**The Phony Doctor Examines My Wife**

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*A husband surreptitiously spies on his wife's Gynecological exam, with suspicion.*

My wife Dianne is the kind guys notice, but she's basically shy and tries to ignore the admiring glances she gets. She'd certainly never show anything on purpose, and definitely avoids "accidents". She wears skirts a lot, but her knees are always properly together and she's careful about getting in and out of cars, bending over, and that kind of thing.

Even though I'd had a thought or two about whether it would be a turn-on for me if someone else saw more than they should, I'd never even thought about it really happening until it all fell in my lap a while ago.

She applied for a job at a large company, got through the first interviews, and then was told she needed to give her medical history to the company's in-house medical office. They set up an appointment for her on a Thursday, but then she got a call changing the appointment to early Wednesday morning.

We didn't think anything about it at the time, but later that change fit in with my other suspicions. Of course, I'm the only one that's wondering about what really happened that day. She either didn't notice anything or, and this is my guess, her shyness wouldn't let her even think about the chance that everything wasn't on the up and up.

I drove her to the appointment that morning, and walked with her to find the medical office. Compared to the rest of the buildings this company owns, the building she was told to go to was in a quiet location out of the main traffic flow. We didn't see more than one or two other people the whole time we were there. The medical office was small, with only a few chairs in the waiting room.

There wasn't anyone at the front desk when we arrived, and it took a few minutes before we heard someone coming from the back area. It was a guy maybe in his forties, and when he came in, he looked at both of us with what I thought was a little surprise. He was dressed in slacks and a shirt, with what looked like three or four white smocks hanging over his arm.

He asked if he could help us, and we told him we were there for Dianne's medical report. He went over to the front desk, looked at a calendar there, and asked for Dianne's name. She gave it to him and I added that this was a changed appointment from the one that was scheduled for the next day. That seemed to help him out.

He flipped through some pages and then said something like, oh right, I see what you mean. Then he apologized for no one being there when we came in because the nurse on duty that day was ill. He asked us to wait a moment, and went back through the door to the examining room.

He was in there for quite a while, but when he came back out, he had one of the smocks on and introduced himself as the doctor on duty. He joked about his bad luck pulling duty on Wednesday when all of his friends were out playing golf, and then invited Dianne to step back into the examining room. I told her I'd wait for her, and she followed him back.

Once the door was closed, I began to run all of this through my head: The change in appointment time, the surprise he seemed to show, the change he made putting on his "doctor suit". It wasn't enough to make a big deal out of, but still I was kind of tense about it all.

I looked around the room for a magazine or something to read, and that's when I spotted the little sliding door they use to pass specimens in and out. I could see from where I was that it wasn't completely closed. Whoever used it last had shut it too fast, and it went down crooked.

It didn't take me long to decide I should try to check out things in the other room if I could. I went over to it, pulled a chair up, and sat down with my head level at the crack that was open. It was perfect, I was able to see right into the examining room. There was Dianne sitting on the exam table, with him sitting on one of those short rolling stools in front of her.

He was telling her that the nurse normally took blood pressure, height and weight, but since she was ill, Dianne could drop in after her final interview and have it done then. He had a clipboard with a long form on it and he began asking questions from the form.

It was all the standard medical history stuff, and each time she answered he'd write something and then ask her the next question. It took quite a while for him to get through the whole form.

I probably would have stopped watching, but something about the way she was sitting on the end of that table kind of kept my attention. She was dressed casually that day, no heels or hose, since this wasn't really supposed to be a part of the job interview. It was a blouse, skirt and sandals, which was one of her cool summer outfits.

Her feet were on an adjustable footrest he'd pulled out for her, and it was high enough to lift her knees right up to his eye level. Her skirt covered her knees, and she had her hands clasped together in front of them, but that didn't take care of the way her skirt gapped under her legs. I could see a lot of the underside of her thighs from where I was, and I knew he had an even better view if he wanted it.

That was the first time I ever knew anything about how I'd react to someone sneaking a peek at Dianne. I'd read about that kind of thing in some of the men's magazines, and I always wondered if I'd be pissed off or jealous or what. Sure, I had some of those feelings, but it was also kind of a turn-on, probably the same way it was for guys I'd read about.

Anyhow, it didn't take long for my little turn-on to get tested even more. When he finished taking her history, he got up from the stool, put the clipboard on a counter top and said something to her about finishing the exam. I couldn't hear it all, but I know Dianne hadn't been told they'd be doing anything more than take down her history, and that's probably what she said to him.

He started talking about paperwork screw-ups and that it was a simple exam and wouldn't take long. The whole time he was talking, his voice had a kind of tone that seemed professional, but a little bit bored, as though all he wanted to do was finish up and head for the golf course.

Knowing Dianne, that's probably what convinced her to relax and go along with the change in plans. He walked back to her with a little rubber hammer in his hand, sat down on the stool and told her he needed to test her reflexes. He asked her to take her feet off the foot rest and scoot forward so her legs would dangle.

Of course, when she did it, her skirt rode up on her legs. He didn't seem to pay any attention, and began tapping on her right knee with the hammer. I could see her pulling a little bit at her skirt, but she couldn't get it back over her knees without being obvious, and I knew she wouldn't do that. I'm sure she was telling herself not to be an idiot, and that he was a doctor, and she should just cooperate.

Talk about a set up! Maybe he was a doctor, but if he wasn't, he gave himself the best peep show a guy could ever hope for. After he tapped her knee a couple of times, he told her he wasn't getting the reaction he should. He told her she needed to flex her knee more, and asked her to put her hands under her the back of her knee and hold it up. And I'll be damned if she didn't even hesitate. Up went her right knee, and with it the hem of her skirt.

She couldn't very well keep her legs together that way, and from where he was sitting, he had a perfect view right up her skirt. His back was toward me and she was facing right at me while I watched through the crack in the sliding panel. There she sat with her leg up in the air and the crotch of her thin white panties in plain view. He tapped a couple more times and told her that was fine.

Then he asked her to lift the other knee, and even put his hand under her leg to start it up. With the way he was lifting and with her lifting at the same time, her left leg went up even higher and wider than the right one had. I could see her whole panty crotch and even a little of her left cheek as she held her leg there.

He tapped on that knee for a while, maybe longer than necessary it seemed to me, with his head angled so she couldn't see his eyes, but so he could look up her skirt if he wanted to, as long as he wanted to. The dark shadow of her pubic hair was showing, and from where he sat, with his head right next to her knee, the view must have been spectacular.

He got up from the stool again, told her she could put her leg down, and walked over to the counter. She did, and even smoothed out her skirt and tried to pull it down a bit while his back was turned. Talk about too little too late! Not that it mattered anyhow. There was a lot more to come.

He picked up a stethoscope, still with his back turned, held it up, and told her he needed to listen to her with it. He turned around, pointed to a small dressing room and told her she'd find a gown in there to wear. It took her a moment or two, but finally she asked what she should take off. He told her just to slip out of her blouse and skirt.

Then he turned back to the counter, and started reading through some papers there. She sat there for a few seconds and when he didn't turn around again, she got down off the table and went into the dressing room.

A couple of minutes later she came out wearing one of those open-in-the-back gowns. When he heard her come out, he stopped reading, turned around and told her to sit on the end of the examining table again. Her back was to both of us for a moment as she walked to the table, and I think he was watching when the open-backed gown let her cute pantied-bottom show for a second or two before she turned around and got back up on the table.

He walked over to her, stood beside her and put his stethoscope on her back. After moving it around for a while, he undid the tie that held the gown together and spread it open so her back was more exposed. He tapped and moved the stethoscope, tapped and moved again, all over her back. He asked her to breath in deep and let it out slowly. In other words, he did all the things a doctor normally does.

Then he said he needed to listen to her chest and heart. Without missing a beat, he took hold of the gown and slipped it forward over her shoulders, sliding it down until the whole top of her gown was resting in her lap. If Dianne had known this might happened, she might have worn a different bra. The one she had on was full enough, but quite sheer. As she sat there I could see the outline of her pink nipples showing through the bra, and I was sure he could see even more detail. His head wasn't more than a foot away from her breasts as he moved the stethoscope from place to place.

At first he kept it on her upper chest, pressing in on the swell of her breasts above the bra. But each time he moved the stethoscope, he went lower until he reached the top of the bra. He held it there for a moment, shook his head, and told her he needed her to slip the left shoulder strap down for a moment. She did it for him, and he moved the stethoscope toward the center of her chest and down, holding it a moment and listening, then moving it down another half inch or so and listening again.

It didn't take long for the pressure of his hand and the stethoscope to cause her left bra cup to gap open. I couldn't see from my angle, but it was pretty obvious she was exposed, and that all he had to do was glance down to see the whole top of her breast, naked all the way to her nipple. He listened there for a while, bent over to within inches of her chest, and then straightened up, asking her to slip the other shoulder strap down. When she did it, he bent over and began moving the stethoscope around.

When he pressed it in against her right breast, the bra nearly fell off completely. It would have if Dianne hadn't crossed her arms under her breasts to hold it up, but holding it that way didn't do much good. By now both cups of the bra had gapped forward, and the upper part of her breasts was completely exposed. The bra had fallen so far, even I could see both of her exposed nipples. I think it must have been a little cold in the room, because the dusky pink around her nipples was crinkled a little and the points of her nipples stuck out more than usual.

I didn't know what to think or say or do watching this, but I can tell you I was beginning to get hard. I kept thinking about how sweet those dark pink knobs would be to lick and tease with my fingers, and I wondered if he was thinking the same thing.

He listened a while longer, and finally straightened up, saying he was finished. He told her she could pull the straps back up and he walked back to the counter. While she was adjusting her bra and pulling the gown back up to cover herself he looked through a few more of the papers.

The next thing he asked her told me for sure he was either a legit doctor, or a fairly clever and very horny guy willing to see just how much he could get away with. He turned around from the counter with a sheet of paper in his hand and, after looking at it for a moment, he asked if she did regular self breast exams. She told him she did, and he asked her how long it had been since she'd done one. I don't think she knew for sure, but she said three months. He frowned at her, and told her that wasn't often enough.

He walked toward her with some of the frown still on his face, and told her she'd have to lower the gown again, only this time he said she'd have to slip out of her bra also. I think he made her feel a little guilty with that frown, because she didn't argue a bit. She just said that maybe it would be good to have a doctor check her out, in case she'd been missing something. The next thing I knew, she reached around behind her, unclasped the bra and pulled it off. So there I was, looking at my wife sitting on that table with both of her beautiful breasts completely exposed to this guy.

He looked at her for a moment, and then stepped close, placing his hands under each breast. I can't describe the feelings I had watching him press and squeeze her breasts, first from the bottom and then from each side. She looked sexy as hell, especially when he squeezed from both sides pushing her breasts up and forward, making her delicious nipples point straight up at him.

I thought that might be all he'd try, but I was wrong. After he finished pressing from the sides, he put one hand just under her right breast, lifting it up, and three fingers from the other hand right on her nipple. He pressed down with the fingers, squeezing the nipple, pushing it back and forth. Then he pushed in on it with a circular movement, letting it slide a little under his fingers.

As he moved his fingers away to do the other breast, he trailed his middle finger so it stroked the tip of the nipple. Then he did the same thing with her left breast, right down to that last lingering stroke across the tip. I couldn't tell for sure from where I was, but I think her neck was flushing red with embarrassment. She had her eyes closed, probably trying very hard to ignore everything that was going on, but I could tell she was relieved it was over.

He stepped back then and told her she could pull the gown back up. She opened her eyes and pulled it back over her shoulders. Now that she was covered again, I could see her relax. She asked if he'd found anything, and he said she was fine. He said he hadn't found anything, and that he'd been as thorough as he could. Yeh, I guess, I said to myself.

He went back to the counter again, looked at a few more papers and told her they were just about finished with the exam. She said something about being glad because it was taking more time than she planned. He looked a little surprised and told her she could come back if she wanted to finish later, but it would be best to go ahead and get it done now.

She told him she didn't mean she had to leave right away or anything, and that she didn't want to come back a second time. He said fine, and in the same breath told her to slip out of her panties and lie back on the table.

I think it caught her by surprise, but she'd just finished telling him to go ahead and complete the exam, so after a moment she sort of half rose up on the table and started pulling her panties down. I couldn't see much because of the gown, but knowing that she was going to be totally naked soon didn't help the agitation in my groin.

I watched completely fascinated as she tugged first on one side of the panties and then the other to get them down over her hips. From there it was a quick matter to slip them down her legs and off. She laid them down behind her where her bra was, and he offered to hang them both up with the rest of her clothes. When she didn't say anything, he took them both and hung them in the dressing room.

When he came back she was still sitting up. He told her again to lie back and relax. I don't know if she relaxed, but she did lie down. He pulled out a small linen sheet from under the table, and told her he needed to palpate her tummy. He reach down, took the hem of the gown, and pulled it up all the way up to her breasts while covering her from the waist down with the small sheet.

He stood there looking at her for a moment, and then told her he should probably check the glands under her arms. He asked her if she was ticklish there, and she told him she was a little. He said he'd try to be careful, and lifted the right side of her gown. Of course, her right breast was exposed again while he lifted her arm and pressed his hand along the muscles. She only flinched a little, but it was enough to make her breast jiggle.

He didn't pull the gown back down, and when he did her left side, both breasts were exposed, with the nipples still firm and standing out. She flinched even more as he stroked under that arm, and her luscious breasts bobbled around enough to make me swallow hard. When he was finished, he told her everything seemed fine there too. Her breasts were still exposed, but I don't think she even noticed. She had her eyes closed , and the gown was bunched up in a way that would have blocked her view even if she did look.

He told her to relax, and took hold of each of her ankles, moving them apart until her feet were at the outer edges of the table. He began pressing his fingers in various places on her stomach, working his way lower and lower.

Every now and then he'd ask if she felt any discomfort when he pressed, and she'd say no, and he press somewhere else. Soon his hands were pressing just above the sheet, and as he went lower, he pushed it down inch by inch. The top of her pubic hair began to show, and then the whole upper part of her pubic mound.

By now he must have seen that she was going to keep her eyes closed no matter what. He knew he didn't have to be careful about where he looked, and his head turned back and forth while he pressed on her, taking in the whole view from her breasts down.

Like I said before, maybe this was all legit, but then maybe he was really just a guy testing her little by little, trying to find out how far he could go without her objecting.

I could have told him he had a clear field. I know Dianne. Once she decided to go ahead with the exam, she wouldn't let herself think anything else but that everything he did was normal and necessary. For that matter, she was probably trying to think about anything she could except the exam.

Anyhow, her not saying anything when he uncovered the top of her vagina probably gave him all the encouragement he needed. He continued to press all around the upper part of her pubic mound with one hand, letting the other rest lightly on the sheet between her thighs. Little by little the pressure from that hand caused the sheet to slip further down her legs until her whole sweet vagina came into view.

I doubt if she could even tell the sheet was moving, with his other hand pressing on her lower tummy, but I wasn't thinking about that. I was too busy trying to sort out how I felt, watching another man expose Dianne's vagina, with his hands only inches away from it. I knew he could see every detail, from the dark pink outer lips to the way her hair curled around the little knob that covered her clit. And her legs were open enough so he could see all the way down to the back where the cheeks of her bottom began.

He finally stopped pressing, told her there were just a couple more things he needed to check, and pulled the linen sheet off of her. Now she was naked from her feet to her breasts. She looked fantastic laying there, and I'm sure he agreed. He certainly took his time walking to the end of the table, and his eyes never left her. He bent down and I heard a clank as he pulled a pair of stirrups into place. I got even harder knowing what was coming next.

He told her to move down on the table until her legs were hanging off the end. She did it, with her breasts jiggling enticingly the whole way. Then he told her to relax while he put her feet in the stirrups. He took her left foot, pushed back so her leg would bend at the knee, and put it into the stirrup. The way the table was aimed I had a perfect view, and so did he. Of course the view go even better when he put her right foot in the other stirrup. She still had her knees sort of together, but she couldn't do much to hide her sweet furry mound.

He stood back a moment, looking at her, and then went over to the counter. He came back with latex gloves and some lubricant. He put the gloves on, and told her he was going to do a simple pelvic. With that, he put his hands on her knees and pushed them open. And there was Dianne, spread completely open for him, her vaginal lips showing through her soft pubic hair. I got so hard I could hardly stand it. And when he touched her, my heart started pounding like I'd run a race or something.

He put his hands on either side of her vagina, and slowly spread her dark pink lips apart. He ran his fingers up and down, opening her slightly, and then put some lubricant on the fingers of his right hand. Using the fingers on his left hand to open her vaginal lips up, he put his right index finger up inside her and moved it around, exploring her.

After a bit he brought his finger out, bent over so his head wasn't more than a foot away from her open vagina, and put two fingers in. He moved both fingers around, literally finger fucking her, and I could see the sweet moisture spread to her outer lips as his fingers probed and turned inside her.

Lying back the way she was, I know she couldn't see him as he moved his head even closer to her, but I could. He kept leaning in between her legs until his face couldn't have been more than an inch or two away from her vagina as he spread his fingers, moving from side to side, opening her moist lips wider and wider.

Maybe it only lasted a minute or two, but it felt like a long time before he leaned back and told her he was finished, and that everything seemed fine. He lifted her feet out of the stirrups, letting them dangle over the end of the table. He pulled her gown back down and asked her to sit up. When she did, he told her she could step down from the table.

I think she thought she was finished. I know she probably hoped she was finished, but he said he had one more check to make. I could tell she guessed what was coming, because she kind of closed her eyes for a moment, and when she opened them she was looking down at the floor and not at him. He told her to face the table, step back a bit from it and lean down with her head and chest on the table. I could see her hesitate, and then I heard him tell her to relax, and that it wouldn't take long.

She bent over part of the way, until the open-backed gown began to slide open. That stopped her for a moment, but then she went ahead and finished it, leaning forward onto the table, exposing her bottom completely. And as if that wasn't enough, he told her to put her feet shoulder width apart.

She moved her feet a little, but I think she must have been embarrassed to open up as much as he wanted. He let her stand there for a moment and then told her again to please relax and move her feet wider. She finally did it, with her feet winding up even farther apart than shoulder width.

Talk about fantastic views! Her bottom cheeks opened up, and the whole length of her vagina was spread out in front of him. He sat down on his stool, and used both hands to cup each of her cheeks. Then, with his head only inches away, he spread her open. He held her like that for a while, and then shifted his hands so that one was holding her cheeks apart while he put a finger in her tight little hole with the other.

She kind of gasped, and I think that stopped him from going in very deep. He moved his finger around in a kind of circle, but in and out too. Of course, with all that pressure, her vaginal lips opened up and I could tell even from where I was that he was looking up inside her open vagina while he probed her anus with his fingers.

Finally, he said he was finished. He stood up, pulled the gloves off and told her everything was fine as far as he could tell. He told her she could get dressed, and turned away to walk over to the counter again. When she came out, he made some small talk about hoping she got the job, and they each said goodbye.

By the time she came back into the waiting room, I was back in the first chair I'd sat in, hoping to hell my hard-on had calmed down enough so she wouldn't notice. I guess she didn't, because she didn't say anything about it, or the exam either. When I asked how it went, she just said it was okay, and I let it drop at that.

By the way, she never did get that job, so I never had a chance to go back and ask around a little to see if he was really who he said he was. Which means I guess I'll never know for sure, but I think you can guess what I'd bet on.

END