

Cindy's doctor visit....Chapter 1: I react

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I have an amazing and very surprising reaction to a medical procedure...

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Exposing Cindy – Cindy’s doctor visit Chapter one - I surprise myself by my reaction This occurred almost 18 years ago.....and I am still surprised and aroused by my reaction..... Jim & I had been married about four years when we decided that it was time to live a more respectable life style and start raising a family. If you have read my earlier stories, you understand that up to this point, our sex life up to that point had been nothing short of steamy and tawdry. Jim had awoken an exhibitionist and submissive side of me that shocked and excited me. Jim had exposed and shared me in many situations and with several men. I had responded to these experiences with embarrassment, humiliation, and incredible arousal. I reluctantly submitted to virtually every request Jim had made to expose or share my vagina over the first many years of our relationship and marriage; but always responded with a sexual arousal that made Jim proud and amazed me. After several years of living on the wild side, we wanted to have a baby. I went off the pill and we became a conventional, monogamous couple and began trying to get me pregnant. It took us nearly a year for me to conceive, but after nearly two years of behaving myself, I was rewarded with the arrival of my first son. The trade was well worth it. My gorgeous son was well worth abandoning a life of debauchery. I was in heaven as a first time mother. I particularly enjoyed breast feeding our son. I quickly regained my figure, lost the bulk of the weight I gained during pregnancy, and began a fitness routine to get back into shape. I absolutely doted on my son. He became the most important thing in my life. (It is interesting to me, as I write about this experience, I am reluctant to even give the readers my son’s name. My name really is Cindy, my husband’s name really is Jim. But even now, years later, I feel it would be a violation of my son’s privacy to even reveal his name in this erotic story. So the readers will have to accept him simply as ‘my son’.) Yes, life was generally good. However, I was experiencing considerable abdominal pain and discomfort during the weeks and months after giving birth. After complaining to our family physician on several occasions, our family doctor ordered some tests to see if there was something serious going on in my lower digestive tract. I suspect the doctor ordered these test merely to appease me rather than to assess my condition. I was told to fast for 12 hours, and show up at a clinic at 8:00 a.m. Jim accompanied me. Jim waited in the ‘waiting room’ and watched our son while I went in for the ‘tests’. I had nursed the baby immediately prior to arriving at the clinic to keep my breasts from being too engorged. I wore a simple yellow sun dress, which was

flattering, but not terribly revealing to the clinic. The nurse called my name, and I was placed in a room. I told to disrobe completely, and to don a typical hospital gown that was open in the back. The nurse explained the technician would be in shortly, and I should lie on the table and try to relax. Left alone in the room, I removed my dress, sandals, nursing bra and panties, and pulled on the hospital gown, tying it around my neck. The gown was opening in the back, revealing my ass and legs. I realized that this was no time for silly modesty, and tried not to give the limited coverage afforded by my dress a second thought. I sat on the table trying, unsuccessfully, to relax. After about 20 minutes a very attractive young black man entered the room with the nurse and introduced himself as 'Jerome'. He was tall, thin, with a nice build. He had an infectious smile which reminded me of Will Smith. The nurse remained silent as Jerome explained that he would be administering a 'barium enema' and taking some radiographs to determine if there was any blockage that might be causing my abdominal discomfort. I had never had an enema before, and was quite apprehensive of the entire procedure. Jerome showed me the nozzle that would be inserted in my anus. The nozzle was about $\frac{3}{4}$ " thick. Jerome showed me that the nozzle had a bulb that would be inflated once inside me to prevent me from involuntarily expelling the nozzle or the barium solution. He pumped the bulb a few times as I watched in amazement as it grew several inches in diameter before my eyes. I do not know why, but the very sight of this bulb expanding, knowing that it would soon be expanding in my tight little bottom aroused me slightly. I watched as Jerome, released the pressure from the bulb and allowed it to deflate. I began to understand the sexual nature of the procedure that I was about to 'endure'. I sat there on the table, wearing nothing but a thin hospital gown that covered little, while I listed intently. I was too nervous and embarrassed to ask any questions. I simply nodded as I tried hard to keep my leg together and not expose too much flesh. I realized that I was squeezing my legs together slightly and stimulating my clitoris between my thighs. I amazingly, I found this entire absurd situation somewhat stimulating. I realized my nipples had grown erect and were poking out visibly under the thin flannel material of my gown. I was concerned that I might actually start lactating right there in front of Jerome and the 'unnamed nurse'. I also became aware of my pulse in my clitoris as the technician casually spoke to me about the nozzle he was going to insert into my anus; how he planned to inflate a 'balloon' inside me to prevent me from expelling anything; and the details of the solution he was planning to pump into my rectum. "Do you have any questions?" Jerome asked as he finished his detailed description of my pending procedure. "Does this hurt?" was the only question I could think of. I felt stupid as I heard me ask it. I knew it would not 'hurt', but I felt compelled to ask something. "No. There will be no pain at all. You will feel a fullness that some people find uncomfortable, some people find pleasant and relaxing. If you start feeling very full, and start feeling a strong urge to relieve yourself, try breathing heavily and fast, similar to how you might control contractions during a delivery during pregnancy." He reassured me. I watched with keen interest as Jerome and the nurse mixed the barium solution and filled the container. The volume was a bit over two quarts of solution. "We have warmed this up to body temperature so you should not find this too uncomfortable." He informed me. "That looks like a lot of liquid?" I said with obvious concern. "It looks scarier than it really is." Jerome smiled. "We need to get the solution up into your large and small

intestine.” The nurse attached a long translucent tube to the container, and then attached the nozzle. I was instructed to lie on my side. The nurse gave me a pillow for my head and one for between my knees. She then placed a warm blanket over me. Jerome stepped behind me, and raised the blanket exposing my bottom. Being exposed this way was arousing me, and I feared he would be able to see, or worse yet, smell my arousal. I blushed deeply and closed my eyes as I lay there. Jerome put some latex gloves on, placed a large amount of K-Y jelly in his index finger, separated my cheeks and lubricated my anus thoroughly. When the tip of his finger entered my tight anal sphincter, I suppressed my moan and bit my lip. I struggled not to clench his finger with my anus. I could not believe I was responding this way to a completely innocent medical procedure. He pushed his finger deep inside my tight asshole and gently rotated it in an effort to get my fully lubricated and to relax my anus. “Try to relax.” Jerome advised. Without thinking, I responded, “Let me see how well you can relax with my finger up your ass.” I shocked myself with this statement, but it evoked a loud laugh from Jerome and the nurse. The nurse merely said, “She’s got a point, you know.” They both smile at the embarrassing situation I was in. Jerome then removed his finger, leaving me feeling exposed and empty. He then used one hand to spread the cheeks of my ass, while he picked up the nozzle and placed it at my anal opening. Jerome applied just enough force to gently pressed it into me several inches. I felt it slide up inside my rectum. He then pumped up the bulb inside me. I could feel it slowly inflating inside me. It felt like it was growing to three or four inches in diameter. I did have a sudden urge to push it out, but started breathing heavily in an attempt to relax my natural reactions. As I lay there panting, with a nozzle and an inflated balloon in my rectum, fully exposed to the gaze and inspection of this handsome, young, black medical technician and the nurse, I could feel myself becoming increasingly wet and aroused. My clit was erect and pulsing slightly, and I could feel my vagina moistening and dilating. This was insane. I continued to blush deeply hoping that my state of arousal was not evident to Jerome. I kept my eyes closed; I did not want to look into his eyes fearing my expression would reveal what I was experiencing. I was still lying on my side, my knees slightly bent with a pillow between them. My bottom was exposed, as was my vagina. I could only imagine the sight I presented with the tube and nozzle running into my cute little ass. I felt so exposed and so vulnerable; and this combination aroused me deeply. “OK, I am going to release the solution into you now. Just try to relax. You will feel a warm flow into your abdomen. You will feel some fullness. OK?” Jerome advised. I just nodded my head, unable to really find any words to speak at that moment. He released the clamp and there was a sudden rush of fluid into my bottom. The initial feeling was warm and pleasant. I rather liked it. But within a minute or two, I felt a powerful fullness and an urge to void this fluid. The balloon was pressing against my anus from the inside and would prevent me from expelling anything. I tried to accommodate this large volume surging into my bottom, but I simply felt like it was too much. “Oh, I am getting too full. I can’t take all this.” I panted. My stomach was stretching full. “Oh, please stop the flow.” I begged. “Relax, breath in and out.” Jerome advised. And he reached under my blanket to gently massage my swollen abdomen, trying to get me to relax. “Breath with me: ‘hee, hee, hee, hoe.....hee, hee, hee hoe’....nice and easy. Relax...” He repeated. I tried to mimic his breathing as I felt fuller and fuller. I was losing control of my senses as my abdomen

swelled to an unprecedented size that rivaled my pregnancy. The pressure inside me was unbelievable. Without even thinking, I pulled away from Jerome's massage on my stomach, and I rolled onto my back and pulled the blanket off me. I laid there, the tube running into my ass, my heels up towards my ass and my knees spread, giving the nurse and Jerome an unobstructed view of my dilated and wet vagina. "Oh God. I can't take all this. I need to stop." I pleaded. "You'll be OK. Just relax. You just need to adjust to the volume...." Jerome encouraged me. But I did not could take it. I was too full. I was stretching too much. As I lay there on my back, legs splayed open, my pussy gaping open for all to see, but abdomen continued to swell and my vagina continued to open and moisten. I had to stop this intrusion into me bowels; I needed to get some release. I started to reach down to grasp the tube; I was going to try to yank it out, with or with out deflating the bulb in my ass. Jerome seemed to sense precisely what I was preparing to do. He quickly grasped my wrist and prevented me from grasping the tube. He held my hand inches away from reaching the nozzle; but in doing so, his knuckle fell squarely on my clitoris. I did not think, I did not contemplate what happened next. I simply reacted to an unforeseen and absurd set of circumstances. I found myself pushing my hand so that his knuckle pressed firmly against my erect and sensitive clitoris. I cannot explain how or why, but the combination of being exposed to this handsome young black medical technician as I was, the nozzle in my ass, the fluid flowing so violently into my rectum and bowels, and Jerome's knuckle coming in contact with my clitoris shot me over the edge with the most unexpected and profound orgasm of my life. An orgasmic wave literally quaked across my body as I pressed my clitoris against Jerome's knuckles, I quivered for a good 15 to 30 seconds, trying to suppress the moans emanating. "Oh, oh, oh,", escaped from me as came and as I tried to hide what was happening. As I was cumming, I felt something 'open up inside of me' and the fluid seemed to flow up into my upper intestines, relieving much of the pressure that was causing me so much distress. As the waves of my orgasm subsided, and the pressure on my rectum abated, I slowly relaxed my hand and allowed Jerome to move his hand and knuckle from being in direct contact with my clitoris. "Cindy, are you OK?" Jerome asked. I sensed he knew, but was not 100% certain what had just happened. I nodded sheepishly. "Uh, huh. I just got to feeling too full. I did not think I could take it all." I kept my eyes closed shut as I spoke. I could not look at him or the nurse. "It seems to be a bit better now." I looked up at the container and could see that roughly 3/4rds of the volume was gone and now inside my distended abdomen. I glanced down and saw that my hospital gown was up above my waist and my pussy was exposed and gapped open for all to see. I was absolutely mortified. But it seemed pointless to try to cover up at this point. I just lay there, exposed and open. My stomach was stretched taught as if I were pregnant again. As the container emptied, I could see the fluid level in the tube rise and fall with my breathing as I lay there. Jerome closed the clamp on the nozzle and detached the tube from the nozzle. "OK, Cindy. I need you to roll on your side for some radiographs. Can you do that for me?" Again, I nodded without speaking. Jerome assisted me in rolling on my side with the nozzle still firmly and safely in my ass. He took several x-rays, before informing me that the worst was over. Jerome then assisted me in sitting up, which was difficult with my belly as swollen as it was, and walked me to the adjacent toilet. With me straddling the commode, he then reached

between my thighs and deflated the balloon and gently removed the nozzle from my ass. "You may now take your time and void. Take whatever time you need. You did real well today. I know this wasn't pleasant, but it is over now." Jerome seemed to completely ignore the massive climax I had on the table in front of him. I simply blushed and nodded my head indicating that I understood. He had been perfectly professional and I had behaved very badly. I did not intend to behave badly; but I had. I voided large volumes of solution for the next 10 to 15 minutes until I felt empty. I stood up started back into the room and immediately rushed back to the toilet to void some more. Finally, I had emptied myself and I came to realize how terribly inappropriate my behavior was during the procedure. But honestly, it was not planned. It was not even voluntary. The combination of the anal stimulation, being filled so fully, and being so exposed to this young black Adonis as he inserted the nozzle inside my rectum was too much for this little white girl to handle. I simply lost control and climaxed in front of Jerome and the nurse, whose name I still do not know. To say I was embarrassed does no justice to the emotions I was feeling. I was mortified. Yet, cumming like that in front of these strangers tapped into my exhibitionist nature in a way most of you cannot understand. And being forced to accommodate that large volume of fluid somehow struck a submissive chord inside me as well. I did not understand it at all; but the combination had aroused me in a manner that shocked and confused me. I got dressed in my panties and sundress and prepared to leave when Jerome knocked and asked if he could enter the room. I was still tying the halter top of my dress around my neck when I responded, "sure, come in." "I wanted to check on you to see if you are OK?" I blushed deeply, I could feel my face, neck and chest burning with the flush of embarrassment. "I am OK; a little embarrassed, but OK." "There is nothing to be embarrassed about." Jerome attempted to reassure me. "It was a simple medical procedure, nothing to be embarrassed about at all." He was trying to let me off the hook, but we both knew what had happened in there. "I doubt most of your patients react to that simple medical procedure the way I did." I looked at my feet, unable to look him in the eyes. Jerome tried to suppress his smile, but his expression betrayed his amusement. "Well, you did seem to react in a fairly unique way, but your reaction is not 'unheard of'. You really should not feel embarrassed about it. You did not do anything inappropriate. I want you to believe me when I tell you, it is OK." "Well it surprised the hell out of me. I want to apologize for what happened. I never expected that to occur under these circumstances." I realized that my embarrassment was giving way to a slight bit of flirtation with the man who had just given me a power orgasm under the most absurd conditions. "Please do not apologize. There is no need." Then Jerome handed me a business card. "I want you to have this. It has my private cell phone number on it. If you have any questions, if you want to talk, if you have any discomfort, or if you need anything, please call me. OK?" I took the card, I could feel my embarrassment returning as my face reddened again. I simply nodded. I was confused. Did this medical professional just proposition me? Did Jerome just offer me a repeat performance? Surely not! I went out to the waiting room to meet with Jim and my son. We walked to the parking garage and Jim sensed something was up. "are you OK? Is something wrong?" "I am fine. I will tell you about it on the way home." I needed a few minutes to decide what to tell my husband about my treatment. Do I tell him that another man just made me cum while pumping my

rectum full of liquid? I could not just tell Jim that. Could I?