

Doctor Desire

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Mischievous Smile

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Several years ago, I needed to find a new doctor. I decided to go to the same doctor my wife sees and this happened to be a female general practitioner. I had pictured a rather plain woman, cold and impersonal and was surprised at my first appointment when she turned out to be anything but plain or cold. After registering, I was led to the room, where I was instructed to change into the hospital gown and wait for the doctor. After a few minutes, there was a light rap on the door and I stood out of respect as the door slowly swung open. I was stunned to see a 30ish, beautiful, blonde doctor enter the room. She had an easy smile and took my hand, when I offered it, to shake hands and introduce ourselves. Electricity crackled through me when I touched her hand and I felt a stirring beneath my robe. Having only had male doctors in the past, I was a little taken aback by this reaction. The good doctor took some time to talk with me and get to know me a little before beginning my physical. She was outgoing, friendly and had a mischievous smile that led me to think things that I should probably not have been thinking. I have always been a sucker for girls, and later women, with mischievous smiles. I became aware that my physical might be a little awkward if it required me to remove my gown because my thoughts would have been extremely obvious, so I tried to focus on something else to reduce the effect this woman was having on my extremities. I was able to reduce the physical reaction from rigidity to being somewhat engorged, yet flexible just in time, because she asked me to pull up my robe so that she could continue the physical. When I did this, I could not help but notice that, when she glanced toward my lap, her gaze stopped there as she talked to me. For the next couple minutes, she talked to me, but did not take her eyes off my somewhat swollen penis. It was all I could do to keep it from becoming fully erect, but it definitely "twitched" a few times involuntarily while she gazed at it. She remained professional, asking me about my health and any concerns that I might have. As I mentioned above, my wife sees this doctor as well, and the doctor knew that she has had a lack of sexual desire for many years. She asked me if I had any sexual concerns, and part of me wanted to tell her that I had been in dry dock so long that she was the first woman to express any interest in even talking about sexual activity with me in over a year. I knew that she knew this, however, and simply commented that everything seemed to work properly when called upon to do so. As we talked, she began putting on latex gloves and asked me to lay back on the examination table. She then told me that she had to check me for ruptures or hernias and slid her warm hand under the

hospital gown and cradled my testicles in her hand. Involuntarily, I sprang to attention instantly. My face flushed and I mumbled out an apology, but she acted as though she had not even noticed as she gently kneaded my testicles in her warm, latex covered hand. I swear if she had continued much longer, I would have had a lot more for which to apologize. I noticed that she was slightly flushed and her breathing was a little different. Still, she maintained her professionalism and I struggled to maintain my own composure. She finished the physical and then talked with me a little longer. Her smile was intoxicating. Her laugh was playful as we engaged in our conversation. Too soon, the appointment was over. I stood as she rose to leave the room, but had to hunch somewhat to hide my erection. It was obvious that she knew what I was doing and this triggered one last mischievous smile as she left the room. The door closed behind her and I leaned back against the examination table embarrassed, aroused, and confused as to what to think or do. I am like many men who take a vow to be with only one woman, sexually, for the rest of my life but did not expect the sexual component of our relationship to end without having any say in the matter. I had grown used to this, but this sexy doctor had awakened feelings in me that I had not experienced in a long time. I both look forward to and fear my next appointment. As men in my situation will tell you, if they are honest; you must seek relief occasionally. It is better than nothing, but it is lonely as hell. Since that appointment, I have something new about which to fantasize during those times. I'm afraid that these fantasies are going to make my next appointment even more challenging. For now, however, I cannot stop thinking about that warm, latex covered hand and that mischievous smile.