

# Charlie and Cassandra Part 3

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Published on Lush Stories on 19 Jun 2011



*Charlie visits the Doctor for the first time, and mistress learns a little something new about her*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/fetish/charlie-and-cassandra-part-3.aspx>

It had more than a day and still I was feeling sick, although for me the most important thing was not to let mistress know I was still feeling like crap. If she knew... I would have to go to the doctor although I haven't yet visited the doctor with my Mistress, I was scared. All my life I had been scared of the doctor's office and hospitals. People in scrubs actually freak me out; I want nothing to do with any of it. I was woken from my rest with a soft shake to my side. "Come on pet, get up, clean up and get dressed," mistress demanded. I silently obeyed. I knew the minute I was better I would be in for the punishment of my life, the first real punishment from my mistress. I didn't ask where we were going, I knew better. I finished dressing and removed my collar, if mistress had insisted on it being worn this morning she would have mentioned it. Or so I thought. I descended down the flight of stairs into the living room and kneeled in front of Mistress Cassandra. She walked around me slowly, inspecting the body of which she owns. "Your collar pet, where is it?" she questioned. I said no words. "I am asking you a question pet, I expect an answer," She demanded. "I took it off ma'am," I whispered. "Do you not like the symbol of your ownership? Why is it you mock the very nature of this relationship? Hmm? "Go fetch it bitch, and bring it to me," She commanded. I brought down the collar and she then placed it tightly around my neck securing it in place with a large padlock which only she had the key for. "That collar is a part of you slut, wherever you go it goes too, now I understand there may be circumstances from which you may need a more subtle symbol. That being said when the time and place comes I will be there to accommodate the need, is that understood pet?" "Yes mistress, I'm sorry mistress" I said sincerely. "Come here pet!" she commanded. I took my placed on the sofa next to her lying my head in her lap. "I know it seems like I am hard on you, but I mean well my sweet pet. I only wish for the best for you, and in order for the best to occur you must be trained." She explained. I nodded. "I love you my Charlie," she purred softly into my ear meeting me with a long passionate kiss. "Come pet, we are going to be late." A short time later we arrived at an office building, mistress motioned for me to be seated. A redheaded woman walked out into the seating area and approached Cassandra and motioned for us to follow her into the back. She led us to a room and opened the door; I stood at the door way, unable to force myself to move into the room. Until this point I had no indication of where I was. Inside the room was a large white examining chair and rows and rows of medical equipment. I was horrified. I had been dragged into my version of the little shop of horrors; a

plain white bright medical office. Where the smell of iodine and cleanser was pungent and clear. It was at that point I began to feel myself going weak and struggled to stay on my feet and then I was out. I felt something cold on my chest and was shot back to reality. "Look who decided to join us" said a woman in scrubs looking at me. I almost let out a scream, and then I heard the voice of my mistress. "Relax pet, you're in good hands." I looked at the woman with a shot of paralyzing fear and my mistress placed her hand in mine and met my gaze. I was breathing heavily on the verge of a panic attack. "Charlie, this is Dr. Carrington," mistress began "She is going to be your doctor, and she is a very good friend of mine. I need you to relax okay, this is for your own good," she said sweetly. I was now wearing nothing but a blue hospital gown. The woman approached me, "Pleasure to meet you Charlie, I'm Doctor Clarissa Carrington," she said kindly. Clarissa was a very tall women about 6'1 long legs, very muscular upper body and short light brown hair and glasses. By the way her and my mistress where talking, I assumed they must have known each other for a long time. "Your mistress and I have already spoken, and it has come to my attention that you have been feeling unwell is that correct?" she asked. I simply nodded. "Okay then dear we should get started. Cassandra would you mind coming over here and giving me a hand?" she asked my mistress "Okay Charlie, we got to give you a full physical today okay? We got to make sure you are in good shape and that this cold is nothing too serious." Clarissa explained. Mistress could sense the fear in my eyes, this was one of the few secrets I had kept from her, that I was scared to death of medical treatment. "Cassie tells me you've never had a full physical, correct?" I was so scared I couldn't bring myself to speak, I nodded. "In that case we will start with the basics, shift yourself to the edge of the seat legs bent in the sitting position please" Clarissa Said. "Deep breaths, inhale... hold it for 5 seconds" she said as she placed the stethoscope on my chest. "5, 4,3,2,1. Good job now exhale for me? Excellent." She repeated the process on my back listening to my breathing. "There was a bit of wheezing in the breaths there, have you ever been formally diagnosed with asthma?" she asked me. "Yes, when I was 14 they said it was under control on its own and there was no need for inhalers," I replied. "It sounded a little out of control there, I think I'm going to write you a note for some inhalers in case you have a sudden asthma attack or have a hard time catching your breath, I know your mistress may have you a little out of breath now and again," she giggled. She did the normal things like check my weight and height, ask questions about the family history and all that jazz and then was the part which I dreaded, because I knew it was coming. "Kay Charlie I need you to lay your back down against the chair and relax for me okay?" Mistress shot to my side. While Clarissa restrained both my wrists with Velcro straps and then she moved on to my legs. She gently lifted them up and placed them in the two stir ups attached at the end of the bed and secured them by wrapping two straps around my ankles. I watched as Dr. Carrington put on bright blue latex gloves and positioned herself and her tray of tools in-between my legs. "Cassie I'm scared," I said as I looked into the eyes of my mistress with paralyzing fear. She gently stroked my cheek. "You're okay pet I promise, you're just going to feel a bit uncomfortable for a little bit," she reassured me. Clarissa parted the stir-ups which held my legs above my torso and placed a generous amount of lube on her gloved fingers. "You're going to feel some pressure okay? Take deep breaths for me and relax your muscles in

there.” I felt her finger enter me and her hand on my mound pressing lightly, and feeling around. She then removed her fingers and inserted a strange looking metal instrument. “Oh my godddd” I squealed out as the cold metal touched my skin. “Oh sorry about that, this device lets me see inside your vagina there to check for abnormalities.” “Everything seems to be normal; looks like you are in good shape.” Clarissa told me as she removed the device from me. “Ooooh you nasty little thing, looks like I got you all excited,” she said with a devious grin. “Is that so Clarissa? Thanks for your time... would you mind if I had some err, privacy with the pet here?” Cassandra asked with a menacing tone. “Not at all; take all the time you need,” Clarissa replied knowing what was happening. “You bad girl, did that doctor get you all hot, you little slut?” Mistress asked me in a tone filled with lust. “Well then we are going to have to do something about that won’t we, you hot little bitch,” she growled. To Be Continued...