Opportunity Knocks.   
  
I was sitting in my local pub steadily making my way down a pint and checking out the newds - sorry - news on page 3 of the paper I had found on the seat beside me when Tom comes bouncing in. He dumps a folder of papers onto the table and settles himself down.   
‘Best day of the year tomorrow,’ he says glancing in the direction of my half consumed pint.   
‘Oh, yes?’ I say in a voice suggesting he might make the reason for this comment clearer. He looks in the direction of my pint and, with a sigh of resignation I head for the bar. Two pints in hand, one for him and a one for myself later, I make my way back to the table. He grasps the first pint in a firm, doctor like hand, for that is his profession, and downs half of it at a single gulp.   
He taps the buxom beauty on page 3. ‘You know you are always on about how lucky I am to get first hand, wide, close up experience of the desirable features of naked young women at the clinic particularly in that hidden, pubic region?’ His finger pointed to the eye patch bikini pants held on by two lengths of string.   
‘Yes,’ I remembered that well.   
His hand came out and gathered up the second spare pint and took another deep draught. ‘Well tomorrow is the best day of the year for such things.’ He took another swig at the glass. ‘Tomorrow I get to give the new intake of nubile young ladies at the Physical Training College their medicals.’   
‘So? Other then getting me worked up and jealous what has this got to do with me?’   
‘Well, Dick - the names have been changed to protect the guilty - is off sick and I need an assistant to fill in the forms as I carry out the exams.’ He tapped the folder he had brought in with him. ‘I thought you might be interested in the job.’   
‘Me?’ I squeaked as the thought of seeing a group of 19 year olds stark naked on the examination table overtook me. ‘I thought you had to have a female chaperone, a nurse, present not a lusting IT manager?’   
He finished the second pint just as I did and waved towards the door. ‘I do and here she is. She drinks Bacardi and Coke by the way.’ He pushed his empty glass in my direction.   
A twenty something female in a short, very short, skirt and a blouse that made it only too clear that she did not wear a bra’ came over on very long and very shapely legs.   
‘Jill,’ said Tom waving in my direction, ‘Meet Harry.’ You see I do not want my name to be known either. ‘He is just going to get the next round in.’   
Two pints of best bitter and a Bacardi and Coke later, I carefully moved mine out of Tom’s reach, we were back to discussing tomorrow. Jill was very disconcerting, the sort of nurse you have dreams about. Blonde, blue eyes, full lips, tits with nipples that stood out enough to hold up her top on their own. She crossed her legs and I was glad I was sitting on the opposite side of the table to her.   
‘Jill is not adverse to seeing naked members of her own sex in exposed positions, are you Jill?’ asked Tom making inroads into his pint.   
‘No,’ said Jill sipping her drink ‘Not too keen on being in such a position myself, mind you. What I really like though is when the male students have their medicals, some of them, well,’ she held her hands a good nine inches apart.   
‘It’s the effect Jill has on them,’ grinned Tom, ‘Very stimulating.’   
Jill was having a very stimulating effect on me having crossed her legs and showing even more thigh. A thong I guessed from the amount of bum I could see which was seriously exposed as her skirt rode up.   
‘Seriously,’ said Tom,’ Shave, wear a collar and tie and try to look as though you are a member of a very serious and dedicated profession.,  
‘Not a naughty voyeur,‘ added Jill.   
‘Pick me up at my digs at half past one, the exams start at two,’ said Tom finally finishing off his beer, ‘Coming, Jill?’   
Pity. They stood up together and Jill flashed me a smile, ‘See you tomorrow, Harry. Wear tight pants.’   
I finished my drink slowly. Would the investment of three pints of best bitter and a Bacardi and Coke be worthwhile?   
The next day dawned and I made an excuse for getting the afternoon off. Told them I had to see the doctor which made some small allowance towards my conscience. I pressed a shirt, sorted out my best suit and tie and polished my shoes until they shone. I rolled up outside Tom’s digs to find him and Jill waiting by the kerb. Not the sexy, under dressed Jill of last night, this was the knee length nurses uniform with a dinky little collar and perky hat Jill. The black stockings - I hoped they were not tights - ended up in flat sensible shoes.   
‘Nice car,’ said Jill getting into the back with a couple of white coats and the file Tom had with him last night.   
‘The best my company can buy, I have to travel a lot and entertain customers. Creates the right impression. The clapped out Sierra I had before promotion did not have the right effect.’   
We drove round to the clinic and parked in a reserved space to create a semblance that I had a right to be there. Collecting my coat I followed Jill and Tom into the reception area and Tom signed us all in. ‘New chap following me about to get to know the ropes,’ he said nodding in my direction, ‘Usual rooms?’   
‘Yes doctor,’ said the receptionist, ‘I’ll send the girls right along when they arrive and call you on the phone. How many are there?’   
Tom consulted his file, ‘Five, there should be. About twenty minutes each that should fill the afternoon nicely. See you when I check out.’   
We walked along a disinfectant scented corridor and Tom turned into a door leading to two rooms with a communicating door. The first one was furnished with seats around the walls and hooks with clothes hangers on them. ‘They get stripped off in here,’ said Tom waving and arm around the room, ‘then they come through one at a time to be examined.’   
We went through into the adjoining room which was furnished with a desk, scales, height gauge and all that paraphernalia that surgeries have in them and, much to my delight, an examination couch with stirrups at one end. Jill busied herself running a length of paper down the couch and checking out the instruments. Tom pointed to a couple of hooks on the wall.   
‘Leave your jacket there and put on the white coat.’ He rummaged in the desk and took out a stethoscope, ‘Here put this round your neck. No doctor should be without one.’   
Jill looked at me quizzically. ‘You do look quite like a doctor,’ she said, head to one side, ‘Only a bit tidier than they usually are.’ She picked up a clip board and extracted two sheets of paper from Tom’s file and attached them. ‘Take this, it’s a list of the girls attending. You check them in when they arrive, then tell them to strip down to their bras and panties and wait to be called. When they are called they are to take their bras off before they come in. The second sheet is for filling in as the examination proceeds. All you have to do is write down what Tom or I say and tick the boxes. You can do that, can’t you?’   
The chance to tell five well developed girls who improved their bodies by gym and all that stuff to get naked suddenly struck me as a good way to spend an afternoon.   
‘I’ll do my best,’ I assured her taking the clipboard. ‘Any other instructions, Tom?’   
Tom gave me a quick demo of how to work the height check equipment and the scale with its sliding weights, various other bits and finally a camera. ‘Just get them to stand in front of the graduated chart and stand up nice and straight, then take a back view and a front. All OK?’   
‘Anything else?’ I asked.   
‘Just remember doctors only give a small smile of encouragement not a great grin of delight. Keep a straight face when they strip off. Oh, and control your lust and make sure you are in a good position to see everything you want. Chances like this do not come often, you know.’   
The phone rang and Tom answered it. ‘Here they come,’ he said with a broad grin on his face, ‘Get ready with the clipboard. Don’t forget check their names out on the list and tell them that is the running order. Then tell them to strip off ready. OK?’   
‘OK boss.’ I picked up the clipboard, straightened my shoulders and my face and went through to the waiting room. Five nubile young ladies awaited me.   
‘Good afternoon, ladies.’ I said in the steadiest voice I could manage. ‘I would first like to check you are all here and then go through the procedure for the examination. Please answer when I call your name and remember this is the alphabetical order of your surnames in which you will be seen. I looked at my top sheet. ‘ Linda?’   
‘Here,’ came back and so it went on until I got to Selena. I counted the heads and checked against my list.   
‘All present, thank you. Now........’ I drew a deep breath to steady myself, ‘You will undress down to your bras and panties and then when you are called you will remove your bra and come through in just your panties. Much like school, eh? Now Linda you are first if you will get ready, please. When Linda has been through the first part of her examination I will call the second girl so you are in the examination room two at a time. Jane will be second so she should be undressed as well when I call Linda through which will be in about five minutes. Is everything clear?’ No mumbles of dissent so I went back into the examination room and took yet another deep breath as Tom and Jill grinned at me inanely.   
‘How did enjoy getting five girls to strip off?’ asked Tom.   
‘Great, now all I have to do is to go back in there and get them to come out one at a time in their knickers. Do they get to take them off?’   
‘You bet. Including when you take their photos. OK everybody ready? Get the first one in Harry.’   
I went to the communicating door and opened it wide. What a sight greeted me! five fine examples of young womanhood sitting there in their undies! Pulling myself together I called for Linda to come through. Linda already had her bra undone and was clasping it to herself with both hands and simply shrugged it off her shoulders to become topless and dressed only in a rather skimpy pair of panties. I retreated into the examination room and asked her to stand on the scales. I lowered the arm of the height gauge and noted her height and weight on her sheet.   
Tom intervened and ushered her over to his area and started to check out her eyes, ears, nose and throat and told me what to enter into her sheet. Stethoscope in his ears he dabbed the end over her chest and back. She gracefully walked the length of the room and back and stretched and touched her toes with her back to us at Tom’s commands but still in her panties, unfortunately. Her firm and perky tits bounced, but gently, as she walked and hardly fell forward at all as she touched her toes. Her firmly rounded buttocks did the ‘two eggs in a hanky’ roll as she walked away from us. Nice! Tom had her stand with her arms at her sides and then with her hands on her head as he checked her tits visually. Was he teasing me by not touching them?   
‘Up on the examination couch now, please’ ordered Tom with a glance in my direction. ‘Lie down with your hands behind your head so I can check out your breasts.’ Linda got up onto the couch carefully avoiding the metalwork at its end.   
I got into a very good position to view the proceedings and glanced down at my clipboard a lot so as to give the impression I was not in the least interested in her almost naked display. Tom’s hands and fingers circled her boobs causing her nipples to perk up alarmingly before moving under her arms and down her sides carefully palpating her charms as he did so. He got down to her tummy region and squeezed and probed. When was he going to get her knickers off for goodness sake?   
‘Now if you will take your knickers off, please, Linda,’ said Tom in his most professional voice, so I can carry out the gynaecological check. I see you have had a smear test before. Did you put your feet in stirrups for it?   
‘No I just slid down the couch and opened my legs,’ said Linda hopefully as she lifted her bum off the paper covered couch and slipped her fingers into the sides of her panties and slid them down over her knees before lifting each foot in turn in that elegant way girls have of keeping their knees together as they do so. This was it! My first ever sight of a girl with her knees wide apart being probed by a doctor.   
‘Nurse will help you in that case,’ said Tom as a totally naked Linda wriggled her way down the couch.   
Jill did help, lifting each of Linda’s legs in turn and placing them so her knees rested in the plastic supports before placing a Velcro strap across them. ‘Just wriggle a little further down,’ said Jill as Linda tried to avoid her legs spreading too far open, ‘Until your bum is at the edge of the couch.’   
Linda wriggled and Linda’s legs spread wide and her slit popped open to reveal all her feminine charms including a clit which popped out of its hiding place at the top, her wee hole, vaginal opening and her round, brown anus at the bottom. Linda looked despairingly at the cracks in the ceiling. She had never been this exposed before. I was delighted at the view, I had never seen it all so well displayed before particularly as she had shaved all her pubic hair off and was as naked as a new born babe.   
‘I’ll just slip in a speculum to take your smear, Linda, it will not hurt just feel rather stretchy.’ Tom took up a speculum from a tray held by Jill. Two fingers parted Linda’s fleshy labia to more clearly expose her vagina and Tom slid his fingers down and into it before introducing the narrow end of the speculum and sliding it home. ‘I will now open the speculum, Linda, try not to tense up or it may feel uncomfortable.’   
Linda was still carefully examining the crack in the ceiling as Tom unclipped the speculum arms and checked inside. He raised his eyebrows in my direction as I enjoyed the best view of the female organs I had every had right up to the cervix. I filled in the form in a somewhat shaky hand as Tom dictated to me. Tom took up a wooden spatula and slid it in between the arms of the speculum before finally smearing the results onto a slide yet again held ready by Jill.   
‘Thank you, Linda, that’s fine. Now I have to check you out by a manual examination. This will require me to part your labia and after that insert two fingers into your vagina. Stay relaxed.’   
Linda’s checking of the crack in the ceiling intensified as Tom opened her pussy lips with a spreader and had another check of my goggle eyed expression as he held them open for my delight. He slid the hood of her clit right back so I could clearly see its engorged state. Spreader done Tom’s fingers again spread her lips and then slid two rubber gloved fingers into her vagina pressing down on tummy as he did so. Linda’s back arched and she moaned gently as he probed her most personal area and her finger tightly grasped the edges of the examination couch ever more tightly. Tom slid out his fingers.   
‘Now if you will get down off the couch, lean on it with your feet well apart I will check out your anal area.   
A totally naked Linda stood beside the couch with her legs apart. Her tits fell slightly forward in a most provocative manner and I could see everything from the base of her spine to her clitoris which had remained perked up alarmingly as Tom had probed her vagina and had yet to subside.   
Tom lubricate the finger of his rubber glove and parted Linda’s buttocks so that he could insert it into her anus. ‘Relax,’ commanded Tom as he gently worked his finger into and past he anal sphincter and, once past, deep inside her.   
‘OK you can stand up now, Linda,’ said Tom as his finger came clear. ‘Just a blood and urine check and then a couple of photos for the record.’   
Jill gave Linda a bottle and showed her where the toilet was so she could provide the sample and remove the lubricant which Tom had applied during his examination.   
‘One down, four to go,’ said Tom in a quiet voice, ‘Enjoying it?’   
‘Can I come every week’ I asked.   
‘You can’t afford the amount of beer that would cost,’ said Tom picking up the next sheet and handing it to me. ‘OK, get the next one in then.’   
‘Janice,’ I called into the room where the girls were still waiting. Janice stood up and shucked off her bra. She was well built, very well built. Blonde with those pinky nipples that go with that colour of hair and breasts that although not at all saggy swung delightfully as she walked. We went back into the examination room and I did the weighing and height bit before she was gathered up by Tom to start her examination.   
Linda came out of the toilet carrying her bottle and was fielded by Jill before she could grab her knickers. Janice’s eyes popped wide open as she saw her totally naked companion being stood in front of the calibrated screen by Jill for me to take her posture pictures. I dutifully did so wondering how I could get copies for my album. Janice was relieved to get her knickers back even if Jill did immediately sit her down as she took the blood sample.   
‘All done, Linda, thank you,’ I said as I filled in the last box on my sheet as the sample number was entered and she scooted off to the dressing room grabbing her knickers on the way and only glancing furtively at Janice who by this time was walking up and down the room bouncing delightfully in just her knickers and doing touch your toes exercises..   
‘Can you take the sheet for completion,’ asked Tom holding it out. ‘it’ll save time.’   
And let me see Janice in those stirrups I thought lustfully as I took it and clipped it to my board. Janice dutifully climbed aboard the couch at Tom’s order and had those lovely boobs massaged. She should be on page3 I thought as I watched and made notes.   
‘Knickers off, please.’ said Tom as he finished his massage - sorry - examination of her tits. The pants were discarded and Jill helped Janice into the stirrups and slid her down the couch. Janice did not look so carefully at the ceiling as Linda had but lay there knees bent and legs spread as Tom conducted the examination. I made a careful note in my own mind that although she had trimmed her bikini line she had not shaved herself completely. Her soft blonde hair shyly hid her vulva until Tom’s fingers opened up her labia, first with the spreader, then with the speculum and finally with his gloved fingers which seemed to bring Janice to a peak of excitement judging by her breathing and the tightness with which she grasped the edges of the couch and her clit requiring none of Tom’s attention to get it standing out from its fur covered hood. The anal exam brought another gasp from Janice as Tom’s finger penetrated her and she had a strong blush suffusing her body as she followed Jill to the toilet.   
‘Nice girl, ‘said Tom as he peeled off his rubber gloves, ‘Very open to stimulation. Wheel the next one in.’   
Sylvia was sitting topless as I opened the door to the waiting room. She was dark haired, pert breasted and had a lovely tan. She had on a pair of knickers which can only be described as schoolgirl passion killing bloomers so I could not see if the tan was all over. I would check later. It was obvious that she had memories of her school days when she never had to take her knickers off for the school medicals. She would learn.   
We followed the same routine as before. I took photos, Jill took blood and then my chance came to see how extensive that tan was. ‘Knickers off, please,’ said Tom in his authoritative voice.   
‘Do I have to?’ asked Sylvia being less compliant than the others.   
‘I would find it difficult to carry out a gynaecological examination if you kept them on,’   
Reluctantly Sylvia slowly peeled off those extensive pants and I saw that she sunbathed topless and had only a very small patch of white around her pubes. Removing her knickers would have exposed little more than her bikini pants if only she had the chance to keep her legs together. She didn’t. Jill soon saw to that and pinned her totally naked and squirming in the stirrups with the Velcro straps after hanging her bulky knickers over the back of a chair. Trimmed pubic hair I noted. Dark and partly covering her vulva. Tom’s fingers soon fixed that as they worked their way down her slit, into her vagina and sliding in the speculum. Janice’s reluctance to shed her knickers had brought out the devil in him and he had Jill open the stirrups more so poor Sylvia was spread as far as possible without breaking. What a view for my bulging eyes. Tom behaved in a very proper manner but spent at least twice as long on the internal examination as he had with the other two girls. Sylvia was left gasping as he finally removed his fingers from her vagina only to plug them into her arsehole without letting her out of the stirrups. He merely insisted that she move further down the couch so that her bum was rolled up into the air giving him the best possible access. He left her in that position for a few minutes as he dictated his final notes to me. Then she was passed on to Jill’s tender bloodsucking mercies her eyes going longingly to the bloomer like garment that Jill had draped over the back of a chair.   
‘That’ll teach her to carry out the doctor’s orders,’ grinned Tom. ‘Bring on the next victim.’   
‘Brenda,’ I called as I stood at the door of the waiting room.   
Brenda was sitting on the bench at the side of the room totally naked. ‘Here.’ She stood up and boldly walked towards me.   
‘Erm.......... you can keep your panties on for the first part of the examination,’ I said diverting my eye from her shapely figure.   
‘From what Janice has been telling me that is only putting off the evil moment. I don’t want my dirty knickers slung on the back of a chair for all to see. I’d rather take them off here and have done with it. You’re going to get me naked and horrendously exposed soon so why keep them on?’   
I couldn’t really answer that one. ‘It’s entirely your choice then. Come with me.’   
Tom blinked at the sight of the already totally naked Brenda as she walked towards him. ‘She said she’d rather undress completely in the waiting room,’ I offered feebly by way of explanation. Looking at Sylvia’s bulky knickers hanging on the back of the chair perhaps I could see why.   
‘Fine, Fine,’ said Tom unfazed by her blatant nudity, ‘Let’s get on with it then.’   
Brenda was the biggest of the girls, somewhere around a size 14 I guessed. Well rounded and possessed of a pair of firm outstanding tits which I so enjoyed watching as Tom had her walk the length of the room and then touch her toes with her back to us.. Did she realise when she stripped completely that we would have a glorious view of her arsehole and genitalia as she touched her toes with her feet apart? I rather think she did. Tom had her in that position for longer than strictly necessary, I noted with delight. A glorious exhibitionist if I ever saw one. Her breast check was wonderful. Her tits moved like taunt water filled balloons under Tom’s probing fingers but sprang back into place as he released his touch. She all too easily slid down the examination couch and placed her legs in the stirrups for Jill to tape in place. I rushed across to take Sylvia’s pictures before resuming my voyeuristic appraisal of Brenda’s moist and glistening charms as she lay with her hands on her thighs helping to hold them apart for Tom to examine her. Her clit stood out like a finger from its sheath. Much to Tom’s embarrassment she watched closely as he slid instruments and fingers into he cavities. She bent over and spread her legs as Tom required her to submit to his probing finger for the anal examination even holding her buttocks apart to help him! What a girl!   
Jill took her to the toilet and as she went Tom commented that she was the sort of girl who didn’t require him to lubricate his gloves, she provided her own juice. I took her photos as she stood proud and naked. Jill sticking that needle in her arm for the blood sample calmed her down a bit though.   
‘Last one,’ said Tom looking at his sheet, ‘Go fetch your last opportunity to see such feminine pulchritude.’   
‘Selena,’ I called. A small brown girl was the last one on the list and sat with her panties on, her legs crossed and, despite still having her bra on, her arms crossed and one hand cupping each breast.   
‘Do I have to be examined?’ she asked in a weak voice.   
‘Of course it is essential if you are to take your course at the college.’   
‘But ...............,’ a long pause, ‘ I’m a virgin,’ she blurted out, ‘I do not want those things the girls talked about to ruin it.’   
I thought quickly, ‘I am sure if we discus this with the doctor he will ensure that such a thing does not happen. There are other ways of completing the examination if the person is a virgin.’ I knew reading those women’s magazines would come in handy one day. ‘Now take off your bra and come with me.’   
Selena reluctantly slipped off the shoulder straps of her bra and tugged the catch round to the front to unclip it. I carefully left the room so that at least she had some privacy at this stage. When she came into the examination room she was again clasping her breasts in her hands in a very shy manner. I had already mentioned her problem to Tom and he immediately tried to set her mind at rest. Tom and carried out her eyes, nose and throat examination, during which she still cupped her breasts, without comment. She gradually relaxed at least to the extent of releasing her breasts so long as Jill was nearby for her heart and lung checks be done before Tom had her walk the length of the room. Initially she still tried to cover her breasts with her hands but under Jill’s gentle urging she released them and walked the room again with them hardly moving at all as they were so small and firm even if embarrassment did however bring her dark nipples to erection.   
‘Now up on the examination couch, please,’ said Tom looking away, ‘And Jill will you get an examination sheet for Selena.’   
Jill collected a sheet from a cupboard and carefully covered Selena as she lay on the couch. ‘Now said Tom I am going to have to touch your breasts. Is that all right with you?’   
Selena uttered a weak, ‘ Yes,’ and Tom carefully uncovered one breast and had Selena put her hand behind her head as he palpated her. Tom covered up one side only to expose the other and again palpate her fine upstanding boob. Selena had kept her eyes shut during the examination as though not seeing us would stop us seeing her.   
‘Now,’ said Tom as Selena had regained her covers, ‘I am going to have to examine your abdomen. I shall not use any instruments which enter your vagina nor will I insert my fingers. But you will have to remove your knickers for the examination. Is that all right with you?’   
Again a weak, ‘Yes, ‘from Selelna greeted his words.   
‘Take your knickers off then, please, Selena.’ Selena did not move but kept her eyes tight shut. ‘Jill will help you then.’ He nodded in Jill’s direction and she lifted the sheet, slipped her fingers into the waistband of Selena’s panties and drew them slowly but positively down and off. Selena twitched but did not protest as they came over her feet. Jill covered her again with the sheet but lifted it so that it hung from the stirrups. ‘Slide down the couch, please, Selena.’ Jill urged her down and then lifted her feet into the stirrups.   
Selena’s eyes popped open for a moment but seemed again satisfied that as she could not see her nakedness everything was alright. She closed them again and waited for her worst dream to come true.   
‘I need to examine your genitalia and to part your labia. I repeat nothing will be inserted into your vagina.’ He went to the foot of the couch and said, ‘Please note that Selena’s hymen is intact and therefore a full internal examination cannot be carried out. This has been agreed with the patient.’ I duly made a note on the sheet. Tom took up a spreader and after sliding his lubricated finger the length of Selena’s crack held it open at the top to examine her clit and then slid the spreader down so that the labia were fully opened and her clit, urethra and vaginal opening were clearly visible.   
Satisfied Tom spoke again to Selena. ‘As I cannot examine you through your vagina I will have to do it through your anus. I will have to insert my finger into you to do this.’ Tom squirted jelly onto the finger of his rubber gloves and spread it the between Selena’s buttocks. Another squeeze and he started to work it into her anus and as his finger slipped in past her anal sphincter he felt Selena tense. ‘Just relax, it will not hurt.’   
With gentle pressure Tom’s finger went all the way in and as he applied gentle pressure he felt around inside her deepest cavity. This took longer than the vaginal examination had done and I could see Selena tensing and squeezing her eyes tight shut to try to ignore the indignity to which she was being subject even if, due to the modesty sheet, she would not have been able to se what Tom was doing. Finally Tom wiped off the surplus lubricant and threw the paper towel and his rubber gloves into the bin.   
Eventually Tom stood back, ‘Everything fine. You can put your knickers back on now.’ Selena’s knickers were handed to her by Jill and with a large amount of effort at trying to avoid exposing herself Selena managed to get them on. Jill took of the sheet and Selena slid off the couch only to be directed to stand in front of the graduated board for me to take her photos.   
‘Should I get her pants off again?’ I whispered to Tom.   
‘Don’t bother. I think she is stressed enough already.’   
I took the photos of the only girl to retain her pants that afternoon and Jill got the urine sample and drew the blood from Selena’s arm. before allowing her grateful escape to the dressing room.   
‘Well?’ said Tom with a great grin on his face, ‘Did you enjoy your afternoon?’   
‘It was well worth the three pints and a Bacardi that it cost me,’ I replied as Tom took off his white coat and I followed suit. ‘Can I come again?’   
‘This was a once only offer,’ replied Tom, ‘I can’t have you hanging around too frequently you might get spotted. Anyway it will cost you another pint or two when I see you in the pub already. By the way can you give Jill a lift home?’   
By this time Jill had disappeared into the toilet and as Tom left I stood and waiting for her return. She came back and stood very close in front of me. ‘Did you like that then?’ she asked.   
‘An opportunity of a lifetime never to be repeated,’ I said with a sigh. ‘Do you have to go through that lot?’   
‘Every year, would you like to see me in the stirrups?’   
‘And how!’   
‘Then perhaps you know that new Chinese restaurant in the High Street. I wouldn’t mind a meal there.’ She started to unbutton my shirt. ‘And I would want a semen sample from you as well.’   
My shirt was off and Jill’s busy little hands were undoing the belt and waistband of my trousers. I stood on one leg at a time and slipped off my shoes and socks as Jill shoved my trousers southwards. Why is it that men’s clothes are so much more difficult to get off than womens? I leant forward and started to undo the buttons of her dress quickly learning that she was naked underneath as it fell to the floor. My trousers were kicked after it and Jill slid into position on the couch, spread her legs into the stirrup supports and asked me to do up the Velcro straps. Naked and proud I stood at the end of the couch between Jill’s legs, her shaven pussy exposed for my delight. I may have seen five already that afternoon but the opportunity to see Jill as naked as the day she was born and open for my inspection was a bonus I could not refuse.   
Jill slid down so that her bum was at the edge of the couch and her kneess pushed back so they almost touched her perky rosy nippled tits. Her slit was wide open and her vagina glistening and ready. She held out her hands to me and moved them onto her tits and started to writhe under my touch as I gently massaged them. I glanced down to see her clit peeping out from her open slit.   
‘Well, go on then, give me a sample of your semen, I can see you’re only to ready to do so.’   
‘Where?’ I asked foolishly.   
Jill slid her finger along her slit and into her vagina. ‘Here,’ she murmured.   
She pulled me forwards and only to easily I entered her warm moisture. ‘There silly,’ she purred as her muscles tensedand pulsed and led me to climax.   
I collapsed against the couch, exhausted.   
‘Seeing all those naked girls makes me feel so sexy,’ she said unnecessarily as our orgasms subsided. Now if you will undo those straps I will put on some panties so I don’t make a wet patch on the seat of your car. Then you can take me home and I can get ready for our meal at that restaurant. I’ve got my clothes with me.You did promise, didn’t you?’   
‘I did. What is your address?’   
‘I don’t know. Where do you live?’