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The Boy with the Broken Hands – Part 3

The music filled lift glided smoothly to a halt as the floor indicator lit up at the number 15 and with a soft 'bong', the doors silently slid aside. Jamie had arrived where he was going to be for the next couple of days at least. He felt much better although still in great pain, at least his cock was soft, for the moment at least. He really enjoyed the feelings that Al had given him and hoped that he would see the guy again very soon, because he was used to wanking at least three times a day and the dark thought that he may have to go without for several days on end, scared him.

His wheelchair was pushed out onto the long bright expensively carpeted corridor; the smell of flowers and subtle fragrances was everywhere. They reached the nurse's station where Al handed over his paperwork and a smiling nurse moved around the large counter to welcome the boy. Jamie smiled back and as Al said his goodbyes Jamie asked him to visit when he could and Al nodded and said he would if he could. Al then left the boy to his new charge disappearing into the lift.

The nurse, Jane, took Jamie's chair and wheeled him briskly to room 215, which was to be his new home for a while anyway. The door was open to the bright, modern room, which had a full wall of glass overlooking the city and a large high-tech hospital bed. There was a sofa, coffee table and a widescreen plasma TV on the wall. The room was fitted with all the latest gadgets; remotes and lighting controllers, plus a large button to call for assistance. A spacious ensuite bathroom completed the layout. The nurse helped Jamie from the wheelchair up into the bed, then covered him up. She said if he needed anything at all, to just buzz and she would be there. She demonstrated how to use the oversized call button with his elbow and she laid it on the bed beside him. Jamie thanked her and she left.

Jamie lay back in his comfortable bed and started to think about what this would mean. He had heard the doctors saying that he would be unable to use his hands for several weeks, which presented a huge number of problems. There was no problem about him staying at home because Mrs. Thompson was there plus the rest of the staff, so food would be OK but his showering and toileting, not to mention his 'personal' things, were a huge problem and not one he could easily talk to his mum about.

He considered all of the staff in turn and weighed up how or if they could help. He thought about James the chauffeur and handy-man which made him giggle as he wondered if James was 'handy' enough to wank a 14 year old boy! He doubted it as he was a serious man and not one that Jamie had seen laugh

very much so he dismissed him as a candidate. Next up was Billy who was a jovial guy and always had time for Jamie when they met in the garden. Billy was interested in the boy and what he was doing at school and his favourite subjects and he had a son of the same age called Cameron whom Jamie had seen a couple of times with his dad helping out but he seemed shy. Billy was 38 years old of medium height with a slim muscled body. He was always tanned because of his work outdoors all year round and Jamie found him hot. Billy's light brown hair was buzz cut and his piercing pale blue eyes shone out from his bronzed face. His son, Cameron, was almost as tall as his dad at 14 so he was going to be tall when he finished growing. He had a tanned complexion, a slim build, short black hair and brown eyes. Cameron was hot in a shy way. Mmm Jamie considered this pair and thought that there may be some possibilities there.

He then considered Scotty, now he surely had some potential. He assisted Billy in the garden but also had responsibility for the pool, changing rooms and the sauna and steam room. Jamie had been aware of the boy when he was using the pool or sauna and he seemed to be very meticulous in his duties. He had frequently popped into the changing room when Jamie was there alone or with his friends, who all loved to use the pool when they visited. The boy was beautiful Jamie thought. He was 16 which Jamie knew as Mrs Thompson had told Jamie she was buying the boy a gift for his 16th birthday and that was only a month or so ago. Scotty was taller than Jamie and had wide shoulders and a very slim waist. He had short blond hair and blue eyes.

Often Jamie had secretly watched him work, cleaning the pool. Jamie would take a sun lounger where he had a good view of the boy who frequently just wore knee length shorts and no shirt. Jamie watched his shoulder muscles flex and his beautiful bubble butt moving under his tight shorts as he pushed the pool vacuum around, removing the leaves and debris from the blue water. When Scotty was on the opposite side of the pool, Jamie could make out a slight bulging at the front of his shorts, rounding out below the waistband leaving no doubt that he had a nice packet. On hot days his smooth chest glistened with a sheen of boy sweat and it would gather and run in small rivulets down to his belly and into the waistband of his shorts.

Jamie would always get hard when he was watching Scotty, and when he wore his Speedos he had to move a towel across his middle to avoid his hard cock being seen. Scotty never seemed to take any interest in Jamie other than being polite and respectful, as any employee would be to their boss's son. Jamie wondered about the boy, but wasn't sure.

Then he remembered one afternoon when he was Scotty-watching, as the boy cleaned the pool and Jamie fell asleep in his Speedos. The sun was very hot and next thing Jamie knew was he felt a soft hand on his shoulder shaking him awake. He opened his eyes and standing over him was Scotty, dressed as always in his knee length shorts and bare chested. Jamie jumped at the interruption to his sleep and asked the boy what was wrong. Scotty said that he was concerned that he had not seen Jamie apply any sunscreen and was worried that he may get sunburned. Jamie was still only half awake but nodded that he had fallen asleep and had forgotten to apply protection. He thanked the pool boy and moving up on his elbows he was totally embarrassed to see that his cock head was peeping out of the waistband of his Speedos. Scotty was still standing close to the sun bed and there was no doubt that he could see Jamie's erection clearly outlined in his skimpy skin tight swimsuit. Jamie looked from his cock to the boy and knew instantly that he was aware of his predicament. Jamie mumbled that he was sorry and the boy smiled and said it was cool, asking if he needed any help to apply the sunscreen. Jamie said no, that he was going in anyway and thanked Scotty. As the pool boy walked away he turned and smiled at Jamie who was now standing up with a large fluffy bath towel encasing his lower half, containing his wayward cock. Jamie waved and headed for his room thinking to himself that

he was sure he could see the clear shape of the pool boy's cock through his tight pants. Scotty was a definite 'possible'.

The last promising guy on Jamie's list was Don, his mother's personal trainer who was about 24, very tall, slim and he was very fit, as you would expect a gym guy to be. He had short brown hair and grey eyes. He always wore tight fitting T-shirts or polo shirts and tight white shorts, the kind with pockets and a fly. Jamie had spoken with the man on a few occasions when he had needed to see his mum during one of her workout sessions. She was never pleased to be interrupted but Don was always pleasant and would normally comment on the boy's body and tell him he was looking good, so maybe that was a hint? Don also always touched Jamie, putting an arm around the boy's shoulder or holding his arm, or even after shaking hands with the boy, which he always did, holding Jamie's hand longer than normal. Mmm thought Jamie, maybe just maybe, Don was another possibility.

His brain hurt but he finished his staff 'assessments' and he dozed off with a thousand possibilities running around his teenage brain; eventually solving none he fell sound asleep.

A few hours later his mum woke him as she swept into the room, moving to hold her son and kiss him. Jamie was barely awake and not in a good humour as the pain had increased as he slept, and he was suffering. He asked his mum to get some pain relief and she buzzed for a nurse who was there in an instant, asking what was required. Jamie's mum explained, so the nurse disappeared and was soon back with pain relief. She injected the boy and he almost instantly felt relief. He lay back on his deep white pillow and relaxed, the throbbing in his hands disappearing gradually.

His mum started to speak and Jamie had no option but to listen to her babbling on. She had spoken to the boy's dad and there was no way he could change his travel plans, so he was going away no matter what. Why should I have expected anything else Jamie thought? His mum then said that she was disappointed that she was going to miss out on her planned month away, considering she had already spent a fortune on new clothes for the trip. What was to happen, as they couldn't ask Mrs Thompson to look after Jamie's personal care until his hands were healed and after all it could be months? Jamie groaned at the thought but jumped in and agreed, saying that his mum couldn't do it either, as it would be too embarrassing for both of them. She agreed, blushing slightly and avoiding the boy's eyes, and asked what he had in mind.

Jamie, thinking on his back, blurted out that they could employ someone with care experience to look after him until he had regained the use of his hands, and that way no one would be embarrassed plus his mum could go on her trip. His mum kissed him again and said that she thought it was a great idea and she would get on to some nursing agencies immediately to find a suitable nurse to look after him. Jamie interrupted his mum and said that there was only one condition and that was that he had the final say about the choice of carer, and his mum agreed totally. She got up to leave and said that she would be back the next morning with a list of people for Jamie to choose from for interview, and they would take it from there. She kissed her son and left wafting out as she had arrived in a swish of designer clothing and a cloud of expensive perfume.

Jamie was hungry so the nurse brought him some food, which she fed to him spoonful by spoonful. He felt really awkward about being fed like a baby but he had to get used to it, for the time being at least. Later there was a knock at his door and he called for whoever it was to come right in. It was Jason and Seb who had arrived straight from school. They came into the room cautiously saying a collective Wow as they saw what Jamie had in his room. It was more like a hotel than a hospital room.

They sat either side of Jamie on the bed and asked how he was. He told them that he was OK and not really in much pain but he was really hacked off at missing camp, as all of his friends were going. Now he would be at home with some bossy nurse taking care of him and watching his every move, some holiday that would be. The boys commiserated with their friend and wished that they could be around for him, but plans were set and they would be gone in a week or so for the summer, their parents all off on long-haul trips to glamorous resorts around the world.

The boys asked if there was anything that Jamie needed before they left and Jamie blushed and said there was one thing that he would like help with and both boys spoke at the same time, offering any assistance he needed. Jamie said he needed to pee and he couldn't use the bottle thing that they had left him with bandaged hands. The boys looked at each other and mumbled that it was fine, they were happy to help.

They helped him to get him out of his bed and followed him to the toilet where he stood in front of the bowl waiting. Jason took the lead and caught the waistband of the boy's baggy shorts and slid them down his thighs where they slipped down onto the tiled floor. Jason having done his bit, stood back and looked at Seb who was so embarrassed he wished they hadn't offered help, but then thought how difficult it must be for Jamie. He stepped forward and pulling Jamie's T-shirt up, asked Jason to hold it up while Seb took Jamie's soft cock in his hand and pointed it to the bowl. Jamie looked down and asked the boy if he wouldn't mind sliding his foreskin back, as that was how he preferred to pee. Seb took a deep breath and slid the skin back over the head. Jamie let go a powerful stream of pee and Seb tried to keep it in pointed at the toilet bowl as Jamie continued to empty his bladder. The stream slowed and slowed and then became just a dribble and eventually stopped. Seb bent down to slide Jamie's shorts back up and Jamie asked him to wait a second, as he wanted his cock shaken to make sure the last of the dribbles were gone. His foreskin had slipped forward over his glans when Seb let it go and he had to slide it back again, along the boy's cock and then shake off the few remaining droplets of pee. As he did this, Jamie's cock started to harden swiftly at the gentle touch of another hand, and he was embarrassed. Seb realised that the cock he was holding had suddenly become much larger and thicker so he dropped the cock. It stuck out from Jamie's pubes, now solid and ready for action and his two friends looked at it with their mouths open.

The boys had seen each other naked for years and Jason's cumming was the first they had ever witnessed, so hard cocks were not new, but at the same second both boys thought and stated the obvious. How was Jamie going to wank with no hands? Jamie laughed and said that was exactly the problem, and he didn't know what he could do about it. Seb mumbled and asked Jamie if he would like him to wank him now and Jamie smiled and said he had cum recently so he was fine for the moment, but he asked the boys if they could visit again next day as by then he would be desperate! The boys agreed to be there next afternoon after school, and at that they pulled Jamie's shorts back up and helped him back to bed, his still solid boy cock pointing the way!

By now it was about 7pm and the boy lay in his bed thinking back over the events of the day and how it sucked, but he was pleased that his friends had offered to help him out tomorrow, the problem being that in a few days they would be off to camp and again Jamie would be stuck. He started to feel sorry for himself when there was a knock on the door and it opened before he could respond. There was Al smiling at him and he slipped onto the side of the bed beside the boy and asked him how he was doing. Jamie smiled and said he was so happy to see Al again. He told the man he was OK and that his mum had been to visit him as well as a couple of his friends from school. He outlined the suggestion to get a carer to look after him at home to allow his mum and dad to go ahead with their summer plans. Al thought the idea was

excellent and said that he hoped Jamie would find someone suitable for the job. There were many good nurses who worked freelance and who would be happy to take the job. He did say however, that in his experience most of them were female, but he was sure that Jamie would not have a problem with that. Jamie almost jumped out of the bed saying that he couldn't believe it and surely Al was joking, but the man told Jamie he was not joking and assured him that there were very few male nurses around, so he suggested that Jamie be prepared for a female carer. Jamie was devastated.

Al left, saying goodnight to the boy, but Jamie lay on his bed mulling over what the man had said, and was almost in tears as he eventually fell asleep.

Thanks for reading this far. Please write and let me know what you think. I appreciate constructive comments.

AP