**Seeing Doctors**

by Emi Tsuruta

Most of the time I try to take care of myself - you know, exercise, eat right, keep clean, things like that. Lately though, a couple of things have happened, and I've had to go see a doctor. It wasn't anything serious, just silliness on my part I guess.

The first time I ran into trouble was at the pool in the campus fitness center. I'd been swimming, and got out to go down to the whirlpool bath. I guess I must have been walking too fast, and the deck was kind of slippery. I slipped, and fell on my fanny. Cheryl, one of the lifeguards at the pool, saw what happened, and rushed over.

"Emi, are you alright?"

"Yeah, I'm OK," I told her, rubbing my tail bone where it hurt. I tried to get up, but that wasn't so easy.

"Hey, careful now." Cheryl examined my backside, but couldn't see my tailbone for my swimsuit. I was wearing a one piece that day, and it covered the small of my back. "Maybe you'd better go see the sports physician at the campus clinic."

"No, I'm fine really," I told her, but when I tried to walk, I could really feel where I hit it. I slowly limped back to the shower.

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah." I didn't think it was serious, but actually, it hurt to sit, and it hurt when I tried to take off my swimsuit. Maybe I should go see the doctor just to make sure. The campus clinic wasn't too far away. I could probably make it that far. I kept my swimsuit on, but pulled my hoodie on over top. I took my clothes and stuff to Ray at the front desk, and asked him to hold onto them for me till I came back. He looked concerned, but I assured him I was OK, and then limped off to the clinic.

Outside, people were kind of staring. At first, I thought it was because I was limping, but actually, the swimsuit I was wearing is cut pretty high on the legs, and is sort of like a thong at the back, so you could see my butt cheeks. A lot of girls here wear this kind of suit, so in the pool, it's no big deal, but out on the street, I stood out. It was nice that they found me sexy, but I didn't have time to stop, and chat. I had to get to the clinic.

When I got there, the receptionist asked,

"Do you have an appointment?"

"No, but I kind of hurt myself at the swimming pool."

"OK, have a seat. We'll call you."

It hurt to sit, so I just sort of stood at the back, hiding my bare butt cheeks against the wall. Some of the people waiting peered back at me. I guess I did look kind of strange with my bare hips showing.

Eventually, a nurse called me, and led me to a large room with three examination tables in it. The doctor, a distinguished-looking middle-aged man, was talking to a red-headed woman, another student I guess. The nurse told me to sit down on the empty table, but I just leaned up against it, waiting for the doctor. There was a wiry Goth guy fidgeting on the third table. He looked over at me, and smiled. I was in too much pain to smile back, but he signaled it was alright.

The red head left, and the doctor went over to talk with the Goth guy. The nurse led in another woman, a fit-looking blonde. She said hi, and struck up a conversation. She was apparently a sprinter here on some kind of sports scholarship. I told her about my injury, but she said it was probably nothing. People fall all the time. Eventually, the doctor came over to talk to me.

"What seems to be the problem?" he said looking down at my chart.

"I was running at the pool, and fell."

"Can you show me where it hurts?"

I turned away from him, and lifted up my hoodie showing him my backside. He lowered his glasses studiously, and examined my bottom, but he couldn't see with my suit on.

"Uh, where does it hurt specifically?"

"Um, on my tail bone...?" I answered, not sure of the right word.

"Um, do you think you could show me?" he asked. On hearing this, the Goth guy perked up, all excited at the prospect of seeing me strip, but the doctor pulled the curtain around to block his view. "Um, I can call a nurse if you like," he offered. I raised an eyebrow not understanding. "To observe I mean."

"No, that's alright," I told him. I really didn't want a big audience. I slowly pulled off my hoodie, and peeled the straps of my swimsuit off my shoulders. The doctor was looking down at my chart, trying to act serious as I stripped naked in front of him.

"Tsuruta? That sounds Japanese," he mused.

"It is," I nodded, pulling my swimsuit down until my breasts popped out. I felt so weird getting naked in front of him, right in the middle of this crowded examination room. The curtain gave some privacy, but he hadn't even closed it all the way! I kept worrying that the Goth guy would come over, and peek in.

I pushed my suit all the down over my hips exposing my pussy as well. I looked at the doctor, blushing, wondering what he made of my naked body. He was doing his best to keep a straight face. He just motioned for me to turned around, and show him my bare bottom. While I turned, he got out a pair of surgical gloves, and pulled them on. I wasn't sure what he was planning, but then suddenly, I felt his hand on my bottom! I was so shocked!

"Here?" he asked, probing my tail bone with the fingers of his other hand. He pulled my butt cheek to the side, examining the crack. My hello kitty was tingling like crazy.

"Yes," I blushed.

"Does it hurt when I do this?" he asked, continuing to probe.

"Yeah, ow. Ow."

"Sorry," he apologized, finally removing his hands. "There aren't any bruises or anything."

"It still hurts."

"OK, lie down," he told me. I hesitated for a second, and then slid my swimsuit off. Maybe it's just me, but having my swimsuit around my thighs seemed kinky somehow. "Oh, you can keep it on!" he rushed to clarify.

"No, that's OK." It would be too much of a bother to pull it back on. I lay face down on the table, looking over at him, still wondering what he thought of all this. The doctor touched me again, massaging my lower back with his finger tips.

"How does that feel?" he asked.

"Um, yeah, OK."

I could tell he was trying to be a good boy, but he was definitely interested in my behind. He motioned for me to lift it up in the air, ostensibly so he could see better, but that seemed pretty kinky too. A line from a song popped into my mind: 'face down, ass up. That's the way we like to...' I did as he asked, but my face felt even hotter. I was getting so wet. I hope he doesn't notice!

"So what should I do?" I asked, trying to focus on the reason I was here. He seemed so fascinated by my rear that it took him a moment before my question even registered.

"Oh uh...," he muttered finally looking up at my face. "Frankly, I don't see anything wrong with you. You look to be in excellent shape," he concluded smiling. That was nice to hear, but it sounded like he was talking more about my body than my health.

He sat down, and started writing on my chart, peering up at my rear from over his glasses. He seemed to be taking his time. Doesn't he have other patients to attend to? I mean it was nice that he took so much interest in my case, but I felt nervous lying here naked with curtain partly open. I could hear people outside, and I wondered if they'd see.

"Um, is that all?" I finally asked.

"Does it hurt when you bend?" he asked. I wasn't sure, so next he asked, "Can you get up on all fours?"

I guess this was a reasonable question, but I felt so embarrassed as I rose up onto my hands and knees here high up on the exam table. I was now flashing my pussy at the gap in the curtain. He went around behind me, and took a look.

"Does that hurt?" he asked, still trying to make out that this was all serious. I was so wet by then I'd completely forgotten about any pain I'd been feeling.

"Um, no. I seem to be able to bend."

I thought he was going to touch me, but just then, we heard a nurse outside looking for him.

"Dr. Lawson?" she called out. He motioned for me to get back dressed, and then went to go see what she wanted. I got down off the table, and scrambled to step into my swimsuit. I peered at the gap in the curtain, still worried that people might see. The doctor came back just as I finished pulling on my swimsuit.

"Anyway, I'll be here tomorrow and Friday if you want me to um... take another look," he offered. This sounded strange to me, but maybe I was reading too much into it. He must see hundreds of girls naked. Not sure why he was making all this fuss over me.

I pulled my hoodie back on. He finally got called away to deal with another patient.

On the way out, the Goth guy asked,

"How did it go?"

I nodded that it was fine, and waved farewell. I suppose it wasn't that bad. Maybe I was overreacting.

Some time after that, I had my next run-in with a doctor or actually a hospital this time. Summer had arrived, and it was hotter out. I like hot weather, but I was having trouble sleeping. This went on for like a week, until one morning, my alarm went off at seven. I had a whole bunch of things to do that day, so even though I was tired, I got up, had a shower, and headed off for school. I made it to my comparative lit tutorial, but I was so sleepy. Then suddenly part way through class, I passed right out.

Someone must have called an ambulance or something, because when I woke up, I was in a hospital bed. I went back to sleep, but when I woke up again, my boyfriend Ryosuke was there. I guess my best friend Satomi must have called him.

"Aren't you supposed to be at work?" I asked weakly.

"Don't you worry about it," he smiled. "How are you feeling?"

"I'm OK. I was so tired." I still felt sleepy, but I was better now that I'd gotten some rest. I glanced over, and there was an older man lying in the bed next to mine. Pretty soon, the doctor came in. He was a youngish man, clean cut, kind of handsome.

"Miss Tsuruta, is it?" he asked looking at my chart. "I'm Dr. Woodfield. It appears you had a bit of a spill."

I struggled to sit up, but he motioned for me to relax.

"Have you been traveling in Asia?" he asked. I shook my head no. "Just checking," he explained. He put his fingers on my neck feeling for swelling.

"No, I've been here the whole time."

"Here, could you roll over? I want to listen to your heartbeat," he explained holding up his stethoscope. I did as he asked, only then realizing that I was wearing one of those paper-thin hospital gowns that is open at the back. This one was pink, and felt like tissue paper. I felt for my underwear, but all I could feel was the soft flesh of my butt cheeks.

"Oh!" I squealed, surprised. This doctor looked pretty surprised too. The nurse might have undressed me, or maybe Satomi, but if so, where were my undies? I looked over at Ryosuke suspiciously, but he shook his head that it wasn't him.

"Um, you could... uh... um," the doctor stuttered. The old man in the next bed sat up trying to see. The doctor quickly pulled the curtain around to block his view, but people kept going by in the hallway.

"Um, would you like to... um...?" The doctor didn't finish his question, but he was no doubt hinting I should pull on some panties. I looked around, but I couldn't see them. I couldn't see my clothes even. I motioned for the doctor to hurry up, and do his thing, so I could cover back up. He hesitated, just staring at my patootie for a moment, but eventually, he placed the stethoscope on my back.

"Kya! That's cold," I squealed. The doctor looked out the door, worried I guess that my squeals might bring the nurses. I tried in vain to pull the gown around to cover my backside, but it was caught under my knee. The doctor moved the stethoscope from place to place, but eventually, he took pity, and motioned for me to lie back down.

"Anyway, I don't think it's anything serious. We'll just run a few quick tests to be sure." He still looked shaken, but eventually, he headed out to order these tests.

"Seems he liked what he saw," Ryosuke smirked. It was pretty funny seeing the doctor squirm like that. "Do you need anything?" Ryosuke asked more kindly now.

"Could you give me a back rub?" I purred. He motioned for me to roll over, but first I got him to pull the curtain all the way round, so people in the hall wouldn't see. We could still hear the nurses bustling around, but it was kind of exciting. I rolled over, and lay face down. Ryosuke patted me on my behind, but I motioned for him to hurry up, and give me a massage. He placed his hands on my shoulders, but soon he worked his way down, and was fondling my bottom. I gasped in mock shock, but we had to be quiet. The guy in the next bed was right there.

"Anyway, you'd better get back to work," I whispered. He made a disappointed face, but finally, gave me a kiss.

"Get some rest, you hear? I'll come back tonight."

I rolled over, straightened the sheets, and slept a bit more. Eventually, someone came, and opened the curtain. They had a tray with my supper. They adjusted my bed, so I could sit upright to eat. I got up to go to the bathroom, but I think the old guy got a peek at my backside. After I came back out, I went over to talk to him.

"Are you alright?" I asked. He looked so frail, like 100 years old, but he smiled when I came up.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Emi. What's yours?"

"Preston. You remind me of my beloved May, god rest her soul."

"May was your wife?"

He just looked at me, and smiled. He asked me about my school and such, and told me about his wife. He seemed like a nice guy.

"It's such a beautiful day out," I went on, turning to the window. When I looked back, he was staring at my bare behind again. Embarrassed, I scrambled back to my side of the curtain to look for my clothes. They didn't seem to be in the drawers.

"Preston, you haven't seen my clothes, have you?" I called out through the curtain.

"No," he answered. He couldn't have taken them, could he? Or the nurse? I buzzed the nurse, and she said she wasn't sure. It looked like she might help look at least, but soon she got called off to see to another patient.

Later after supper, Satomi showed up with Ernie, the teaching assistant from the course I'd fainted in. Ernie is in his thirties and fairly serious. He gave me fair marks on tests and stuff, but he is trying to get me to talk more in class. I think he thinks I'm shy!

"Emi!" Satomi squealed, all excited. "How are you? We were so worried after you collapsed."

"I'm OK," I told her. "The doctor says it's no big deal. I was just tired. Sorry to cause all that fuss. I'm fine really."

"That's good. I'm so glad. We were so worried honestly."

"Why are you here, Ernie?" I asked. "You didn't have to come all this way."

"The hospital is on my way home, so I thought I'd stop in, and see how you are," he smiled. I wondered for a moment if there was something going on between Satomi and Ernie, but I guess not. If it hadn't been for me fainting, I doubt they'd be together.

Satomi got up on my bed, and laid some things out on my overbed table.

"We brought you some fruit, a deck of cards and the assignment for next week's class."

I wanted to sit up, and look, but I could still feel the sheets on my bare behind. Ernie was standing down at the foot of the bed, wondering what to do with the basket of fruit. I sat up motioning for him to set it down on the overbed table, but instead, he came down next to me to set it on my nightstand. I scrambled to pull my gown closed, but it was caught underneath my sheets. Ernie turned this way, raising his eye brows in shock when he realized I was naked! I tugged on my gown, but I didn't want to tear it. Ernie didn't say anything, but he was clearly quite surprised to see my bare bottom. I guess he had this picture of me as being some shy straight A student who never breaks the rules. I hadn't intended to flash him, but now that I had, I was spiraling. I was so embarrassed.

Satomi hadn't noticed. She just explained my homework assignment, and then asked,

"Do you want to play some cards?"

"Oh, I wouldn't want to keep Ernie," I blurted out. "I'm sure you've got a lot of work to do."

Ernie gazed at me, clearly quite emotional now.

"No, that's OK. I can stay, and play," he nodded, pulling over a chair. I knew I needed to fix my gown, but the sheet was tucked in so tight. And this silly gown was no use. There wasn't even a tie I could do up at the back.

"What do you want to play?" Satomi asked, oblivious.

"Um, whatever. What do you usually play?"

"We'll teach you a Japanese game: Daifugou."

I was getting all worked up by then. Trying to sit up, I got up onto my knees, but this just made it easier for him to see my bottom. Despite my best efforts to stay calm, my pussy was getting all wet and tingly. It isn't like I like Ernie or anything. I don't know why I was getting so excited.

Anyway, Satomi started explaining the rules to him, while I sat there with my rump showing. Ernie couldn't see the cards from where he was sitting, so Satomi waved for him to come closer. At least now, he couldn't see my backside anymore! He looked like a little lost puppy dog, dying to get another look.

We started playing. I got good cards, and took an early lead. I kept glancing over nervously at Ernie, but he was trying to act all serious. One problem was now that I had finally got some sleep, I felt all this energy surging through my body. Or maybe I was just worked up from flashing him. I did have this tremendous urge to do something.

Satomi seemed happy enough, but that's probably because she hadn't realized I was naked yet. She doesn't like it when I cavort around naked in front of people. (Not that I do it that often, but... well, you know what I mean).

I was so flustered that when Satomi bent over the table to fill out our scores, I leaned forward to see what she was writing. Ernie backed up examining my backside again. I don't know what I thought I was doing. Normally, I have more sense than to flash my tutor. It's just that my hello kitty was tingling like crazy! I was definitely losing it.

When Satomi finished writing, I straightened back up, glancing back at Ernie. He licked his lips, but was trying to keep a straight face. Maybe he thought I was flashing him on purpose. For the life of me, I couldn't figure out how to get this silly smock in check. Everything I tried just seemed to make things worse.

I finally managed to pull it out from under the covers by going up onto my knees, but the top was slipping down now almost exposing my breasts. Ernie was trying to hide his mounting excitement, but he was loving this. For my part, I felt horribly exposed kneeling here virtually naked with Ernie looking on and all these people going by in the hallway outside.

Satomi dealt out another hand. I pulled the collar up to hide my breasts, but what with all this air swirling around my naked body, I was getting all excited. I wanted to touch myself, but I couldn't with Ernie watching.

Satomi excused herself to go to the washroom. Alone with him, I suddenly felt more self-conscious. I turned to face him hiding my body behind the smock. He was on the edge of his seat, clearly dying to ask me why I was naked, but couldn't get up the nerve. Soon, Satomi came back. I don't think Satomi knew exactly what was going on, but she could probably tell that both Ernie and I were heated up about something.

"I guess we'd better go, and leave you to get some rest."

"No, let's play one more game," Ernie insisted. I knew he just wanted to ogle me some more. It was kind of fun teasing him, but I was worried about getting found out.

Satomi sat back down, and dealt out another round of cards. I stayed cover at first, but I was winning again. I got up onto my knees, to play my cards. My gown fell off one shoulder, so I think Ernie could probably see my whole body now. I was so excited I felt like I was going to come. We heard a ruckus outside though, so I quickly covered back up, and lay down. Ernie looked disappointed, but it was probably for the best. I'd showed him my naked body, but knew I shouldn't push my luck.

Satomi wished me well, and then dragged Ernie away. I slept a bit more, but eventually, I heard Ryosuke's voice out in the hall. The nurses were giving him a hard time insisting that visiting hours were over. I got up out of bed, slid my feet into some slippers, and tiptoed out to the door to see what was going on. I felt vulnerable standing here in this open-backed gown, but the nurse wouldn't let Ryosuke in, so I stepped out into the hall to help.

"That's OK. I'll just see him out, alright?" I suggested to the head nurse. She looked concerned, but finally agreed. I tried to pull the gown around to cover my backside, and then walked with Ryosuke down to the elevator. He handed me the plastic bag he was carrying.

"What's this?" I asked, taking it from him.

"Your clothes," he admitted sheepishly. "I washed them at a coin laundry, and just picked them up now."

So he did have them all along! I gave him a peeved look, but he just grinned.

It took two hands to hold the bag, so I had to let go of my gown. I was worried someone would come out into the hall, and see. Ryosuke realized what I was worried about, and suggested,

"Here. Put them on your bed, and come right back."

I scampered back to my room, feeling all excited now. Ryosuke just stood there, with a goofy grin on his face, enjoying seeing me flit around half naked. When I came back, he was smiling ear to ear.

"That's quite an outfit."

I winced, and tried to get the gown back under control. Once we were in the elevator, Ryosuke gave me a kiss.

"How are you feeling?"

"A lot better, thanks. I'm pretty sure it was just lack of sleep."

Part way down the elevator stopped, and an orderly got on. I backed up trying to hide my bottom. Ryosuke nodded for me to show the guy, but I shook my head.

"You know I accidentally flashed my comp lit tutor today," I whispered to Ryosuke.

"Oh really? What did he think?" he grinned. I switched to my best pouty face. The elevator stopped on the first floor, and we all got off. Ryosuke took my hand, and led me towards the back door, but the orderly glanced back, and caught a glimpse of my tukus. I was so embarrassed, but he just smiled.

Ryosuke took me all the way to the doors leading outside. It was pretty dark out, but we could see the street lights shining, and hear the cars going by on the road on the other side of the parking lot. The wind was swirling all around my body making me acutely aware of how naked I was.

"Ryosuke, you shouldn't have taken my clothes. I was baffled," I scolded. He wrapped his arms around me, and pulled me close.

"Sorry," he apologized. "You look good like this though."

I had to admit I was pretty excited. He made me show him my backside, but I was getting worried about the people outside.

"We gotta get together after you get out," he finally said.

I just blushed, but I was happy that he was so into me. I gave him a kiss good night, and quickly rushed back upstairs. I was so relieved when I finally got to pull my panties back on. It had been quite an adventure, but I knew I couldn't run around like that forever.

The next day, the doctor came, and gave me a clean bill of health. It had been an interesting visit, but I was glad to go back home, and sleep in my own bed.