



Jim's Life

A novel by Jason Matthews

Sample - Tamsen seduces Jim

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What the superior person seeks is in oneself; what the lesser person seeks is in others. - Confucius

3am. The hospital was extremely quiet. Vicki lay asleep with her head on her folded arms, slumped over her desk taking a brief nap at the nurses' station.

Tamsen walked silently by Vicki holding a tray. She went down the hall, passed the guards and entered Jim's room. The door behind her materialized for privacy. The tray contained two bowls of warm water, one with a soapy solution, the other clean. Sponge baths weren't Jim's regular method of cleaning, but Tamsen hoped he might like one.

Jim snored lightly as the young nurse entered. Tamsen set the tray on the table next to Jim's bed. He woke from the noise and blinked his eyes. Tamsen sat on the side of the bed. She put her hand to his face and gently stroked his cheek with an open palm.

"Hi, sweetie," she said softly. "Mind a little late night attention?"

Jim yawned as she caressed the side of his face. He noticed the vibrant orange and red emanating from just below her abdomen. The colors danced before him provocatively.

She dipped the soft sponge into the solution and gently washed his arms. "How does that feel? Nice?"

"Feels nice," Jim said.

She brought the sponge to his face and neck. Jim yawned again, still sleepy yet curious.

Tamsen loosened his gown and pulled it down to reveal his chest. She pushed the cloth back from his body into the corners of the bed and kissed his torso. Jim watched the energy build from within her to be shared with him. It was unlike the energy he was familiar with. It was dynamic and engaged him. She looked into his eyes and smiled again. This time he smiled back.

Tamsen undid the top buttons of her blouse and pulled it open to reveal her cleavage. The voluptuous nurse shook her breasts from side to side. He watched them bounce around with mild interest. *So different*, Tamsen thought. *Most men would be intoxicated by this.*

Tamsen pulled his gown down to his stomach. She massaged his chest with one hand. With the other

she brought the soapy sponge over Jim's chest. The solution dribbled down to his stomach and pooled near his crotch as Tamsen began washing his torso. Jim closed his eyes and enjoyed the sensations.

She loosened the gown further. She soaked the sponge in the solution again then brought it to him. Using both hands she washed him thoroughly.

As Jim's erection became evident she stroked him with more pressure. Jim's head turned to one side. Tamsen looked down and saw he was ready. She hiked up her hospital skirt and slid her panties down to her ankles. She stepped out of them and carefully climbed onto his bed, positioning herself above him. Jim was increasingly curious of her actions.

Once situated, she reached down and guided him into her. Jim's eyes closed, and he leaned back further into his pillow. He focused entirely on the pleasant feeling. Tamsen leaned into him, bringing him further inside her with each tiny movement.

As he filled her, Tamsen began to ride him. Her movements, slow at first, gained in momentum. She placed her hands on his belly for more control. Jim's hips moved naturally to match hers. He moaned softly with each lowering of Tamsen's body.

"Shh," she said. "Don't want to wake anybody."

Jim continued to moan more quietly with her movements. He sensed her rhythms and matched them for optimal pleasure. She knew it wouldn't be long now.

Jim's heart rate accelerated enough to sound an alarm at the nurses' station. It took a few moments to rouse her, but Vicki eventually glanced up at Jim's monitor. It showed a rising pulse of ninety-five with active EEG. Vicki wasn't overly concerned. *Probably just a vivid dream.* Reluctantly, she got up slowly to make a check.

She walked down the hall, rolling out the kinks in her neck as she went. She passed the guards and entered the room. She stopped abruptly, confronted by the sight of Tamsen's backside moving up and down over Jim.

"What's going on?"

Tamsen looked back at Vicki, surprised and upset by her presence. She returned her focus to the boy and ground her hips back and forth with great speed.

"Tamsen!" Vicki rushed to her and grabbed her by the shoulders. Tamsen latched her arms around Jim's side and her legs to the bed rails. From the hallway, the guards heard the commotion and headed in.

"Wait! He's almost there."

Jim alternated from watching the spectacle to feeling the pleasure.

Vicki pulled on Tamsen. "Get... off... now!"

"No, Vicki. Wait!"

The guards assisted Vicki and pried her from her grip on Jim. Once loose, the two women tumbled to the floor. Just as they did, Jim moaned loudly and came all over his belly.

"Have you lost your mind?" Vicki yelled at Tamsen from the floor.

Tamsen knelt upright and saw the sperm on Jim's abdomen. She scooped it with her hand and smeared it into her vagina.

Vicki reached for her hand to stop her. "Tamsen!" The two began another wrestling match. The guards maneuvered around Tamsen to pin her down. Eventually she submitted. She lay on the floor and cried out. Vicki knelt next to her in disbelief as the guards held Tamsen down. Jim watched the whole thing in confusion. He searched Vicki's face for an explanation.

The next day it drizzled steadily. Jim spent most of the time gazing out the window. He preferred not to speak with Vicki though she checked on him frequently.

Brison and Flow came in to see him after talking with Sandra Maynard in her office. Their attorney would look into the matter and decide what legal action would be taken.

Later, Missy listened as Vicki explained the events over the image maker in her room. Missy became more upset by the details every moment.

Vicki added at the end, "I'm sorry, Miss. There's no way you could possibly see him. He's on constant guard now even from the nurses. He might not be here at all in a day or two."

Rain drizzled for three days.

Alouise watched the spectacle of Roger's show with the volume low so she could concentrate on her conversation.

"Let it go. It's of no consequence," the shaded woman said over the office image maker. Again, she was veiled from recognition, though Alouise was by now quite comfortable with the Brazilian woman. The attorney took a drag of her vapor inhaler and looked out into the misty skies of Paris.

Alouise questioned the logic. "I don't understand. Surely, it's the simplest way."

"Why?"

"The obvious. The Rancks cannot afford their bill. The hospital is begging for a settlement."

"All will be taken care of."

"Madame, yes, you have taken care of me, but this time I'm concerned for my clients."

"Not everything is as it seems."

Alouise objected. "This move will make no sense to anyone involved."

"Give it time. The hospital bills are of no consequence."

"But how can I?"

"Let me ask you something," the Brazilian said. "What part of you has trouble with it?"

"Every part."

"It's your ego, is it not?"

"How so?"

"You are afraid that you will look like a poor attorney for not pouncing on this. You fear you will look incompetent, naïve..."

"So what? I was hired to be a good attorney."

"You were hired to be the best."

"You have lost me again, madame."

"Never act out of fear. Don't you see the bigger picture?"

"Yes, this slut is bringing a bad light to our case."

"The hospital has been our best ally all along," the Brazilian emphasized.

"Are you saying this girl was a set-up?"

"It's better to honor your friends in rough times than to let something trivial divide you."

"Trivial? Madame, you clearly don't operate in my world."

"This move will test your faith, I understand. But remember, the bills are of no consequence. The case is infinitely larger than a monetary amount."

"Then what shall I tell the Rancks?"

"You'll think of something."

"Perfect. Merci, madame. You really are testing me now, aren't you?"

"Have faith, Ms. LeFevre."

(End of current sample)

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