself with the gown, but it was no use. Nurse Ashley raised the gown above my waist and began to examine my genitals. I forgot to mention that her exam room has a mirror on the ceiling and a mirror on the wall which faces the foot of the exam table. You don't miss a thing! I saw Nurse Ashley putting on exam gloves and the next thing I know is that she's rubbing lube (not KY jelly but some sort of liquid that came out of a bottle) between my asscheeks and then I feel her finger sliding into my asshole. It probes deeply and she inserts two fingers --- in and out of my asshole. It feels so good and she is using her other hand to lightly stroke my penis. While this is going on, she is asking the very humiliated and ashamed patient to tell her about his fantasies, his masturbating, etc. The session was so good that I am having trouble remembering exactly what happened when - you'll just have to trust me on that one!

After the rectal/prostate exam, it was time for the thermometer - my favorite part...Nurse Ashley wasted no time in sliding the thermometer in my asshole, despite my "objection". She continued with stroking my penis and, about halfway through the temperature taking, she began to move the thermometer in and out of my asshole and twirl it around. She certainly knows how to take a rectal temperature! The temperature had been taken and Nurse Ashley noted the reading. I was now to get on the exam table on my hands and knees.

Needless to say, in this position the exam gown fell from my body and so I am totally naked on the exam table, while Nurse Ashley again has her finger(s) in my asshole. She tells me

that she's going to insert a proctoscope for a better rectal exam. It feels so good going in - Nurse Ashley knows just what to do - how to insert it so as to maintain her dominant nurse role, but also allow the asshole to expand as necessary. With the proctoscope fully inserted, she pulls out on the plunger just a little bit and then pushes it back in - several times. This creates a bit of a suction and the feeling is incredible, then she removes the plunger and conducts her rectal exam with the proctoscope. She turns it around and moves it in and out as her examination is conducted. Nurse Ashley noted that I was very sensitive around my anus and brought to my attention the dripping from my penis. Now that her examination of my rectum is complete (for the moment), she tells me that I need an enema. Again, more crying and whimpering from me, but to no avail. I am to remain in this position as she prepares the enema. (Remember, the whole time I have been looking through my legs into the wall-mounted mirror to see my penis and balls hanging down, to see Nurse Ashley tending to my asshole...the view from the mirror on the ceiling is quite interesting, too).

It wasn't too long before Nurse Ashley returned with the enema bag - a 1500cc hospital unit. She told me that she was being kind and using warm water, as she inserted the nozzle into my asshole. I felt the warm water enter my bowels and, indeed, it felt good. About halfway into the enema, I felt some cramping and I began to rub my stomach - and Nurse Ashley continued with her gentle stroking of my penis and caressing my balls. (I wanted to make sure that I was able to take a good enema from Nurse Ashley, so I had taken 2 quarts yesterday and a Fleet enema this morning.) Once the entire bag was inside of me, Nurse Ashley left the nozzle in for a while and then slowly removed it. What a feeling that was. Now, with my ass in the air, I was to hold the enema as long as possible.

Because the bathroom is upstairs, I didn't want to chance making a mess, so I held it as long as I felt certain, then asked (you must ASK the Nurse Mistress) to go to the bathroom. Having been granted permission, I moved quickly to the bathroom to release the water. Nurse Ashley required me to take as much time as I needed and she supervised my expulsion - but she gave me strict instructions NOT to urinate. When I was finished on the toilet, I wiped myself clean, including with a wet tissue, and Nurse Ashley had to inspect me to make sure I had done a thorough job - I had to bend over and hold my asscheeks apart for her. Then, it was back downstairs and into the stirrups again.

Nurse Ashley produced a little device that had a small wheel on the end of it with teeth, about the size of a dime. She used this to first roll it up and down the insides of my legs to test for sensitivity. Then she rubbed it between my asscheeks and over my balls - what a feeling that was! But, next, it was to be rolled over my penis and, finally, over the head of my penis. That actually produced a different kind of pleasure - a sort of pleasure pain that is hard to describe. I was becoming so sensitive that Nurse Ashley actually had me screaming with pleasure and some pain (strange as that may seem). She asked me which area was the most sensitive. I could only tell her that I liked it between my cheeks and over my penis, yet, they were different sensations. She stopped with the toothed wheel and produced a rubber reflex hammer, holding my penis in her hand and tapping on it with the hammer. She also cupped my balls in her hand and lightly tapped on them...something about a light pressure on the balls that also induces an erotic pleasure/pain. As I write this, it sounds kind of dumb; all I can say is that, at the time, it was

quite appropriate and felt great.

As Nurse Ashley was moving about the room, I would catch occasional glimpses of her thighs or her panties and I confessed to her that I was ashamed of myself for looking at her. She verbally chastised me but, nonetheless, continued with her exam. The next device that she produced is called a TENS (I guess short for "tension"). It is an electrical stimulation device. She got it all hooked up and then it was one, two, now three fingers probing my asshole. Once she got my asshole expanded, she inserted a clear plastic probe, about 1" wide and 6" long. This probe was hooked up to the box and as she made adjustments, I began to feel a pulsing in my asshole against my prostate. Apparently the box has a timed program cycle, because it would pulse for a while, then it would just vibrate, and then it would feel as though the probe was expanding. Since the probe was of hard plastic, it actually wasn't doing anything, and all of the sensations I was feeling were electrical impulses. It really doesn't matter how the sensations were produced - they felt great!

Back on the exam table, Nurse Ashley had been stroking my penis, but now she wanted to know how I masturbated. This is very humiliating - to be exposed on the exam table in the stirrups, a probe in your asshole, and the nurse is asking you to masturbate for her! I reluctantly began to describe to her what I do when I masturbate, but she wanted me to show her. I raised my hand to my chest and started rubbing my nipples and my belly - then, lower to wrap my hand around my penis (or is it a cock when it gets hard?). I used my right hand to pump my cock and my left hand to slide up and down my belly and over my nipples. Nurse Ashley noticed this, that my nipples were sensitive to light pinching, and she placed medical tweezers on each nipple. I had never had this done before, but I certainly liked it. What is it about a little light pain that enhances sexual arousal?

Nurse Ashley now wanted a urine specimen. What - at a time like this? She took a bedside collector and placed my cock inside; she held it inside the collector as I tried to provide the specimen. The probe stimulating my ass was too much and every time I felt as though the piss would come out, it didn't. So, we moved onto other things - for the moment. Nurse Ashley had another attachment for the box - it was a ring that went around my cock and balls. When she hooked it up to the box, I felt a pulsating inside of my cock, like it was trying to shoot out, and in the next cycle of the box, I'd feel a vibrating on my balls. This was an unbelievable feeling - especially with the probe still in my ass! She allowed the box to do its work, all the while watching me rub my belly as she would move the tweezers on my nipples. After a while, she turned off the box around my cock and balls and removed the ring, but left the probe in my asshole. She tried to collect the urine specimen again, and with a still probe in my ass, I was able to provide it. What a feeling to have a probe in your ass, and a woman's hand holding your erect cock in a piss bottle. I had been stimulated so much that I was actually unable to control the flow of piss from my cock - it dribbled out unless I pushed to force it out. I had to apologize to Nurse Ashley for leaking a little bit when she removed the collector.

Now that she had collected the urine specimen, our discussion had returned to Nurse Ashley's panties and had been alternating between my love for panties and how aroused she becomes doing examinations. Nurse Ashley was standing to my side, watching me pump my

cock and move my hips to the stimulation caused by the probe (it was actually kind of neat to be in the stirrups - I raised my ass off the exam table by extending my legs in the stirrups and pushing down ---and, even this was not voluntary -it was in response to the intense stimulation provided by the probe). She raised her uniform and showed me her panties, turned around and showed me how they covered her ass.

Then, she climbed up on the exam table and squatted above my face so I could look right up to her panties. Her right hand was inside the panties and she was rubbing herself. I enjoyed looking at her panties, seeing her pussy lips press against the crotch and noticing how smooth the insides of her thighs were above the nylons - yet enjoying the feel of the nylons against my head. This was really making me hot and I could smell her arousal, too. I asked her to stick her fingers in her pussy and she put her left hand inside and moved it below her right hand to insert into her pussy. She did this for a while and I asked her if I could taste her fingers. She pulled her left hand out of her panties and stuck two fingers in my mouth; the sweet taste of hot pussy is all I can tell you! I sucked on her fingers and tongued her fingertips and she rubbed her pussy and I pumped my cock - and the probe did its thing.

I don't remember how it happened, but the next thing I know is that Nurse Ashley has removed her panties and gotten back into position on the table kneeling over my face. I am staring at her pussy. She hasn't died her hair, either - what remains of a trimmed bush is light in color - a brownish/red, or isn't this "auburn" like the color of the hair on her head. And, she is aroused - I can tell from her swollen pussy lips and the glistening wetness that I see. I also enjoy looking back a little bit to see her tight asscheeks. After a while, I need to go to the next level, and she is wanting me to cum, too. I ask her if I can touch her asscheeks - and she says "yes"! I reach my left hand up to rub her asscheeks, to feel the flesh and stroke it, to hold it, to knead it. I think that she, too, is enjoying this because I can feel her legs tighten around my head. I notice that she is stroking her pussy from top to bottom, occasionally letting a finger inside. I blow hot air on her pussy and she likes that. I am enjoying the feeling of my hand on her ass, and my fingertips have found their way between her cheeks.

I can feel her legs spasm as she nears orgasm and tells me how she wants to see me cum. I ask her if I can touch her asshole. Again, she says "yes - but don't put your finger inside". No problem, as my finger finds her asshole and presses against it. I can feel a change in her pace as I finger her asshole -she's "there". I turn my head and lick her left thigh. I feel her legs really quiver as she cums, and this is what it takes for me to cum, too. I pump my cock furiously and cum at the same time. It's a lot of cum because I haven't masturbated since I scheduled the appointment two days ago. I wanted it this way - to cum a lot for Lady Ashley, Nurse Ashley.

Our simultaneous orgasms having subsided, Nurse Ashley got off the exam table and wiped the cum off my cock and belly with a towlette. She handed me a paper towel to wipe the cum off of my hand. She was cleaning up as I lay there, spent, on the exam table - my legs in the stirrups, my cock waving around, and the probe in my ass. In the proper amount of time (in other words, realizing I had to "recover") Nurse Ashley removed the probe from my ass and had me stand up. Boy, were my legs shaky - from having been in the stirrups, from having had all stimulation centered in my groin, from having such an intense orgasm. She asked me if I wanted to shower; I passed on that, but accepted the washcloth and hand towel to "clean up" in

the bathroom.

When I was finished cleaning up, Nurse Ashley took me back downstairs to the examining room and watched me dress. Then we had an opportunity to talk and I told her how much I enjoyed this session. It was now very clear to me that Lady Ashley is a specialist and an expert in her field. She won't do this for the person who isn't into it; no amateurs for her. She told me that my experiences at the Sherema Clinic let her know that I was truly into the scene.

Before I left, she showed me the other areas of the basement: a small "classroom" for naughty students, a sensory deprivation chamber, and half the basement as a dungeon appearing to be very complete - I'm not an expert on this sort of thing but it certainly looked like it was more than satisfactory. All I cared about was the examining room - and it was the best!

I thanked Lady Ashley for "being there". Although prudes and social conformists will have their arguments, it is important to experience sexual fantasy scenarios, and people like Lady Ashley provide a wonderful outlet. For several hours this afternoon, I was able to step completely out of the hustle and bustle of the world and enter an environment of my dreams. Some people go to Disneyworld...