

# 23rd Century Digital Girl Chapter 4

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Nicole's GP arrived about ten minutes after I called her. She was a good-looking woman in her mid-thirties. Not wasting any time, she brushed past me and headed toward the bedroom. I followed her. Nicole was still lying motionless on the bed. Her eyes seemed darkened with anxiety and pain. "What has happened, my dear?" the doctor asked and knelt beside her. "Hi, Nadja! My pelvis is giving me problems again," Nicole replied shakily. Nadja sat on the bed and pulled back the sheets. Nicole flinched as the doctor touched her haunches. "I have to do a scan." Nicole nodded. "Maybe your boyfriend would be so kind as to leave us alone," Nadja said coldly, not bothering to hide her annoyance. I was about to retreat to the kitchen, when Nicole stopped me. "Do you mind staying with me?" she asked. "No, of course not," I replied. Nadja mumbled something that definitely wasn't in English and shrugged. After that, she helped Nicole take off her panties and draped something that looked like a towel over her pelvic area. Opening her laptop, she typed something and Nicole's pelvic bones appeared on the screen. "This is just what I expected," the doctor said with an angry voice. My foot started tapping nervously on the floor. She looked at me and grimaced. "You have fucked her too hard," she hissed. In this moment, I felt so guilty that I just wanted to disappear. "Don't blame him! We both... got carried away," Nicole said. "I'm so sorry. Is she going to be OK?" I asked. "It's too late to worry about that now?" Nadja replied and looked at the screen again. "What's wrong with me?" Nicole asked. "This man here has managed to displace two of the fixators, which has caused a hairline fracture." "Forgive me if you can. I thought that everything was fine." I said, looking at my feet. "Stop it, Peter! It is not your fault." Nicole said in a firm voice. "Enough talking! I have work to do," the doctor explained, then added, "I have to reprogram the fixators, so they can return to their right places. It will be painful." Her fingers danced over the keyboard for a minute or so. "What do you feel now?" Nadja asked. "Something moving inside me." "Good," Nadja said, looking intently at the screen, "Everything looks fine now." Nicole's face brightened and she winked playfully at me. That made me feel a lot better. Nadja removed the towel-like thing, then bent down to take a roll of bandage from her bag. The bandage was blue colored and appeared to be quite thick. Without saying a word, she bent Nicole's right knee and started bandaging her thigh. "What are you doing?" Nicole asked, blinking nervously. "I think you know very well what I'm doing." Nicole turned her head aside, trying to hide the disappointment in her expression or maybe her moistening eyes. "You have to sit up," the doctor said, and reached out to help her. A minute later, Nicole's waist was bandaged completely, as well as her hips. Nadja finished by wrapping her left thigh. After that, she helped her turn around on the bed.

Nicole made a grimace of pain and stood on all fours as she was instructed. Watching her rounded hips, I was totally unaware what was going on. "Why she has to stay in this position?" I asked timidly. Nadja didn't bother to answer me. She cautiously parted Nicole's knees, giving me a clear view of her private parts. I felt obliged to turn my gaze to the floor. A minute later, I heard a strange noise. Nadja was shaking a big blue can. When she stopped shaking it, she pressed the top and started spraying on the bandage. It took her no more than five minutes to finish. "That's it. I have to go now," Nadja said and knocked on Nicole's bandaged hip. Judging by the sound, I presumed that the bandage had turned into a solid cast. "Thank you!" Nicole said, then buried her face into the pillow. "You need someone who can take care of you," the doctor said, looking suspiciously at me. "I know that, Nadja." Nicole replied with exasperation, and made an unsuccessful effort to turn on her side. I stood up to help her. Nadja faced me, blocking my way. Her forefinger poked at my chest. "Not even doggy style! She needs rest. Is that clear?" she said, her eyes burning me intensely. "I'm not an idiot," I replied. "That's good. Bye- bye, Nicole!" she said and left.