**Doctor Diddly**

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**Doctor Diddly Pt. 01**

I wait patiently for the specialist I've been referred to, the one everyone is saying can cure me. I am laying on a lofted bed -- the sort found in doctor's offices everywhere -- and my long legs nearly reach the end of it. I am completely naked; I have been instructed by the specialist's secretary to strip completely down for the examination. It isn't the first time I've had to strip down for a doctor, but it's the first time I'm feeling hopeful about it. The doctor I am seeing is one of the finest specialists in the nation, and I am very excited to meet him and hear his thoughts on my condition.

But boy, is it cold in this room. The hairs on my arm stand straight up and I'm shivering, rubbing my arm with the palm of my hand. Goose prickles appear on my legs, and I'm silently cursing the doctor for taking so long, though I'm obviously grateful to see him. The first thing I am going to ask him is why the room is so fucking cold, and also, if he could turn the temp up a few degrees.

Shit, maybe I'd ask for twenty degrees, or thirty.

My nipples are now fully hard from the chill of the room. I wonder whether they will distract the doctor. I know he is a trained professional and everything and has received nothing but positive comments from patients and colleagues alike, but nipples are nipples. Like the sun, they are a natural resource for people everywhere (milk people, milk!) and can even burn you if you aren't careful. Granted, that's more for guys to worry about, but you get the point.

My nipples have never burned anyone simply because I am one of the few girls that is actually understanding of guys and their needs. It's ridiculous to think that they won't look at your nipples because, if given a choice, they will look at your nipples every time! Literally every single time.

Don't believe me? Well first off, fuck you and your misconceptions, and second off, look at the facts for a moment. I did an experiment a while back -- totally unbiased and in a controlled setting -- which relates to this very subject. And do you know what I found? 69.9 percent of guys will look at your nipples directly without even pretending that they aren't, and the rest will look at them discreetly, through whatever methods available to them.

That's totally batshit crazy, right? To think that men with their gentlemanly ways and perfect manners would stoop so low, low enough to watch my nipples whenever they happen to poke through my shirt (or even if my nipples haven't poked through my shirt, which is an interesting concept that surely needs more research devoted to it, that whole idea of guys staring in the general direction of your nipples even if they aren't poking through...I really do wonder why they do that!) and then have to tuck their five-inch dicks to the side in an ungainly fashion, praying that they can get home soon to masturbate to the mental image of my nipples poking through my shirt.

(Just a little side note, if it seems like I have a bias towards guys with five-inch penises, it's because I do. I'm one of those girls with a lot of space down there -- can take a shit-load of cock, essentially. Not that I like, regret it or anything, but it makes it hard when the dude's working with an eraser rather than a pencil. Sometimes it's not a big deal because I can just lie there while he does his thing or whatever, but other times it fucking sucks, specifically when the dude makes a fuss over my lack of enthusiasm. Guys get insecure super easy when it comes (comes...lol) to their cocks, so if they feel like they aren't fucking you right, they'll either get melancholy, mad at themselves, or worse, mad at you. As if it were your fault their fuck-game is mad weak. Shit makes me laugh, but also makes me sad at the same time. Where's the body confidence these days, you know? The only guys that seem to have any are the ones with the humongous dicks, which for me is around nine inches or greater. The reason guys like that fuck me so good has nothing to do with their oversize cocks (though it certainly helps). They fuck me as good as they do because they believe they can. That's right, the very same advice you'll get from Bob Ross or Joel Osteen also applies to fucking. If more guys listened to those fuckers I'd be orgasming five times a week. Joel himself might give me a better fuck than some of the guys I've considered getting with. Maybe I'll hit his line later this week. Anyways, I'd like to reiterate that while I don't hate five-inchers, I've yet to find someone that wields one properly. It takes a special kind of man to do so, I believe.)

Since my expectations are for guys to look at my chest, and therefore, my nips, I am always prepared for them to do it. I'll usually ignore them, but other times I will have a little fun with them, which basically means that I'll stare at them as they stare at my chest. Their responses typically range from fear, to panic, to frustration. And of course, there's always that bold fellow that will continue to look at my nips even when he knows that I know that he is looking at them. I remember this one guy Todd, who, in French class, not only continued to stare at my nips but also proceeded to look me right in the eye afterward. I recovered quickly from my initial surprise and stared right back at him.

Two nights later I was bouncing up and down on his meaty cock, my breasts cupped tightly by his thick fingers. Suffice it to say, Todd was a fucking savage. Guys like that are the best; they know what they want and aren't afraid to go and get it. Todd's eye-contact not only turned me on, it also signified to me that he was down to fuck. I wouldn't have known otherwise.

It's too bad he had such a shitty personality. I had to cut him off a couple days later for promising the football team that I would fuck them all for twenty bucks. How stupid, it would have taken at least a thousand for that kind of work. Besides, I was sure they all had STDs anyways.

The soccer team was safer in that respect. I had a boyfriend on the team at one point, Tommy, and he managed to convince me that the team was hosting an orgy in the Women's Locker Room. He told me that members of all the major sports in our school would be there, including many girls from the Underwater Basket Weaving Team (which was my cup of tea). I listened with a bit of skepticism but ultimately decided that attending would be in my best interest. I had always wanted to participate in an orgy. Girls always got fucked super hard in them, and sometimes guys even put two dicks at once in them. Sometimes I felt that, with such a shallow pussy, I could only be truly satisfied with two cocks in me at the same time.

When I showed up to the orgy, Tommy was there, but only him. The locker room was completely dark when I shuffled in, and it smelled like a literal foot. I wrinkled my nose and wondered where the fuck everyone was.

Tommy sauntered up to me and leaned in for a kiss. I stepped away and asked what the fuck was going on. He shrugged, saying that it had fallen through, and it would only be him and three of his teammates. Disgruntled, I said something to the effect of fuck you, Tommy, and he replied with a grin and a gladly.

The only reason I let him and his stupid friends fuck me is that I was soooo horny, practically out of my mind. In preparation for what I thought would be an orgy, I had refused my impulses and stayed away from my pussy. I liked to masturbate once a day but had gone over a week without touching it. It was truly a miracle.

By the time Tommy and his friends got to me my pussy was a faucet that someone had forgotten to turn off. I came over six times -- all squirts. I was used to squirting during sex, but I never would have imagined that it would happen six times in one session. Tommy and his friends took turns rubbing my pussy after fucking me from behind, and it worked just about every time.

I was left breathless and incoherent. My pussy was just about spent. The sheer amount of times I came was enough to leave me unstable on my feet and stumbling all over the place. Tommy had to support me on the walk to the door, along with one of his friends. They gave each other knowing looks, as if this was their plan all along. I'm sure they were satisfied with themselves in making me like this.

Cumming all over my ass left them satisfied too, I'm sure. I was hoping that I would be able to swallow one of their loads, but all of them came while fucking me. I urged them on, telling them that I wanted cum all over me, that I wanted to taste it. Unfortunately, the latter didn't happen, though I was more than content with the work they'd put in on my pussy. They gave me a fucking that I would never cease to remember, and I knew that I would have many self-induced orgasms thinking about it.

Since then, I haven't had a sexual experience that compared.

It's crazy to think about, but it's true. It's not like I haven't been with other guys since then (my condition sort of warrants it) but it's been nearly impossible for me to find a situation as perfect, one where I could get fucked by multiple dudes that I know, and think are hot. I've had a couple boyfriends that were more than willing to try it, so it's not like I've had a lack of suitors. The problem is their friends are never exactly up to par. I don't mean to sound vapid and bitchy or anything, I've just gotten used to having the hottest guys.

That's been an option for me for a while -- since I was twenty, in fact. When my breasts came in at twenty (I was a late bloomer), and hell, even a bit before that, I started getting mad attention from dudes. They would catcall me when I was at the mall with my friends, or if I was out shopping with my mom. Some even did it when I was with my dad, which always gave me a thrill and made me feel special. I talked about it with my friends at school, and they told me how lucky I was, having guys giving me attention and showing interest in me. My friends were in awe of me, and rightly so. I was on my way to getting major dick.

(Another little side note, I have a learning disability that has prevented me from moving up the educational ladder, so to speak, which basically meant that I was held back for a good couple of years, so when I mention my promiscuity in school, I'm referring to things that happened after I turned eighteen. Like I said, my tits didn't even come in until I was twenty, so I wasn't exactly Ms. Fuck-Me-Hard prior to that.)

And get some major dick I did -- and still do. For four solid years I've had my pick of the gosh darn litter, as guys go (I'm twenty-four now, by the way). I've fucked tall guys, short guys, pretty guys, thicc guys, black guys, asian guys, essentially any guy you can think of, granted he's hot and has mad tongue game. It's been a wild ride for sure (no pun intended). I've done just about everything in the book, and then some. It's gotten to the point where being naked is second nature to me. Shit doesn't even faze me anymore.

Which is part of the reason why I'm not embarrassed to be completely naked in front of the doctor I'm seeing. I'm still waiting for him to arrive (that motherfucker!) and I'm scrolling through my phone, wasting away the time through meaningless activity. My mother is sitting in the waiting room somewhere, surely paging through People's Magazine. She tried forcing her way past the reception area but was told by the doctor's secretary to beat it; she wouldn't be allowed to sit in on the examination.

You would not believe how grateful I am for that. My mother is the most infuriating person ever, and always asks the most pointless questions. I think she just likes hearing the sound of her own voice, though I'll never get her to admit it. She even lectures me in the doctor's office in front of the doctor, the poor bloke looking all confused and unsure of what exactly is going on.

He'll be giving me his analysis on my condition and all of a sudden, my mother will butt in, taking the opportunity to blame everything on me. She still doesn't understand that my condition isn't a function of anything I've done; rather, it's a genetic issue that I can't control or aid in any way. If anything, it's her fucking fault for providing me with those genes in the first place! I've told her so before, and her only response is to wave her hand at me and return to whatever stupid thing she's doing. If she weren't my mother, I'd have smacked the bitch by now.

It's going to be absolutely terrible being alone with her later, after the examination. I already know how it's going to go: We'll be in the car, on our way home, and she'll start shaking her head at me, as if I've done something horribly wrong. Taking the bait, I'll ask her why she's shaking her head at me, and her response will be to sigh and say my name in a chastising manner, which will make me angry. I'll point my finger at her and tell her to stop being such a bitch, and she'll snarl at me to stop being such a slut, and we'll go on like this for another thirty minutes until we arrive home, where we'll go to opposite ends of the house and see each other briefly for dinner.

The matter of how dinner will go is a whole other issue, but I can tell you that my mother and I probably won't be singing kumbaya, if you catch my drift. I really feel for my dad, who has to mediate all that shit. My siblings are female -- both younger -- so he's the only person with a penis in the household, which must be hard on him. I'm sure having four hormonal women to contend with isn't ideal for him, though I know he loves us. But we give him so much shit in the process of giving each other shit that I'm surprised he hasn't tried to flee/escape. I wouldn't even blame him if he did.

I wonder what he's even doing right now, and silently pray that it involves some "me time" on his part. My sisters are both in school, and obviously my mother and I are occupied, so I hope he's having coffee with a friend or something. It's Thursday today, which is when most people work, but my dad's hours are different. He works the weekends and has off Thursday and Friday.

I really do look forward to seeing him when I get home. I start thinking about a memory involving me and him at the zoo, where a female orangutan bit his nose. The thought brings a smile to my lips. I have my father's image in my head when the door to the room opens.

The man that steps through has got to be one of the strangest looking men I have ever seen. He's completely bald, with tats covering his neck and arms, and has eyes the color of obsidian. His skull is strangely angular -- it reminds me of the creature's skull in Alien. His eyes are close enough together that I begin to wonder whether he's retarded. He's wearing the typical garb of any specialist, and believe me, I've seen enough doctors to know exactly what that looks like. His smile disarms me, it's a nice one that has me wanting to be friendly despite his outward appearance. All I can do is smile back and take his hand as he extends it.

"Hello, I'm Doctor Diddly. It's a pleasure meeting you, Madeleine. I've read up on your file, and have some thoughts of my own, but would really like to hear your own thoughts regarding your condition. I understand you've had quite a bit of trouble with it in the past? It's certainly a unique situation, though not particularly uncommon with adolescents between the ages of fourteen and seventeen." He takes a quick peek at my file, which was tucked under his arm a second ago. "But you are twenty-four now, which begs the question of why it's still going on." He flashes me that smile again. "But we're going to get to the bottom of it, aren't we. Now tell me a little bit, in your own words, about what you've been going through and when it all started."

Wow, he's all business. I've never met a doctor that gets into the nitty gritty as quickly as he does. I'm totally thrown by it. I gape at him for a second before remembering that he asked me a question.
"Well, it started when I was younger, so I've had it for a while, I guess. And...it hasn't really gotten worse over the years -- I believe that's in my file -- but it's been pretty consistent. Like, it hasn't really gotten worse but it also hasn't gotten better...if that makes sense. So...I guess I'm just wondering at this point if there's anything I can do about it or if it's something I'll have to live with. Either way I'm sort of, like, tired of trying to figure that out. You're not the first doctor I've been to about this, actually, and um...while I'm grateful to see you I have some doubts about...about whether there really is anything you can do for me."

The whole time I have been speaking he's been staring at me intently, his thin eyebrows folded downward, his forehead creased in contemplation. He looks off into the distance for a second, as if composing his thoughts. Then he turns back to me.

"I totally understand that, Madeleine, and I'm sorry that you've been put through the ringer with all this. I understand a bit about what that's like. It can't be easy feeling hopeless about your case, but let's proceed with the examination and see what we can do about it. Ok?"

I nod. That sounds more than ok to me. Doctor Diddly seems like a man that can actually help me.

I was naked the entire time we were talking, and my nipples are as hard now as they've ever been. I silently curse myself, remembering how I was supposed to ask him about the temp. I could still ask, of course, but would rather let him get into the examination without any needless probings.

As he pulls some blue gloves from the inside of his doctor's coat, I start thinking about the fact that he didn't look at my chest once, or my pussy for that matter. Both were clearly visible to him, so it blows my mind that he was able to bypass them as effectively as he did. Most guys would be drooling all over themselves at the sight of my thick pussy and D cup tits, but he dealt with them as if he were used to dealing with similar body parts all day, which I'm sure is the case. Still, I can't help but be impressed with the ease in which he seemed to disregard my sex and my tits. I'll admit that I may be a little disgruntled with it as well.

He has the gloves on now and is telling me to relax my body as best I can. I fold my hands over my stomach, waiting for his searching hands to do what they have to do. He's staring down at me, flexing his fingers in preparation for his task.

"If at any point you feel uncomfortable or want me to stop the examination, do not hesitate to tell me. Also, in order to fully examine you, I'll need to question you during it. Basically, I'll be asking clarification questions that give me a better sense of the area." He gives me a kind look, one that's meant to alleviate any fears I happen to have. "How does that sound to you?"

"Oh, totally fine by me. I've gotten pretty used to this by now so...like with all my doctor visits and stuff...feel free to do whatever you have to do." I give him a reassuring smile. I almost wink at him too, in a gesture of confidence, before remembering the setting and realizing how inappropriate that would be.

"Sure thing, Madeleine. Let's proceed."

He wastes no time at all, leaning over my body and placing a gloved hand on my pussy. He starts maneuvering my lips in different fashions. It's an odd sensation, one that feels pretty good honestly. I can feel my condition starting to take root inside me, starting to influence my thoughts and behavior. I am hoping that he finishes this part of the examination soon, before I get totally wet and embarrass myself in the process.

"Ok, it seems like everything else is normal. I'm going to try some different things and see how you respond."

I nod, somewhat anxious for what he has in store.

He taps my pussy with a gloved finger repeatedly, his face pure concentration. I don't really understand the purpose, but I figure the dude knows what he's doing. After tapping my pussy for a minute, he takes his finger and moves it down to my anus. He slowly inserts his index finger into it and rubs his thumb along the base of my womanhood.

On the verge of wetness, it's all I can do not to cry out. I can feel my body giving way, my limbs relaxing and my mind emptying. I bite my lip, wondering how long he plans on doing this for. I worry that my pussy will betray me, that it will release its contents and completely smatter Doctor Diggity, or whatever the fuck his name is. I almost laugh at the thought, but find it somewhat disturbing as well.

Is it strange that part of me is hoping it happens?

Now both of Diddly's hands are working on my pussy. He still has one of his thumbs in my anus, but it seems to be more of an afterthought, as the fingers on his hands are cooperating in unison to provide my pussy as much pleasure as possible. This is certainly a strange examination, though I'm not about to complain.

He increases the intensity of his probing fingers until I am crying out. I'm practically moaning for heaven's sake. My knees are moving all over the fucking place, totally beyond my control, and my eyes roll into the back of my head. I dig my nails into the side of the bed, trying to regain some semblance of control over my body, but it is to no avail. My mind starts feeding me dirty thoughts as well, which it usually does during foreplay of any sort.

I have to remind myself that this is an examination, not foreplay. Still, the way he's rubbing my pussy -- furiously, as if it's the only thing in the world that matters -- makes me wonder what his actual intentions are.

He's barely acknowledged me this whole time, interestingly enough. My pussy is the center of his universe right now. Both of us are breathing deeply, shallow breaths that come out rapidly and animal-like. I tell myself to remain quiet so that he can focus on the examination -- I want to make sure that he finds out everything he can about my condition.

"Right now," he says, "I'm checking your reaction to various stimuli. It appears there is a fair bit of arousal involved with certain, ah, rubbing aspects. I'll make sure to note that in your file later on, but I want to move to something a little different. Are you familiar with the various stimuli related to this particular erogenous zone?"

"I think I've heard that somewhere." In truth I have no idea what the fuck he is getting at.

"Well, the next one might be somewhat painful to you...it has to do with insertion into the affected area. Are you comfortable taking that next step in the examination?"

I have never been more comfortable with anything in my life. I fucking invented insertion. I am the queen of insertion. The conception of insertion was something that I was around for. It's an art form that I've been subscribing to for years now, and I am a firm believer in the overall philosophy that comes along with it. Suffice it to say, I'm more than fine with Doctor Diddly sticking whatever he wants to inside me.

"I'm comfortable with it. Do whatever you have to do Doctor...it's Diddly, right? I'm sorry, I believe it slipped my mind."

He flashes a smile at me. "We're close enough in age where I'm fine with you calling me 'Doc Diggers'. It's what my colleagues call me, oddly enough." He readjusts his gloves. "Does this mean I should call you Maddie?" He grins at me this time, showing plenty of nice teeth.

This feels like some subtle flirtation game, and I can't help but enjoy it.

"Feel free to call me whatever you'd like. People have a lot of names for me...usually..."

"All good ones, I'd wager?"

I nod. "There's a couple I could see you using on me."

"Hmm. Maybe I'll come up with a couple on my own." Breaking off our conversation, he refocuses his attention on my pussy, which has gotten wet during our conversation, much to my chagrin.

He enters me with two of his fingers, but with my pussy as deep as it is, I find myself craving more. My pussy is so wet at this point that it is making audible noises as Doctor Diddly moves his fingers around inside me. Again, his face is a mask of concentration, and I can't help but wonder about the conclusion he's arriving at in terms of my condition. He's doing me so well with his fingers, however, that it's difficult to reflect on this for more than a couple seconds.

He starts rubbing my clit with what I assume to be his nose, his face so close to my pussy that he could taste it if he wanted to. I'm sure he can sense the heat coming off of it. Now that he's rubbing my clit, I can really feel myself losing control, and I moan loudly as a means of distracting myself from how fucking well Doc Diggers is working my pussy.

On the verge of cumming right in his face, I arch my back, stretching my body across the length of the table.

"Is there anything you, ah...ah...oh woah! Need me to..." I trail off, totally incoherent in the face of intense pleasure.

He looks up at me as if from a trance. "No, you're doing very well Madeleine. The results are pretty in line with what I expected. Sit back and try to relax your body, as I told you earlier. It's very important that you do this during the examination. We're trying to maximize the reactions that emerge from the examination, and in order to do that, you need to keep your body very still." He draws out the last syllable on very, as if I were a child. "Think you can do that for me, Madeleine?"

Somewhat peeved, I reply, "I'd be more inclined to do it if you stepped up your game a bit. I can barely feel anything you're doing. Maybe you're trying to be cautious or gentle or something...I don't know. But I want the examination to be as thorough as possible. I'm looking for results, you know? I think you understand what I'm getting at."

Doctor Diddly rubs his chin. "Perhaps we need to insert something of a greater size, something that may elicit more feeling from you. The only thing is, there's little to work with in this space." He looks around the room. "If you have any suggestions, I'm more than willing to consider them."

I take a quick scan of the room. There is nothing in here that is suitable for our purposes, and I tell him so. He frowns, looking increasingly distraught.

"Well I'm sorry, Madeleine, there's little I can do if the examination isn't working for you. I've never had this exact problem before."

I consider backtracking, telling him that his former insertion technique was fine and that I was a liar about the whole thing. The problem is, I really like Doctor Diddly, and don't want him to receive a negative impression of me. Therefore, I will never be able to tell him the truth of the matter. My pride would prevent me from doing that anyways.

There is only one course of action for me.

I sigh, looking him dead in the eye. "You're going to have to fuck me."