**Dr. B Shows Me Off**

by[**Exporoni**](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=50124&page=submissions)©

I'm a squirter. That's what my ex, Ray told me. When I am excited my genitalia over lubricates, actually squirting my body's natural lubricant out of me as if I am ejaculating. I had not seen very many adult films, especially those that cater to fetish taste, so I was not sure this was even possible. Needless to say it made me feel extremely freakish to be making love and spray what I thought was pee on my lover's body. Especially if I was being orally serviced and filled his mouth or drenched his face with my love juice.

When I was in my early twenties I went to an urologist because I believed my problem to be a bladder control issue. Dr. B examined me as any good doctor would, nurse present and with the utmost respect. He even scheduled a second appointment to further examine me and because of my inability to take off work he let me come in on a Saturday.

His office was in Oklahoma City and my appointment was Saturday Morning, at 10 AM. When I arrived he was waiting in his car and escorted me to the back door of the clinic. The building was locked and apparently no one else was working that day as he turned on the lights. Walking down the hallway to the examination room he explained that his nurse had to take her son to a soccer game and wouldn't be in today when I felt him place his hand on the small of my back as if to guide me to the room.

Entering the examine room he told me to disrobe. He left the room as I nervously stripped to my bra and panties (as I had done previously); leaning in the doorway he added I needed to remove all my clothes. I did and climbed on the exam table; I could feel the coolness of the paper covering the vinyl top. My breast were (and still are) a firm 36C which is large for my 4'11" petite size; along with my three inch aureoles and my perpetually hard nipples I imagine I was a bit of an eye-catcher as his eyes locked on to my chest when he re-entered the room. He was carrying a tri-pod and a movie camera, which he proceeded to set up in one corner of the room. As he found the right spot for his equipment I couldn't help but wonder what was going on.

Finally, after plugging it in and focusing and tweaking the different adjustments, he turned it on. Then leaving the room once more he returned with a camera bag. Opening the bag he removed a high dollar digital camera that he attached an equally high dollar lens. I guess he could read the nervousness on my face because he explained that his practice is affiliated with a local hospital that is a teaching facility and that the uniqueness of my case is something that he would use as an adjunct professor. It sounded plausible, plus it almost made me feel special that I would be the focus of a group of young doctors in understanding the odd physiology that causes my vagina to squirt. It also turned me on to think my naked body would be looked at by a bunch of twenty-somethings and I could only hope at least one would get excited.

Still I was a little uncomfortable sitting in front of Dr. B, just the two of us, without a stitch on and I thought it odd that during my first visit, with his nurse present, I kept a hospital gown on the entire time. As he began snapping photos of my nude body he explained that during my first visit he was unable to fully investigate my problem because I had not been aroused and that since my problem only occurred during sexual excitement and orgasm he felt he needed to simulate that condition. Now I am a brunette, not blonde, but this seemed to make sense and I wasn't sure what he meant by simulate, but he explained it in such a matter of fact way, plus he was a doctor!

So with the video camera rolling, he asked me to lie back on the exam table and place my feet in the stirrups mounted on each side of the table. Normally I have a very hairy pubic area but since the last visit I had taken the time to trim my bush back to better show-off my pussy lips and ultra fat clitoris, not necessarily thinking that I would be flat on my back, legs up in the air for a semi-stranger. I couldn't help feel a tingle as he gently placed a small pillow under my head then sliding his hand under me he raised my body high enough to slide another pillow under the small of my back. He asked if I was comfortable, I lied and said I was. Taking a few more pictures he set his camera down.

Looking up at him I could see his eyes on my pussy. He remarked that he liked the grooming I had done. His comment embarrassed me, as I felt myself blush. He asked me if I liked to be looked at, if I became stimulated when men looked at me. I nodded my head yes. He next asked if it stimulated me to see a man's erection. I again nodded yes. As he asked me these questions he began massaging my breast, rubbing them in a circular motion. Squeezing and cupping them, he would gently pinch my nipples. Listening to me moan he pinched them harder, pulling them upward. Harder.

Removing one hand from my breast, he reached between my legs, rubbing my pubic bone; he stroked my neatly trimmed bush slowly working his hand towards my vulva. I could feel his hand on my pussy lips, tracing his finger between them. With his index finger he was flicking back and forth on my clitoris, sending electric shocks up my spine. I knew there was a puddle forming on the thin paper covering the table.

The bright lights of the exam room and its sterile environment didn't inhibit me as I couldn't help but squirm to his touch. My mouth was open as I moaned, gasped as he moved his hand from my breast up to my face. Putting his fingers in my mouth he turned his head towards him, standing next to me I could see the outline of his hard cock.

He talked to me in a relaxing tone, telling me to enjoy his massage, to relax. Up to now I had laid there passively as he worked on me, but I wanted to see it, I wanted to see Dr. B's hard cock. I wanted to see how hard I had made him. I reached out to touch him and felt it through his slacks. Pulling on his belt I let him know I wanted it out of his pants. I began to stroke him, rubbing the fabric of his trousers. He assured me there was plenty of time for that, reminding me that this is an exam and to let him be the doctor.

"Fuck my mouth," I moaned, hunching my pussy on his hand as he buried his fingers in my hole.

Dr. B removed his hand from my wet cunt and picking up a towel, coolly dried his hands as if he was preparing for dinner.

"Roni," he explained, "It appears that you have started the process of pre-coitus preparation." Or some kind of medical double-talk, all I knew was my pussy was wet, my nipples hard and his dick was rock hard. It was all I could to remain calm as he walked around between my legs and sat down on his stool. Holding his Nikon inches from my crotch he again snapped away. Then once more setting his camera down he began his examination.

Sitting on the stool between my legs his head almost disappeared as he examined my vagina. I rose up on my elbows to better see what he was doing, when I felt the cold stainless steel metal of his speculum as he inserted it inside me. I shivered and he apologized for not warming it. I could see him peering inside me as he moved his face closer to my pussy, his one hand holding the instrument, the other searching out my clitoris. Pinching my swollen clit I winced from the unexpected pain as he grasped my purple knob at its base and began to rhythmically squeeze and twist it.

I could hear him humming as he played with me, then I heard the familiar buzz of a vibrator. I was beginning to wonder if I could endure much more of his torture as I felt him slowly insert it into my hole. I knew I had already saturated the thin paper covering the examination table as he began to work his instrument deep into my pussy. It was a big dildo, still on my elbows; I could see it wasn't just a vibrator but one of those adult store giant penises' with veins and a head. Giant! And it felt incredible as Dr. B worked it back and forth, stretching my vaginal walls to accept his toy. He was sliding it in and out of me, fucking me, when he leaned forward and began to lick my clitoris. Sucking it into his mouth, he nursed on it like a baby on its mother's tit, sucking it hard. I could feel his tongue circling me and flicking back and forth.

I was on the verge of one of my biggest ever orgasms when he abruptly stopped. Removing the plastic cock from my pussy, I watch as he picked up something similar to a turkey baster. Placing the tip inside me he started to slurp up my pussy juice; sliding it deep inside me I could feel it sucking as I filled up the glass collector. Next he picked up some kind of petri dish and squirted a few drops. As if this whole situation wasn't bizarre enough he squirted a few more drops on my breast, then he told me to open my mouth.

Standing up he reached for my open mouth, placing the 'turkey baster' in my mouth he put the tip between my lips then slid it in. I could taste my pussy coating the outside of his tool.

"Suck on it," Dr. B hissed.

I started sucking the glass tube as he slowly fucked my mouth; I could taste my pussy juice as he squeezed the bulb, releasing it down my throat. I couldn't help but gag as my mouth filled. Removing his baster from my mouth he intentionally squirted some on my face, I could see it still had a lot of my 'special sauce' in it. He stared into my eyes as he brought it to his own mouth, then tilting his head back and opening his mouth he held the tube two or three inches from his lips as he began to release my liquid into his open mouth. Emptying the baster into his mouth, he allowed it to splash onto his face, some dripping out the corner of his mouth and running down his chin.

He laid it on the tray and sat back on his stool, placing his wet face next to my pubic area, he again looked inside me. He began to lick my labia, sucking each lip, filling his mouth with my flesh. I could feel myself leaking, running down my crack to my anus. My vaginal and anal regions fully exposed as the stirrups held me open, the pillow under my back elevating my ass. I love to show-off and this was the extreme!

The truth be know, I was so turned on, my pussy again filled with my juice, I could almost imagine it dripping on his exam table, running on the floor; and I know my clitoris was standing proudly at attention, probably purple in her excitement. I could feel his finger probing my ass, then pushing one, then two deep in my anus. He slowly pumped them in and out me, twisting and turning them as he tried to bury them to his knuckle. He was now standing as he fingered my ass, driving deep into my hole.

Reaching over to his examination tray he picked up an object and gently worked it in my ass. It was a butt-plug and I think it was the extra large size! It filled my ass up tighter than any ass-fucking I have ever experienced. It must have been four inches across as he worked it in and out of my butt. Removing it completely from my ass he plunged it in my pussy, wetting it with my natural lubrication then back deep in my anus. Fucking the shit out me!!

Finally he stopped, time for more pictures. Dr. B placed a step stool at the end of table and was standing on it, raised on my elbows I watched as he unbuckled his belt and unzipped his trousers. The head of his cock was already peering out the top of his boxers as he pulled his clothes down. He grasped his rigid dick with his fist and its head swelled as he tightly gripped it. It was nice, not scary, but impressive, about eight inches and pretty thick. He was already oozing some pre-cum from its slit as he rubbed himself on my clit. Next, like a Louisville slugger he began to 'thump' my clitoris like a "Whack-a-Mole". Quickly inserting it inside me he brought out wet and creamy to once more spank my pussy.

Removing the butt-plug from my asshole I felt him replace it with his dick. He was as thick as the ass toy but two or three inches longer as I felt him deep,deep inside, probing my guts. Fucking my ass, he would withdraw to where his head would 'pop' out of me then he would ram it back to the hilt, slamming his pelvis against me. My pussy was creaming, oozing all over my pussy, my ass, the exam table, as he pounded his cock back and forth in my asshole.

Again he stopped and walked around the table to my face where he placed another stool to stand on as he put his cock up to my lips. I opened my mouth as he slid the fat head of his dick between my lips. I could taste myself, coating him with my creamy pussy lotion, my ass cream, whatever the hell that covered his slimy, slick cock! Grabbing me by my hair he fucked my mouth, crammed and rammed his nasty dick in my mouth, down my throat. My eyes were bulging, tearing as I gagged on his head. He pushed it as deep as he could, suffocating me, leaving it, not withdrawing, he held my hair tightly as I began to fight for air. I thought I would pass out when he suddenly pulled out leaving me gasping for air as he immediately shoved it back in.

With both of hands holding my head he slammed in and out of my mouth, my lips aching from pelvis. Grinding his cock hard against my face I could hear him grunting as he fucked my face. I could taste my blood as my teeth mashed against the backs of my lips, I bit down on his cock making fuck me even harder. He stopped, removed his bloodied penis from my mouth and again picked up his camera. Pointing the lens at his cock he snapped then zooming in on my mouth he took pictures of my now fat lips.

He asked me what made me the wettest, what did I fantasize about. I told him sex but that I would cream my panties whenever I thought about somebody seeing me. Not just 'seeing me' but when they would 'accidently' see my pussy. I told him about how turned on I get flashing. I told him about dropping my towel for the pizza guy, no panties when I tried on shoes, fingering my hole for truck drivers. Pretty much spilled the beans on what I thought was my perverse behavior.

My body felt battered, my ass wallowed out, my lips swollen and red, my clitoris bruised from his manhandling. "Get off the table," he commanded me. Helping get my feet out of the stirrups he moved the step stool under me as I tried to get off the table. "Follow me," he instructed as he walked out the door into the hallway.

The backdoor was full view glass, like you see at any office and Dr. B led me to it and told me to stand in front of it. Our two cars were the only vehicles in the parking lot except for a pick-up and trailer parked over in the far corner. As I continued to stand there I noticed three maybe four guys working, planting, trimming, yard work stuff. Pushing my back, he pressed my breast against the cool glass of the door, then he used his foot to move my feet apart, spreading my legs, opening my pussy. Taking hold of my wrist, he raised my hands over my head and placed them on either side of door. I was spread eagle, arms and legs wide for all to see.

I could feel him behind me as he started to rub his dick around on my pussy. Working his head inside me he began to fuck me. Thrusting my ass towards him I tried to give him better access, trying to let him get a deeper stroke as he fucked me harder. I knew they could see us, he knew they could see us and he kept fucking me. Grinding into me I dropped my hands to the push bar on the door to better stabilize myself as he was about to push me out the door. Slamming into me I could feel his balls swing into my snatch as he plunged into my pussy.

Quickening his pace he began to rapidly pound me, grunting, moaning as I felt my cunt gushing, running down my legs, knowing that any minute, any second he would cum. Then at the peak, the apex, I heard a car honk, a car alarm, his car alarm. Honking repeatedly! The yard men looked up, they stood up, now they really did see us as Dr. B pumped furiously into my pussy, bringing us both to an unbelievable orgasm. Pulling out of me, he shoved me to my knees and turned me sideways in the doorway so they could watch as I finished draining him in my mouth. Helping me to my feet I thought we were going back to the exam room when he unlocked the door and pushed me out.

Locking the door I could see him walk down the hallway as I stood locked outside, stranded, naked, my pussy dripping his cum down my legs. The men couldn't take their eyes off me as I reached down to my hole and got two fingers full of his thick man cream and put it to my mouth. I repeated this as they approached me; now squatting I continued to clean his spunk out of my pussy. Smearing it on my lips, sucking it off my fingers I wanted them to see how nasty I am. Reaching inside me I couldn't help but finger-fuck myself as they got closer. Looking down between my legs I could see the puddle forming as my cunt dripped onto the concrete. White, creamy, clumps of cum.

Suddenly Dr. B opened the door and pulled me inside. In his hand was his video camera and he had been taping all of my vulgar display. All four men stood at the door as I sat on the floor; leaning back I put both of my feet on the door. Spreading my legs I began to masturbate, letting them watch me finger myself. Dr. B tossed me the butt plug and I fucked my pussy with it until I was drenched then rammed it in my ass. Spanking my pussy I slapped it as hard as I could stand, popping it so that my juices splashed off of it.

They watched through the glass; one pulled his dark cock out his jeans. He was uncircumcised and I watched as he skinned it back and started to jack-off, his head tight and swollen as he worked it. The other three were about to do the same when Dr. B unlocked the door. Spilling into the hallway, they crowded around me, each with their dicks in their hands, I got to my knees and tried to suck them. Grabbing a cock in each hand, I furiously jacked them off, while one guy tried to fuck my mouth. My pussy was once again drenched as first one then another blew their load on my face and my breast. Rubbing their hard dicks on my face, spurting their thick semen, clumping in my hair, thick and dripping off my face I was draining them completely. I tried to suck each one, licking and cleaning their dicks as I sucked them. I could smell their body odor, taste their sweat, the musky smell of their cum was thick in the air.

I was in heaven as one man bent me over on my hands and knees; I could feel him trying to push his softened cock in my hole. As his dick began to stiffen and ride up in me I noticed the flashing lights in the parking lot. A police car had pulled up to the door investigating the neighbors' complaint of a car alarm going off; and me naked on my hands and knees, covered in man goo, one man trying to fuck me, Dr. B with no pants on and the other three guys, their cocks in their hands, trying to stroke themselves back to an erection, I could only imagine what the police report would say.