**Complete Examination**

by[sxylilslut](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=506328&page=submissions)©

"Holy shit!" he murmured as he watched her cross the street. His light was red; hers was green. Ample but perky, he thought to himself, Hardly a hint of bounce as she strutted across the intersection. He had a death grip on the wheel; his cock twitched between his legs.

Very perky tits he thought to himself. Very perky indeed. In his line of work he had seen more than his share and these were damned near perfect.

Ms. Perky turned her head his way giving him a sly and promising smile. Her blond hair glimmered like a halo in the morning sun. The mini skirt and high-heeled mules gave her legs length they didn't really have; it all worked together exceptionally well.

"Goodness!" he whispered to no one in particular as her fine young hips sauntered by his window, her behind swaying in perfect harmony with her gait. He sighed. Great ass. Fucking perfect ass! High, tight and round...the perfect bubble. It had been too long since he'd had his hands on a butt of that caliber. What he wouldn't give...

Ever since his wife gave birth to their third child two years ago, she had been putting on the pounds. Once a sexy young woman, Cheryl was now a voluptuous ---fat---middle aged mother of three.

He loved his wife; he was sure of that fact. Being pushed away every time he hugged her---every time he caressed her too close to her sagging breasts---had become downright depressing. He missed the intimacy...the warmth. He needed to get laid in the worst possible way.

If the sight of a cute college girl in a mini skirt with astoundingly perky boobs and a killer caboose gave him a hard on, maybe he needed therapy. No! There was nothing remotely clinical about his physical and emotional reaction to the little hottie. He was sick and tired of jerking off. He needed to get fucked---soon.

The blare of the horn from the impatient driver behind him brought him back to reality. The light had only just turned green. Rather than flipping the ass hole off he just smiled, waved and mouthed, "sorry". His dick was still too damned hard to get angry at some poor bastard who was probably just late for work. Eric drove the few yards left to reach his office and parked.

He didn't feel like working today. Fridays were always fully booked. He would have rather been on a golf course---or nestled comfortably between his blond heroine's firm young thighs. He would spend most of the day looking at and standing between thighs; none promised to be young or firm.

"Good morning Dr. Lloyd." His curly-haired receptionist---perm or natural, he had always wondered--- greeted him as she handed him the files for the day. Eric gave her a quick nod and a smile, brushed aside the lewd thoughts he often had when he saw her each morning and rushed into his office.

Fucking wonderful, he thought to himself. My first appointment is in fifteen minutes. Not enough time to jerk off. He regretted that fact. By the end of the day he wouldn't be able to visualize anything but a string of remarkably unattractive women who were his patients. He looked at the first file. Mrs. Johnson 41, annual checkup, PAP smear... the usual routine.

Eric loved being a doctor; it had been his childhood dream and he had worked very hard to get here. Lately he had been losing interest---in damned near everything. He blamed it on his lack of pussy. He'd even considered an escort service. If his young secretary's skirts got any shorter he might just bend her over the desk and fuck her brains out. She flirted; she'd love to bag an MD. She'd probably let him.

He tidied his desk, slipped on his lab coat, grabbed his stethoscope and went to the waiting room to greet Mrs. Johnson as another day began.

Greetings, general questions, updates, weigh in, reflex checks, eyes, ears, throat, re-explanation of the importance of breast self examination---as the breasts are being examined--- vulva and vagina exam, often a rectal, certainly a PAP smear, fix a next appointment, say goodbye. Wash your hands, rinse and repeat for the next eight damned hours.

It was five past five. His last patient was late. He looked at her empty file once again and sighed. This was her first visit and she was late...fuck! He didn't deal with lateness well. His receptionist knew he was not a happy doctor. She carefully peeked her pretty little head through his office door.

"Yes, you can go, Susan. It is after five after all."

She quickly replied. "Have a nice week end!" Or something to that effect as she scampered out of the office before giving him a chance to change his mind. Hot date, he mused. Somebody was going to get lucky; certainly it wouldn't be Eric.

The front door opened again ten minutes later. Eric hurried to greet his patient. His heart almost leapt out of his chest. It was blondie-tight-ass from early that morning. No, no, no, that was wrong. Tight ass sounded too pejorative. It was blondie, absolutely-fucking incredible-astounding-perfect ass! And soon he'd have the distinct pleasure of examining it up close and personal.

"Dr. Lloyd?" She asked with a faint European accent. He nodded and invited her to follow him into his office.

"I am so sorry I am late! I took a summer job and there was a lot of work to do today and I had to stay until the very end of my shift." She blabbered on, but the voice was absolutely angelic so Eric really didn't mind.

Being a doctor isn't such a bad job after all, he thought to himself. Such a pretty young thing and it was his job---his sworn responsibility---to carefully examine all of her private parts with great care. The thought stirred an instant and highly unprofessional reaction in his own private parts. Christ, he never got a boner looking at naked women in his office---it's what he did for a living for God's sake! He must be a lot farther over the edge than he had imagined.

"This is your first visit, isn't it?" he asked Blondie.

She nodded and started blabbering again. "Yes, I had to find a new doctor since I just moved to this country with my father. Oh I came here before, but only to visit. So a friend of one of my father's coworkers' wife is one of your patients and recommended you to me."

She sat in the leather chair in front of his desk and crossed her legs. The skimpy piece of denim she was wearing rode up her slender thigh. No stockings...no panty hose. That rare woman that just doesn't need 'em. His cock responded again as he glanced up at her breasts; her nipples were clearly displayed through the thin fabric of her blue halter top.

She shivered and crossed her arms, giggling. "The air conditioning...I'm always cold with it!"

He chuckled for the first time all day. She was vivacious, pretty and sexy. He was about to see her naked. This might just be the perfect ending to what had otherwise been a boring day.

She looked at him at him with her big, hazel, doe eyes, waiting for him to ask the usual first visit questions. Amazing eyes...a stunning face...wow.

"How old are you?"

"Nineteen."

Goodness! No wonder her breasts were so perky, he thought to himself. They just don't know any other way to be at that age.

"Are you sexually active?"

She giggled before answering. "Yes."

"Do you have a regular partner?"

She brought the tip of her tongue to her upper lip and grinned, almost embarrassed. "Well, I have multiple partners. I do use condoms and take the pill."

Multiple partners? He thought so. Hoped so. You sexy little slut. "Which pill?"

"Alesse. No other medication."

"Do you masturbate?" He couldn't believe what he just asked her. That was not part of the normal first visit questionnaire.

She giggled again. His cock twitched again. "Yes, I do."

She spoke freely about her sexual history and her biological functions. It turned him on. She was so open...so comfortable talking about her body...and what she did with it. He was so turned on that he was about to ask her even more inappropriate questions.

"How do you do it?"

She frowned and looked at him. "I guess you doctors here in America are not working the same way as in Europe... I never got asked that before!"

He tried to keep a straight face as thoughts of police officers barging in his office on Monday crossed his mind. To his relief she shrugged and answered his question.

"I usually start by playing with my breasts, you know, caressing and kneading, rubbing my thumbs across my nipples, or making small circles with my palms on them."

She licked her lips, moving her hands in front her breasts as if she was re-living one of her masturbatory sessions in her head. Eric inhaled deeply and pretended to write something in her file. His mind had turned to mush.

"Go on." He said, his raging hard on slowly swelling in his slacks.

"Umm... I... well it's never the same Doctor Lloyd! I mean, it depends on my mood. I will sometimes insert fingers or a dildo inside me... sometimes I will play with my asshole... but I always end up rubbing my clitoris with a finger. That's the easiest way for me to get off, I mean climax."

"Do you masturbate often?" Oh my! He couldn't believe she was answering his questions---let alone that he was even asking them.

"I don't know what you mean by often. I masturbate at least three or four times a day."

I should stop he thought to himself. Her willingness to answer all of his indiscreet and inappropriate questions aroused him. He pushed on into new territory.

"What about your G-spot? Have you found it?"

She giggled at his question and answered it as if he just asked her what time it was. "I did. But I never climaxed from having it stimulated."

That's enough, Eric, you're way over the line here. Move on with the exam and try your hardest to be more appropriate. Hardest...hard...he was rock hard.

"Good. Why don't you get undressed and we'll start the physical exam."

She frowned. He should have given her a paper robe and pulled the little green curtain so that she could have some privacy. It was getting too hard to think straight; it was painfully hard. Fuck it. All he wanted was to see her naked.

To his surprise and delight she stood and walked to the examination table. I'd play with your asshole too, dear, if you'd let me, he thought as she turned around. What a behind...absolutely world class and professional grade. He was sweating in spite of the air conditioning.

His mind was playing tricks on him; was she deliberately stripping for him? Most women undressed in a doctor's office either with a hint of embarrassment or at worst in a very matter of fact way that said, I want to be done with this. Why else would she be slowly hooking her fingers around the waist band of her jeans mini skirt, arching her back and sliding her skirt over her round little buns?

And what was with the g-string? Right above her alluring little rear crevice was a heart-shaped jewel which held the black strings together. As he realized that he would soon have his hands on that tight little back door his cock twitched. God I hope she didn't see that.

She slowly lifted her blue top with her back still facing him. She wasn't wearing a bra. She didn't fucking need one. Oh sweet mother of pearl! He was innately an ass man; the sight of her round little bottom was very stimulating. Ass man or not, Eric couldn't wait for her to turn around so he could see those perky, proud, standing-up-tall gold medal winners.

"I guess I have to take off the panties too, no?" She asked, sliding the skimpy g-string down her firm young thighs. She slipped her leather mules off her feet and climbed onto the examination table. Oh shit. There they were...the titties...completely unbelievable...marvelous...astounding.

Her posture was perfect! She didn't slouch like so many of his patients. "Do you dance?" He heard himself ask.

"I used to, but not anymore. I do yoga though." She answered, her firm tits begging to be touched.

Eric inhaled deeply. Had it not been for his lab coat, his patient would have fully appreciated his state of arousal. He pressed his stethoscope on her chest and she jumped.

"Yes, it is cold isn't it?" He teased, unable to stop gazing at her hard little nipples. "Breathe deeply"

Her chest rose and fell as she inhaled and exhaled. He mechanically proceeded to do a superficial examination, anticipating the moment when he would finally examine those damned tits.

"Lie on your back and lift your arms over your head please" He asked. She complied, continuing to breathe evenly as he stood over her, looking for any abnormal shape in her breasts.

Well, that was what he was supposed to do. What he was doing was admiring this young woman's breasts. Pale flesh, pink, puffy nipples...perky and perfect.

He slowly started to examine her right breast, searching for an abnormal mass inside. He found nothing but continued to press and roll around the areola anyway. "Do you examine your breasts like this?" He asked her.

"No... I know I should, but I always forget." She admitted in that soft angelic voice.

"Try to remember, it is very important." He switched breasts.

Her nipples grew even harder as he continued his examination. She was enjoying this. Certainly Eric was enjoying it.

He accidentally brushed a thumb across her left nipple. She gasped and froze. He brushed his thumb repeatedly across her nipple. "Can you feel this?"

"Uh huh." She answered, her little hands clutching the sides of the examination table. She was enjoying this all right! Forget the K-Y, this little pussy would be wet and ready when it came to that part of the exam.

Both her nipples were erect, standing up like little soldiers on parade. Eric cleared his throat. His cock was straining against his pants and starting to hurt even more. He just wanted to simply pull it out---just to ease the pressure.

He gently took her right nipple between his thumb and forefinger. "Can you feel this?"

"Yes." She whispered between clenched teeth as her hips slightly tilt up.

Ah, what a fine little slut he thought to himself. She gasped when he rolled her nipple between his fingers. "And this?"

She nodded. He had to touch his cock. The little hottie had taken him beyond all reason. He'd never had a patient become aroused during an exam before. On the other hand he'd never tried quite this hard to arouse any other patient. He turned to his instruments and swabs and quickly rubbed his cock through his pants. Turning back toward her and sitting on the exam stool he spoke again.

"Good! Now examine your breasts for me, so you remember how to do it."

She slowly pressed and rolled her breasts one after the other; her feet were in the stirrups and her thighs spread wide open.

Watching her touch herself, Eric became even more aroused. "Now, check the sensitivity of your nipples."

What am I doing? She'll call the cops on me! He thought to himself. His cock throbbed in his boxers...she was so willing...

She brushed her thumbs across both her nipples and let out a low moan.

"Good," He said, indicating that the self exam was over. He grabbed latex gloves and slipped them on.

"Now, since you mentioned playing with your anus when you masturbate, I'll make sure everything's ok back there." Eric explained, spreading her ass cheeks a little wider and probing around her delightful little brown eye.

He applied lube to his middle finger. "It might be a little cold." He warned as he gently slid his finger up her precious little chute.

She gasped. She spread her thighs wider. Horny little bitch! He lied to himself, telling himself that he was examining her rectum. In reality he was finger fucking her tight little rear. And damned if the little slut wasn't enjoying it. Oh she was trying her best to hide it, trying to repress her moans. Her glistening little pussy was betraying her.

"Good." He slipped off the gloves and threw them in the trash. His patient was lying on the examination table, waiting. Her breathing had become very rapid and shallow. "Everything ok?" he asked feeling like a hypocrite and a pervert.

"Yes, everything's fine Doctor Lloyd."

He sat between her thighs and admired her hairless little pussy. Few of his patients shaved. He liked the little girl effect. It was also much easier to examine. It also seemed daring...delightfully slutty.

He spread her lips and examined her vulva. So tight and symmetrical. Well that would be the clinical perspective but more important, it was so damned wet and inviting. He let out a low growl hiding it by subsequently clearing his throat. Maybe he'd just go down on her right here. It smelled good; it looked very good. It just had to taste good.

The question was burning his lips. "Are you enjoying this?" He didn't ask. He stroked her bare outer lips. Oops, forgot to re-glove; fuck it. She'll never know the difference. He glanced up; his patient's eyes were closed, her tiny hands still clutching the sides of the examination table.

She gasped and moaned when he found her turgid little love button. He wasn't supposed to touch it. He rationalized in his deluded state that this might be a medical emergency. It was so swollen the poor girl must be in real agony. Should he kiss it and make it all better?

"Can you feel this?" His voice was surprisingly husky.

"Oohh yesss," she replied. Oh, yes! She was so excited! Her pussy was wet, creamy, ready to be fucked.

She held her breath when Eric, still tickling her clit, slowly pushed a finger inside her tight little birth canal. "Squeeze my finger." He instructed.

The horny little bitch squeezed his finger so well his dick jumped. "Holy shit!" He hoped he had just thought those words and not uttered them. He wasn't sure of anything anymore.

"You obviously know about Kegel exercises."

"Yes. It always gives me a tingle when I do them, so those I don't forget." She was giggling or moaning; he couldn't tell for sure.

He slipped his forefinger in her hot pussy and curled his fingers up, probing. "Aaahh yes, there it is... you can feel this, right?" He asked, massaging her g-spot. Some practitioners weren't even sure it existed, but in his experience massaging right there always got a response.

"Oh yes!" She whispered, spreading her thighs wider and arching her back.

Oh, you're damned sure asking for it you hot little whore, Eric thought to himself.

"Good!" He said as he slipped his fingers out of her sopping little pussy. His common sense was returning. He was done touching her.

She gasped and looked at him with those big hazel eyes. Her lips were swollen and wet from licking and biting them throughout the examination.

"That's it?" She frowned, pouted.

"Well yes. What else could there be dear?"

He was hoping she'd beg him to make her cum. With his fingers, tongue or dick it didn't matter. He just wanted to hear the little slut beg.

"Umm..." She moaned, remaining on the exam table.

He stood over her and tickled her clitoris again.

"Oh... could you..." She started.

He enjoyed seeing this sweet young thing squirm and long for his touch. It was refreshing. All he ever saw were tensed up women, bone-dry pussies and untrimmed bushes. This was far more recreational.

She moaned when he stopped rubbing her clit. "Doctor Lloyd... I know this is inappropriate and I hope you will not hold this against me but... would you... please, consider touching me until I climax? Your touch is so...well, you know what you're doing and it doesn't happen to me often..."

Goodness! She was begging him. Holy shit! Eric's dick literally hurt. He needed to free it from its cotton prison and bury it in this hot, wet wonderful little quim.

"I'm sorry, dear, I can't really do that. It would be inappropriate...."

"If you don't do it, I'll tell everyone you molested me and the cops will take care of the rest." She said in that sweet, innocent tone of hers.

Oh, so now the bitch was blackmailing him. "Besides, you really thought you could hide such a big cock?" she said teasingly as she grabbed Eric's crotch and gave it an approving squeeze.

He chuckled. "You little minx..." My, her hand felt good!

She bit her bottom lip and unzipped his trousers. His cock head was glistening with precum. She pulled the engorged organ free of its confines.

She giggled, trying to wrap the thick shaft in her tiny hand. "So big..." She whispered, her full lips forming a wide 'O'. Eric appreciated the ego stroke; it was a hell of a lot better than, "not tonight sweetie, I don't feel like it".

He went back between her thighs; her feet were still in the stirrups. He took his cock head and slowly rubbed it up and down her tiny little slit and over her swollen clit.

"Can you feel this?"

She didn't answer other than to moan and tilt her hips up to meet his cock. He couldn't stand it any more. He had to stretch this tight hole with his dick. He slowly slipped his cock inside her dripping little cunt. Inch by inch he saw it disappear inside her past the delicate and bare lips which guarded her private entrance.

"Ooh that cock feels so good." She whispered. He gave in to the urge; he had to squeeze those amazing round tits. They spilled from his hands but he kept on kneading; her hard nipples poked against his palms.

"Squeeze my dick." He commanded.. Like the fine little obedient slut she was, she complied, squeezing his cock with her well trained inner muscles.

"Oh, fuck!" He said between his teeth.

"Oh such nasty words coming out of such an educated man's mouth!" She teased, wrapping her legs around his waist and pulling him in further.

He was ready to explode; he wanted her to cum too to make this a special experience for her. He didn't want to leave her hanging. He reached down her stomach and rubbed her hard little clit with his thumb. It started to have the desired effect.

She started babbling again. "Mmmm yes! Your cock is so hard! So big! I've fucked before but never like this! Shit...oh fuck...you're so good! Fuck me harder! Fill my fucking cunt with your cum!"

Oh! I'll fill your cunt all right! Filthy little slut! Horny bitch! he thought. He hoped it had been just a thought...or had he said it out loud? Fuck it. He no longer gave a damn. She tensed under him and grabbed the examination table over her head.

"That's it... oh yes! Right there... don't stop... oohh fuck yes!" She babbled, looking into his eyes. He felt her pussy clench around his cock as she came. He put his hand over her mouth to quiet her down. He knew nobody was in the office but he enjoyed the domination aspect of his act.

His toes curled. It had been a while since he's shot his load into a tight, hot, wet young pussy; the relief was more than welcomed. His cock spurted seven, maybe eight long ropes of cum deep in her tight cunt. That's got to be a personal record for cum, he mused. Holding onto her fine young hips he continued to jam his cock inside her body, stopping only when he realized that there wasn't anymore cum inside him.

He stood still for a minute, his cock deflating slightly in her cream filled pussy. She was beautiful with her hair messed up and a big grin on her face. He smiled back at her, kissed her lips with genuine affection and caressed her hair and face as his cock slowly slipped out.

"I still need a PAP smear, you know." She reminded him.

"Right! On the 12th, at five, and don't be late this time or I'll have to reprimand you." He was hoping she'd be late; a bottom as round and firm as hers... it would be a shame not to spank it.