

The Twisted Love Potion

by Pan

Chapter 6

Fran sighed at the sight of the nurse. She all but shaking with nervousness as she set the tray down.

Ridiculous.

The eighty-year old heiress had fallen two weeks ago; she hadn't seriously injured herself, but the doctors had insisted that she stay in bed for at least the next month, until her ankle had time to heal.

One of the benefits of Diamond-level insurance was that she'd been assigned a full-time nurse.

Unfortunately for both of them, this nurse was an idiot.

"I thought you had to be at least halfway intelligent to become a nurse," Fran had grouched the first time Samantha had used the wrong type of bread on her sandwich. "Or do they just let anyone with a pretty face in these days?"

"Sorry, Ms Nelson," Samantha had mumbled. "It won't happen again, Ms Nelson."

But it did happen again. Or if not exactly that, something similar - she'd manage to misplace the newspaper, or trip over the wealthy woman's laptop cable, or leave the door ajar after being *expressly* told to close it.

Now, two weeks in, Samantha was a nervous wreck just at the sight of her invalid mistress.

"Maybe this will be the day," Fran said, speaking slowly and patronizingly. "Maybe today you'll manage to have prepared an entire meal without screwing *anything* up."

"I hope so, Ms Nelson."

"Of course, we'd have to call the mayor. The governor. The president! It would be declared a national holiday, wouldn't it?"

"Umm..."

Fran rolled her eyes, and dismissed the nurse with a wave of her hand; she fled the room without managing to trip on any of the heiress's expensive pieces of furniture.

As the country's eighty-first wealthiest woman bit into her sandwich, she held back a smile. Samantha had left the room, but she hadn't heard her go down the hall or staircase - the young nurse was clearly sitting directly outside her bedroom, waiting to be called in.

Waiting to be shouted at, essentially.

But as Fran swallowed the first bite of her lunch, she had to admit - Samantha had done a good job. She'd used the correct bread, she'd avoided overdoing it on the mayonnaise...she'd even used the right part of the turkey, the dry meat that Fran had loved since she was a child.

Maybe she really *had* managed to avoid screwing anything up.

A few seconds later, Samantha re-entered the room, summoned by the furious voice of her patient.

"Yes, Ms Nelson?"

"What," Fran said, her voice ice-cold, "do you call this?"

She held up the glass that Samantha had served her beverage in.

"Umm...umm..."

Fran sighed.

"Let me help you, dear. What did I *ask* for?"

"Fizz Twist," Samantha said immediately. "Three ice cubes, served in your favorite glass."

"Good job," Fran replied, her voice dripping with irony. "Really great work. Now, what *is*

this?"

"Umm...umm..."

This time, Fran let the stammering girl assemble an actual sentence.

"...Fizz Twist," she concluded with a squeak. "With three ice cubes?"

Fran moved two fingers to her temple.

"Let's think about this," she said slowly. "Really think. You do know how to think, don't you? They did cover 'thinking' in nursing school, didn't they?"

"Uhh..."

"If it was Fizz Twist," Fran continued, ignoring the nurse's stammering. "Would I have asked you what it was?"

"Umm...uh..."

"Let's play this out. If you'd brought me Fizz Twist, would I have called you in here? Would I be asking you about the contents of the glass? Does that sound like a logical course of action?"

"Ummm...no?"

"Good girl," Fran purred. "So what does that tell you?"

"Uhhh...ummm..."

Again, the heiress waited until a thought had formed.

"It's...not Fizz Twist?"

"That's *right*," Fran beamed. "And what does that tell you?"

This time, Samantha just stared at her, mouth agape.

"It tells you," Fran said sweetly. "That you, my dear...*messed up*."

The last two words came out as a roar, and Samantha stepped back in shock. Fran continued, her voice loud; her fury obvious.

"It tells you that you are a *nitwit*, an absolute *moron*, who can't do something as simple as POURING a DRINK without somehow messing up. And that makes me *very* worried about you dealing with medication, drugs - stuff of life and death. If you can't tell two types of cola apart, how the HELL are you meant to differentiate amphetamines and aspirin?"

Tears were rolling down Samantha's face, but the old woman didn't stop.

"I think I'm going to call my insurance and let them know that my coverage grants me a *nurse* for the next two weeks, not an *imbicile*. Now, what do you have to say for yourself?"

"I...I..."

"Well? What is it, you little twit?"

"I...I thought it was..."

"Oh, you *thought* it was the correct drink?"

"Yes, I...I..."

"So let me get this straight - you, who can barely cut a sandwich without messing it up, *you* thought it was the right cola. Whereas I - a woman worth more than everyone else you've ever met put together - have...made a mistake? Is that what you're suggesting? That I can't tell two forms of cola from one another?"

"No, I...I..."

"Hmmm?"

"I...I'm sorry."

"Oh good! You're *sorry*. You're *sorry* that you couldn't do the one *very* simple job you're paid to do. Well, I suppose that makes it all better now, doesn't it?"

"N-n-n..."

“Hmm?”

“No, ma’am...”

“Go to the damn kitchen and get me my damn drink, girl.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

As Samantha picked up Fran’s glass, the wealthy woman collapsed back in her bed, suddenly exhausted. She closed her eyes at the sound of her nurse leaving down the hall, down the stairs.

When she opened her eyes again, a glance at the clock told her at least forty minutes had passed. The ice cubes in her new cola had mostly melted, but she could hardly blame Samantha for that.

Although, if she’d *had* her Fizz Twist, the caffeine would probably have kept her awake. Or even if she had fallen asleep, she would have enjoyed her drink first, without it being watered down by the melted ice-cubes.

For a moment, Fran considered not even drinking it, just to show that damned nurse who was boss, but she *was* thirsty, and had never been the type to cut off her nose to spite her face. Sitting up, she brought the glass to her mouth, and took a long, satisfying sip.

As she swallowed the licorice-flavored drink, her eyes widened. A pulse of arousal shot through her body; not for the first time since she’d been bedridden. With nothing else to do, she’d spent many a bored afternoon masturbating; since her husband had died, she’d had twenty years to perfect the art of getting herself off, and she was quite good at it.

What was unusual was not that she was aroused, but whose face had appeared in her mind as her clit had cried for attention.

Samantha.

Fran hadn’t been exaggerating when she’d described the young nurse as a pretty face - she was young (she couldn’t have been more than twenty-five), blonde, and had a round face and soft, gentle eyes. Her lips were red and full, and while she clearly tried to dress professionally, she had the kind of body it was impossible to truly hide.

She was the exact kind of woman that Fran would have forbidden her late husband from hiring as a secretary. If he’d been alive when the nurse had been assigned, Fran would have insisted on a replacement.

Fran closed her eyes again. In all her eighty years, she’d never had even a hint of attraction to another woman - she’d been able to admire the female form, of course, but always in the abstract, like one would enjoy a great piece of art or a beautiful song.

But now...

Opening her eyes, Fran shot a suspicious look at her drink. Had the nurse drugged her? Had she been given one of those sex drugs that she’d read about in the paper, in an attempt to get on her good side? After all, she *had* threatened to fire the nurse - people did funny things when they were backed into a corner.

“Samantha!” she shouted, and the young woman came scurrying into the room once more. The heiress lost her breath at the sight of the young woman - she really was stunning, and Fran was stunned.

“Yes, Ms Nelson?”

“What,” she said, pointing one bony finger at the glass in front of her, “is *this*?”

“No!” Samantha replied, horrified. “No! Ms Nelson, please, I *know* this one is Fizz Twist. I tried some myself!”

The old woman narrowed her eyes.

“What? Of course it’s Fizz Twist. That’s not what I mean.”

“Oh! Umm...ummm...”

“I mean...”

Fran trailed off, realizing that she didn’t even know what she meant. The nurse was clearly too stupid to think of drugging her, and - useless though she was otherwise - she seemed trustworthy.

She was probably just too *dumb* to die.

As she pondered the situation, her eyes were uncontrollably drawn to the young nurse’s full chest, heaving as she breathed.

The old woman shifted uncomfortably in her bed. Before she could finish her thought, Samantha was by her side, readjusting her pillows, exactly the way she liked it.

As she got close, Fran realized she, too, was breathing heavily.

“...that’s right,” she finally said, extremely aware of the young nurse just inches away from her. “Yes. It’s Fizz Twist.”

“Then ummm...ummm...”

Fran turned to face the nurse, and the two women held their breath for a moment. More than half a century separated them, but in that moment, Fran was overwhelmed by the urge to...to kiss her nurse.

To kiss another a woman.

Instead, she turned away, slapping Samantha in the face with her grey hair as she did.

“Get out,” she growled. She was going to get off, remembering her husband - or thinking about one of the other men she’d slept with in her youth.

Anything to clear these strange urges from her mind.

“Yes, Ms Nelson?”

It didn’t make any sense. None of it made any sense.

That was what Samantha kept telling herself, over and over again.

It didn’t make any *sense*.

It had hit all at once, that was the strange thing. Just an hour ago, Ms Nelson had been nothing but the worst boss Samantha had ever had. The most cruel, malicious, vindictive, horrible boss that she’d ever encountered. Each and every night, she went home to her boyfriend and cried.

He was supportive, but she could tell that he was starting to get sick of it. He’d suggested that she quit, but she’d told him that she couldn’t - that getting a Diamond client was like winning the lottery. As if the pay wasn’t enough, there was a sizeable bonus for sticking throughout the entire job.

Diamond clients were known for being hard to work with, and for not liking it when their nurses were swapped out.

She’d made the mistake once of telling her boyfriend exactly what Ms Nelson had said to her. A mistake because later that week, he’d used it against her.

And she’d melted.

Samantha was a people pleaser. She’d realized early on that was why she’d become a nurse - assisting people in need genuinely made her happy. No, she hadn’t been the top of any of her classes, but she was hard-working and determined and had - until this patient - genuinely loved her job.

In the bedroom, everything was different. Yes, she loved pleasing her boyfriend - getting him off, going down on him, the look on his face when he came inside her.

But that wasn't what turned her on.

It had taken her a few years to come to terms with, but it was undeniable - Samantha was turned on by degradation. Nasty names, insults...for reasons she absolutely couldn't explain, nothing got her wetter than being told that she was useless.

Only in the safety of the bedroom, of course. In real life, her eyes were the only part of her that grew wet if she was yelled or berated - she *hated* the feeling of letting someone down. Ms Nelson's insults had done nothing to arouse her...

...until they left the lips of her boyfriend.

"You're as stupid as you are lazy," he'd growled at her, one hand around her neck, the other between her legs.

"Oh!" she'd cried, her eyes widening at the familiar words. "Noo..."

"Yes," he insisted, a cheeky smile on his face. "If you were to get something right, I'd have to hire a marching band to celebrate."

"Oh god, no..."

Samantha was a puddle of arousal as she heard Ms Nelson's insults leaving her boyfriend's mouth.

"You dimwit. You fool of a woman. You complete...and utter...*bimbo*."

"Ohhh!"

As Samantha came, for one horrible second, the thought of her boss crossed through her mind. After she came down from her shuddering orgasm, she told her boyfriend what he'd done. What he'd made her think about as she came.

He'd thought it was hilarious, but had agreed to never use Ms Nelson's words in the bedroom again. To thank him, she'd gone down on him, and forty minutes later had cum around his cock as he pounded into her, using some of their more standard dirty names - cumbucket, fucktoy, filthy whore.

She'd thought that would be the end of it, but while she'd been sitting outside Ms Nelson's room, trying not to cry, something had happened.

A wave of arousal had passed over her, so intense that she'd almost dropped her pen. It was unlike anything she'd ever experienced - stronger than the first time she'd masturbated, or the feeling she got when she was right on the edge of cumming and her boyfriend spat in her mouth.

The strangest thing was that it wasn't thoughts of her boyfriend's face (or body) that was turning her on.

It was Ms Nelson's.

Samantha had seen bodies of all ages, all shapes. It was just a part of being a nurse - she could still appreciate a particularly attractive guy, of course, but the situations in which she encountered their naked forms were never sexy. When she was working, a body was just a body - sexual organs were just organs to medical professionals.

But suddenly images of Ms Nelson's naked form were rushing into her mind, and - to her horror - arousing her.

What was happening?

Before she could think it through, the object of her sudden desire had called her in, and she leapt to her feet to obey.

Ms Nelson had insulted her a thousand times in the past fifteen days, and it had never caused Samantha anything but unhappiness.

Suddenly, however, her acidic comments were anything but upsetting - they were deeply, deeply erotic. As if Ms Nelson was her boyfriend, insulting her in the bedroom, every word that left her patient's cruel lips seemed to go straight to Samantha's pussy, to her nipples. She felt alive, aroused like she never had before.

And when the old woman dismissed her, she collapsed against the wall outside her room - not with frustration or self-loathing this time, but with an overwhelming desire to get off. To touch herself.

To touch her elderly patient.

Samantha knew she had a body that a lot of women would kill for, and she knew the effect it could have on men. That was why she tried so hard to hide it - she wanted nothing more but to be treated like everyone else. But as she sat outside the closed door, she was filled with an urge to strip off her uniform, to expose her curves to Ms Nelson.

Of course, she'd likely just insult them.

A loud groan left Samantha's mouth at the idea. She could picture exactly what her wrinkly, cantakerous boss would say - "Those breasts are big enough to knock someone out." "Look at your filthy, unshaven pussy." (Samantha's boyfriend preferred it hairy.) "I'll bet you only got the Diamond job because of your dicksucking lips..."

Samantha's body wracked with orgasm at the thought of Ms Nelson staring at her body, insulting it as she'd insulted her ability to nurse, her ability to do basic tasks.

To her frustration, however, it did nothing to calm her down. She was still almost as worked up as she'd been before cumming - and the widow was still the sole focus of her desires.

"You can't even cum properly," she muttered to herself, imagining the words coming from the old woman in the room next door. "What a slutty piece of trash you are. Can't...even...get off...right..."

It wasn't long before she was cumming again, and then again not long after that.

Her eyes widened as she realized what was happening. Her fetish...her desire to be insulted. Ms Nelson had inadvertently tapped into that, and after her boyfriend had connected the dots, her brain had gotten confused and gone along with it. Now she was...god, she was attracted to the old woman who was making her life a living hell.

"What is *wrong* with me?" she asked herself, a tear sliding down her face at the knowledge that there was no simple answer.

She only had the job for two more weeks. Two more weeks, and she'd be free from the bizarre, hellish situation she'd gotten herself into.

In the meantime, she'd just have to be a professional. So she was suddenly attracted to her boss? She was a nurse, damn it - the patient would always come first.

Samantha's eyes fluttered as her hand made its way back between her legs, and she imagined Ms Nelson cumming first.