**Family Dentist**

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Melissa awoke late. By the time she got up, the sun was already streaming brightly through the window, despite the blinds being tightly closed. She yawned and stretched, for a moment forgetting where she was. She was soon reminded, however, as her outstretched arms became entangled in the mass of stuffed animals above her head. She was back home for the summer.

Her previous year had been spent away at college, her freshman year. The beds in the dorm room were twins, and quite uncomfortable at that. Sleeping on her queen bed in her childhood room, with all her stuffed animals, must’ve caused her to oversleep, despite the fact that she had been sleeping here for the past two weeks.

She got up and changed out of her flannel pajamas, selecting a floor-length skirt and a long sleeve t-shirt. She didn’t bother changing out of her large panties and favorite old sports bra, reasoning that she would shower when she got home. The large red numbers on her alarm clock read 10:42, meaning she only had 28 minutes until she was due at the dentist’s office.

The dentist! Melissa hated going to the dentist. She had been seeing the same dentist since she was five, as had the rest of her family. She didn’t hate dentists per se, but doctor Jorgensen was now a balding man in his fifties, much older than Melissa’s twenty. Older men had a way of making her feel….small. Just like her own father, every time she went to the dentist she just felt terrified of disappointing him. Every time he would ask her to open wider, or swallow, she felt obligated to respond quickly, and even felt guilty for not doing it before asked. It made sense that he reminded her of her dad. The two were old friends. That’s probably the only reason Melissa still went there. Her dad insisted. He had even made the appointment, when she had come back and he had discovered that she hadn’t been to see the dentist in her whole time away at college.

Not that Melissa could be described as an assertive person in other circumstances, either. She had been described as mousy, and that could only be based on her personality, not her appearance. Most people never knew this, but underneath her baggy sweatshirts, loose pants, and heavy coats, Melissa had an amazing body. She had inherited her mother’s curves, with a double d cup size and a backside to match. Except, unlike her mother, Melissa only wore a size four dress. Still always a modest girl, she insisted on covering up at all times. She had never even worn a bikini.

The dentist’s office was less than ten minutes away, so Melissa went into the bathroom to brush her teeth. Although she was always diligent about brushing and flossing, the thought of Dr. Jorgensen finding anything wrong with her teeth drove her to give them a last minute scrubbing.

Finally satisfied, she put her long red hair in a ponytail, grabbed her keys, and headed out. Traffic was light in the late morning, and she made it to her appointment with ten minutes to spare. After notifying the receptionist, Melissa grabbed a Time magazine and sat down in the corner, away from the only other patients there at that moment: a middle-aged woman, another, younger, woman, and a small boy with her. She didn’t really look at the magazine, instead choosing to notice all of her dentist’s war paraphernalia. Being somewhat of a war buff, he had quite a bit before Melissa’s last visit, and it looked like his collection had only grown. There were tank figurines on the coffee table, old recruitment posters on the walls, and even a three-foot B-52 replica hanging over the receptionist’s head.

Exactly ten minutes later, a hygienist came out and called her name. Melissa looked up, but then quickly averted her gaze. She hadn’t been expecting a male assistant, but she really hadn’t expected him to be that good looking! He introduced himself as Brad. She quickly followed him back down the hallways, trying to get a better look at him, but always feeling embarrassed and averting her gaze whenever he turned back to look at her.

He led her into a room that opened directly into the waiting room and had her sit down. He began the typical cleaning, making pleasant conversation, interpreting her muffled replies as accurately as only a dental office employee can. With him that close to her, smelling him, feeling his arms graze her chin and her chest, trying to look at him but not wanting him to notice, Melissa began to feel a familiar arousal between her legs. She felt herself blushing when he asked if she was seeing anyone, at which point she shook her head. Surprised, Brad pulled the tools out of her mouth.

“Really? You don’t have a boyfriend?”

“Really. I’ve never even had one.” As soon as she said it, Melissa regretted it. Brad didn’t need to know that!

“That’s surprising. You’re almost too beautiful for me to believe that.” Flustered, Melissa just looked away at the wall, noticing a – hopefully decommissioned – grenade and a WWII style helmet. Brad noticed her reaction to his comment and tried to change the subject.

“Doctor Jorgensen should be in any minute. I’d better get things set up for him.” With that Brad stood and began to place various tools and a few small vials onto the table beside Melissa’s chair.

Just then, doctor Jorgensen came in. He announced his presence loudly, causing Melissa to jump. This knocked the table over, spilling one of the vials onto Melissa’s skirt. Brad rushed over and began blotting at it with one of the large bibs, but the dentist pushed him out of the way.

“That will stain immediately unless it is washed. Brad, go start the washing machine.”

Wordlessly, Brad left.

“Stand up, Melissa.” Melissa wondered for a moment – surely doctor Jorgensen didn’t mean for her to take off her skirt right now? But even that thought didn’t stop her from complying quickly with the command. Doctor Jorgensen moved over to Melissa, placing his thumbs into the waistband of her skirt. Oh! He did mean–

“Doctor….”

“We have to wash the skirt now or it will stain. It is okay, we have washers here. I’ll have Brad wash it right now.”

Automatically, Melissa responded “yes sir.”

At that, doctor Jorgensen pulled the skirt down to her ankles in one swift motion. However, his thumbs must’ve been caught in the waistband of her large panties too, as both skirt and panties came down to the floor! Melissa could only react by trying to pull her large t-shirt down to cover her now exposed crotch. She succeeded, more or less, but there certainly wasn’t much room for error. The bottom hem of her shirt cleared her pussy by maybe an inch. Her long t-shirt had now essentially become a dress. Melissa had seen her roommates go out to the clubs in dresses not much longer than this, but it was probably a foot shorter than Melissa had ever worn! Not to mention, they probably wore panties when they did!

The dentist must not have noticed, as he collected both garments together and handed them to Brad, who had just walked in, and who was ushered right back out to start the wash.

“Sit down and we’ll begin.” Melissa sat back down in the chair, hyper-aware now of the plastic covering of the seat on her bare legs. As she sat down she felt her shirt inch up just past the bottom swell of her cheeks. She tugged the top to try and pull it back down again, but the shirt wouldn’t move past her ample bottom. It was stuck on the plastic of the chair.

Doctor Jorgensen put on his latex gloves to begin the exam. He asked Melissa to open wide, and with his mirror, began examining her teeth. Melissa complied, but continued to try and adjust the hemline of her shirt. The dentist was quickly becoming annoyed by her movement.

“Melissa, is your shirt bothering you?”

Unable to tell Doctor Jorgensen what was really going on, she simply said “yeah, a little.”

“Well, I’m sorry, but you’ll have to stop fidgeting with your shirt. Can you be a good girl and hold still?”

“Yes sir” Melissa answered meekly, determined to leave her shirt alone. This only lasted a few moments, however, as Melissa glanced down at her exposed legs, and was sure she saw hairs sticking out from her crotch! Hoping the dentist wouldn’t notice, she surreptitiously reached down to try and remedy the situation. The dentist did notice, however.

“Melissa, I can’t do my work if you keep fidgeting. If you keep on fidgeting, I’m going to have to solve the problem in a more drastic way. Do you want me to do that?”

Melissa replied, mostly to the floor, with a quiet “no sir.”

“Ok then. Can you promise me you won’t fidget?”

“Yes sir. I promise.”

“Good. If I catch you fidgeting one more time, I will make sure the shirt is no longer a distraction. Do you understand?”

Melissa wasn’t sure she did. What did he mean by that? But, afraid to annoy doctor Jorgensen further, she simply said “Yes sir.”

The dentist continued the exam, and for a few more moments, Melissa was able to refrain from pulling at her shirt. The dentist pulled a bib out from a nearby drawer and motioned for Melissa to sit up. He began to put the bib on, but the act of sitting up and his hands adjusting the bib pulled her shirt up an inch or two, and reflexively Melissa’s hands shot down to the bottom of the shirt to pull down the hem.

“Ok, that’s it. I told you no more fidgeting, but you couldn’t handle that. Now I have to take care of it. The shirt, please.”

“Um, what?”

“Give me your shirt. The only way I can be sure that it won’t be a distraction is if you give it to me.”

Melissa was stunned for a moment. She didn’t know what to do. She knew without her shirt she’d be left there in only her sports bra, naked from her ribs down. At the same time, she didn’t dare refuse doctor Jorgensen. So slowly, inexorably, she reached down to the bottom hem of her shirt, but instead of trying to pull it down to cover her most private place, she fought every instinct she had and lifted the shirt up. She squeezed her legs tightly together, partly to keep her crotch out of view, and partly to keep the wetness out of view. Her mind briefly went back to Brad, blaming him for the wetness she felt. Slowly, the shirt came over her white bra, and over her head. She handed it, and the bib which had come off with it, to doctor Jorgensen, who placed them both on the counter behind him.

“Thank you. Now let’s get back to the exam.” He waited until Melissa had eased back into the chair, and then put his hands back into her mouth. She felt the thick plastic under her skin, all the way from the middle of her back down to her calves. Trying to preserve what modicum of modesty she had left, Melissa covered the few hairs poking out from her tightly clamped legs with her hands. The doctor noticed her tension. He chuckled to himself.

“You’re awfully modest for a girl who doesn’t wear panties.” Melissa didn’t dare correct him and point out that she did, in fact, wear panties, the doctor had just removed them.

“Ok, well, I need you to relax. I guess I can get something for you to cover up with, if it’ll help you relax.” He looked around the room, and grabbed the army helmet. “Here. You can use this.” With one hand, Melissa accepted the helmet and placed it over her crotch, but did not loosen her legs.

“No, if you’re going to use that, you need to relax. Relax.” He put his hand above her knee and pulled her leg out slightly. Melissa got the hint, and started to open her legs about shoulder width. However, she realized with her chair facing the door, this would leave her pussy open for viewing to anyone who walked in the door. She might be briefly seen by the whole waiting room, but especially she might be seen by Brad. And if it was Brad, she was sure that her arousal would be even greater, and she’d be even more open and embarrassed and wet. She thought to herself that she would just die of embarrassment if that happened. The helmet was too wide to actually go down between her legs with them only this open. Determined to completely cover her crotch, she continued opening her legs and pushing the helmet down until it completely covered her. Of course, this meant her legs were open at an obscene angle, with a leg draped over either side of the wide dentist’s chair. Melissa thought about this and decided it was preferable to the alternative, which was leaving her legs only slightly open and the helmet on top, exposing her pussy to the door.

Doctor Jorgensen resumed his work for a moment, but then a voice came over the intercom, asking the dentist to come to reception. He politely excused himself, leaving Melissa sitting in the dentist’s chair in only her white sports bra and a military helmet over her crotch, being held down with both hands as her legs were splayed wantonly over the sides of the chair, the arms of the chair pulled back.

She sat there for what seemed like hours in her obscene position, staring at her shirt that was a few feet away, but may as well have been in the next county. Every muscle and every instinct Melissa had was screaming at her to cover herself, to get dressed, to find any way she could to cover up, but instead, she simply sat there in that position and waited for the dentist to return.

Which he did, after only about five minutes. He smiled, and apologized for his absence, setting back to work.

“Sorry about that. We have a couple of emergencies that are coming in the next few minutes, so I’ll need to look at them. I’ll try and finish you quickly though so you can get out before that happens. I’d hate to leave you here waiting, because I’ll have to attend to them once they get here.” Doctor Jorgensen quickly jumped back into position, bringing his hands up to her mouth. In his haste, however, his watch band caught on her sports bra, causing a small tear to appear.

“oops! Sorry about that. Sit up.”

Melissa sat up and the dentist grabbed the bottom of her bra. Without saying a word, Melissa simply raised her arms as the dentist pulled the bra up and over her head, bringing her pink nipples and quarter-sized areolas into view. Melissa sat back down onto the chair, now completely naked, minus the army helmet she used to cover her most intimate of areas. She didn’t even dare cover her breasts, knowing that putting her arms up there would certainly get in doctor Jorgensen’s way. She was acutely aware of her exposed breasts, as the long sleeves of the dentist’s white coat kept brushing her nipples, his gloved hands moving in and out of her mouth, examining every tooth thoroughly. Her body responded as one would expect, the nipples becoming harder and more pronounced as the areola tightened around them. Meanwhile, the conversation was exasperatingly quotidian.

“So are you doing well in school? I haven’t seen you since last summer.”

“yes, I’m doing fine.”

“That’s good. Are the boys constantly after you?”

“no, I’ve only been on a few dates.”

After saying this, the doctor pulled out of her mouth and rolled his chair back a few steps. He looked her body up and down.

“With a body like that, I must say I’m surprised.”

If it was possible to blush with one’s whole body, Melissa would’ve done so right then. She felt even more arousal flow to her intimate area, and she looked at the wall. Doctor Jorgensen rolled back into position.

“Well, I’m glad you came in today.” He took another look up and down her body. “It is good to see you.” Melissa couldn’t think of anything to say to his double meaning. Instead, she just sat in the chair as he continued the exam, feeling her arousal grow.

After a few minutes, he withdrew from her mouth and put the seat into an upright position. Despite the signs that he was done, Melissa did not cover her breasts, instead holding tightly to the helmet and pushing her legs even further apart to keep it against her womanhood.

“Well, I didn’t find any cavities, but there’s something else I want to show you.” He reached his gloved hands down to her hips and pulled her forward to the edge of the chair. Her butt squeaked loudly against the plastic as she felt her private place leaving small trail of liquid behind. Doctor Jorgensen pulled a mirror forward to her face and scooted closer to her, reaching back into her mouth. He hit his knee against the helmet as he tried to pull forward. After trying to maneuver around it for a few seconds, he shook his head and pulled it away from her instead, setting it back on the counter. Melissa was now totally and completely exposed.

She felt the cool office air being circulated from the nearby vent onto her moist womanhood. Doctor Jorgensen glanced down at her crotch before sliding toward her. His knee went right into her most intimate place, and she felt the stimulation as his khakis rubbed up against her. He brought his arms up and into her mouth, his elbows resting gently against her large breasts. With her back completely upright she was a few inches higher than him.

“Look into the mirror. You see what I’m reflecting with my handheld mirror? Brad said he found some plaque on the backs of your teeth.” Melissa felt the embarrassment of the dentist finding something wrong being added to the immense embarrassment caused by her exposed condition.

“When you floss, I need you to make sure to get the backs of your teeth. Do you understand?” Melissa could only nod.

“And there’s one more thing I want to show you. When you –” but just then, the receptionist’s voice came over the intercom, informing doctor Jorgensen that one of his emergency appointments had arrived and was waiting in another exam room.

“Dammit. I have to go take care of that. It shouldn’t take long. Don’t move a muscle.” Melissa managed to eek out a “no sir” before the dentist rushed quickly out the door, leaving it – and Melissa – wide open.

The dentist left the door wide open as he went to attend to the emergency patient. Melissa was completely exposed to, and facing, the entire waiting room. She felt two warring impulses inside her: one, to cover up, to run away, to hide and never come back, or at least to close her legs and stop giving an anatomy lesson to the entire waiting room, and two, the impulse to do exactly as the doctor said, already acutely aware of disappointing him earlier, and not wanting to do anything else that he might disapprove of. It isn’t that the second won out, exactly, more that the strength of the two impulses left her paralyzed with indecision, which, incidentally, made her comply very literally with doctor Jorgensen’s instructions to not move a muscle.

The waiting room was significantly more crowded than before. The older woman was gone, but the younger woman and her young child were both still there. They were joined by two men who appeared to be about retirement age, or older, another middle-aged man and his teenaged son, the female receptionist, who was about the same age as Melissa, and another mother with two grade school children, a son and a daughter.

They had all looked up as doctor Jorgensen had left, and Melissa was acutely aware that every one of their eyes was on her – legs splayed wide at the edge of the beige dentist’s chair, pussy and red-haired crotch completely on display, open and wet, breasts with pink nipples and inch-wide areolas thrust out and at attention, back straight up, and hands grabbing the chair at either side of her hips. The image was something straight out of a porn magazine, despite the fact that these ten people were the first to ever see Melissa in such a lurid pose, well, minus doctor Jorgensen. The reaction of the room was to freeze, well, freeze and stare at every inch of the young woman’s exposed flesh. This went on for quite a few seconds, until the young boy pointed and yelled, “look mommy, that lady is naked!”

This seemed to unfreeze the room. The woman told her son, “yes. It isn’t polite to point, though.” With that, she went back to her magazine. The rest of the waiting room seemed to go back to normal, as well. That is, except for the teenage boy, who stared at Melissa’s naked flesh, until his father nudged him, and then went back to his magazine for a few moments. Once his dad started reading his magazine, the son returned to staring, this time moving his magazine up his eyeline to try and pretend he was actually reading. The other exception – exceptions – were the two old men, old enough not to care what others thought of them, or to care about propriety. They just stared at the young woman, less than a third their age, with wide grins plastered on their faces.

Melissa was left like this for several minutes. After a few minutes she debated moving and covering up, but she rationalized that everyone had already seen her by now, so her best bet was to pretend like it didn’t bother her. This, even though her brain never quite stopped screaming at her to cover her nakedness, to stop being on display like a bakery fresh doughnut.

Melissa felt her arousal continuing, so much so she worried she would begin to drip on the floor. She debated getting something to try and clean up her mess, but just as she decided to get up and try and find something, doctor Jorgensen returned.

“I’m so sorry about that Melissa. You know, you didn’t need to stay exactly like that. Saying ‘don’t move a muscle’ is just an expression.” Melissa felt intensely embarrassed at taking the dentist’s instructions literally, and intensely embarrassed that she had just given a show to a crowded waiting room.

“And I apologize” doctor Jorgensen continued “but I need this exam room for the other emergency coming in, so we’ll have to have you wait outside in the waiting room for me while I take care of that. I’ll talk to you as soon as I’m done; it shouldn’t be more than a few minutes.” With that he pulled Melissa up by the elbow and noticed her excitement left on the chair. With a “tsk, tsk” he grabbed the bib on the counter and wiped down the chair. As Melissa was standing up, he pushed the inside of her thigh, and she turned her knee out, opening her crotch to his view.

“Yeah, there’s a bunch there, too.” As he said that he took the bib and wiped gently but firmly across Melissa’s crotch, getting as much of her juices onto the bib as he could, and throwing it into the garbage. Then he put his hand on the small of her back and guided her out into the waiting room. It was then that Melissa noticed that all the chairs were occupied, so she stood in the corner by the door.

She felt a gust of warm air as the door opened to the outside world and the mailman came in. He looked her up and down, smiled, and handed the receptionist some mail. He looked Melissa up and down once more before he left, mumbling to himself as he did “is it a bet? Is she a nudist?”

Melissa stood in the corner, completely naked, for several more minutes. She had long given up trying to cover herself, and so she stood, exposed, as more people came and went. Even Brad passed through once, and Melissa smiled – her happiest thought since being brought to this nude state – as she noticed him blush at seeing her.

After several minutes, and both of the emergency patients leaving, doctor Jorgensen finally came out and addressed her.

“Ok, sorry again, but emergencies take precedence. Come talk to me in my office.” He pulled her by the elbow into his office and away from the stares of the people in the waiting room. Melissa felt relieved, and almost comfortable, despite the fact that she was still totally naked in front of doctor Jorgensen.

“Given the state you left my other chair in, I’m going to ask you to remain standing if that’s alright.”

“Yes sir. Sorry about that.”

“It is quite alright. I suppose being seen in this….exposed state was a bit of a thrill for you.”

“I guess so.” Melissa realized that doctor Jorgensen must be speaking the truth. Despite his earlier drying attempts, she was already getting quite wet again.

“At any rate, you are cavity free. You must’ve taken good care of your teeth while you were away at school.” Melissa, despite everything that had happened today, was still pleased to hear this praise from doctor Jorgensen.

“However, I’d like to see you again soon. Say, in a few weeks? Jessica, out front, can schedule you.”

“Yes sir.”

“And Melissa?”

“Yes?”

He gestured to her nude body. “Let’s do your appointments like this from now on.”

“Yes sir.”