**Katie's Research Assessment 2012**

This was an authorship task set by Master Mark, to recount my previous visit to my doctor for a regular check-up, as opposed to specific healthcare. By way of background, I have been enrolled in a Physical Development Research Project since I was 12 years old, where an annual check-up is used to record my current physical attributes and condition. Personal experiences over the previous year are recorded, and every 3 years a much more intensive examination is undertaken.

I received a letter from my MD a couple of weeks after my birthday inviting me to make an appointment for my annual check-up, which I arranged for the following Friday evening, after work. Since this was a routine visit, I didn't have to worry about timing it with my period, and the receptionist told me it would be alright to shave my pussy beforehand as well. Sometimes I have to stop shaving so my pubic hair pattern can be monitored, but that wasn't required this time, which was a shame because I know Dr Forrest likes shaving girls during their exam, and I also enjoy her doing it.

I arrived a few minutes early, and there were several other patients in the waiting room, so I gave my name, and took a seat, picking up a magazine to read. Quite soon after, the receptionist called me over to sign the permission forms, and then I was shown in to the doctor, and invited to sit beside her desk. We went through the usual medical questionnaire, following which I was asked to stand and Dr Forrest slipped the straps of my yellow sundress off my shoulders and down my arms, baring my breasts, with their pierced nipples. Taking hold of the silver hearts Grandad had given me on my birthday, the doctor looked at me and asked, "Are you going to be a good girl, Katie?"

This was a coded invitation for me to be submissive, allowing me to choose which type of examination I wanted, so I dropped my voice, and answered quietly, "Yes Miss, of course I am." If I didn't want to play, I could have replied, "I'll try, Doctor", then we would have continued with a normal doctor/patient relationship for this visit. As it was, I'd offered her complete control over me while I was here, so she pushed my dress over my hips, letting the lemon material pool around my feet so that I could step out of it. Now I was left in my high heeled sandals, and my little girl panties in white cotton, with cute pink bows printed on them, while Dr Forrest was fully dressed in a smart business suit.

Taking a tailor's tape from her desk, the doctor measured my chest, bust, waist and hips, recording them on my chart, then around my thighs and calves, finally pushing my panties down to measure from my spine to my navel, twice. The first was over the top of my labia, then she worked the tape between my lips, sawing it back and forth till it was embedded deep in my slit, squashing my clitoris. She took me over to the far wall to check my weight and height, the scales being located next to the door, which I'd been instructed to leave open when I'd first entered. Two people walked past the door while I was being weighed, both looking in at me stood in just my LG panties, and the doctor even turned my hips when a young man was admiring me, so that I was actually facing him.

Returning to the side of her desk, the doctor checked my blood pressure and pulse, which she said were elevated, not surprising since I'd just been put on display, then she listened to my heart and lungs with her stethoscope. Instead of going round to listen to my back, Dr Forrest stepped forward and reached behind me, looking over my shoulder. I could smell her perfume as I nuzzled into her neck, my breathing getting faster as her hand slid from my lower back to my hip, then slipped under my panties onto my bottom. I felt her right leg move forward to press her thigh hard into my crotch, and I began to hump it as her hand pushed against my bottom, my pussy juicing up as I became excited.

With a swift slap on my butt, she pulled away from me, telling me not to be naughty, brought over a yellow plastic trash bag, telling me to drop my dress and panties into it before she wrapped a zip tie round the top, and placed it next to her waste bin. My pulse was even higher now, as I read the "To Incinerate" notice printed on the bag, wondering if I'd have to go home naked tonight. This was always part of my visits to Dr Forrest, being deprived of all my clothes at one point or another, sometimes she'd lock them in her desk drawer, or give them to the nurse to look after, and I wouldn't know till the end if I'd get them back. I always did, except for one time when she took me to the basement to watch her put them in the furnace, just to show she did in fact have full control of me. That day I had to phone Mom to pick me up, as I'd gone in on the bus, but I was still completely naked on the drive home, and dripping wet as well.

Sitting down, Dr Forrest swung her chair round, having me stand towards the middle of the room, while she enquired about my sexual activity, how my piercings were healing up, and if I'd recovered alright after losing my cherry. I had to tell her about my birthday, because she always asks, knowing I enjoy describing the interesting presents I'm usually given, and making me relate all the details of my spanking. This part meant I had to turn my back to her and bend over, so that she could examine my bottom to see if the marks had all healed up. It also served to remind me that I was on display, as I now faced the mirror, which didn't show my reflection, the position was wrong for that, but instead allowed me to see all the way to the front desk. Just at that moment the receptionist was looking directly at me, but then a young woman walked down the corridor to the restroom watching my reflection all the way down.

Retrieving a camera from her desk, the doctor took several photographs, front side and back, then close ups of my breasts and pussy, particularly where they had been pierced.

I was questioned about my periods, and explained about changing the sequence of my Contraceptive pill to delay my birthday period so that it didn't spoil having my guests over for the week. Dr Forrest was OK with that, reminding me not to do it too often, then instructed me to hop up onto the exam table so she could do an internal check. With my feet in the stirrups, tied at ankle and knee, she opened my vagina with her fingers, spreading it wider as she inspected the tiny scars left by the removal of the last traces of the hymen, after I'd given my cherry to my Master last year. She was very pleased with it, saying how well the bio-oil had worked, and enquiring if I'd been doing my stretching exercises, which I assured her I had.

She inserted a cage speculum into me, with thin wire legs instead on the normal flat leaves, opening me up wide so she could photograph the results of losing my cherry, then put them in my research project folder later on. Leaving the speculum in place, she brought over a Hysteroscope, and a set of steel dilators, my pelvic floor sucking up as I watched her run her fingers over the largest shaft. I let out a loud sigh as she picked up the smallest one instead, then felt her working the end round my delicate cervix, pressing gently, twisting, and twirling till my tummy relaxed. It stung a little when the slim tip finally entered, stretching my ring of muscle just the tiniest bit, then a little more as the shaft went deeper. Dr Forrest worked the first part of the steel rod in and out slowly, letting the cervix relax, then inserting a wider section to open up the entrance to my womb further, extending her finger so that with each inward push it rubbed across my clit. She worked three of the dilators into me until the 10mm shaft was fully inserted, then she replaced it with the Hysteroscope, so now, not only was I stretched open, but I was being pulled about as she moved the scope in my tummy. Dr Forrest said everything looked healthy, but I needed a flush, so the Hysteroscope was used to pass a pink probe that had a slightly flared end, and reminded me of a tiny dick, like a baby's penis. The doctor eased it through my cervix, attached the clear pipe from it to a tank she wheeled over on a small cart, then filled the tank with warm saline. As she pressed down a plunger on the side of the tank, I could feel the warm water spray into my womb, a weird feeling, like an enema, but with the cramp further forward, and lower, just above my pubic bone.

After two further pumps she stopped, which I was glad for, as my insides felt really bloated, then she ran her hands over the lump that appeared in my tummy, pressing it painfully as she looked through the scope. She guided my own hands to the bulge, letting me feel its extent in my lower tummy, telling me that the inside of my uterus was now 2 to 3 inches across, that's about week 12 if I were pregnant. It was a very strange sensation to feel my womb move about as I pressed it in different places, and Dr Forrest made me push the bump as far as I could in each direction, till it became almost too painful to bear. Then she had me hold it there for what seemed like hours, but was probably less than a minute, while she explained that parts of my insides were being pushed out of place. At one point the doctor said she was considering inducing a phantom pregnancy in me, as she thought I'd look gorgeous with a fully bloated tummy, and perhaps she would seek my Master's permission for the procedure. It was just a matter of inserting a balloon into my uterus, then inflating it with increasing volumes of saline solution, she explained, sounding as if it would be no more than changing a dressing.

While she was revealing her plans for me, she was moving my already bulging tummy about, and stroking her nail across my erect clit, knowing full well the effect that medical scenarios have on me. It wasn't long before I reached a climax, thrusting my hips upward as she cooed encouragement in my ear.

Finally Dr Forrest let me calm down, then drained the fluid from my stretched womb, removed the Hysteroscope and the speculum, but left me strapped to the examination table, my legs splayed wide, in full view of the open door.

While not part of my usual check-up, the doctor wanted to inspect my piercings to make sure they had healed properly, so she removed the hearts from my nipples, and the pendant mouse that hung from my clitoral hood piercing. She stretched the flesh round each one, pulling and squeezing to check for scar tissue, then took a small case from her desk drawer, opening it to reveal half a dozen long tapered pins. I was told these were to check the size of hole that was pierced, and she slid the narrow pointed end through each of my nipples, then another vertically up from the bottom of my clit. There were lines on the side measuring the diameter of the hole, which she recorded in my notes, then she attached a ring to the end of each pin.

The two in my nipples had both been pushed from the outside, so the rings now faced each other, and Dr Forrest attached a stretchy thread between them, pulling it tight enough that my breasts were drawn towards each other. A second thread was fastened to my clit piercing, then to the tread between my nipples, putting tension on all three tapered pins, so that I could feel them being forced further through the holes. After making sure I wasn't in too much discomfort, the doctor said she needed to talk to her nurse, and I realised that it was time for me to be put on display again, as she walked out of her office, leaving the door wide open.

While I love showing off my naked private places, being tied down and helpless adds a whole new dimension to it, and the doctor knew perfectly well that my cunny would be dripping wet when she returned. I was fine for several minutes, then a young lady walked past the door, glanced in, a smile quickly replacing her surprised look, before she moved on. The restrooms were further down the corridor, so a few minutes later she walked back the other way, pausing to take a good look at me this time, for quite a long time. About ten minutes later a man about Uncle Robert's age walked past, saw me laid there, and walked in to enquire if I knew where the restrooms were, which I politely told him, while trying not to be too conscious of my nudity. Instead of leaving, he explained that he'd brought his niece in, and they always seemed to have a lot of waiting round whenever they visited. He was a nice enough man, his eyes kept straying to my naked breasts and cunny, and I could see him struggling to stop his hands from reaching over. Giving him one of my warmest smiles, I assured him it was alright to touch, if he wanted to, as I didn't mind, so he reached out and gently stroked the underside of my breasts.

When he looked down to my hairless cunny, he asked "May I?", and I felt a rush of heat as he so politely asked permission to touch me, so I answered "By all means Sir, please feel free." His touch on my mound was so gentle I could hardly feel it, he stroked the exposed shaft of my clit, down the outside of my labia, then down my wet slit, coming to rest at my dripping vaginal entrance. He looked up at me with a smile, raising his eyebrows questioningly, head slightly to one side, so I told him, "You may penetrate Sir, if it pleases you", and he slowly eased two fingers full length into my tingling cunny. His thumb came to rest against my hard clit, and I felt the fingers curl inside me, stroking gently along my G-spot, pushing me to one of the softest orgasms I've ever known. He held me just over the peak for less than a minute, an electric tingle running all through my sex, but none of the trusting and writhing I usually feel when I cum. When he withdrew is fingers, the sensations gradually faded away as he watched the expressions on my face, leaning forward, he kissed me tenderly on the cheek, said, "Thank you Miss" , then turned and walked out.

A few more people walked past after that, most of them patients or companions, as well as several of the staff, and I don't think there was one who didn't look in at me. I was usually only left like this for about thirty minutes on my check-ups, but I was just beginning to wonder if I'd been forgotten, when I had a lovely surprise. A young girl walked past who recognised me, and she dashed to my side saying "Aunt Katie, are you poorly? Have you seen the doctor? Did she give you some medicine?"

This was Sophie, a lovely little thing I'd met on one of my earlier visits, when I was 21, I thought, correctly, her Mom had brought her over to me then to reassure the girl, who had just been enrolled on the research project. We had exchanged phone numbers with each other, chatted a few times, and I'd even been over to babysit Sophie on a couple of occasions. For now, I just put Sophie's mind at rest that I was being looked after, and her sweet smile quickly replaced the worried frown on her brow.

"Do I get a hug then," I asked, "I've not seen you for AGES?" She put her arms round my neck, and nearly pulled my head off in her excitement, just as her Mom walked through the door, looking as if she was going to tell her off, but then recognising me on the table. Claire, her Mom, said hello, giving me a kiss, then told Sophie to apologise for bursting in like that, which she did beautifully, calling me Ma'am, which I love her doing, then finishing with a little curtsey, even lifting the hem of her dress. Claire apologised for catching me in this state, looking over my naked body, legs bound with Velcro to the table, pins through my nipples and clit, all tied together, then remarking that I'd been in a similar position last time. We had a laugh at that, and a chat about how we were both getting on, then I turned to Sophie, who'd been stood quietly while the grown-ups talked, her hands clasped in front of her.

"Now then Miss Sophie," I said to her, "what are you doing here today? Poorly tummy? Fallen off your bike again?" I had a good idea what her visit was, since her birthday was only a week after mine.

"Oh no, Aunt Katie," she said, pulling her shoulders back, "I'm going to have my special check-up, and Mommy says it's a minestone one."

Claire and I both giggled, and Claire corrected her daughter that it was `Milestone', not `Minestone'. It must have been Christmas since I'd last seen them, and I could tell that Sophie was beginning to blossom, the little buds now obvious under the top of her dress. I took her hand, and told her the doctor was going to be really pleased with the way she was growing up, then reminded her that we girls had to be very brave and do everything the doctor told us to do. I leaned forward and whispered to her, loud enough that Claire could hear as well, "If you are really, really good, then when you get home you can ask Mommy if she'll let me take you shopping, as a treat. If your Mommy says yes, then phone me and we'll make a date. OK." Sophie nodded her head, thanked me, gave me another kiss, and then Claire said they had to get going or the doctor would be cross when they were late.

As Claire and Sophie left, Dr Forrest walked back into her office, commenting on my visitors, so I explained how we'd met and become friends, and that Sophie seemed pleased that she knew someone nice who was on the same research project as herself. Dr Forrest said she couldn't discuss Sophie's case with me, not even to confirm that we were in the same study, nor whether the child was as co-operative as I'd been when I first joined.

We had just one more series of tests to do, so the doctor removed the pins from my piercings, putting them in the autoclave, then brought over a very long, Barbie pink dildo, which was to test my gag reflex. I took a few seconds to compose myself, put the end between my lips, then slowly took more of the dildo into my mouth, moving it slowly in and out. I had a couple of stalls as it reached my throat, but I recalled the very first time I had taken Master Mark's cock all the way down my throat, and how proud I'd been to achieve that. Eventually I had taken the whole length of the dildo, so Dr Forrest told me I could remove it, as she recorded my results.

For the next check, Dr Forrest brought me a large black dildo to test my anal dilation, and had me stroking lubricant into the shaft while she worked more gel deep into my bottom with her fingers. Gradually she loosened my muscles, and then began to work the knob into my slick anus till it had entered, backing off and advancing quite a few times. As she stroked the black shaft deeper and deeper, the doctor rubbed my clitoris on each inward thrust, pushing my sexual response higher as she played with one of my cheerleader rape fantasies. At last the full ten inches were inside me, the balls had pressed against my pussy lips, and Dr Forrest patted the bulge in my tummy, saying how well I'd done.

Vaginal dilation was a little more difficult, as I'd only started recently, but the doctor had 4 increasingly large, realistic, pink dildoes to get me going, and she worked the first two into my pussy reasonably easily. The third one went about half way in, but my lips were so tightly stretched round the prick that I thought I'd rip in half, so I asked for a pause, and Dr Forrest locked a plate to the table, pressing it to the bottom of the dildo to keep it embedded. After a few minutes she resumed thrusting, making me play with my clit and nipples while she pushed and twisted the remainder of the dildo, saying she would get it all in my cunt if she had to tear me open to do it. This threat pushed me into a climax, squeezing my pelvic muscles down onto the straining cock wedged inside me. Then a quick spasm allowed the last two inches to ram hard against my cervix, lifting my womb up into my tummy.

As I started to thrust my hips up, Dr Forrest tightened the straps round my legs, tapping the end of the dildo after each strap, making me jerk, but less each time as I was pulled tighter to the table. As a final push, the doctor extended the stirrups even wider, till I was in a full splits, then stood at my shoulder, twisting my solid nipples with each shudder that ran across my tummy. I didn't notice her remove the restraints, or take the huge plastic cock out of my stretched pussy, but eventually I looked at her smiling face as she stood over me, gently caressing my smooth mound.

When I sat up she brought me a bowl of warm water and a washcloth to wipe my hands and face, but told me to leave my juice coated cunny, and thighs, till I got home, and then I could take a shower. She was very pleased with my progress so far, especially taking all of the third dildo when I'd lost my cherry only nine months ago, and suggested that twice a week I use the inflatable dildo my Master had given me for my birthday.

I was then sent home in my dress and shoes, my panties laid on the top of my purse for all to see as I walked through the waiting area, and my still wet cunny smelling of girl juice.

As I passed the desk, the receptionist told me the report of my check-up would be sent to Master Mark by the doctor, along with any advice for follow up.