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The Boy with the Broken Hands – Part 1

14-year-old Jamie winced and yelped as he fell forwards onto the polished hardwood floor of the gym. You know the sort of thing; everything seems to move in slow motion with that inevitability of ultimate disaster, nothing can prevent it. He put both arms out in front instinctively to break his fall but that action only served to make things worse. His hands hit the floor awkwardly, bending one wrist outwards and the other inwards his body landing on top causing a further howl, as the severe pain hit him. He passed out.

He was whisked off to hospital still in his T-shirt and short soccer shorts, his trainers had been removed at some point but he still wore his sports socks under the blanket. The ambulance crew had given him some pain relief so he was relatively pain free and kind of giggly. He woke up in the back of the Ambulance and the paramedic, who was called Jim according to his name-tag, welcomed him back to the world.

At the Emergency Room of the local hospital he was X-rayed and the consultant advised him that he had broken his right wrist in two places and fractured a finger, plus three fingers were fractured on his left hand so he would be in hospital for a few days because they had to wait until the swelling had gone down before strapping everything up. Jamie was in a daze and being under the influence of the sweet pain relief, it was a while before the reality of his situation dawned on his befuddled brain. How would he manage to do stuff with no hands? Like washing - oh sure that was a major priority at his age! Scratching an itch - mmm difficult. Peeing - oh God!! Or using his computer - now that was a real bummer as he had tons of online friends and he frequently surfed the Internet for pictures to assist in his - oh damn it - how the Hell would he wank? The thought of not being able to play with his cock and tease it into a regular orgasm at least three times a day was devastating. Now he was really worried.

His mum arrived from her office, called to the ER by the school and she swished into Jamie's room just as the wanking thought had passed through his befuddled brain. He looked miserable. His mum cuddled and kissed him and told him it was OK and not to worry. Don't worry!! What did she know? How could Jamie tell her about his fears? She chatted with the doctors who told her about his injuries and they broke the news that he would be staying in

hospital for a few days. She nodded and smiled across at Jamie who was lying in the bed descending deeper into a depression by the second.

His mother reappeared at his side and told him that his father, who was a senior executive with a multinational company, was going to be abroad for the following six weeks and she had planned to travel with him for a month or so as the school holidays were approaching. The plan had been to send Jamie off to camp. That couldn't happen now so she was in a fluster. She kissed the boy again and left saying she would be back later to see him with a plan.

Jamie dozed off again his wrists hurt like Hell and sleep numbed the pain a bit. He dreamed that he had an amazing erection and he was lying naked on a hospital bed uncovered, with his huge (well it was a dream!) hard cock sticking up at an angle from his flat belly, the foreskin pulled right back under the glans and he was dripping precum onto his stomach. He could do nothing and the door to the room was open and he could see people passing in the corridor outside. He tried to move his hand to pull the sheet back over his naked body but a sharp pain shot up his arm and instantly curtailed that action.

Then it got worse, people started to look in at him naked and helpless on the bed with his bloated organ waving in the breeze. He was so embarrassed. They looked, and some nudged others or stopped them to show them what this boy was, or rather was not doing. Suddenly a large woman in a uniform appeared in the room and yelled at him to stop being a dirty little boy and put it away! He responded logically that he just needed a wank and it would go down. This 'dirty' language incensed the woman who slapped his hard cock in an attempt to flatten it but the touch of (almost) human flesh only made it harder than before, so she gave up and stormed out in a fury.

Jamie awoke in a cold sweat. He was still covered up and not naked and the door to his room was closed, thankfully. The only element of his dream that was true was the raging hard-on he had in his shorts, which teased him. It was almost as though his cock knew he couldn't touch it and was trying to drive him mad. Well it was working.

The door opened and the doctor reappeared saying that they now had a bed for him upstairs in a proper private room. He added that a nursing assistant would be in shortly to help change him and bathe him to get him ready for his fresh bed. Jamie gulped and thanked the doctor trying everything he could do to lower his cock but it seemed as though it was up for the day! He thought that he should just let it out, tie a flag to it and be done with it!

A while later a young uniformed man arrived in the room with a trolley and introduced himself as Al. He told the boy that he was going to assist him get ready for the trip upstairs to his private room. Jamie said hello and secretly thanked God that it was not a female, although if it had been his cock may well have disappeared up inside his body because Jamie had no experience with girls at all. He liked girls OK and because of his looks, tall, slim with swimmers shoulders, blond short hair and blue eyes, he attracted a load of attention at school. One or two of the girls had tried to get him to ask them out but when he tried to make conversation with them, he got tongue tied and sounded like a babbling baboon, blushing and almost running away from each encounter. He was much more comfortable with boys and men, he could communicate easily with them and felt at ease in their company. Come to think of it, he had only males as friends, online too and some were older guys in their 20s and 30s, or at least that's what they said they were. He was always very honest about his age when he was online and fully aware of the dangers of predators, so he had never met anyone from online - yet.

Al told him what he was planning to do. It included removing his T-shirt and shorts, which he was still wearing from the gym, and then his underwear. Jamie gulped and blurted out that he wasn't wearing any underwear and Al smiled, putting a hand on his shoulder, and assured him it was OK. Jamie asked that Al didn't tell his mum that he was not wearing any underwear, as she would go ape at the thought. Al promised that nothing would be said and suggested that his clothes could simply 'disappear' because they had been ripped or damaged. Jamie smiled and agreed that was a great idea.

Al pulled back the sheet to the bottom of the bed and he started to assist the boy to remove his T-shirt but moving his arms was too painful so the nurse suggested he cut the T-shirt off and Jamie said it was cool. Next came the boy's sports socks, which slipped off easily. Finally his shorts, and although Jamie's cock had deflated slightly it was still more than half way hard and his foreskin was still pulled back over the head. Jamie blushed as he saw the large wet stain where his cockhead was, and there was no avoiding Al seeing it too. He gulped as Al asked him to raise his hips up off the bed to allow him to remove the shorts. Jamie did as he was asked and raised his pelvis, his shorts sliding down until they caught on his hard cock and of course he could do nothing about it. Al had moved the shorts under Jamie's bum and let him rest back down on the bed, but the front would have to be dealt with. He asked Jamie if it was OK if he untangled the shorts from his genitals and Jamie just nodded, as he could feel his cock laughing at him and saying this will be fun. The word 'genitals' was odd to Jamie as he and his mates always called it cock or dick, or if you wanted to be more polite, - penis but never, never genitals.

Al moved in to solve the problem and noticed the large wet spot on the light blue satiny football shorts. They were quite small and tight and the shape of the boy's cock was visible and clearly hard. It was caught up in the satiny material. Al suggested that they cut the shorts as well to make it as quick as possible and Jamie nodded agreement, praying that no one came into the room while this was happening.

Al took a pair of scissors and started to gently and carefully cut up one side of the shorts from the leg to the waistband. Jamie could feel the cold steel of the scissors on his thigh as they passed slowly upwards. Al then leaned over the boy and tackled the other side of the shorts, cutting the side seam all the way up. He put the scissors aside and pulled the front of the shorts down uncovering the young lad's hard cock. Al smiled and said that it was a nice one and that Jamie should be proud. Jamie blushed and thanked the man and started to apologise for being hard. Al stopped Jamie and told him it was perfectly natural, and not to worry it happened to every boy at his age. Al then asked the boy to raise himself off the bed again and he deftly slid the back half of the shorts out from under him. Job done.

The man asked Jamie to stretch his arms out and roll over onto his left side to enable access to his back. The boy moved slowly and painfully onto his side. He felt the warm, wet softness of a washcloth on his back as Al started to wash him, gently moving over his wide shoulders and on down to his small waist. Al then dried his back thoroughly returning with the warm cloth to move on down the boy's naked body. The man admired the boy's rounded ass, licking his lips before he spread the boy's cheeks apart with one hand and moved in with the cloth to reach the boy's innermost spot. Jamie felt the man's hand wrapped in the warm cloth, probing, cleaning and massaging his boy hole. No one had touched Jamie there apart from his own hand when he was wanking or cleaning up after using the toilet. The feelings he was getting were short-lived as the man moved away and returned with the thick towel, through which the feelings were much less definite, but almost as pleasurable.

Al then moved down, washing the backs of the boy's legs to his feet, cleaning and then drying before asking the boy to carefully return to lying on his back. Jamie's hard cock was still standing proud and wet with the foreskin fully retracted and it felt to Jamie that it was about to explode at any second. There was absolutely nothing he could do about it but lie there and accept his fate. Life sucked sometimes. Al very gently raised each of the boy's arms in turn, washed his armpits, the small amount of wispy hair matting in the dampness, as the cloth passed on down his arms, stopping well clear of his temporarily bandaged wrists and hands.

The nurse then washed his wide chest down to the boy's flat belly making a stop at his innie belly button to ensure it was clean. It tickled, and the boy giggled nervously as Al moved on, stopping at his pubes and skilfully avoiding touching the boy's cock. He dried what he had washed and then steering clear of the boy's hard weapon again, he worked on Jamie's legs and feet, washing thoroughly between the boy's toes, causing him to squirm when he washed the soles of each foot. Al apologised and Jamie said it was cool. His cock was still solid and pulsing in time with each beat of his heart. Al worked up the boy's legs washing and drying as he went. Jamie thought that perhaps Al would avoid washing his cock as he reckoned the man would be too embarrassed to touch a boy's penis, especially a hard one, wouldn't he?

Al refreshed the cloth and moved straight for the hard cock, taking it in his soft hand and washing it thoroughly, so thoroughly that Jamie almost leapt off the bed at his gentle touch. He washed the glans, rubbing it gently all around making sure it was clean, then the shaft. He slid the boy's foreskin forward and washed it then slid it back again under the glans. He moved on down to his adolescent balls, lifting and washing under his balls, then his ball sac itself, which he very gently wrapped in the warm wet cloth. He dried off where he had washed and Jamie was laying back, his head on the pillow, eyes closed. Al asked if he was OK and the boy opened his eyes and tearfully said that he was going to go mad if he couldn't wank for weeks and weeks while his hands healed. He blurted this out to this total stranger who had been washing and drying his hard boy cock. He blushed deep red and started to cry saying he was sorry.

Al dried his hands and held the boy, shushing him and told him everything would be fine not to worry. Jamie pulled back from the embrace and pointed at his cock which was still mocking him, and harder than ever. Al whispered in the boy's ear asking him if he would like to cum now? Jamie just nodded and the man told him to lie back on the bed, close his eyes and leave the rest to him.

Al went to the door and locked it before coming back to the bed. Leaning over he grasped the boy's hard cock in his hand and started to wank him slowly, bringing the skin over the head and back again. On each stroke he spread the boy's precum over the glans and massaged it in with his thumb. The boy pushed his hips up towards the wanking hand and groaned as he was overtaken by the great sensations he was getting. He had never experienced another hand on his young cock before and this was an awesome feeling. He was lifted onto a higher plane of pleasure when he felt his cock head surrounded by wet warmth, another totally new set of data for his brain to compute. He opened his eyes and looked down his flat chest and belly, all he could see was the close cropped blond hair on the top of Al's head. He saw the man's head bobbing up and down and he could feel his cockhead touching what must have been the back of Al's throat. Al played with the boy's loose ball sac and Jamie felt the man's finger snaking along the small seam between his balls and his ass hole, it was awesome. He bucked and felt he should tell Al that he was going to cum as he didn't want to shoot in the man's mouth but Al stayed put, his mouth forming a total seal around the boy's cock, creating a powerful suction that literally pulled the spunk from

deep inside his body and straight down into the man's throat. Jamie had never experienced anything like what had just happened, it was astonishing. His orgasm seemed to last forever and his cock was still held tight by Al's sucking mouth. Jamie laid back on the pillow, his eyes shut as he felt the suction release slowly, and his cock, now soft, sliding from the man's hot mouth. It plopped onto his pubic bush and lay there still dribbling tiny rivulets of boy spunk into his blond pubes, and down the inside of his thighs.

Next thing he felt was the warm washcloth again cleaning a now very soft cock and removing the remnants of his emission, before drying him off again. Al unlocked the door and helped Jamie dress in a fresh T-shirt and baggy sleeping shorts that his mum had brought with her. Al covered the boy up and then said he would return in a few minutes with a wheelchair to take Jamie up to his private room on the 15th floor.

Thanks for reading this far. Should I go on? Please write and let me know what you think.

AP