**The Family Optometrist**

by zakalwe

**The Family Optometrist - Pt 1**

Melissa was terribly confused after her visit with Dr. Jorgensen. He had insisted on her making her next appointment right away even though her clothes weren’t yet dry. So, she had walked back out to the front of the room, still nude and made an appointment with Jessica for three weeks away. While she was talking with Jessica her ass was pointed at the rest of the waiting area which was, if anything, even more crowded than before. Then Jessica had a range of appointments available and had asked Melissa to look at the calendar and pick one. She turned her computer screen, but left it angled down so that Melissa had to bend over to see it. She blushed as she realized the view the rest of the room must be getting of her pussy and even of the little bud of her asshole. Of course, her pussy was, if anything, even more wet now than before. She’d finally picked a date and time and fled back to Dr. Jorgensen’s office to wait for her clothes. Of course, she saw Brad both coming and going to the front, or more accurately, Brad saw her!  
  
Brad had finally delivered her skirt, placing it on top of her shirt and bra – which she had, for some reason, not put back on - but stayed to chat while she got dressed. Melissa stammered her replies, even after all that happened, she was still embarrassed to be seen naked by Brad and talking with him while putting her clothes back on was even worse somehow! As she looked through the pile, Melissa realized that her panties had somehow not made it back, but, ever the compliant girl, she did not make an issue of it. Great! Now Brad probably really did think she went commando!  
  
The conversation ended with him asking her out for lunch or a cup of coffee sometime and she shyly whispered, “Sure, I’d love to.” How could she go out for coffee with a guy who’d seen her naked! They settled on that coming Friday.  
  
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That night as she prepared for bed, for the first time in her life, Melissa wore only a t-shirt. Her dreams were scary, embarrassing, and ultimately erotic. She dreamed that she no longer owned clothes and was forced to go naked everywhere. She woke with a start to realize that her shirt was pulled up above her breasts and that her hand was between her legs. Her sheets were soaked with sweat and, well, other things. She quickly stripped her bed and rushed the sheets down the laundry before her Mom found them. She was about to return to her room when the doorbell rang!  
  
Melissa, still wearing only a short t-shirt with nothing underneath looked around quickly, but there was nothing to cover herself with. The doorbell rang again, this time accompanied by knocking and a voice said, “Urgent delivery, signature required! Is anybody home?”  
  
With a sigh, Melissa pulled her shirt down as far as it would go in front – still barely far enough to cover her pussy and fire bush and answered the door, trying to stay as much behind it as possible.  
  
“Good morning, ma’am! I have a package that requires a signature.” The handsome delivery man pointed behind him where a large package was sitting on a little dolly. “May I come in?”  
  
Melissa wanted to scream ‘No!’, but instead, she opened the door, trying to stay behind it, but realized that wasn’t going to work as the door wouldn’t open all the way and finally stepped shyly out from behind it.  
  
He handed her the clipboard and she stepped back as he maneuvered the dolly into the house. He slid the package off onto the floor and turned to her again, really seeing her for the first time. He carefully looked her up and down and then said, “Sorry to bother you, but this is a rush delivery. I just need your signature.” And handed her a pen.  
  
She quickly realized that she was going to have to release her t-shirt in order to sign the form. With another inward scream, she awkwardly released the shirt which caused it to spring up and fully expose her from the waist down!  
  
The delivery man grinned and said, “You should really inspect the package for damage before signing, miss. I wouldn’t want you to accept damaged goods. It’ll make it hard to return it.”  
  
Melissa sighed again, but always the meek and obedient girl, she walked past him to the box, gave it a quick once over and started to sign again. She quickly realized that she was now exposing her ample bottom to the man, but didn’t know how to gracefully recover and decided, once again, to act like it didn’t bother her. She also realized that she was already getting wet. Dang it! She was a shy girl, why was her body betraying her like this.  
  
The delivery man said again, “You’ll need to look carefully, especially at the corners, that’s where they usually get banged up.” With the clipboard and pen still in her hands, she bent over to look at the corners of the package without thinking, only realizing afterwards that she was now giving him a good look between her legs. What she didn’t realize was that the shirt had fallen away from her stomach and he was also getting a look at her double d breasts up her shirt. The delivery man’s grin got even wider.  
  
As she turned to back around the box, she failed to realize that that shirt had gotten caught on the drawer pull of the hall table. She continued backing up looking intently at the box and glad that she was no longer flashing her ass at the delivery guy. She felt the shirt pull up and started to stand quickly, but tripped over the box and fell backwards into the hall - the clipboard and pen went flying. The shirt had torn off her and she was lying completely naked with her legs spread lewdly in the direction of the man!  
  
She quickly closed her legs as the man asked if she was okay. “I’m fine. Sorry about that.” And turned to get the clipboard and pen. They had flown some distance down the hall so she quickly crawled on her hands and knees, pussy and ass flashing at the man, to retrieve them.  
  
“Nothing to apologize for, miss!” said the delivery man with an unseen smile. She got the board and pen and stood back up again, realizing that her juices were now running down her legs. She quickly signed the form and gave it back to the delivery man and walked him to the door, no longer even trying to cover up. As she opened the door, she told the man thank you.  
  
“No, miss. Thank you! Seeing you has been the highlight of my morning. Have a great day!”  
  
After she shut the door, she stood trembling and naked in the hallway. Why was this suddenly happening to her all the time? She looked at the clock and with a start, realized that she had completely forgotten about her eye appointment! If she didn’t hurry she would be late!  
  
She rushed upstairs to dress, but her underwear drawer was empty! Darn it! With all of the excitement from yesterday, she had forgotten to do her personal laundry. No time now! She quickly wiped herself off with the old torn shirt, threw on a new shirt and the skirt, yanked her hair back into a ponytail, and rushed out the door.

**The Family Optometrist - Pt 2**

She arrived at Dr. Stevenson’s office just on time and was grateful to see the waiting room was empty. She was acutely aware of her large breasts loose beneath the somewhat tight fitting t-shirt. She’d accidentally grabbed an old one. Her lack of panties also focused her mental attention on her pussy which was still moist from the embarrassing incident with the delivery man.  
  
She’d just finished signing in when Dr. Stevenson came out and said, “Ah…there you are Melissa! I wondered if you’d forgotten me. Come on back, I can see you right away.” Melissa wondered briefly if it was her imagination or if he’d emphasized “see you” a little oddly.  
  
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When they arrived in the exam room, he gestured at her to sit in a regular chair rather than the normal exam chair. She did so nervously still aware of how she was dressed.  
  
“Melissa. I have to admit that what I’m about to say is a little unusual. I’ve known you a long time and I frankly didn’t believe it, but seeing you know, I do.”  
  
“I’m sorry, sir. I don’t understand.”  
  
“Of course not. Sorry. As you may or may not know, I’m a long time member of the local Rotary club. We had our meeting last night and I had a long conversation with an old friend that I believe you know, Dr. Jorgensen, the dentist.”  
  
Melissa froze, her mind flashing back to yesterday’s experience. Dr. Stevenson went on, “He told me the most fascinating story about a young woman in his office yesterday. He, of course, didn’t offer up a name, but he described you well enough that I figured out who it must be. When I asked him, he confirmed it. I must admit that while I found the fact that you ended up unclothed amazing enough, the really extraordinary part was his description of your…reaction to the nudity.” She started to say something although she had no idea what she \*could\* say, but he held up his hand and she obediently went silent. “Would you say his description was accurate?”  
  
Melissa, unwilling to call his professional colleague a liar, choked out a quiet, “Yes, sir.”  
  
“So, I’m aware that most people don’t enjoy having their eyes examined and, although you may not realize it, I strive to make people comfortable in this office. Please stand up.” Trembling a little bit and aware that her arousal was increasing, she stood. “Given the story I’ve heard from Dr. Jorgensen and my desire to make things comfortable for my patients, I would like for you to disrobe.”  
  
She thought about protesting, but just like yesterday, her innate desire to obey kept her silent. She removed her shirt, her nipples hardening as they were exposed to the cool air of the office. She handed the shirt to Dr. Stevenson and quickly dropped her skirt. She fought the instinct to cover up and simply stepped out of the skirt and bent to pick it up and hand it to the doctor. She became uncomfortably aware that she was growing moister by the second. Dr. Stevenson put his hand out and gently moved her leg a bit, looking closely at her privates.  
  
“It seems that Dr. Jorgensen was correct. It does seem a shame to hide such a lovely body and he was accurate in describing your…reaction. Fortunately, I’ve taken the precaution of bring a towel, please place it on the seat before taking your place.”  
  
Melissa blushed even more, but accepted the towel and moved to the examination chair and spread the towel out, aware that in bending over, she was giving the doctor an even more pronounced view of her lips and ass. She finished placing the towel and sat in the chair, for the moment keeping her legs together.  
  
Dr. Stevenson had her remove her contacts and placed the apparatus in front of her eyes. The lower portion of the machine brushed her breasts and she gasped at the cold contact, her areola crinkling, and her nipples becoming almost painfully hard. As he worked Dr. Stevenson kept making contact with her legs and each time pushed them a little farther apart until she was as spread as she could be without draping her legs over the arms of the chair. She was aware of the towel becoming damp underneath and was terrified that she would wet the chair even through the towel.  
  
As was his routine, Dr. Stevenson finished the exam by dilating her pupils. During this portion of the exam, like Dr. Jorgensen, he kept his leg pressed firmly into her crotch further increasing her arousal.  
  
When he was finished, he asked if her Mom was here to drive her home. Melissa had forgotten about the dilation and said no. Dr. Stevenson tutted and said, “Well then, it will be at least two hours before you can go home. You can stay in here and wait it out. Are you thirsty? I’ll have Mary bring you in something to drink. Make sure to stay still, your vision will be blurry and I don’t want you walking around if you can help it.”  
  
Before she could reply, he patted her leg and swept out of the room. She could barely see in the darkened room, but was grateful to note that, unlike Dr. Jorgensen, he had at least closed the door.

**The Family Optometrist - Pt 3**

Mary sat and waited exposed to an empty room she could barely see. She considered closing her legs, but decided that would just concentrate the fluid and make it more likely that it would seep through the towel to the seat. She was already embarrassed enough without leaving a puddle behind!  
  
She vaguely saw the door open again and quickly shut. She heard Mary’s cheerful voice, “Well hello Melissa! I brought you some water. My, you certainly look different now. It’s a good look for you!” Mary stiffened and snapped her legs shut still embarrassed to be seen even after all that had happened. “No, no. Please stay comfortable, it’s just us girls after all!” She felt Mary approach her and a cold bottle of water was placed in her hand and she felt Mary gently pushing her legs back apart.  
  
“Oh goodness, we’ve got quite a problem there, don’t we? Hang on.” Mary moved away, but came back a second later. “Stand up dear.” Mary quickly picked the towel up off the chair, gave Melissa a good wipe down, further increasing the poor girl’s embarrassment and arousal. A new towel was put on the chair and Mary sat her back down, legs still spread wide.  
  
“If you don’t mind, I’ll just sit with you for a bit. I’m on break up front. So, how’d this happen? You’ve always been such a shy, modest thing. C’mon spill it!”  
  
Melissa finally broke. She told Mary almost everything about her visit to the dentist: the spill, the fidgeting, the slow stripping, and the painfully humiliating exposure – especially to Brad. In spite of her natural reticence to talk about herself, she held very little back. She talked about her confusion over the arousal she felt whenever she was naked and embarrassed – a vicious feedback loop as the arousal made her more embarrassed which made her more aroused. She talked about Brad asking her out, she told the story of her morning with the delivery man, and having to rush to the optometrist without properly dressing. In short, she spilled her guts – she opened up emotionally as much as she was opened up physically.  
  
Mary was incredibly easy to talk to and very understanding. She told Melissa that her feelings of arousal were pretty normal and that most girls got a thrill out of being exposed. She talked about exhibitionism and the fact that because Melissa was normally so shy that it made it more intense for her. Melissa grew increasingly comfortable with Mary and except for the constant arousal (and the occasional drips of cold water that kept her nipples rock hard), she was almost able to forget she was naked.  
  
“Oh my! Look at the time! Sorry dear, but I have to get back up front. You just wait here, should only be another half hour or forty-five minutes or so and you’ll be able to go.” Mary quickly left, closing the door firmly behind her.  
  
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It was probably only another 10 minutes or so before Melissa saw the door open again and Dr. Stevenson came into the room followed by someone else – it looked like a teenage boy!  
  
“Oh drat! I forgot you were in here Melissa! I’m really sorry, but we’re a little backed up today and I need this room. Here, hold on. Take these.” She was handed something and realized that they were glasses. “These are super dark glasses, they’ll protect your eyes until they’re better. I’ll come and get you when I’m done with young Peter here and we can wrap things up.”  
  
She couldn’t really see Peter that well, but it was obvious that he was staring at her. She wanted to close her legs, but her mind wasn’t really functioning and her arousal peaked again.  
  
“Here stand up, dear. Okay, carefully. Come with me.” Her legs were pushed open and she was quickly wiped dry. Before Mary could protest, she was firmly escorted out the door and into the hall! She realized the glasses weren’t just dark, they were almost completely black, and she couldn’t really see anything. They moved down the hall and Dr. Stevenson escorted her through another door.  
  
As she stepped through the door, she heard some gasps and realized that he had brought her back to the waiting room! From the sounds of it, there were a LOT more people there now and, like déjà vu, she heard a young voice say, “Look mommy, that girl is naked!” “Yes dear, but keep your voice down.”  
  
She was placed into a corner of the room, still standing as Dr. Stevenson said, “Won’t be long, Melissa. You just wait here, okay?”  
  
She stammered out a meek, “Yes, sir” and he was gone.  
  
If anything, this was worse than yesterday! She couldn’t really see anything, but from the murmuring, the room must be full of people. She couldn’t actually hear any words, but she could distinguish male and female voices, young and old. The agony and the ecstasy of her embarrassment had her flowing again already.  
  
She stood there for what seemed like hours when she felt someone approach her. She tensed. “Hello Melissa! We seem to keep running into each other like this. Is this your official dress code now?” With a start and a blush that went from the top of her head to the soles of her feet, Melissa recognized Brad’s voice!  
  
She stammered out, “Ummm, no. It just keeps happening. I don’t know why. It’s nice to see you, Brad.” Then she actually giggled, “Well at least hear you anyway. I’m really sorry…”  
  
“Nothing to apologize for Melissa. Look I have to run. Are we still on for Friday? Tell you what, I’ll look around and see if I can find a place where you can be comfortable. See you then!”  
  
She wanted to scream, but instead said, “Whatever you think is best, Brad.”  
  
She heard Brad talking and laughing with Mary. It seemed they knew each other and Melissa wondered if she was poaching on Mary’s guy. Oh my god! She’d told Mary everything. Would she tell Brad? Brad would know all about her and her shameful arousal at being exposed. This was a disaster! Of course, the embarrassing possibility of Mary telling Brad her deepest darkest secrets had its usual effect on her body and she could feel the liquid slowly beginning to drip down her thighs. She heard Brad tell Mary something that made Mary laugh loudly and with a quick, “Bye Melissa! See you Friday!” He was gone.  
  
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After another agonizing wait, Dr. Stevenson finally came and got her. He guided her back to the room and wiped her down again. He removed the glasses and she realized her vision was almost completely clear. Like Dr. Jorgensen, he kept her standing this time, but he sat down.  
  
“Okay, Melissa. It looks like your prescription has changed a bit. I’d like to see you again in a week or 10 days for a fitting, okay? In the meantime you can wear your old ones.” He handed her a pair of contacts and waited while she put them in.  
  
“You’ll need new glasses too, so you need to pick out frames.”  
  
He grabbed her clothes and hustled her out the door again! Her protest died in her throat at his firm demeanor. As they got back out into the waiting room where the frames were, he tossed the clothes to Mary, not her! “Mary, she needs new frames and make her appointment late next week. Good to see you, Melissa and, of course, I expect you to be comfortable next week as well!” He grabbed a chart and headed back.  
  
Melissa was standing frozen in the center of the waiting room. She could now see that it was almost full. Several older ladies were tutting at her exposed body and one well-dressed businessman was giving her the full treatment with his eyes. There were not one, but two teenage boys in the room and a teenage girl who was blushing almost as much as Melissa was. A couple of Moms with younger children completed the crowd. The same young voice rang out, “Look Mommy, she’s still naked! Does she ever get dressed?” The Mom shushed her son as Melissa thought regretfully, ‘No, not very often anymore, I don’t.’ As with yesterday, she decided there was nothing to do but brazen it out.  
  
Mary came over to help her with the frames. Melissa’s intent had been to grab the first pair she could find, but Mary insisted on having her try on at least a dozen different pairs! As they moved around the room, the businessman’s eyes never left her body. He especially enjoyed it when her back was him and he could look at her luscious bottom. Several of the counters had mirrors down low and she found herself constantly bending over to see the frames on her face further exposing herself to a room that had by now seen pretty much all of her.  
  
They finally found a pair that made them both happy and Mary took her back to the counter. Mary kept her clothes behind the counter while they found an appointment for her. Mary finally handed over her skirt and top and Melissa awkwardly got dressed right there in front of the counter. She was starting to worry that she would stain her skirt on the way home and realized that she was thinking about taking it off once she got in the car! What was happening to her?  
  
As they finished up, Melissa said, “So, I guess you know Brad pretty well. Are you friends or something? I’m sorry if I did anything wrong.”  
  
Mary laughed, “No silly! You didn’t do anything wrong. I can tell he really likes you. He’s my brother!”