

The Volunteer: The First Visit

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Published on Lush Stories on 02 Jul 2009

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Charley signs up for a medical research project and gets jacked off by the doctor

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Old Mother Nature plays a nasty trick on us guys, she makes it harder for us to get it up and keep it up as the years go by. The girls don't have that problem. In fact, when we start down the wrong side of the mountain they are at the apex of their horniest. I was in my late fifties when the decline struck me. I was as healthy as a horse, I was just taking a lot longer for me to get it up, and it was becoming a lot harder for me to keep it up. My wife, on the other hand, wanted it every night. My problem was driving her crazy. I told her to find a friend to help her over the hard spots, but she was a good little Catholic girl and felt that having an intimate friend would be a grave sin. Besides that, she told me that she didn't want to have sex with anyone but me. So I bought her a few sex toys to help her get herself off while I watched. She tried them once or twice and then never touched them.

My problem was driving us both crazy. We would start playing around in bed but my wife would run out of steam before I was hard enough to get it inside her. Her hands and mouth just didn't have the staying power anymore. In that respect, she was getting old too. There was a time when one of her boyfriends had carved on a picnic table in a public park, "Joan (that's not my wife's name but we'll call her Joan) gives world class head," but those days was history.

I was becoming as frustrated as she was because she would get me worked up enough to where I wanted relief as much as she did and she ran out of steam and I'd have to get myself off. You see I had another problem. It took so much stroking to get my cock hard enough to get it in that I was almost ready to shoot my wad by the time I could get it in her. We talked about me getting a little help from that wonderful little blue pill.

We talked about me getting a little help from that wonderful little blue pill but our medical insurance didn't cover that sort of thing and we couldn't afford to pay for the doctors and scripts out of pocket. Then one morning, as she devoured the daily paper over breakfast, she saw the ad for a doctor/professor, at the local medical school, who was looking for volunteers to help with research on

causes of sexual dysfunction. The qualifications were simple. The guy had to be married or in an ongoing relationship. He had to have a problem getting it up and/or keeping it up. He had to have his significant other's permission to participate. The ad went on to say that the volunteers would receive \$100 upon completion of the study but the decisive factor for us was the free pills. For the duration of the six-month study, we would receive free meds. I called and set up an appointment. My appointment was for 4 p.m. on the last day in July.

I really don't know what I was expecting but I definitely didn't expect what I found when I walked into the laboratory complex that faithful afternoon. A young medical student wearing a white mini-dress with a neckline that plunged all the way down to her diamond-studded belly button greeted me as I entered the outer office. Introducing herself as Cindy, she took me by the hand and led me over the low leather love-seats that lined one wall. Seating me, she walked slowly back to her desk. Watching her move had me wishing that I were thirty years younger. A moment later she returned with the preliminary paperwork that I needed to fill out.

I was just finishing up with the forms when another Greek Goddess, actually, I found out later that she was from Sweden, walked over to me and introduced herself as Judy, Doctor Phillips nurse. Judy was wearing an even more revealing outfit than Cindy. Actually, her outfit reminded me of something that the Greek Goddess Athena might have worn right down to the Gold cords that cinched it tight around her middle. As Judy led me into another room she explained that she had to do my vitals, take a medical history and then show me some dirty movies. The dirty movies ended up being movies showing guys injecting themselves in their cock knobs with some cloudy looking serum. I must have made some kind of noise or shivered or something at the thought of jabbing a needle into my cock because Judy laid her hand on the crotch of my Jean cutoffs and squeezed my long, soft cock.

"Hmmm. That's a nice one. Don't worry honey. It doesn't hurt at all. I'll show you how to do it the first time. I promise. But now it's time for you to visit Doctor Phillips."

Judy continued stroking my cock as she talked.

"Karen is going to do an EKG now. Then doctor will give you a complete physical."

My cock twitched under her gentle caresses.

"Hmmm. I think your friend likes my touch. Go on now. I'll see you next time and we'll get better acquainted."

Sipping an arm around my waist, she guided me through another door and into another office where Karen waited beside her EKG Table. Karen was dressed identically to Judy. They were sisters, in

reality. The only difference between them was that Judy had short red hair and Karen had waist-length blonde hair.

"Ok honey. Strip to the waist and lay down on the table for me. My God.... You're a hairy one. I hope these sensors stick. If they don't, I'm going to have to shave some of the hirsute mat off you. I'd hate to do that. Hairy chests are such a turn on."

"Well...if you have to I couldn't have a sexier barber."

The front of Karen's bare thighs pressed against my forearm as she leaned over me, her long hair brushing against my chest, crotch, and legs as she labored on getting the sensors in place. Finally, with all the sensors in place she started running the computerized EKG.

A few minutes later, it was all over with. Again, she was at my side. This time to remove the sensors. Her hands never left my body. After removing the sensors on my chest, she ran her fingers downward, through my thick chest hair, over my cock, and down my thigh to reach the sensors on my ankles

"Judy was right. You are hung like a fucking horse."

"Being hung like a horse doesn't do me much good anymore because it takes too long to get hard enough to do me or anyone else any good."

"Don't worry honey, we'll going to fix that for you. I promise. You might as well leave the shirt off, you going to have to get naked for the doctor anyway. Come on honey."

Karen helped me off the table leading me into the adjoining office, Doctor/professor Phillips office. The doctor was a woman. A very beautiful woman wearing a very tight fitting leather mini-dress that zipped up the front. It wasn't zipped all the way up. It was open to just below her melon-sized titties leaving most of them in plain sight.

She took my hand in hers.

"Hi. Welcome. I'm Doctor Phillips but please call me Diana. We're going to be working in a very intimate project, too intimately for formalities."

Diana seated me on another love-seat and sank down beside me to review my vitals and the EKG tape that Karen had handed her.

"From the looks of these, you have the heart of a 25 year old athlete and, from what I can see, you have the body of one as well. Just having a little trouble in the sex department, right?" I couldn't speak at the moment, so I simply nodded.

"Well, let's get a good look at the equipment we're going to be working with. Get naked for me, Charley. Go on. Take everything off, shoes, socks, shorts, underwear, everything. I want to see that beautiful body of yours naked."

I bent over and removed my shoes and socks. Standing up in front of her, I unfastened my jeans and shoved my shorts and underwear down my thighs, letting them gather around my ankles.

Reaching up, Diana took my long cock in her soft hands, working the foreskin back and forth over my knob. Finally sliding it all the way off my knob, she leaned in close, so close that I could feel her hot breath on my meat, to inspect it. Still holding my shaft in one hand, she took by tennis ball size balls in her other hand. She rolled them around in her hand, massaging them, squeezing them ever so gently. My cock twitched in her hand. I must have moaned or something because Diana looked up at me and smiled.

"Karen and Judy are right, Charley, you are hung like a fucking stallion."

Diana leaned forward and kissed the head of my cock before releasing her grip on it.

"Don't worry, Big Guy, we're going to have you in fucking condition in no time at all. Come on Charley, I need to check your prostate gland and get a sample of your prostate fluid. Here, lean over the table for me and spread your legs as far apart as you can."

Turning my head sideways, I watched Diana pick up a large tube of K-Y ointment.

"Have you ever had your prostate massaged before, Charley?"

"No, Diana, I haven't. No one has ever put anything except an anal thermometer in my asshole before."

"Just relax for me, sweetheart. I won't hurt you, I promise."

Diana coated my hole with ointment and gently massaged it. She ran her fingertip around and over my anal opening for a long time. Slowly my sphincter muscles started to relax under her loving touch. To distract me, Diana unzipped her dress the rest of the way and pressed her freshly shaven pussy against my hip. I barely felt it when she slipped her long finger up my ass to massage my prostate.

As Diana massaged my prostate, she slipped one hand under me to cup my cock knob in her gauze filled hand to catch my prostate fluid that would soon ooze out like pre-cum. As she continued massaging my gland she lean forward laying her melon-size titties against my back, grinding her vulva against my hip. She continued massaging my gland longer than she needed too because I felt the fluid oozing out, soaking into her gauze filled hand for several long minutes. Massaging my prostate was making my cock hard. I didn't want her to stop. But she did, just before my cock became fully erect.

I watched as Diana placed my prostate sample in a container to be sent to the lab. As she turned back towards me, she slipped her dress off completely. Picking up another container, she returned to where I stood.

"I need some of your sperm, Charley. Will you cum for me? Can you cum for me if I help you? Let's sit over on the love-seat again. OK?"

Diana led me over to the love-seat and sat close beside me, pressing her naked body against mine. Putting one arm around my shoulders, she handed me the specimen cup. Grabbing my cock again, she started pumping on it.

"Get as much of you cum in that cup for me as you can. Ok, sweetheart?"

I nodded.

"Oh, Diana. Your hands feel so fucking good. I haven't felt the gentle, loving caresses of a woman in so fucking long. Can I touch you Diana? Can I make you cum too."

Without waiting for an answer, I slipped my hand between Diana's thighs to massage her fiery hot vulva. Slipping my finger between her blood engorged lips; I found her little clit waiting.

"Oh, sweet Jesus. That's it Charley. Lord.... I was hoping you do that. The last two guys I had in here were just too shy to take the initiative and I had to whack off after they left. I hate having to get myself off. AM I doing it right, Charley? Do you like the way I'm touching you? You're getting so hard for me. Are you going to cum for me soon, honey? I'm so fucking close. Finger me harder, Charley."

It didn't take us long and we climaxed together. I shot my wad in the little cup and Diana bathed my hand in her juices. Leaning over Diana licked the last of my cum from the head of my cock.

"I probably won't spend anytime with you next time, sweetheart. You'll be spending your time with

Judy. We'll get together again in three weeks."