

The doctor (2): Rose comes for a visit (or is that visits for a come)

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She visits the doctor for a special treatment

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It was an odd day for a Thursday. Normally, the afternoon was the busiest time for my doctor's rooms, but today there were no patients at all. I decided to give Mrs Winterbottom the afternoon off as I knew she was going to a birthday party and needed to go get a gift. It was the perfect time to catch up on some reading I wanted to do from the latest issue of the New England Journal of Medicine.

"Cheers, Doctor," Mrs Winterbottom said as she left. "I will see you tomorrow, remember to lock the door after I go out."

"Sure," I said, waving goodbye. "See you tomorrow."

Mrs Winterbottom was the epitome of professionalism. She was not actually bad looking or anything, and would be sexy looking in a different set of clothes, but she was totally straight. Sometimes I wondered if she even had sex with her husband, they were married for seven years, and still had no children. Then again, she was only 29.

Back in the office, my mind immediately focused on an article about multi-drug resistance. This was something we had encountered recently with a patient at the hospital where I do some work, and being so engrossed I forgot completely about locking the door. Immersed in the reading, and getting excited about the possibility of working on the genetics of drug resistance, I completely forgot about the time as well.

I was really getting into an article on the role of plasmids in gene transfer, when suddenly there was a knock on the door. I ignored it. It became more insistent, but still I ignored it.

Then I heard the door open.

"Oh shit," I thought. I forgot to lock the door.

Running to the outer office, I was taken by surprise by an incredibly beautiful young woman with a pretty face and the widest and most penetrating dark eyes I have ever seen.

"Hello, may I help you," I asked.

"Sorry for barging in," you said. "My name is Rose, I am a friend of Jacqueline. You saw her last week. Remember?"

"Yes, of course," I gulped, turning a little pink at the memory of the amazing sex we had in my rooms.

"I was telling her about a problem I have, and she suggested that you might be able to help me," you replied.

Yikes! My tummy did a drop, and my heart skipped a beat as I looked into those amazing eyes, your hair curling around in little wisps over your cheeks. You wore a little dark eyeshadow, and despite slightly more on one side than the other, it served to accentuate the beauty of your eyes. You had a cute nose, and a pretty pouty bottom lip that was glistening pink and inviting. Your skin was clear and flawless save for a few cute freckles, and I found myself imagining how it would feel to kiss you.

"Stop it," I said silently to myself. The visit by Jacqueline must have turned me in to a sex fiend. Time to behave professionally. That will never happen again, at least not with another person!

"Well, the rooms are closed this afternoon, and my assistant has taken leave."

"Please, doctor?" you pleaded with those wide eyes, and I relented.

"OK, come on in, and I will listen to your problem, and see if there is indeed anything that I can do to help. Go through the door on the right, and I will lock up here to make sure there are no other patients."

You disappeared into the first consulting room, and I proceeded to lock the door and pull the blinds.

I joined you in the consulting room, where I found you standing looking at a poster. I said "Take a seat," and I sat down at my desk.

"So what is the problem," I asked.

You looked at me with those pretty eyes, and blushed a little as you said, "Well, you see, I um, I don't

seem to, a-um, a-um, I can't, ah... Well, oh, this is hard to say."

"It's OK. Take your time. Relax," I said.

"Orgasm!" you blurted.

"Erm, you can't orgasm?" I asked.

"Well, not exactly. Yes. Sort of. No," you replied.

"OK," I said, as I noticed a little moistness, some starry highlights in your eyes. "You are going to have to explain that, and be clear about it if you want me to help you."

You gave a big sigh, and wriggled around in the chair, then took a deep breath.

"OK, Doctor. I can orgasm, but it's not how it used to be. And, erm, well, I am a virgin, see. So it's only when I touch myself that I am talking about."

'My goodness,' I thought. 'Am I this lucky?' as I felt a few tingles of arousal pass over me.

"So Rose, tell me what is different," I said. "Tell me what exactly is different."

"Well, they are not as intense, and I don't have as many. I used to have amazing, intense explosive orgasms, but now I just have nice ones. I want the explosive ones back."

Gulp!

"What do you think has changed," I asked, my pulse quickening, tingles rushing over me, and my cock starting to harden.

"No wait, there is more. I used to cum - er orgasm - four or five times, sometimes even seven or eight times, now I am lucky if I can manage two," you added.

"I am not sure that is a problem, it could be just a consequence of getting a little older, it no longer being fresh and new. Not as exciting, as it were. The strength and number of orgasms are often determined by the level of excitement, how aroused you are when you masturbate or have sex," I said.

"Oh, I never have sex!" you exclaimed. "I have't even been touched by a boy."

Gulp!

"I was just saying that in general, not specifically because I thought you were having sex," I said.

"Well, Jacqueline said you did something - a special medical treatment - that made her have the most amazing orgasms. She told me that she never felt anything so intense in her life," you said, your eyes more moist and becoming a deeper green in colour. I noticed that there was also a pink glow in your cheeks.

I knew you were aroused then, so was I. My cock was hard, throbbing, leaking precum, and I was aching from head to toe. Like with Jacqueline, however, I had to at least keep up the pretense of professionalism.

"Yes," I said. "I gave her a very special prescription, and, erm, filled it myself."

"Doctor, there is something else you should know. I like things in my, erm, my, ah, my anus," you said. "My ass, anal."

"That is not unusual," I replied, my mind racing about how my cock would feel inside your beautiful ass while I teased your clit with my finger.

"Well, I better devise you a prescription then," I said. "Hadn't I?"

"Yes," you squeaked. "But there is one more thing. I like a little pain. Not too much, but a little. Is that weird?"

"Fuck no, awesome," I blurted. "Erm, I mean it is not outside the realms of normal. I know a number of people who experience the same thing."

"Thank you, Doctor," you replied. "I appreciate knowing that. Sometimes I wonder."

"OK, go through to room 3, and take a seat. I will be there in a couple of minutes," I said.

I noticed the moisture in your eyes, and the tight nipples under your shirt as you stood up, and walked quietly to the examination room.

Inside the room, you looked around. There was a table with a chair, a small cupboard with some medical things on it, and an examination bed. Not much else in the room.

Aching a little bit, you could feel moisture in your panties, and you liked the feeling. You had sense that this was going to be a pleasant afternoon.

You sat on the bed, your legs hanging over the side and waited. In a minute or two, I entered the room with little bag, which I placed on the table as I stood in front of you with my stethoscope around my neck.

You looked at me with uncertainty in your eyes. I diffused the moment with a brush of the back of my hand across your cheek. You angled your eyes to look at my fingers.

"I want to be yours, Doc," you said. "Use me for your pleasure, please. I want to please you so bad it almost hurts."

I could see from your eyes that you were not saying that lightly. I threw my white coat on the chair, and opened my shirt, let you have my right nipple.

"Suck and nibble my nipple, but gently," I said.

You didn't have to be asked twice, and it felt so amazing that I moaned.

But I had other ideas to pursue. Gently I pulled away, and took your chin in my hand.

"We have to agree to some ground rules, OK?" I asked.

"I guess so, you're the doctor," you said.

"Yes, but it is your body, your mind, your heart that we are going to explore together," I said. "I don't want any harm to come from either of those, neither physical nor emotional."

"OK," you gulped.

"Well, firstly, you agree to surrender yourself to me completely for the next couple of hours," I said. "You have no say in your own pleasure or mine. Everything is in my hands, and if I tell you to do something, you will do it unquestioningly. Is that clear?"

"Fuck, yes," you gulped.

"Secondly, we are going to play without a safety net," I said. "There is no stop command, no 'bail'

word. You are committed, and you accept and trust me, but there is no out. Clear?"

"Erm, OK," you said, a greedy look on your pretty face.

"Are you sure? Absolutely sure, Rose?" I asked again.

"Yes. Never more sure of anything in my life," you replied.

"Now, drop your shoes and lie back on the bed," I ordered. "And put your feet up."

I turned a handle, and raised the bed so that it was at about the height of a massage bed.

"It is better if I access you without having to bend over," I said by way of explanation.

I unbuttoned your shirt, slowly, ever so slowly, and tugged it off, all the while looking into your pretty green eyes. Then I undid the button of your jeans, slowly lowered the zip, and tugged them off over your ankles. Underneath you had a camisole, clasped at the front, black lacey panties, and nylons that came almost to your crotch. Seeing you like that, it was difficult for me not to just fuck you right then and there, just pull aside your soaking wet knickers and enter you. But of course, I managed not to do so.

"Now we can begin your course of treatment," I said.

You just looked at me with that green-eyed greedy look.

"Let me please you," you murmured.

"Not yet," I said firmly. "I am in control of all pleasure here, mine and yours. You will please me when I let you."

Looking in your eyes, I said, "Other than to blink, I don't want you to take your eyes off mine unless I tell you or I look somewhere else."

Affirmation shone in your eyes, and I told you to slowly unbutton your camisole from the bottom button up. As you did so, I ran my fingertips over your skin as it was exposed, all the while, our eyes locked.

You were not wearing a bra, your firm young breasts were tight and your nipples hard and ready to be pleased. I bent down, and took each one in turn in my mouth, twirling my tongue around them. But

that just felt too ordinary, not the sort of thing that would be good enough for the extraordinary Rose.

I quickly got you out of the rest of your clothes, except for the nylons that covered your legs. It was unusual, a bit old fashioned, but incredibly sexy that you wore them.

I reached into a drawer, and pulled out some soft bandage material, and wrapped it round your wrists, quickly but gently binding your hands together. I went behind the bed and found a place to tie it, and so it was that your hands were bound to the bed above your head. This enhanced the look of your breasts, and made you even more beautiful to look at.

I did the same to your feet, and then you were bound to the bed, totally mine to control, to love and please as I saw fit.

"You want me to mark you don't you? To mark you and make you mine?" I asked. "To bind you to me, to bind our pleasures together with the marks my teeth leave on your skin."

"I always fantasize a strong man to make me his," you said. "Do it please. Mark me yours."

I bit gently, enough to leave tiny little red marks around your nipples. Then I bit your belly button too, just enough to leave a small mark that would last a day or so. I hated to do it, but at the same time loved it because you wanted it.

"Oh yes, Doctor," you know just what I need. "Nobody else ever figured me out like that. You get me."

I moved back to your nipples, and apparently I was being too gentle, for you moaned, "Bite them hard, mark them, own me please, Doctor, own me."

The intensity of your pleading moved me. I was not one who could hurt another person, but here I bit you a little harder, and you moaned.

"Fuck, doc, that feels good, I am so yours." you said.

I kissed the little red marks and kissed all the way down to the edge of your pubic mound, and ran my right hand up the inside of your thigh. I could feel the heat from your pussy, and since you had been fantasizing about this for awhile, you were were soaking wet. A beautiful bead of clear, thick wetness was running down over your pussy lips. How I wated to taste it, but not yet.

"Finger me," you moaned.

"I said I am in control here," I said sternly, and walked out of the room closing the door behind me.

I left you like that for maybe 2-3 minutes, while I found the unopened vibrator that I had acquired for a sexually disfunctional patient. I stood looking at it, remembering the funny look on Mrs Winterbottom's face when she opened the brown paper wrapping it came in. I would get another. I also grabbed a gull tailfeather that Mrs Winterbottom kept in a little vase on her desk. I was quick, but to you it seemed a long time.

When I returned, I could see that your wetness was dripping down, and there was a small, beautiful pool of it on the bed.

"I am sorry," you said, pouting. "I won't ask again."

I placed the vibrator on the table beside the bed.

"Doc, you may find it strange, but I have never used one of those," you said. "I am a bit scared."

"Don't worry," I replied. "It is just like a cock that vibrates on your clit."

"I am a v-v-v-virgin," you stammered. "I never touched a cock before."

"Ah, yes. Don't worry, I won't take that away," I said. "Your virginity, I mean."

"Erm, you can," you said. "But don't make it hurt."

Much as I would have loved taking your virginity with my hard, pulsating cock, I resisted the temptation. Maybe one day I might, but today was not the time. I wanted to enjoy you as a virgin, even though I found that a bit of a silly notion.

"No, you keep it a while longer. It should be really special when it is given away," I said.

"Thank you, Doc," you said. "I wish I could hug you."

"Wait," I said, remembering the butt plug kit that I had bought for my friend Uta who was too shy to go into a sex shop. I ran to my back room, where even Mrs Winterbottom has no access, and grabbed the smallest one out of the box. Another thing I would have to replace.

I returned and placed it on the table.

You sighed over and over, and once you seemed like you were going to say something, but you didn't.

You were such a good girl, so I decided to home in, and as I kissed your thighs I kissed closer and closer to your soaking wet pussy with her throbbing, swollen clit, and drew your inner lips in to my mouth, tugging on them while wiggling the butt plug just a little bit. Then I sucked your clit between my lips, and put a little pressure by moving my lips back and forth gently against one another. I let go, and blew on your clit, a surprising gust of air from my mouth that made you ache instantly from head to toe. I grabbed your clit in my mouth again to take advantage of the aching and give you a very intense sensation.

I took you very close to the edge, I could feel you getting there. All your muscles tensing, your breathing increasing, soft moaning sounds. Just as I felt you were going to cum, I stopped, stood up, and looked at your face.

The look was priceless, somewhere between disbelief, frustration and anticipation because you knew it something else was coming and so would you be soon.

I grabbed the vibrator, a Hitachi magic wand, one of the best pleasure machines. It was a rechargeable type, and I had fully charged it a few days before in anticipation of giving it to my patient. I switched it on to its lowest setting, and placed it against the end of your nose. You sneezed and giggled.

"You gonna put that thing on my clit?" you asked a little unsure of yourself. "I never had that before."

Without saying a word, I placed the vibrator over your pubic mound and slowly moved it over your swollen, wet clit. Your gasp was instantaneous as at the same time I wiggled the butt plug a little.

You moaned, practically screamed in pleasure as I increased the speed one notch. I wasn't quite expecting you to cum so fast. You took me by surprise, that won't happen the next time.

You felt the most amazing waves of pleasure, a sensation you had not experienced before. The waves rolled over you and you got closer and closer together as you got closer to orgasm. It took you suddenly, and rolled over you in delicious and delightful waves.

When I realised you were cumming, I pulled out the butt plug and you moaned some more. I watch your ass contracting as the waves of the orgasm took you away. Masses of your beautiful cum flowed from your pussy, and ran down over your ass, your screams of pleasure continuing.

I thought you were finished, and was about to take the vibrator away, when you practically screamed

at me, "No, fuck! One more!"

More moans and then you said my favorite phrase, "I.....m....still.....cu....mm....ing." I will remember that for as long as I live, and I will masturbate many times in the future thinking about it.

I quickly freed your hands, put the vibrator in your hand so you could hold it, and pulled down my jeans without any finesse, and grabbed my cock. I let the bed down a little, and stroked my cock, knowing I couldn't hold my own orgasm back after that. I stroked and rubbed my cock head against the skin of your belly.

"Oh...fuck.....cumming....again," you screeched.

I let go then, "Oh Rose, I am cumming with you, fuck, I am cumming!"

"A..... nother..... one.....me," you screamed and bucked wildly on the bed.

My cum squirted out all over your belly, and our moans merged into a single shared pleasure sound.

The vibrator slipped out of your hand, and I grabbed it, and turned it off.

After a minute you opened your eyes.

"Floating," was all you managed.

Another two minutes went by before you smiled, the most cat-in-the-cream smile I had ever seen.

"I think I'm cured," was all you said.