**Sandal Tales 06: Doctor is in**

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I was going to meet my best friend today to do some shopping and catching up. We went way back- both cheerleaders in Jr. High and High School. We weren't "loose-" but we did enjoy having fun.   
  
We are both blonde and built- but whereas I am only just over five feet tall and somewhat "voluptuous" Sherry is a head taller. I always envied her long legs- and used to tell her she should be a model.  
  
Well, now she was. Not a "supermodel" but I heard it was enough to have steady work in ads and fashion shows.  
  
As for me- I am- as they say- a personal private executive secretary for a very rich lawyer. He is old enough to be my dad and has never laid his hands on me or come on to me in any way.   
  
But I have a sense about his "appreciation" of my shape and how I dress- maybe it is the fact that he has half a building full of "real" employees doing real work- and the most I do is make a cup of coffee now and then and look busy while clients are waiting. And he pays me very, very well.   
  
So I work hard for him- using a pretty good amount of my budget on the latest fashions, making sure that I keep well tanned, and letting both him and clients enjoy looking at my choices in attire- which are usually a variety of high heels, short dresses, and low cleavage blouses.  
  
One of the games Sherry and I used to play in our cheerleader days was a bit of, I guess you could say, exhibitionism. We would go out to eat and giggle and laugh like the silly blondes we were- while we would wiggle and drop things and let nearby patrons see down our tops or up our dresses. We would get adventuresome sometimes and go without panties or bra- and though it never went anywhere except our silly idea of being a tease- I'll admit to being quite aroused and often going back to the dorm for a private masturbation session after showing off in public in this way.  
  
Now I got it from my job! Still quite single, I manicured my whole body as sexily as I wanted to. I mentioned tan- and it was all over. The exclusive club I was a member of kept me manicured and I tanned in the buff. From head to toe I allowed myself the luxury of being "made beautiful" on a regular schedule.   
  
And, something I picked up somewhere along the way, I kept well shaved. From the neck down. Not just underarms and legs- but arms, pussy, you name it- it was smooth and bare.   
  
So there I would often be- on the job at this huge curly maple desk in the private reception room to the bosses inner sanctuary- young and smooth and tan and voluptuous- on display like a doll in a showcase.  
  
This is how I was dressed to meet Sherry. I knew she would be, too, in her profession. I chose a simple one piece yellow Summer sundress that buttoned completely from top to bottom down the front. Spaghetti straps, I wore nothing underneath, and had matching yellow high heeled sandals- the obvious "look at me" kind with the strappiness continuing in halfway up my smooth tanned calves and showing off my oh-so-manicured toes.  
  
I was a bit disappointed when I first saw her at our meeting place- an exclusive sidewalk cafe. She was wearing a medium dark business suit. But as she came closer I noticed it's short cut and the black high heeled strappy sandals on her feet- and the fact that the suit jacket's open cleavage showed not a bit of a shirt or bra underneath. We had both come ready to play- just like the old days!  
  
We had a lot of catching up to do. And thirty minutes later my mouth was hanging open as I learned that her modeling career had gone quite high and she was on her way to the big time.  
  
When we were done getting caught up with each other we gradually moved into our "oblivious blondes having fun" time and began to look for "victims"- which at this exclusive cafe were everywhere.   
  
Sherry asked me if I had ever made good on my wish to date a black man- and I had to admit I hadn't. I had been attracted to handsome black males all the way back to the captain of the basketball team in school- but never got up enough nerve to try a date. Not exactly true- I had never been asked, either. But I did fantasize often about the supposed "size of their equipment" and still wondered if it was true.  
  
I asked why she brought it up- and she nodded sideways to indicate a table to my left that had two very well dressed and handsome black men. I winked and dropped my napkin to that side- and bent over and fumbled a bit before retrieving it- attempting to attract their attention. Sherry told me I had- and so the games began.  
  
We bobbled our legs and made quite a show. I managed to unbutton several buttons from both the top and bottom of my dress and dropped a few more things. Each time I was more bold- giving them more of a show. My pussy was wet with excitement.   
  
Finally I swung around in my chair to get my bag- which was by one of the cafe table legs- and let my legs splay out awkwardly as I reached for it. I knew that if they were looking that I just gave them a view of my tanned hot cunt. My heart was throbbing. But as I fumbled with my purse as though looking for something they got up and left- and it seemed that our fun was at an end.  
  
We chatted a bit more over a cappucino and some wicked chocolate dessert. Then Sherry looked at her watch and said she had to go- that she had an appointment at two. Bang! it hit me! I had an appointment at the Dr.'s office at one thirty! And it was twenty after one!  
  
With hasty goodbyes I wondered how I was going to make it. I had to make this one- I had cancelled twice already and was almost out of my birth control pills. He told me no renewal of the prescription until I had my exam. Nuts!  
  
The office was about three blocks away so I decided to make it on foot instead of trying for a cab. Walking as fast as one can in sexy heeled sandals I made it just five minutes late. After checking in I sat down and wondered how long I would have to wait now that I had hustled to get here.  
  
As I caught up with my breath I realized that I was in a rather peculiar spot to be in a Dr.'s office. Slutty sandals and matching skimpy sundress with nothing underneath- and partly unbuttoned at that!   
  
I noticed the only other man in the room- looked like a grandpa- was looking me over from a corner seat. I must be a sight- panting and looking like a cosmopolitan cover model. But, hey, I was still horney from the my cafe antics with Sherry- what would it hurt the old geezer to get an eyeful.   
  
I crossed my legs and swung my foot gently. My pussy was damp as ever. I reached for a magazine and recrossed my legs "man" style to set it on to turn the pages. I knew this was most unladylike- but I also knew that gramps was now looking straight up my dress. I became more aroused.  
  
Just then they called my name.   
  
I was ushered back to one of the exam rooms and the female nurse took my pulse and blood pressure- all the while looking quite prudish at my apparent state of dress. "The doctor will see you in a few minutes" she informed me, tonelessly.  
  
Sitting alone waiting something dawned on me. What had I been doing? Here I was about to get a gyno exam- and me hot as a whore on Saturday night?  
  
Just then a knock and the door opened- and in walked a most handsome black individual. Tall, with good proportion evident under his professional attire. And it was also quite evident that it was one of the gentlemen that I had just been performing for at the sidewalk cafe.  
  
"Where's Dr. Philbin?" I stuttered. He smiled and told me that he was called to the hospital for an emergency- that his name was Dr. Collins and would be filling in.  
  
With a smile he handed me a gown and said I would need to remove everything and put it on. Looking my outfit up and down he said "or you could just unbutton your dress and we could work from there if that would make you more comfortable...I'll be back in a few minutes."  
  
As he left I could feel my heart pounding. He seemed to be taking this all very professionally- but I was in a tizzy! Trying to think- I decided that keeping the dress on would be a good thing- and just unbuttoned a couple more from the top and a couple more from the bottom and sat on the exam table. That should give him the room he needed.  
  
Another knock and in he came- with the door closing behind him- which he locked. I did not remember this from previous exams- but just probably hadn't noticed. But I was aware that the customary female nurse was not there.  
  
But Dr. Collins immediately started with instruments checking pulse, breathing, eyes, ears, nose. The regular stuff. When finished with that- he indicated that I would need to lie back.  
  
He slid out the shelf for my legs and then when I was comfortable he pulled the front of my dress open at the top and began the manual breast exam. He certainly was being thorough- and I could feel it all the way to my vagina. Then he reached in a cabinet and pulled out a contraption that I had not seen before. Putting it over my left breast he began pumping a ball on a tube and I felt suction on my left nipple.   
  
"I'm just checking for any unusual secretions" he informed me. The suction increased and my nipple was tingling. To my utter amazement I realized a few drops had come out.  
  
"Very good," he commented and moved to the other breast. The same result. "Normal," he said, "everything looks just fine. Now if I can put your feet in these stirrups to continue your exam."  
  
Heart pounding increased as I realized I still had my Roman Sex Goddess high heeled sandals on! I had not thought about removing them. He lifted them into each place. The heels he maneuvered a second and they seemed to slip and lock into the stirrups. I realized that I was now unable to free them myself and was stuck.  
  
He then came around and raised the upper part of the table. It was almost uncomfortable- but now I was semi-sitting up and could see my own spread legs and pussy.   
  
He began with the familiar instruments- poking and prodding. But I noticed he used no ky lubricant. He knew I was already lubed up! And oh-my-god I couldn't help but to move gently at his prodding.   
  
I watched as the device spread my opening and he examined my open vagina. But then he made some adjustments and it spread me open even further- and the lips of my pussy burned a bit with being stretched so far. Then he took a long finger and placed it directly on my clitoris and massaged it- all the while making professional "umms" and "uh-huhs." I began to move against his finger- all the while my eyes glued to his probing digit. I knew that if he kept this up I would be embarrassed with an orgasm in a few more minutes.   
  
Then he stopped and nodded and released me from that device. He said there was another test instrument- just a minute and he would warm it up a bit. He turned away and worked with something and when he turned back moved in with all seriousness and began to insert the new item. I had not looked but now I did and it looked for all the world like he was putting a large, long, stainless steel shiny dildo in my cunt.   
  
He slipped it in and in further and further. When it "hit bottom" he said hmmmm.... and marked the depth with his fingers and pulled the device back out. Then in again, then out- and each time stopping with gentle pressure as far as it would go inside me.   
  
I was definitely pushing back and a moan escaped from me. I was past being embarrassed- I was hot! I did not know the point of this part of the exam- but I was losing the ability to care. I just wanted to fuck that piece of shiny robocock that was going in and out.  
  
I noticed it was going in deeper each time as I thrust back. Suddenly he stopped and pulled it from me.  
  
"Extremely good" he remarked. "Just one more test and we'll be done here."  
  
Another one! Lord have mercy! As I slowly came back to earth for the moment I decided to close my eyes and relax my head back against the rest for this last "device" to be inserted- or whatever.   
  
I heard him arranging instruments and move back towards me. Hands on both knees now spread my legs further apart. I was sure that my pussy was gaping open all on its own by this point.   
  
"Here we are..." he said softly- and a new warm device slide inside me. It was very large and my vagina lips were burning with the pressure. Slowly deeper- just like that last one- until it bumped the end. "Hmmm..." he said again, "I was sure this would all fit.  
  
I opened my eyes to look at the new "device" and saw a few inches of what looked to be a huge black cock at my stretched cunt. The rest of this apparent monster was inside me.   
  
Without waiting for approval or otherwise he slid out and back in- out and back in- and I realized that this man with the dick of a horse was fucking me!   
  
I could only watch and began to moan as the pace picked up slowly. And the amount of leftover cock got smaller and smaller with each thrust until I realized he was now implanting me with his whole member- pushing his balls against my ass with each thrust.   
  
"I trust that you are keeping up with your birth control medication?" he asked out of nowhere. I grunted and nodded. "Good," he said, "because after the show you gave me and my friend at the cafe- I believe that I have little choice but to pump you as full as you deserve."  
  
With that the pace increased and I could feel his cock throbbing in readiness. Then a final thrust and he held it in place inside me as I exploded in orgasm- feeling his manhood pumping load upon load of cum deep inside me.  
  
In a moment he withdrew, zipped up, and taking me loose from the exam table he declared the exam over.  
  
"You can pick up your new prescription at the front desk. I'm not going to bother to help you clean up. I am going to enjoy thinking about my cum dripping from your tight little puss as you leave. Have a pleasant day, now."  
  
He opened the door with me still mostly unbuttoned and left. I quickly buttoned a few top and bottom buttons to be decent- and walked down the hall, paid, got my prescription, and left.  
  
And he was right. As I flagged a cab I could feel his flow begin to leak from my pussy and down my thighs. I wondered if the cabbie would mind if I masturbated on the way home...