

The Doctor

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You visit the doctor, and get all you were hoping for and more

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It was not long after your 18th birthday, which you celebrated with a lovely square cake with yellow edge icing, and the words Happy 18th Birthday Jacqueline in green and blue on top, that your Mom suggested that you go see the doctor for an annual “woman’s checkup”.

You thought about it for a couple of months, but you could not bring yourself to make the appointment. The problem was that you had this long standing fantasy of what might happen in the doctor’s rooms that you knew that you would be thinking about it all the way to the doctor, and you would be soaking wet by the time you arrived. This could prove embarrassing when the doctor examined you, unless of course the Doctor was one who would help you live out your fantasy. But your Mom was insistent.

Still, every time you thought about visiting the Doctor, you got these delicious tingles, and a wonderful ache in your abdomen, and your panties became soaking wet very quickly. When this happened, you would often go to your room, lie down on your bed, and rub your clitoris in circles vigorously, your imagination running wild with what you would imagine happening in the doctor’s rooms. Sometimes, you would have two or three orgasms, working yourself up to the point where the boundary between pleasure and pain was blurred.

Fortunately, nobody in your house heard your heavy breathing or noticed the half satisfied look on your face.

Meanwhile, I had just arrived in the neighbourhood, and begun a replacement for the local doctor in the small family practice that you decided to visit instead of your normal family doctor.

Oddly, I had noticed you around town. The first time I saw you, you were wearing tight denim shorts that accentuated your perfect form, and a light blue top within which your breasts captured my attention. You had on a cowboy hat, and a string of costume beads that hung just below your waist. There was a small gap between the shirt and shorts, and I could not help myself, I fantasized about kissing that delicious exposed skin.

That night, I lay in bed, and I fantasized the weirdest thing, not something I normally fantasize when I am masturbating in my bed, but this time I fantasized tying you to my examination couch, and kissing and tickling you and watching the crotch of those shorts become wet. In my fantasy, your legs were open, and the jeans tight against your pussy, so when it became wet, the wetness came right through.

I am not sure why, but for about a week I had this fantasy every night. I even made some drawings of it, and used them to get myself off. Some nights I would have three or four orgasms while this fantasy played itself out in my head.

But then I didn't see you again, and other fantasies began to take your place in my evenings alone in my room.

What I did not know at the time was that you were scheming something that has been one of the most wonderful experiences of my life to date, though I am sure you have some more in store.

You heard about the new doctor, still in his 20s, and so you decided what the heck, let me just see if I can live out my fantasy. And so you made your appointment so it was the last one of the day. You knew, of course, that my receptionist goes home just after the last appointment arrives.

Mrs Winterbottom said "Jacqueline, your next appointment is here for an annual check-up. I am off now. See you tomorrow." I did not associate the name in my appointment book with the young woman that had so captured my fantasies, so when I was ill prepared for you being in my office.

You walked in wearing a tiny denim miniskirt, and a bright pink top with no bra underneath such that the shape of your perfect breasts was revealed, much as I had imagined them in my fantasies. The top was turned up a little on the bottom, so that it ended at your belly button, and oh what a kissable belly button with a tiny stud that accentuated its beauty. There was a delicious expanse of creamy, tight flesh between the top and the skirt, and I so much wanted to kiss it then and there.

I felt tingles run from my head to my toe, and a quickening of my cock.

No, get a grip. I am a doctor. I cannot think like that about a patient.

Then you looked at me with your hazel eyes, in which the blue was accentuated by dilated pupils. I was melting, your pupils looked like the eyes of a woman aroused, and there was moisture in your eyes that reflected the light in starry patterns. Am I imagining things now?

“Erm, aah, um, ah. Er, “ was all I managed. You smiled wryly, laugh lines showing at the edges of your cheeks off setting a beautiful nose, and the sexiest freckles I have ever seen.

“I am Jacqueline,” you said, and shook my hand.

“I am David, erm, I mean Dr Bellissimo,” I blurted.

Regaining composure, I said, “Take a seat. What can I do for you today?”

“Well, I am not sure how to put this,” you said. “But I think I have something wrong with me. With my woman stuff, you know.”

“OK, I said. And what makes you think that there is something wrong?” I asked.

“Well,” you said. “I always have these warm tingling sensations in my tummy,” and you put your hand over your exposed skin and slightly down past the waist of your skirt.

“And I always seem to be wet, here,” opening your legs slightly and pointing up your skirt.

I was facing you, so I got a flash of pink panties, and the thrill was almost overwhelming. “Is this girl for real, or is she teasing me,” I wondered.

“And what do you think is the cause of those sensations, and the wetness?” I asked.

“I can’t stop thinking about sex,” was your reply, and your nipples seemed to press outward against your pink top. You moved your hips, as though you were squirming in the chair.

I gulped. What should I do? In my tingling state, I decided to play a long, to be professional but to be ready to accept that this might lead to something else, and let it happen if it did.

Get up on the bed, and lie down. I will be back in a moment. I stepped into the adjoining room, and leaned against the wall. Nothing like this had ever happened to me before. My heart was beating out of my chest, my pupils were dilated, and I was shaking from arousal.

Slowly, I got control of my body and walked back into the examining room. I nearly fainted.

You were lying on the bed, your knees up so that your legs were open, and your skirt had risen up your thighs. There in front of me was one of the sexiest women I have ever seen, so young and perfect, and under that skirt were the cutest light pink panties I have ever seen, and right in the

middle of the crotch rising upwards was a very visible wet patch.

Oh my. I was overcome with arousal, and desire. I wanted to bury my mouth in that wetness. But I decided I better to remain the doctor, to remain in control no matter how hard you made it (pun intended).

“Let me raise skirt for you so we can take a closer look,” I said, not at all doctor-like and not at all what a professional would do, but at least I was in control.

You lifted your hips, and I pulled the skirt up, revealing the rest of your light pink panties, from Victoria Secret I think, with the sexiest lace waistband. The wetness was clearly visible, and I could even imagine the throbbing of your clitoris beneath the thin material. My senses were on full alert.

I took out my stethoscope, all pretence of doing a real medical examination banished from my mind.

I said, “Let me lift your top.”

You indicated that it was OK for me to do so, so I pushed it up over your breasts, and my goodness but weren't they pretty. Your nipples were a darker pink than your skin, surrounded by a sweet brownish pink area with tiny little bumps that looked like they would feel so nice under my tongue. I noticed that your nipples were a little longer than usual, and wondered how they would feel between my lips. My experience is that long nipples are usually very sensitive, almost like there is a direct connection to the clitoris, but I confess that that is not a medical opinion.

I wanted to test my theory. I so desperately wanted to make you moan as I sucked your nipples into my mouth, but I resisted.

I made pretence of listening to your breathing, which of course required you to sit up, and your breasts showed their real beauty, standing firm and your long nipples erect as you leaned forward. I actually did listen to your breathing, but the only thing I heard was the shallow breathing of a woman aroused.

At this point, I noticed that the wet patch in your lovely pink panties had expanded, and was beginning to cover their entire front. You were on fire, I could almost feel your arousal matching my own.

I put my hand on your tummy, and said, “I just need to check if everything feels right here.”

Your reply came in a somewhat husky voice, “Sure feels alright now.”

I touched your skin, and it felt hot. You whimpered as my fingers caressed your aching tummy.

I lifted your legs a little, and said, "Let me take a look here to see what this wetness might consist of. I notice that the wet patch has grown, so let's see if it's natural or if it's some kind of discharge."

You looked me straight in the eye, and my cock felt like it was going to burst out of my pants any minute I was so aroused.

I sort of felt obliged to continue the pretence, so I lifted aside the wonderfully wet crotch of your panties. The wet material touching my hand felt so silky smooth and inviting. I touched your wetness with my bare hand, something I would never do as a doctor, but which was appropriate for the situation. Your soft moan sent bolts of sexual lightning throughout my body.

You were as wet as I have ever seen a female vulva, and the liquid streaming out of you was the beautiful clear liquid of sexual arousal. I pulled my finger away, and a clear strand stayed attached to my finger. I could stretch it upwards so you could see it.

"You see that clear liquid?" I asked.

"Yes," you muttered, looking me in the eye, the moisture in your eyes accentuating the blue.

"It is perfectly normal for a woman who is sexually aroused to produce such clear liquid lubricant. Do you think you are sexually aroused right now?" I asked.

"No! Yes! Fuck yes!" you exclaimed.

"Let me examine your clitoris, to make sure there is nothing unusual there," I said.

I got my head-mounted magnifier, and its light, and shone it on your clitoris. I used my fingers to push her hood back, and expose its small, shiny, pink head. You moaned softly when I did that, but I pretended not to notice. The only thing I could think of doing was going down, and performing cunnilingus on you, but we were not yet at that stage so I had to be content with seeing its beauty.

I sat back in the chair.

"Jacqueline, as far as I can see, what you are experiencing is the perfectly normal responses of your body to sexual exploration that is happening in your mind. You are fantasizing about your sexuality, and that is making you aroused. You are a beautiful young woman and you are clearly excited by

what your body and mind can do together.”

“Does the same thing happen to you, Doctor,” you asked.

“Um, yes. My cock also produces the same clear liquid that your vagina does, and for the same reason. Its there to make the cock penetrate the vagina with ease.”

“Are you wet like that now?” you asked, and blushed red, your pretty freckles offset against the redness just caused me to stream more pre-cum.

“Yes, I do believe I am,” I replied.

”Can I see it?”

What was I doing? I undid my button-up fly of my Levis jeans, and you could see immediately the wetness on my red underwear, as well as the erection bulging beneath the wet cloth.

I pushed down the waistband of my underwear and it popped out, all glistening and wet. I took your right hand, and your pointer finger, and touched against the end of my cock. Your touch made me jump, the pleasure sensation was so intense, but I lifted your hand away so you could see the strand of glistening clear liquid.

You gulped, and crossed your legs. I could almost feel the sensations as your squeezed them together to intensify what you were feeling.

You brought your finger back to my wet purple glans, and started to smooth the wetness around. You looked into my eyes with your incredibly blue, liquid eyes, and asked “Does that feel nice? I want to make it feel nice for you.”

Your eyes and your words, your aroused voice excited me so much that the precum was just streaming out, and my balls felt like they were on fire. All I could do was look back into your eyes and nod my head to say yes.

You took me in your other hand, and held my cock so you could rub the wetness around some more, all the while looking into my eyes. I could stare into your eyes and feel like that forever. You had me so full and throbbing after a few minutes that I had to pull away.

I had an idea!

“So, tell me Ms Jacqueline, is there anything else bothering you about what makes you so horny and wet all the time?” I asked.

Your eyes blinked, and you blushed.

“Well, it’s the things I think about, imagine doing, or being done to me. I think I am weird,” you replied.

Then you proceeded to tell me about what I now call your perfectly normal submissive tendencies.

“I imagine being tied up and teased, or even tickled. I like to be controlled, teased to the point of pain. I fantasize about being taken by force in the doctors office. I dunno, it’s hard to understand.”

“Not hard at all,” I replied. “You have some submissive tendencies. Don’t worry, its perfectly normal really.”

I then suggested that I tie your hands and feet to the examining table, and let me be your fantasy that has come true. You gulped and nodded agreement.

I went to one of my drawers and took out some stretchy bandage, easy to tie, and and would not hurt you. I secured your hands to the under carriage of the table, and moved round to your feet. I opened your legs, and noticed that your panties were again covering your crotch, but they were totally soaked, and there was a clear liquid oozing out from under them and running down over your bum. You were enjoying this, you were aching with the delicious fire of extreme arousal, and your juices were flowing.

I secured your feet to the table, one on either side.

“Have you heard of forced orgasm?” I asked?

“No,” you whimpered softly.

“Let me remove these panties and I will explain it. That’s what we are going to do first, and I want your complete obedience.” My fingers hooked under the lace waistband of your panties, you lifted your bum as best you could, given that you were tied up, and I slipped your soaking panties down over your legs and dropped them into a little pan at the side of the table. I also removed your running shoes, leaving you barefoot on the table.

“So, you agree that I am your master in this little game we are going to play, and that you will obey

me without question?”

You looked at me with some trepidation in your eyes, and nodded a silent, “Yes.”

“Close your eyes. Squeeze them tightly shut, and do not open them until I tell you to. If you open them, then I will punish you by leaving you here, tied up like this. When you close your eyes, I want you to imagine what I might be going to do to you.”

You closed your eyes, and I sat there watching your wet pussy. Your small miniskirt was up around your waist, and I could see your heartbeat in your pussy lips, and with each heartbeat, a tiny drop of clear liquid grew in size, and ever few seconds it ran down between the cheeks of your bum.

I left you like that for about 5 minutes. You never dared open your eyes, but you must have really been aching judging by the wetness on the table under your bum.

After 5 minutes, I started to explain forced orgasm, your eyes remaining tightly shut.

“A forced orgasm is a form of play where the dominant partner – and that’s me now – does something that should bring the submissive partner to orgasm, but instructs the submissive that she is not allowed to cum until he says so. She has to use her own power of the mind to delay the orgasm for as long as possible, otherwise she will be punished.”

You looked at me with those blue eyes again, and I almost kissed you, but I had to continue the game.

“You understand that? I am going to play with you using my fingers, but you are not allowed to cum. No matter how nice it gets, you are not allowed to cum. You got it?”

“Yes,” you peeped.

“One more thing, after I let you cum once, I am going to continue playing with your clit after you have cum. This will cause you considerable discomfort because your clit will be so sensitive. But I am not going to stop that. It is part of your arousal that after each orgasm you will have to endure this discomfort knowing that pleasure will come shortly after and I will make you cum again. You will have no control over when and how they receive their orgasm, and you will not cum unless I tell you to. Right?”

Tears were running out of your eyes and running down over your cheek as you replied with but a simple shake of your head. I bent down, and I kissed your tears away, a moment of tenderness

before the intense storm I was about to release.

“One more thing. If you want me to stop at any time, and end the game, just shout ‘Stop!’ or ‘Bale!’ and I will stop. This is your safety mechanism, and you have my word I will abide by it.”

“OK! But I won’t. I want this so bad. I have never been so horny in my life.”

I told you to open your eyes, and when you looked at me you almost looked like you were already having an orgasm.

“How do you feel right now?” I asked?

Your voice was cracking from arousal as you replied, “I am almost cumming.”

“No!” I exclaimed. “You may not cum until I give you permission. Is that clear? If it is not clear, we can stop now. Should we stop?”

“No! Don’t stop! It’s clear!” you exclaimed.

So it was that I stood next to you on the examining table and ran my hand over your lower tummy, below your skirt, and down over your hip, all the way down your leg to your foot, and then back up the other side, to the point where I could feel your wetness on my hand.

I took one of your silky wet pussy lips between my thumb and forefinger and rubbed it lightly. A soft moan escaped your lips.

I looked you in the eye, and put my finger with your juice on it slowly into my mouth and tasted your muskiness. Your smile was like a beam of light, it lit up your face with the glow of a neo-impressionist painting.

I bent down and blew softly against your pussy lips, the cool heat intensifying your sensations, and causing you to squirm as more juices ran down from your pussy.

“I am going to perform a medical procedure called cunnilingus on you.” I said. “You are not allowed to orgasm no matter what I do. If you do, I will leave you tied here for 20 minutes, give you a face cloth to clean up, and send you home. There will be no more orgasms for you. Do I make myself clear?”

“Hmm hmm,” came your diminutive reply.

So I bent over you, as best I could given the way you were tied to the examining table, and I took your pussy lips, one at a time, and sucked them into my mouth. The sounds that escaped your lips were simply amazing.

I continued, but I sensed an orgasm building in you, so I moved my hand to tap your tummy as a reminder that you were not allowed to come, but it seems I tickled you by accident. Your squirming increased and your breathing was mixed with hysterical giggles, so I kept tickling you, a little here and a little there.

In a muffled voice from a mouth full of pussy, I reminded you that you were not allowed to come. I could feel your body tense, as you concentrated all your effort on not cumming. I moved my tongue and fingers in a way that no woman could resist cumming to, but it was a test. You held on.

But at one point I thought you might have crossed the threshold, so I stopped licking and stood up.

“You may not cum,” I said in my best stern voice.

You whimpered, and so I kissed you on the lips, a deep drinking kiss, while I again started playing with your pussy with my fingers. After a very passionate and lasting kiss, I stood up, and looked at your face.

“I want to see those pretty blue eyes resting cumming. Look at me now, and do not look away. I am going to play with your clit, and I am going to get you close again but you may not cum. If you start to cum, I will stop touching you and walk away. The orgasm will not be what it could be, right?”

You nodded affirmation.

I looked into your eyes, and began rubbing your clit, making circles with my middle finger, pressing and releasing, lubricated by your copious wetness. With my other hand, I took your dark pink, elongated nipples between my fingers and twirled them.

I was in control, and my look forced you to control the onset of your orgasm. Your face was flushed, and your lovely freckles stood out against your red skin and your liquid blue eyes. Little red spots came and went on the skin of your neck and chest.

Your concentration was intense. You struggled to keep your eyes open, your lips pursed together, you gave the impression of a wry smile, not of someone struggling to keep from cumming.

At one point your eyes lost focus, and almost seemed to be looking in different directions, but I reminded you that you were not allowed to cum yet.

Eventually, the tension was too great even for me to control any longer. So I shouted “Cum now. You have 1 minute to cum. No more.”

The look of relief on your face was astonishing. Your body relaxed, and then began to spasm. You screamed, and your breathing became a sequence of short high pitched gasps. Your face became as red as it is possible to imagine, even your freckles were almost hidden in the redness. Your body trashed from side to side, and your orgasm overcame you.

It was very intense, I could feel it in my own body. My cock was pulsating, and I was close to cumming myself. But I could no more allow that to happen than I could have allowed you to cum earlier. I had other things in mind. Besides, I was enjoying the sweet boundary between pleasure and pain that intense prolonged arousal brings with it.

Your body relaxed, the redness disappeared. Your look was an imploration for me to stop touching your clit. But I was having none of that. You wanted more pleasure, I knew that, so you would have to endure a little pain as the price to pay for it. So I kept rubbing your softly, looking into your eyes.

There was a time when the sensations were so intense that it was hard to tell if it was pleasure or pain. Tears formed in your blue tinted hazel eyes and ran down your cheek. Your breathing was somewhere between a sob and a moan, but you did not call out the magic word to break out of the game, so I continued.

It was not long before the pain changed to pleasure, and then to intense pre-orgasmic waves that rippled like a minor tsunami across your naked belly. I could feel you getting ready to cum again, but it was too quick.

“Don’t you dare cum!” I instructed.

Your eyes closed, your body tensed, every muscle stretched tight in an effort to fight off the impending orgasm.

I took pity on you, I knew you could not fight it for ever. Softly, I said, “Its OK for you to cum, Jacqueline.”

It was like a dam had broken. Your orgasm gripped you totally, overwhelming both body and mind and carrying you away in waves of intense pleasure that were unlike anything you ever experienced

before in your life. Nothing had prepared you for this level of intensity.

As your orgasm gripped you, your body went into an intense spasm. You opened your eyes at the start of your orgasm, and caught mine for a brief flash, but then they turned up in your head, leaving only the whites visible. Seeing your eyes react that way, it was all that I could do to keep from having a spontaneous orgasm myself. The redness that washed over your skin, intensifying the little freckles that I enjoy so much made it even more difficult for me.

I allowed your orgasm to subside, and left you floating for a few minutes, my hands softly caressing your flesh, the back of my hand floating over your tummy and breasts so softly that you could feel the soft hairs.

Slowly you drifted back to earth.

You looked at me, and all of a sudden you were crying, deep sobbing cries. I was worried that I had hurt you, so I stopped all pretence of dominance and took you in my arms. I brushed the tears away, and kissed your cheek.

“What’s the matter? Did I hurt you?” I asked, with a softness in my voice that was out of character for the dominance-submissive game.

“No,” you sniffled. “It was just so beautiful. Nobody has given me so much pleasure. But I am greedy, I just want more.”

I got you a tissue, and watched as you wiped your tears and blew your nose.

“It’s my turn now,” I said. “If you are good to me, I will let you have more orgasms later.”

[And so, I know how aroused this story has made you. You want to cum badly don't you? Should I let you? Maybe I will be nice to you today, you can touch yourself, let your fingers be mine, let your fingers be my lips, give yourself an incredible orgasm. Make it hard, and make it last. How was it? I want to know.]