TITLE: Sick Bay

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CATEGORIES: M/g(12), 1st, Preteen, Ped, School, Cons, Upskirt

WORDS: 8,836

WARNING: This story contains explicit sex scenes with a minor. If this is likely to offend you, please close this file of click BACK on your browser now.

SYNOPSIS: The school year has just started and Lucy (12) is the first of the middle school girls to meet the dreamy new sick-bay medic, Doctor Scoville, although he asks Lucy to simply call him Dr Pete. Presenting with a tummy ache, Lucy becomes increasingly aroused as Dr Pete’s warm hands examine her—more so when they carelessly stray across her budding breasts and perilously close to her young sex. Unable to isolate the cause of Lucy’s stomach ache, Dr Pete presumes growing pains, but to be certain he must perform a closer examination of Lucy’s virgin pussy. Fortunately for young Lucy, he has just the tool for such an intimate examination.

DISCLAIMER: The characters and events depicted in this work are fictional; and resemblance to actual people or events is entirely coincidental.

AUTHOR’S NOTE: This is a work of fantasy. Although many men may think and act like the character Pete, young girls do not think and act like Lucy. Her highly biddable and sexual nature is a fantasy that does not exist; in fact, it would be dangerous to believe that it does. If you enjoy this type of fantasy, I encourage you to ready the story; it is very erotic, very graphic in its detail, and very enjoyable. If you have trouble distinguishing between the fantasy of Lucy and the reality of real girls then you need help; I recommend discussing the problem with a medical practitioner.

# Sick Bay

by Fygero

Lucy stood nervously outside the sick bay looking up at the sign, a red cross at the top and a sad looking cartoon hound dog underneath with a thermometer in its mouth. Part of the nerves was the natural anticipation that everyone feels when going to the doctor, but by far the greater part was the new doctor himself. Dr Scoville had only been at the school a week but already he was the main topic of conversation among her Junior classmates. He was tall and ruggedly handsome with a friendly smile that showed some super-sexy dimples behind his beard stubble.

‘Dreamy’ was the most popular descriptor among Lucy’s group of twelve-year-olds, their raging hormones recklessly driving them headlong towards womanhood. And now here she was, as far as she knew, the first girl to visit Dr Dreamy in the school sick bay. Well, at least she *would* be the first to visit him, providing she could get her feet moving again and mount the stairs up to the sick bay door. She could almost taste the sweet nectar of popularity she would enjoy when everyone found out.

Briefly forgetting the stomach ache that brought her here, Lucy shivered in her blue and white checked school dress despite the heat of the day, and she felt a not unwelcome tingle as her nipples hardened beneath her training bra. That delicious feeling in her budding breasts and been happening more and more since they started to fill out about six months earlier. She stood for a few minutes in front of her mirror most days inspecting their progress. Her Mom had told her that the training bra was just to cover her nipples so they wouldn’t poke out through her dress and that she could have a real bra – an A-cup – when they were big enough to bounce. So almost every morning she would stand in front of the mirror wearing just her panties, marveling at how her hips were flaring outwards to give a fetching curve to her waist, touching the soft, pliant flesh of her breasts and bouncing on her toes to see if they would jiggle.

*And there’s been some real progress in the last few weeks*, she reflected. They were now swelling enough at the bottom to make a clear curved line beneath each one, and when she placed a finger beneath them she could lift their soft weight half an inch or so. Mom had already said no to a real bra twice, so Lucy thought she would give it another week to make sure before she asked again.

With butterflies overwhelming the discomfort in her stomach, Lucy took a shaky breath and walked up the steps to press the buzzer.

“Come in!” she heard from inside, and the automatic lock on the door clicked open; it was a man’s voice – certainly Dr Scoville. She opened the door and stepped inside, taking in the features similar to those of her family doctor’s office, the examination table covered with a roll of white paper, a wooden step to climb up onto it, stainless steel sinks and benches with containers of soap, disinfectant, cotton wool, rubber gloves and goodness knows what else on the counter and available for ready access.

Dr Scoville himself was at a desk on the corner, typing something on the computer with his back to Lucy.

“Just…one…second,” he said slowly as he tapped out the last few keys before sending the screen blank and turning around. “Hello sweetie.” He offered Lucy a warm, dimply smile. “I’m Dr Scoville, but you can call me Dr. Pete. What’s your name?”

For no reason she could think of, Lucy blushed and looked down at her feet. *Dr Pete*, she thought. *I’m the first one to get to call him Dr Pete.* “I’m Lucy,” she said, returning his smile, her eyes sparkling with excess moisture as her heart kicked up a beat.

“Come over and sit down, Lucy.” He beckoned to a straight-backed chair beside his desk. As Lucy sat and smoothed her school dress over her lap, Dr Pete asked her a few friendly small-talk questions – her surname, age, her favorite teacher and her favorite subject – and in a few moments Lucy’s nerves were settled and she was talking freely, looking up into his blue eyes and watching for his dimples whenever he smiled at something she said, which was delighted to note was most of the time.

“Well,” he said. “It sounds like you’re really settling in to middle school. But I’m sure you didn’t come here to brighten up my day with your pretty face.” Lucy beamed at the compliment and shivered again with a surge of adrenaline. “Are you not feeling well?”

“Um, well…” she began, looking down at her stomach. “It feels a bit sore in here.” She held her palm over the lower part of stomach around the pelvis.

“Mmmmm,” he said, with a concerned look. “Tummy ache? Or is it a bit lower than your tummy?”

“I’m…not sure,” she said truthfully. She hadn’t really considered there was anything else in that area to get sore except her stomach. “It *might* be a bit lower.”

“Have you eaten any strange foods lately?” he asked. “Stuff you don’t normally eat?”

Lucy shook her head.

“Oysters? Crab? Lobster?”

Lucy made a face and shook her head to each.

“Anything else fishy?”

“No,” she giggled. “I eat canned tuna, sometimes.”

“Any allergies to food? Peanuts, eggs, gluten?”

“Nuh-uh,” she said. “What’s gluten?”

“Things like bread, pasta, cake.”

She smiled. “No, they’re all yum.”

“Good,” said Dr Pete. “How about any other allergies? Bee stings, medicines?”

“I don’t think so.”

“Have you been hurt playing sport? Hit by a ball? Or fallen over?”

Lucy shook her head again.

“Hmm, okay,” he mused. “You’re twelve, right?”

“Uh-huh,” Lucy agreed.

“Well,” he said. “When a girl gets to be about your age, her body starts to change. Do you know what I’m talking about?”

“Like growing boobs and stuff?” Lucy blushed a little, but she was feeling enough at ease with Dr Pete to say that without too much embarrassment.

“Growing breasts is part of puberty,” he agreed. “But there are other things that change further down. Have you had your first period yet?”

Lucy shook her head. This was getting back onto more embarrassing ground.

“Are you growing any hair where you didn’t have any before?” he asked. “Between your legs or under your arms?”

Lucy shook her head again. Dr Pete had a way of asking these embarrassing questions so that it didn’t seem so bad. He was doing well not to talk directly about her vagina, which would be mortifying.

“Hmm.” Dr Pete frowned. “It doesn’t sound like you’re far enough along for the pain to be your first period. I’m going to have to examine you. That means I’ll need to put my hands on you where it hurts, but you can leave your dress on. Do you want another teacher to come in while I do that?”

Lucy was horrified; she couldn’t imagine anything worse than having another grown-up here while the doctor talked to her about periods and breasts and hair on her pussy. “Um, no thanks,” she said, trying to hide the edge of panic in her voice.

“Righto, then,” he said, getting up from his chair. “Come over here and stand in front of the mirror for me.”

Lucy stood before the full-length mirror and immediately had flashbacks to this morning – standing almost naked, jumping up and down and watching her small breasts bounce minutely in the mirror. She shivered again while she imagined Dr Pete watching her do that, and it made her nipples stiffen once again.

Dr Pete stood behind her as she watched in the mirror. At just five feet tall, her head didn’t quite come up to the level of his shoulders. Sliding his left hand beneath her arm, he placed it flat on her lower rib cage, the side of his index finger nestled beneath her breast so that it was just touching, sending another thrill coursing through her young body. With his right hand, he reached under her right arm and placed it flat over the middle of her tummy. She could feel the warmth of his skin through the thin cotton of her school dress and it set off little flutters of nervousness in her stomach.

“Now place both of your hands over the top of mine,” he said, patting her tummy to indicate his right hand. She lifted her hands to do as he asked and felt little electric sparks of excitement tingle through her fingers as she touched his skin. The movement of her upper arm lifted her small breast off his finger and he repositioned his left hand so that her breast rested on the middle finger instead while his index finger lay across the soft swell beneath her nipple. Lucy took a shuddering breath and realized he was now taking the tiny weight of her breast, lifting it a little higher than it would rest naturally.

“That’s great,” he said, smiling at her in the mirror. “Now move my hand so that my fingertips are over the place where it hurts.”

Lucy did as he asked, sliding his hand down over her stomach until his fingertips were almost to her pubic bone. “Around about there,” she said, a little bit breathlessly, concentrating on the tingling feeling in her breast beneath the warm touch of his fingers.

“Okay, can you feel the pain right now?”

Lucy shook her head. “Nuh-uh.”

“Tell me if you feel the familiar pain,” he instructed as he gently palpated her lower abdomen in the area she had indicated.

Lucy didn’t feel any discomfort, just a degree of excitement watching his hand probe about just above her privates.

“Any pain?” he asked.

Lucy shook her head.

Dr Pete moved his fingers to the right and then to the left, asking again whether she felt pain, and she told him that she didn’t.

He moved his fingers further down over her pubis, probing the soft bulge of smooth flesh there just an inch or so above the slit of her vagina.

“Any pain?”

Lucy shivered again with the excitement of his touch so close to her young sex. “Nuh-uh.”

“I’m sorry,” he said, smiling. “Does it feel funny?”

Lucy looked from his fingers – gently rubbing so close to her blossoming womanhood – up to his eyes and blushed. She nodded, smiling shyly.

“Funny-bad?” he asked. “Or funny-nice?”

“Funny-nice.” Her voice was just a whisper.

Still cupping her breast with his fingers, Dr Pete pressed the side with the tip of his thumb, causing the soft flesh to bulge out through the training bra against her school dress.

“Well there doesn’t seem to be anything the matter around your skin and muscles,” he explained, still massaging her pubis, occasionally slipping a bit lower and almost brushing his fingers across the top of her virgin slit. “And it’s not your appendix, so it might just be growing up,” he mused, “but that would be much more likely if you’d started growing hair down there.”

Lucy could feel her vagina tingling and she longed for Dr Pete to touch her lower, to press his warm fingers into the softness of her smooth pussy lips. With a thrill, she imagined him sliding a finger down into that soft, hairless crease between her thighs and wondered how it would feel. Pretty nice, she bet.

“Lucy, it’s possible that something’s not quite right with the way things are developing down there, so I’d really feel a lot better if I could examine you,” he explained. “That means you would have to take off your underwear and I would have to touch you further down. Would you like me to bring in another teacher for that?”

“No!” Lucy almost blurted. The idea of Dr Pete feeling her pussy filled her with excitement, but having another teacher watch was horrifying.

“That’s fine,” he reassured her. “Nobody else needs to know what happens in here if you don’t want to tell. Your parents don’t even need to know if you don’t want.”

Lucy breathed a sigh of relief and smiled, shaking her head. “I don’t want to tell them,” she said. “It’s too embarrassing.”

“Then you don’t need to worry about anything,” he said, lightly brushing the hard nub of her nipple as he removed his left hand from her breast and mimed zipping his lips in the mirror. “My lips are sealed.”

“But how do you want to do this?” he continued. “You can lie down on the table with your dress up. You’ll be able to watch everything I do, but I will be able to see your privates.”

Lucy’s eyes widened with concern.

“Or if you like, you can stand up on the step and bend over with your dress still on. You won’t be able to watch, but I won’t be able to see you down there, either; I can just go by feel without looking.”

Lucy sighed again in relief. Dr Pete seemed to know exactly how she felt and what would feel the least weird. “The second one,” she smiled shyly.

“The second one it is.” He smiled reassuringly. “Okay, so off with your panties and hop up on the step,” he said, removing his right hand from its soft stroking of her pubis.

Lucy reached up under her school dress and pinched the sides of her panties with her fingertips, lifting the hem just enough to show the tops of her trim thighs, but not high enough for Dr Pete to see how the tight fabric of her panties stretched across the soft curves of her vagina, the shadow of her young slit visible through the thin fabric. Pulling them down to her knees, she let them fall to the floor in a white puddle around her black sandals and short, white socks, where she then stepped out of them.

Dr Pete bent down and picked them up, running the soft cotton – still warm from her skin – between his fingertips. “Now I don’t want you to think this is weird,” he said, one eyebrow raised with concern. “But it might help me find out what’s wrong if I can smell them.”

Lucy didn’t think it was all that weird. She had no desire to sniff anyone’s undies, but what did it matter if Dr Pete sniffed hers? She shrugged noncommittally and nodded for him to go ahead.

Dr Pete held them up by the hips, finding the front and holding it up facing him. Lucy could see how thin they were and was a bit embarrassed, knowing that if her school dress blew up in the wind, they were all that stopped anyone looking from seeing her pussy … and they looked pretty see-though. Thinking about her smooth, naked pussy under her school dress right now gave her another tingle of anticipation and she swayed her hips to make the cotton brush across her lips, knowing that Dr Pete would be touching her there in just a few short moments.

 He cupped his hands beneath the bottom and brought the thin gusset to his nose. Closing his eyes, his lips parted as her soft panties touched them and he breathed in slowly two or three times using both his nose and his mouth. Lucy watched and blushed again when Dr Pete closed his lips, accidentally catching a fold of cotton in his mouth, right on the place where her pussy opening had been a minute earlier.

Taking them away again, he opened his eyes and laid her underwear on the examination table. “No,” he breathed softly. “They smell fine, just fine.” Shaking his head as if to clear it of stray thoughts, he patted the examination couch, “Hop up on the step and bend over on the table, please Lucy.”

Lucy got up onto the step and leaned over a little, bracing her hands on the table with her arms straight, her hips were a bit higher than the table surface so she was bent over at about a forty-five-degree angle.

Dr Pete stood beside her at the foot of the bench and placed one warm hand in the small of her back and the other one on her front, a little bit higher and over her breast, his finger resting softly over the top of her nipple. “Bend lower, please Lucy,” he said, guiding her down onto her elbows, and then lower still until her face was almost touching the paper cover on the table. “I need your bottom nice and high.”

Lucy looked back along her trim body to see the position of her bottom, just a bit higher than her head like Dr Pete wanted.

“Now arch your back down, sweetie,” he said, pressing gently against the small of her back, bending her like a sway-back horse so that her bottom was poking out and up and her hem lifted a bit higher on her naked thighs. “That’s good,” he said quietly. “You’re doing great, Lucy.”

Even with her dress on, Lucy felt a keen thrill of excitement, knowing that with her back arched like this it would push her smooth pussy down and back between her thighs, exposing her young womanhood to anyone behind her where she couldn’t see them.

“Now, are you ready for me to touch there?”

Lucy turned her head, laying her cheek on the paper as she looked back up at Dr Pete with wide blue eyes and nodded.

“Okay then.” He left his left hand softly cupping her breast and moved the right behind her, beneath her dress. He placed his palm over the small cheeks of her bottom. He stroked in gentle circles for a few moments as if sightlessly mapping the terrain of her young ass by touch alone, before gliding his hand down to the backs of her trim thighs and slipping the tips of his fingers between her legs just a fraction of an inch beneath her virgin opening.

“I need a bit more space, Lucy. Could you pop your knee up on the table?” He indicated the leg closest to him by stroking the firm, young flesh of her thigh, accidentally grazing the soft lips of her pussy in the same movement and causing a flush of excitement to course through her core.

The table top was almost at the height of her hip, but with the flexibility of a lithe, young gymnast, she managed to hook her knee up to the side, and opening her legs very wide to accomplish the feat, she felt the air conditioned cool of the sick bay against the inner folds of her burgeoning sex as her pussy lips parted with the effort.

“That’s great, Lucy. Perfect. I can do everything I need with you just like that.”

She looked up at him with another shy smile.

“Now, I don’t want to embarrass you, but I’m going to have to use some grown up words to describe your privates. I can call it your vagina, if you like, but most girls prefer me to talk about their pussy. Do you like either of those words? Or there’s another one that starts with a ‘C’?”

Lucy blushed again. She couldn’t imagine using the C-word with a grown up. “The middle one,” she whispered shyly.

“Pussy?” Dr Pete smiled, his dimples sparkling.

Lucy nodded and looked away.

“Okay sweetie. I’m going to touch your pussy now. Are you ticklish?”

“I don’t think so,” Lucy husked. “Nobody’s ever touched me there before.”

“Oh, really?” Dr Pete sounded surprised. “I thought maybe a boy might have touched down there. You’re so pretty, I bet they think about it.”

“Nuh-uh,” Lucy shook her head, her long blonde plait flipping across her shoulders. She felt another warm surge in her chest at Dr Pete’s compliment and she suddenly wished she had chosen to lay on the table with her dress pulled up. She bet Dr Pete would tell her how pretty her pussy was if he could only see it, even though it wasn’t growing any hair yet.

“Well I’ll be really gentle, just in case,” he said.

Lucy felt his large, warm hand close over her sex, her open lips beneath his palm and his fingertips resting on the mound of her mons pubis. He stroked slowly back and forth, the calluses of his fingers causing a delicious friction against her sensitive pussy lips.

“There. Is that ticklish?”

“Nuh-uh,” Lucy breathed, his stroking set off new and exciting feelings inside her.

“So, let’s see what’s between your pussy lips.” Dr Pete moved his hand back until his fingers touched her lips and rubbed gently, opening her up wider, pressing more firmly until he had her labia fully peeled back with her sensitive inner folds becoming engorged and swelling softly beneath his touch. Lucy felt a change in his touch as the soft, dry warmth of his fingertips became slippery and wet.

“Mmm,” Lucy sighed. “It feels funny.”

“Funny-nice?”

“Mmm-huh,” she whispered. “Really nice.”

“Your pussy is getting a bit wet,” Dr Pete said. “It can happen when you touch it. Has it ever happened before?”

“Umm,” Lucy mumbled, feeling embarrassed.

Dr Pete kept rubbing her pussy, focusing on her tiny opening and spreading the wetness around the inside of her slit as it seeped out. “Or it can happen when you think about boys?” he suggested. “Or maybe in a dream?”

“In a dream,” Lucy confirmed. “Once.”

“Was it a nice dream?” Dr Pete asked. “Were you kissing a boy?”

“Mmm huh,” she agreed, closing her eyes to remember the feeling. “We were lying down, and I remember looking down and we weren’t wearing any clothes, even though we had them on when we started kissing.”

“That a pretty normal sort of dream for a girl your age,” Dr Pete didn’t stop stroking her pussy while they talked, and it was making Lucy feel more relaxed. She felt the sensitive edges of her virgin hole softening and opening as they got wetter and wetter, and she felt like she wanted to tell Dr Pete more about the dream.

“In the dream, I opened my legs. He lay between them with his …” Lucy paused.

“His cock?”

“Am I allowed to say that?” Lucy whispered. The heat was building up inside her pussy and making her breathless.

“Sure,” said Dr Pete. “Sometimes we need to talk about body parts in the doctor’s office.”

“Okay. Well his…his cock…it was really hard,” Lucy said. “Like the ones you see in pictures, not like my little brother’s.”

“And did you touch it?”

“Not with my hand,” said Lucy. “But he was rubbing it on my pussy…”

“And that made your pussy wet?”

“Not in the dream,” Lucy said. “But then I woke up and it was all slippery. I thought I weed myself.”

“Did it feel nice?”

“Mmm-huh,” she agreed. “It feels like that now.”

“Can I show you trick you can try when it feels nice?”

“Yes please,” Lucy husked, opening her eyes again and looking up at him.

“Okay,” he said. “You have a special little place” – he removed all but one of the fingers stroking her hole and slowly slid it upwards – “right … about … here.”

“Ugggggghhhhh.” Lucy let out a low, animal moan as he grazed over the tiny nub of her clitoris.

“If your pussy is nice and wet,” Dr Pete said, “then most girls say it feels really special to touch right there.”

“Oh my goodness,” Lucy panted. “Show me again.”

Dr Pete stroked over her clitoris again, flicking his fingertip from side to side and then he gently pinched it, allowing Lucy’s own juices to make it squirt from his grip.

“Oh-oh-oh-oo-oo-oo,” Lucy vocalized the new and exciting feelings that Dr Pete was introducing as he played with her little love-button.

“The outside of your pussy feels perfectly normal, Lucy,” Dr Pete said, although his voice sounded funny; she thought maybe he was catching a cold. “Now I’m going to finger your tight little…I mean…I need to examine the inside of your pussy. Is that okay?”

“Yes please, um, I mean, that’s okay, Dr Pete.” Lucy turned her eyes down to the table, her cheeks burning with embarrassment. She knew about feeling horny; she’d had fluttery feelings in her stomach from thinking about kissing a boy, but she’d never felt anything like this. Dr Pete had set her pussy on fire. She hadn’t been lying about the dream, but compared to this, that wet, slippery feeling in her pussy after the dream was like a static shock off the carpet compared to sticking a 9V battery on your tongue.

It was making her long for things she had never thought about, like holding Dr Pete’s cock and maybe rubbing it on her pussy. And now he wanted to feel inside her pussy. *That’s called a finger-fuck*, she thought. *I’m about to get finger-fucked by Dr Pete.* The thought made her light-headed and gave her a funny, tingly feeling in her stomach. She sensed some machine inside her, something that she had been born with, but which had laid dormant all of her life until this moment. Now the lights were coming on and it was starting up. She sensed an incredible life-force in this machine, something that could drive her to untold heights of happiness, better than a roller-coaster, better than sledding in the snow, better than a warm cuddle with her parents on a cold night.

*Finger-fuck me Dr Pete,* she thought to herself. *Give me your cock to hold and fuck me with your fingers. Stick them in my* – and Lucy’s inner voice baulked for a moment at the bad word – *stick your fingers in my cunt. My wet, wet cunt.*

Thinking these sexy thoughts and rude words, a shiver of desire shook her tiny frame and her nipple hardened beneath the soft touch of Dr Pete’s hand.

“Oh, I’m sorry Lucy,” he apologized, moving his hand down to the base of her rib cage. “Was I touching your breast? I shouldn’t have been doing that.”

“Oh!” Lucy sounded disappointed.

“Unless, you know, it was helping you take your mind off the examination of your pussy. I could keep touching them if it that makes you more comfortable.”

“Umm, yeah,” Lucy agreed. “I am kind of, um, nervous. It couldn’t hurt, right?”

“If you want to unbutton your dress,” he said, one finger now circling and probing her tiny entrance, testing its elasticity and prompting a steady stream of lubrication, which he spread around her glistening opening and along the length of his middle finger. “I could touch them on the skin – only if it made you more comfortable though.”

In a blur, Lucy had all four buttons of her school dress undone and her training bra pulled up over her small breasts. Bent over like this, they swelled to their best advantage and she took a quick peek down, hoping that Dr Pete would be impressed by her developing womanhood.

He reached through the open vee of her dress and cupped her right breast, gently fingering her soft, white girl-flesh and testing its feather weight with his fingertips. “Wow!” he said. “You really are growing up. These are just like a grown-up’s!”

Lucy flushed with pride. She felt like a real grown-up too, with her hard nipples and tingling breasts, her steaming wet pussy and a real man just about to finger-fuck her – even if it was just a doctor doing an examination.

Dr. Pete circled the pink nub of her nipple and then pinched it lightly, setting off little sparks of excitement that rushed through her pre-pubescent body and connected with the other sparks in her pussy, which Dr Pete was gradually opening up with his middle finger. Cupping her breast again with his fingers, he squeezed and molded its tiny perfection in his fingers until it was pink and singing with pleasure.

“Try to relax, Lucy,” he said softly. “I’m about to go inside your pussy.”

*Relax? How could she relax while her head was swimming with new emotions and she was about to have a boy – well, a man – inside her for the very first time?* Trying anyway, Lucy took a deep audible breath and let it out in a long, slow, sigh, consciously relaxing all the muscles from her stomach to her thighs.

As she felt her pussy relax, Dr Pete’s finger slipped inside her and she felt an amazing new sensation of resistance against the tight lips of her tiny opening.

“That’s right, angel. Perfect,” Dr Pete breathed, slowly working his middle finger in and out of her virgin cunt. Going deeper, the thick knob of his knuckle passed through her opening and stretched her wider – making her gasp – only to close down tight on the fleshy base of his finger as he slid it all the way in. As if sensing her pleasure, Dr Pete came back to the knuckle and slowly worked it in and out, all the while tweaking the pink point of her nipple and bending his finger in her tiny cunt to touch a spot that left her feeling breathless.

“Now, that’s not so bad, is it?” asked Dr Pete.

Lucy was holding her breath and pinching her eyes closed with the wonderful new sensations. It was all she could do to squeak an affirmative response.

“You don’t have to hide anything from me, Lucy,” he said gently. “Sometimes an examination like this gives us strong feelings. Even if they’re nice feelings, it’s okay to let them out. It’s completely natural, so let it out if you have to.”

“Ohhh!” Lucy released a long, passionate wail and goose bumps pricked all over her young body. “My pussy’s going to explode! It’s the best thing I’ve ever felt.”

“That’s great, angel. Good for you. These sorts of thing can be pretty awkward and uncomfortable, so it can really make you feel better if you pretend.”

“What do you mean?” Lucy asked, panting.

“Like you could pretend you were in that dream,” he said. “And you could tell that boy all the things you wanted him to do.”

“What would I say?” Lucy breathed.

“Well, you would tell him how it felt – you know, these things he was doing,” he said. “You could say whatever you liked, really. You could even use swear words.”

“Like the eff-word?” she whispered.

“Sure,” he laughed. “You won’t offend me. I’ll just keep doing the examination of your pussy while you do it.”

“That might be funny-strange,” Lucy said, thinking about it. “Can’t you pretend with me?”

“You mean pretend that I’m not really examining you?” he asked carefully. “Pretend like I’m the boy in your dream.”

“Mmm-huh,” Lucy said eagerly.

“Would you like me to do that?”

“Yes please.”

“Hmm, okay,” he said agreeably. “You start, Lucy.”

“Ummm,” Lucy closed her eyes and concentrated on all the wonderful feelings in her body. “Play with my—” she paused, reconsidering the word. “Play with my titties,” she groaned. “It feels nice when you touch them.”

“Oh, ah … my turn … okay,” began Dr Pete. “Lucy, I love your little titties. They’re so soft and perfect,” he whispered. “I love to squeeze your nipples and make them go hard. I’m going to suck them and lick them all over.”

“Wow,” breathed Lucy. “That sounded real. You’re a good pretender.”

“Thanks Lucy,” he said, still fucking her slowly with his finger. “Did you want to do some more?”

“My pussy is all wet, Dr Pete,” she moaned, getting straight back into her real-life role-play. “I’m so horny. Finger-fuck me. Finger-fuck my cunt.” She pushed back on Dr Pete’s finger, driving him deeper. “It feels so full! I want you to fuck me faster!” She heard Dr Pete’s breathing pick up beside her and his slow gentle movements in her pussy did speed up a bit.

“Lucy, your tight little cunt is a slice of heaven,” he breathed. “When I’m done with my fingers, I’m going to fill your little cunt with cock and pump you so full of cum it runs down your legs.” And then, still fucking her with his middle finger, he extended his ring finger so that it grazed along her clitoris with each stroke.

Lucy cried out with the renewed contact on her tiny love-button. “Fuck me, harder, Dr Pete!”

Dr Pete left off his examination for a moment and complied with Lucy’s role-play, plunging deep into her cunt, all the way up to the webbing.

After half a minute of getting her cunt pounded while she squealed and writhed on the table, pumping her hips to get him deeper, Dr Pete slowed back down and broke contact with her clitoris.

“There,” he said in his normal voice. “Does that feel better now you’ve let it all out?”

“Uh, oh, uh,” Lucy vocalized to the slowing strokes in her pussy as she came back from the precipice of what would have been her first orgasm. “Is it all over?”

“Well, I still can’t find anything wrong with your pussy,” he said. “Everything feels just about perfect to me. I would like to check a bit deeper, though. Do you mind?”

“I don’t mind,” Lucy said. “If you think it will help.”

“Hmmm. There’s a perfect tool for doing examinations deep inside a girl’s pussy,” Dr Pete explained, “It can do everything I want, but I don’t have one in your size.”

“Isn’t it big enough to get all the way in?” Lucy asked, disappointment apparent on her face.

“No, just the opposite,” he said. “It’s too big for a little girl. I can only use it with big girls.”

“But you said how I was growing up,” Lucy complained, distressed. “Can’t you try? Please?”

“I can try if you like,” Dr Pete relented. “But I’ll have to pop your hymen?”

“Pop it?” Lucy asked, curious. “Is it like a blister?”

“A little bit,” he considered. “But when you pop your hymen, blood comes out instead of pus.”

“My Mom’s popped blisters for me before,” Lucy said excitedly. “It hardly hurts at all and I don’t even cry.”

“You’re such a brave girl Lucy,” he said. “I’ll just get my tool out. You close your eyes and try to relax.”

Lucy did as she was told, listening to Dr Pete rummage in the drawers behind her, wondering if he could see her pussy beneath her school dress. She felt so exposed with her panties lying on the table and her legs spread so wide, but now instead of feeling self-conscious, all the new, wondrous emotions in her young body just made her feel excited and horny. While Dr Pete was still retrieving his big-girl’s tool, Lucy took the opportunity to pull her dress up her hips until she felt the hem brush past her thighs. Now her pussy would be peeking out beneath and Dr Pete would see how wet and open and horny she was, and maybe he would do some more pretending while he examined her. She heard Dr Pete gasp as he moved in behind her with his special tool.

“Oh Lucy,” he breathed. “You don’t need to be shy about your pussy; it’s beautiful.” He stroked it with his fingers, slipping one back inside, sending a fresh tingle of pleasure through her body.

If Lucy had a tail, she’d be wagging it. She was so happy that Dr Pete had seen her pussy and liked it.

“And there really is no hair at all, is there?”, he said, pumping her slow and deep. It sounded like his cold was coming back. “Do you remember what it’s like to have a vaccination, Lucy?”

“Ummm, ye-yes,” she said nervously. She didn’t want Dr Pete to give her a needle.

“Do you remember before you get a needle, you get a wet swab on your arm?” he asked. “It feels cold.”

“Mmm-huh.”

“Well before I use my tool, I need to swab your pussy,” he said quietly, a funny sound in his voice. “But this one’s not cold, it’s warm.”

“Okay,” Lucy said eagerly. Warm and wet contact against her warm, wet pussy sounded nice.

Dr Pete didn’t answer, but a moment later she felt him swabbing her – a thick, wet pad first sliding over the right side of her pussy, and then the left side, all the way down the full length of her young, hairless cunt. Lucy thought he was only going to swab the outside, but then she felt him touch her again with that warm, thick pad right in the middle this time and on the skin just above her virgin slit. She held her breath as he ever so slowly ran the swab down to her crevice, closer and closer to that special place, that hard little button that felt so sweet. And then he was touching it, pressing down firmly and dragging the swab over her button. Lucy cried out and tried with all her might not to buck her hips, to keep that wonderful pressure on her special place. And then Dr Pete’s swab was coming back and circling it, making Lucy squeal and cry real tears of ecstasy until they ran down her cheeks as he swabbed her clitoris, and then the incandescent lining of her virgin opening, making sure he got into every fold of her young virgin cunt.

When he finally stopped, Lucy took a shuddering breath and wiped her tears on the shoulders of her school dress.

“I like that one better than the one before a needle, Dr Pete,” she husked.

“Me too, Lucy,” he said quietly, stoking her pussy again with his fingers and working one back into her little opening.

“Dr Pete?”

“What is it, angel?”

“Remember when we were pretending before?” she asked.

“I do.”

“What’s cum?” she asked. “I didn’t understand that bit.”

“Well,” he said. “It’s stuff that comes out the end of a boy’s cock when he’s with a girl and they are doing sexy things together.”

“Like fucking?” she asked candidly.

“Exactly like that.”

“Oh. Okay, that makes sense now,” she said. “You were pretending you wanted to cum inside my pussy.”

“That’s exactly what I was pretending, princess,” he said. “Now, are you ready for my big tool?”

“Mmm-huh,” Lucy was excited and wagged her pussy back and forth. She couldn’t wait to feel what Dr Pete’s big tool felt like inside her pussy.

She felt him move into position behind her and then something warm touched her open, shining slit. It felt strange, hard, but with a soft coating. Dr Pete slid it along the length of her young cunt, grazing her clitoris yet again and sending shivers of lust through her body, hardening her nipples and freezing her breath in her narrow chest.

“This is fucking extraordinary,” she heard Dr Pete whisper under his breath.

“Is something wrong,” Lucy said, her voice laced with concern. She longed for Dr Pete to plunge his tool into her pussy, why wasn’t he doing it?

“You’re so wet, sweetie,” Dr Pete said in that funny, choked up voice. “God, it’s just running down my d… my tool like quicksilver. I’m not even going to need lube.”

Lucy didn’t know what he meant, but she didn’t think it really mattered either. He sounded happy, so she didn’t think there was anything wrong.

“I’m ready, Dr Pete,” she said to encourage him. “I’m relaxing my pussy as much as I can”

Dr Pete didn’t answer, but he stopped rubbing up and down Lucy’s slit and gently pressed the tip to her virgin entrance until she felt herself opening up. As he pushed harder, she could tell that it was MUCH bigger than his finger. She felt her pussy stretching and straining, and she started panting with the effort as it began to hurt. When it didn’t feel like it could stretch any further, Dr Pete stopped.

“Are you okay, Lucy? he asked.

“Is it almost in?” she whimpered. “Because it’s starting to hurt, now.”

“That’s your hymen, angel,” he explained. “I just need one last push to pop it, and then it will feel better.”

“Pop it now,” she said, her voice breaking as one tear trickled down her cheek.

“Okay,” he whispered. “1 … 2 … 3!” Dr Pete pushed and Lucy felt something give in her pussy – a sharp stab of pain that was forgotten in a moment because the thick, hard shaft of Dr Pete’s tool drove into her steaming wet canal.

He tore open her tiny, hairless cunt like an early Christmas present. The untrained muscles of her vagina walls were forced so rudely back that they spasmed and contracted around his girth; ironically embracing this hot, thick presence even though they bucked and heaved to reject it.

“Ohhhh myyyy Go-ooo-d,” Lucy cried, her voice warbling with mingled pain and unrivalled ecstasy. She threw her head back and cried up to the ceiling, thick cords standing out on her neck while the knee of her one standing leg wobbled and threatened to spill her to the floor.

Dr Pete held still inside her and, as Lucy’s pussy muscles began to relax and release their hold on his tool, Lucy heard him take a shuddering, heaving breath.

“Are you alright, Dr Pete?” she asked with concern.

“Sure, angel,” he breathed. “I just, I almost ca— I thought for a moment you might be too small after all.”

“Did you get it all the way in?” she asked.

“No, sweetie,” he laughed. “It’s only half way. I don’t need to get it all the way in to finish the examination.”

“It feels like a baseball bat. How big is it?”

“This one is eight inches, honey,” he said. “But like I said, it’s only for big girls; it won’t all fit inside you.”

“Can you tell if there’s anything wrong with me?”

“Let me check,” he said. “I need to get in a little deeper.”

But instead of going deeper, Dr Pete pulled out a little way, very slowly, and moved back into the same position. He did this again and then again, setting up a delicious friction that warmed the inside of Lucy’s pussy. Keeping it slow, he began sliding a fraction deeper with each stroke, and after a dozen short thrusts, Lucy felt him touch a tender place deep in her core.

“That’s the place, Dr Pete!” she said excitedly. “You’ve found it! That’s the place where my tummy aches.”

“Really?” said Dr Pete. He sounded surprised, which was strange, because he found it precisely where he was looking.

“Mmm-huh!” Lucy nodded, her blonde plait flipping fetchingly between her shoulder blades. “Can you see what the matter is? How will you tell?”

“Oh? Ahhh …” he paused. “Well … it has an eye at the end and …”

“YOU CAN SEE INSIDE MY PUSSY?” Lucy marveled. “What does it look like?”

“It’s beautiful, angel,” he said softly “Tiny, tight and pink. It’s perfect. Just totally perfect.”

“But what about my tummy ache?” she asked. “What’s the matter?”

Dr Pete shifted around inside her pulling fractionally back and then probing forwards again.

“Noooo,” he whispered to himself. “That can’t be.”

“What is it?”

“It’s your cervix,” he said, his voice filled with wonder. “It’s soft and dilated. It feels … I mean it looks … it looks like it’s over an inch dilated.”

“What’s a cervix?” Lucy asked, curiosity overcoming the insistent, erotic buzz in her young pussy.

“It’s the opening to your womb,” he explained. “Your uterus. It’s supposed to be closed, but yours … just … isn’t.”

Lucy didn’t understand that explanation any better. “What can you see in there?”

“Oh, um, nothing much. I can’t see all the way in,” Dr Pete stammered.

“Why don’t you look in there with your tool?” Lucy asked simply.

“Oh, angel,” he said regretfully. “The cervix is very sensitive, and yours would still need to stretch some more, sweetie. It would probably hurt a lot.”

“But why not try,” she urged him breathlessly. “And if it hurts too much you can stop.”

“It would be good to get deeper,” mused Dr Pete. “Are you sure?”

“Sure!” said Lucy confidently. Her pussy felt so wonderfully, bulging full and she felt Dr Pete’s tool probing at the threshold of a whole new experience, one where he could drive even deeper and make her feel fuller. She thought about the short thrust that opened her up the first time and tried to imagine him pushing even further, ramming double that length into her straining young pussy. Lucy shook with the anticipation and waited for Dr Pete to decide.

“Okay,” he said. “Tell me the *moment* this hurts, won’t you? The very moment!”

“I will,” she breathed.

Dr Pete edged back into place and pushed gently. Lucy felt the sweet friction of his thick tool sliding through her straining, wet entrance, and deeper inside she felt just a bit of discomfort, but it wasn’t really any worse than her regular tummy ache. She felt him pushing, pushing, building up pressure against that sensitive place deep inside her, and then just as it was with her hymen, he broke through her resistance and she felt him drive impossibly deep into her core, up into her stomach, it seemed.

Lucy felt a hard bump against the straining, yawning, pink hole of her pussy as Dr Pete rammed his thick, grown-up tool all the way into her womb, the two of them grunting in unison at the contact. Lucy felt an electric buzz along the hot, throbbing length in her pussy, and somewhere in the middle where the pain had been before, she now felt only a hot ball of pressure that threatened to explode with pleasure. She felt on the verge some new, extraordinary experience. She squeezed her eyes shut and prayed that Dr Pete would fuck her with his tool, that he would slide it thickly through that molten ball of a pressure, building it up and up, hotter and hotter until it burst.

“Dr Pete,” she rasped, struggling for breath. “Can you see what’s wrong with my pussy yet?”

“Yes, angel,” he said. Dr Pete sounded a bit breathless too. “But I think I can make you feel better; I just need to give you a shot of medicine in your pussy.”

“No!” she cried, not yet wanting him to remove the delicious, thick tool from her pussy. “I hate needles.”

“This one’s not a needle, sweetie,” he soothed her. “I can give you the shot just like this, but it needs to be all the way inside.”

Lucy didn’t answer; she was still nervous about the possibility of getting a shot, even though Dr Pete said he would use the lovely thick tool that was already inside her.

“Is that okay,” he asked.

“I guess so,” she said. “You just made me nervous when you said you’d give me a shot.”

“Do you want to do some more pretending?” he asked kindly. “To take your mind off the medicine.”

“Uh huh!” Lucy agreed, shivering with excitement. The thought of sexy pretending with Dr Pete like they did before sent a new surge of longing through her pussy.

“Okay,” he said. “What do you want to pretend this time?”

“The same one as before!” Lucy said immediately, thinking about the way Dr Pete made her feel like a grown up when he said he wanted to fill her with cum. “Where you said you were going to cum in my pussy.”

“Okay,” Dr Pete agreed quickly. “Do you want to start?” He began to slowly pump Lucy’s pussy, pulling just out of her womb and then pushing thickly back in.

“My pussy feels so tight and full,” Lucy moaned. “Fuck me harder. Fuck me with your thick cock.”

Dr Pete closed both hands around her waist, so small his fingers almost met at her belly button, and using her hips for leverage, he took longer and longer strokes, sliding all the way out so that Lucy’s tiny wet cunt sat stretched and open, gasping like a landed fish from the massive thickness of his tool. He drove into her, ploughing through the tight, hot embrace of her young pussy and into the thick, sucking wetness of her womb, slamming into the thin padding of her small, round ass.

Lucy closed her eyes again and had no trouble imagining Dr Pete’s cock pounding her pussy. With both hands on her hips, she figured he was holding the tool between his legs, and that meant the weight slamming into her ass with every stroke was his groin.

“Squeeze me Lucy,” Dr Pete gasped. “Squeeze your cunt muscles.”

In her mind, Lucy could see Dr Pete pound his eight-inch cock into her, his balls swinging and slapping into the soft mound of her pubis while he gripped her hips and ground the root of his dick against her swollen, pink hole.

The image was so perfect and it felt so real. She bore down with her cunt and squeezed hard.

Dr Pete must have felt the resistance against his tool because he cried out again. “That’s it. Squeeze your little cunt. Make me cum.”

That tingling, burning feeling that had been building in her pussy finally crested and Lucy felt it opening like a flower, spilling out light and heat and the purest, distilled sensation of perfect joy.

“Something’s happening,” Lucy cried. “It feels …” she couldn’t finish the sentence; the sensation overtook her and she squealed with orgasmic release.

“Hold on Lucy,” Dr Pete gasped. “Here comes your shot.” Tightening his grip around her tummy, Dr Pete gave three final thrusts, each one lifting Lucy off the step, impaled and coming, her head spinning with light and sound while the volcano of her cunt flooded her core with furnace heat. And then she felt Dr Pete pumping his medicine into her, thick and hot it squirted through her womb and flood back out her pussy. She heard the slick, wet sounds of Dr Pete’s thrusting tool ringing sweetly in her ears as some of it pumped out her incandescent hole and ran down her leg.

Her heart racing, Lucy slowly came down from her orgasm and felt Dr Pete pull his tool wetly from her pussy, followed by a hot flood as more medicine ran from her gaping hole. “I think some of the medicine ran out, Dr Pete,” she breathed, lowering her stretched, aching leg from the table down to the step, standing bow-legged, her pussy still echoing with phantom sensations of the thick, hot shaft that had just torn apart her innocence.

“That’s okay, angel,” he said, stoking her tiny, round ass. You can always come back for another treatment if that one doesn’t work.

Squeezing her thighs together and feeling the hot medicine squirt wetly from her hole, Lucy thought that sounded like a wonderful idea.

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