

Friendly Patient Care

My day had gotten off to a rough start. I'd had to scrape the frost off my windows for the first time this fall, my coffee shop was out of pumpkin spice, and I'd had to make a referral for not only my first, but my first *two* patients to oncologists. Nothing like starting your day tired, cold, and getting to tell people they probably have cancer. I was tight with all of my patients and pride myself on seeing to their individual needs personally, and it only made it harder to break that kind of news when you'd gotten to know a person.

The real icing on the cake came when I glanced at the schedule and saw who my third patient was. Mr. Blankenship, a first-rate hypochondriac if ever there was one. Fan-freaking-tastic. I took a moment to freshen up my makeup and apply a little lipstick. My receptionist handed me his preposterously thick file, and in I went to the exam room, ready for battle.

"Mr. Blankenship, good morning," I began, forcing a pleasant smile. "How have you been doing?"

"Good, doc, real good. I mean, until yesterday, when I just knew I had to make it in to see you."

It begins. "Oh? What seems to be the trouble today, hm?"

My patient turned from the broad poster showing the inner ear anatomy and smiled brightly. "Good morning, Julie! Did your secretary not tell you the reason for my visit?"

I flipped open his folder and glanced at the top page; if she'd written it down, that's where it would have been. Instead there was some documentation of his last visit, in which he'd come in complaining of having burned his tongue on hot slice of pizza. It had been no mean trick treating that.

"I've told you before, Mr. Blankenship, please call me Dr. Curtis. And no, it looks like you'll have to tell me yourself."

"Oh, I'm sure it's nothing beyond your considerable skills as a physician. And I've told you before, please call *me* by *my* first name."

He was the only one of my patients I referred to by last name; he was already so friendly with me that I tried to force at least some professional distance between us. I wondered sometimes if he thought he was charming, or if other women found him so. Perhaps to some women, his flirty ways might be cute, but he had as much of a chance getting a date with me as did the octogenarian with cancer I'd attended before him.

I could – and may – write a book on what it's like trying to become a general practitioner as a woman. And really, as a woman like me. The blonde hair was its own endless curse; med students and their instructors were not immune to those stereotypes. But beyond that, I can admit without the need for humility that I'm a fair amount north of attractive. I don't complain of it often; most women would give an arm and a leg to have my genetics. Not that I was the classic Barbie doll, but I may as well have been.

Neither tall nor especially leggy, I was nonetheless given the genetic sequencing for a body that was merely 5'3", but with curves enough for another half a foot at least. Pert DD's, wide hips, shapely thighs, a well-rounded bottom... I was head to toe a poster for sexuality. And if I had a nickel for every time a man had taken that as my real value rather than the \$250,000 education stored in my brain, I could have paid off my med school loans in my first year.

Needless to say, being hit on by whiny patients was not something that boosted my morale. Nonetheless, even a flirt like Mr. Blankenship deserved my best professional efforts.

"How about you tell me what's wrong, and then we can start plumbing the depths of my 'considerable skills,'" I said dryly, seating myself on a stool and gesturing for him to have a seat on the examination table. I withdrew my notebook from the breast pocket of my lab coat and readied myself to hear what bizarre symptom he'd brought to me this time.

"Well, it's not the easiest thing to narrow down," he began, and already I could tell I was going to be in for a doozy. "You see, there's been some general discomfort, and then there's been some specific discomfort. Plus, just kind of... I dunno, a funk, I guess you might call it."

Oh great. So the problem was part in his head, and part in his body, only some of it was everywhere, and some of it was an unspecified particular. Easy peasy. I took a preemptive deep breath.

"Well why don't we start with the 'funk,' as you called it. To remind you, I am not a psychiatrist. Why don't you tell me a little – just the very basics – and then I can perhaps recommend you to someone if I think it's necessary." Which of course it wouldn't be, unless he admitted his "funk" was hypochondria.

"Oh, I'd rather not see another doc if it's all the same to you," he said predictably. "You and I have a relationship, Dr. Julie, and I'd rather have whatever help a regular doctor like you can give than have to go to some hoity toity specialist and start over from scratch."

Hoity toity specialist? 'Regular doctor'? I went to one of the best medical schools in the country, asshole! I nearly said. *Oh, and it's Dr. Curtis.* Instead... "Well go ahead then."

The man licked his lips nervously. "Well, it's kind of... personal."

"I'm your doctor, Mr. Blankenship. There are no judgments here."

He nodded, and after a moment, finally began sharing. "See, I keep having these... impulses."

"Impulses?"

"Yeah. Like... with women."

"Go on."

"Like, I dunno, I keep wanting to... touch them."

Oh boy. "Touch them... how?"

He squirmed for a moment, and just as I was about to give him some encouragement to speak freely, he hopped off the table and walked over to my stool. Before I quite knew what was happening, Blankenship's hand reached out and took hold of my right breast. Just grabbed it uninvited, holding it in the palm of his hand and squeezing gently.

I nodded, my years of discipline as a physician keeping me steady. “So sexual touching. I see. Is that all?”

“Not just that hand,” said Blankenship, and sure enough my left breast joined its sister in his grasp.

I sat there taking my notes a bit awkwardly as he fondled me, but when dealing with a patient like Blankenship – really, *only* when dealing with Blankenship – a doctor had to be professional above all. “Is there anything else?” I prompted after a few minutes of vigorous groping.

“Sorry, Dr. Julie, just with breasts like yours, I can’t seem to help myself.”

Funny, sure seemed like he was helping himself to me. And to speak to me that way! “Please don’t be crude, Mr. Blankenship. This is a professional office.” I wasn’t about to let a patient be perverse with me.

“Right, sorry. Though I watch a lot of medical dramas, so you’d think I’d know better, right? I mean to say with *boobs* like yours, it’s hard not to squeeze the hell out of ‘em.”

Lovely, another patient who watched *House* and thinks they’re my equal. Still, he at least acknowledged his misstep. “Thank you,” I said, hoping he understood I meant for correcting his crude language and not for the actual groping. “Any clinical term would be fine.”

“Sure, sure. So like tits, or titties, or jugs, or funbags, hooters, sweater cows...”

“That is totally inappropriate,” I corrected him. Politely, but firmly. “It’s never all right to call my titties ‘sweater cows.’”

He chuckled at that, his grip on each tit tightening for a moment. Given their size, my bra was made good and sturdy, and he had to squeeze hard to really feel them. “Right, right. My mistake, won’t happen again.”

“Quite all right. Now, was there more to this funk?”

He nodded. “See, it’s not just your knockers I want to touch. It’s other stuff, too. Like... here, stand up and I’ll show you.”

As he finally released my jugs, I stood. I complied as he guided me to the exam table and bent me over its surface until my cheek was resting on the tissue paper covering. I felt the man lifting my lab coat, then undoing the zipper on the side of my skirt. A moment later it hit the floor, leaving me nearly naked from the waist down.

The things I endure for my patients.

“Thong? Nice!” He conveyed his glee in a giggle, though thankfully he remembered the purpose of this part of my examination and at last placed his hands on my exposed buttocks. Blankenship began kneading them thoroughly while I considered treatment.

It was true I’d taken to wearing them recently, and perhaps ironically because of one of my first appointments with Mr. Blankenship had, among other occurrences, included him giving me a wedgie like I’d never experienced in my life. Not that it had technically been a wedgie, but rather a simple demonstration that having one’s underwear ride up one’s crack could not be the

cause of his alleged migraine. After he'd double- and triple-checked on subsequent visits, I took to wearing them just to forestall the need for further proof.

"So, you're feeling tempted to caress a woman's tits and her posterior?" I prompted.

"Her what?"

I paused, remembering how often this patient seemed to need to have myriad medical terms run past him. "We've been over this, Mr. Blankenship. Posterior is a more common term for the ass."

"Ah right. Yeah, your ass is definitely pretty tempting, Dr. Julie."

I gave him a few more minutes to work through it and see if there was more to the "funk." There was, albeit not much. During his caressing of my butt, he also slid his fingers between my leg to play with my snatch (a clinical word for the vagina), and engaged in some light to mild spanking.

("I swear, a man could be hypnotized watching that butt of yours wobble around," he said. I wanted to remind him that I didn't believe in hypnosis, as I'd demonstrated to him many times during his visits, but I was tired of having that argument.)

All in all, it was a thorough examination, but I needed to be sure my patient wouldn't need a referral. "Well Mr. Blankenship," I said at last, as he finished his final round of swats and let me take back to my feet, still nearly naked from the waist down, "I have good news for you."

"You do, eh? What is it? Is it treatable?"

"Believe it or not, the symptoms you're describing are, I believe, actually perfectly natural urges. A heterosexual man your age, confronted with an attractive woman, might well be tempted to touch her in some of these ways."

"So I'm all right?"

I nodded. "Be careful about when and how you act on them, but otherwise yes, nothing to be concerned about."

"Really? Even if I felt a desire to..." He took hold of one side of my blouse in each hand and gave a hard pull. Buttons went flying, and my titties were suddenly out in the open air, encased now only in the red lace bra I'd put on that morning. It was merely a half cup, not even covering my wide pink nipples, but then it wasn't meant to. I'd had to personally instruct Mr. Blankenship on the benefits of sexy undergarments and their positive effect on one's outlook more than once, though I doubted he'd taken my advice.

"Yes, that's very natural. You wouldn't want to do that with any woman on the street, though, so just make sure any woman you're handling like this consents to it."

"So I should just come back here and feel you up whenever the urge gets to me?"

"I... well, yes, I suppose you could." I wasn't hard-up for billable hours, but still, it wasn't in me to let a patient suffer.

"Huh. Well, that's a load off," he said, taking his place back on the exam table, and I back on my stool. My butt was a little tender, but really his spanking had been quite mild compared to some of his previous visits. The one time he'd come in complaining of toxic

anger... I'd told him he didn't seem angry to me, but after prescribing some anger management therapy during which he smacked my ass until I could barely sit down for a day, I had to concede we had some work to do on that front. We still worked on it from time to time during his visits.

My glasses, suspended by a chain around my neck, were now resting on the bare skin of my yabos, and were surprisingly cold. I put them on, letting them rest on the end of my nose. Considering I was no longer wearing anything to cover my underwear, I reasoned it might restore some of my professional air.

"Now, you mentioned you were feeling physical symptoms as well?"

The man nodded, addressing his reply straight to my tits. "There's some muscle problems, you see."

I cleared my throat pointedly. "My eyes are up here, Mr. Blankenship."

He made an emphatic gesture, but didn't redirect his gaze in the least. "Precisely! My body's just so... so... tense! I can't even comfortably raise my chin to look you in your pretty face, much as I might like to."

"Hmm." I considered. "How long has this been going on?"

"Oh, a day or two. Keeps getting worse though. Giving me a headache, too."

"Lucky for you, that's actually a very treatable symptom. On your way out, just ask Heather – that's my receptionist – for a list of my recommended massage therapists in the area. You can choose any one of them, and they'll work that tension right out of you."

"Hey now, I said I didn't want to see any specialists."

I frowned. "I'd hardly call a masseuse a 'specialist.'"

"Well I would. Come on, if it's so simple, surely you can manage it in-house."

Without waiting for me to reply, he adjusted the table so that it was totally flat, then began stripping down to his underwear. Even with his boxers on, I could see his erection struggling to break free. I suppose after the time we spent examining his compulsion to play with tits and ass, it was an expected side effect.

"Sorry about that – he's got a mind of its own. He's part of the other thing that's been bothering me, actually, but we'll get to that next."

"I'm really not qualified – or equipped – for this kind of thing," I said cautiously. Plus, since he said it was bothering him, I didn't want to exacerbate his erection by touching him, especially half-naked as I was.

"Oh, I don't mind. I just want to feel better, ya know?" With that, Blankenship lay down on the exam table, resting his cheek on his forearm and closing his eyes. He sure didn't *look* tense, but then, I knew symptoms didn't always present in obvious ways.

I sighed. "Well, I suppose I can make an attempt. I can't have you just going home feeling stiff," I said, then blushed somewhat at the unintended double meaning.

From my patient's laugh, it wasn't lost on him. "Climb on up, Dr. Julie."

I paused. "Climb up?"

“Well sure. The whole point is to help me relax, and what’s more relaxing than being ridden by a busty blonde slut? I know it’d relax the hell out of me.”

“Mr. Blankenship!” I cried out, and he turned in surprise – surprise! – at my outburst. “I am *not* a slut, and I will not be spoken to in that fashion in my own office!” I stamped my foot to emphasize my point; the patient seemed only to notice it for the effect it had on making my titties wobble around.

“Oh, sorry,” he said, though he hardly sounded it. “I meant a busty blonde *whore*. That’s the proper term, right? Since I pay you? Or at least, my insurer does.”

“Thank you,” I said huffily. There were some things I just wasn’t going to put up with, even from patients. Satisfied with his apology, I struggled to crawl up onto the exam table without kneeling on him. With my short little legs, it wasn’t easy, and I had to apologize in return for the way I dragged my melons across his back as I climbed up. In time, I settled for straddling him near the waist, the crotch of my thong neatly aligned with the crack of his ass.

Then I got to work. I didn’t really have any training in massage therapy, though as often as one of Mr. Blankenship’s petty ailments called for it, I was beginning to think I should. Nonetheless it was simple enough to dig my fingers into his skin, kneading muscles and working out sore spots. As in the past, I always started out trying not to settle my cunt directly on top of him, but my thighs soon tired out and there were were, puss to ass.

I gave up on not resting my jugs on his back while I worked his extremities almost immediately. Some things just couldn’t be helped, and after all, like the man had said, I was his busty blonde whore, well-compensated for such things by his insurer. One more unpleasantry to deal with in the course of treating the sick.

“You know, Dr. Julie,” he said after a while. “This just isn’t quite working for me.”

I’d been using an elbow to work out an especially sore spot; I paused, sitting upright. “As I said before, Mr. Blankenship, I have the contact information for several tried and true professionals who could assist you with this much more handily than I.”

He waved away the suggestion. “No, it’s not that. You’re getting pretty good with the technical. It’s just that... well, the purpose of this massage is to relax me, right?”

“Right...” I said guardedly. I had to watch what I agreed to around him, or who knows where we might wind up. I still remembered our last appointment with that tongue burn; I’d prescribed a kiss-and-make-better treatment that had culminated in making out with him for nearly two hours.

“I was just thinking, I’d be a lot more relaxed if you, you know, did it less like a doctor, and more like a doct*whore*, if you follow.”

I found my head tilting to the side like a confused puppy. “I’m not sure I do.”

He smiled over his shoulder. “Oh, you know. Ditch the underwear, quit being such a prude and using only your hands. And it’s so quiet in here! Talk a little, tell me how much fun you’re having. Pretend, if you gotta. Flatter me.” I opened my mouth to sputter a hundred

objections to his outrageous suggestions, but Blankenship cut me off, saying simply, “If you did all that, I think my tension would be good and cured.”

My jaw clicked shut, opposition silenced and thoroughly shamed.

This was why I’d become a doctor, after all.

“You know, you’re right. Why don’t I get these clothes out of the way? That’ll make things better, I think.” I wriggled down from the table.

However, as I began removing my lab coat, Blankenship held up a hand to forestall it. “No, leave the lab coat on. Just the underwear.”

I arched an eyebrow. “Why’s that?”

“You look hotter with the lab coat on. My little doctor whore.” Then, as I grabbed the straps on my thong, “No, don’t rush it. Take it off... sexy.”

I nodded – he had a good point. He needed to relax, and it was utterly clear by now that the sexier I was, the more relaxed he became. So I began a little strip tease. It wasn’t my forte (they didn’t offer classes on this kind of thing in med school) but I tried my best. Hips swiveling side to side, I lowered the flimsy black triangle covering my pussy centimeter by centimeter. I let it get low enough that he could see I’d kept myself shaved bare. (The health benefits were manifold, as he’d helped me remember during prior visits.) Then just before he got a glimpse of my lips, I released it and the skimpy covering slid back into place.

I turned my back to him, teasing him by suddenly having most of my body concealed by the lab coat. It wasn’t long, hanging barely lower than my fingertips, so each swish of my hips gave a tantalizing glimpse of the place where thighs met butt. As I shimmied, I reached behind me under the coat to undo the hooks on my bra.

It was never easy for me to take my bra off without taking off the clothes over it, and frankly, boobies like mine needed constant support so I almost never tried. Trying to do it without disrupting the swaying of my hips made a difficult task near-impossible – but that didn’t matter. This man had entrusted himself to my care, and damnit, I was going to get this bra off for him.

It took some doing, and Mr. Blankenship chuckled good-naturedly at my stumbles, but I made it. In the interim, I made sure to pivot several times to show myself at various stages of undress: with the bra straps off, the cups beginning to sag and showing the tops of my pink nipples; holding the lab coat closed and pulling the bra out from underneath, tossing it over my shoulder; turning with the coat wide open, but with each hefty tit held in a concealing hand. I monitored his response to my treatment carefully; he definitely seemed like he was feeling less tense, and like his headache wasn’t bothering him.

Still, I made him wait to see my bare titties until after I’d grabbed my ankles, flipped up the back of my lab coat, and peeled my thong down my thighs. The air was cool, perhaps even chilly, on my exposed twat. Perhaps I needed to keep the office a little warmer.

“How’s that?” I asked, stepping back over and rubbing his shoulders softly. I bent forward a little so my tits would rest on his side.

“It’s a good start,” he said, closing his eyes and sighing in contentment. I took that as a good sign, and resumed my earlier massage, beginning on my feet in a combination of kneading muscles and rubbing my hooters on him. Soon, I climbed back atop him, this time with my bare snatch right on his butt.

“You getting my shorts wet now?” he asked, (I think) teasing.

“No need for concern, Mr. Blankenship, my cunt is quite dry,” I reassured him.

“What? Tasty box like yours ought to be good and wet at all times. C’mon, go ahead and juice yourself up for me.”

The things that relaxed this man, honestly! I allowed myself an annoyed sigh, then licked two fingers on my right hand and set to work playing with myself.

“C’mon, Dr. Julie, narrate it for me. Tell me about what a good little whore you are right now.”

He had a point that vocalizing might help reduce the awkward silence (apart from the *shlick shlick* of my fingers), so I humored him. “This isn’t the easiest for me, actually. See, I don’t often masturbate.” I paused, immediately guilty for the lie of omission. “OK, to be completely honest, I don’t have much of a sex life in general, self or with a partner.”

“Except when I come around,” Blankenship quipped.

“That’s not sex, it’s just treatment,” I corrected, licking my lips as my play gradually stimulated my nethers. “This is all purely clinical.”

“Well you know, it might be easier for you if you if it was real.”

“I’m not sure I take your meaning. I’m mostly naked and masturbating for you in the middle of an erotic massage. This is top notch treatment, I promise you. How much more real could it be?”

“But that’s your problem, Julie—”

“Dr. Curtis.”

“— Dr. Julie, you make this like I’m some kind of lab rat with how stiff and proper you are. I think your treatment would be much more effective if you made it like you were doing it for fun. Think how much more tension you’d relieve if, instead of Dr. Julie M.D., you were Miss Jugsy, eager horny dimwitted slut.”

Slipping my fingers a little deeper inside, I considered. If this was all to relieve tension, what would be more effective than his suggestion? He’d know what would relax him far better than I would. Still... “I’m not sure dimwitted is a vital component of this regimen.”

“No, it’d be way more relaxing. Since you’re so smart and all, it’d be a break from being intimidated by that big brain of yours.”

I nodded, then gasped as my thumb swirled my clit. “Fair point.”

He adjusted his hips just so, driving my fingers deeper still into my cunny, chuckling as I moaned in surprise and excitement. “Go on then. You were saying, about how you’re feeling right now...?”

I started with a nice long *mmmmmmmm* in the back of my throat. “I feel like *so* good, babe. Any excuse to finger my slutty little pussy, ya know? O to the MG, it’s getting like super crazy wet. Do you feel it? Can you feel my puss-puss dripping on you right now?”

It was ironic, I suppose; several of my girl friends and I were rather smart snobby, and sometimes when we’d see a stranger do something dopey, we’d slip into a sort of valley girl impersonation and narrate for her. Here it was, coming in handy professionally – just goes to show that doctors have to be able to pull on all their strengths.

And on their big fat titties, which I was doing with my free hand while my patient laughed at my tone. “Maybe a little higher pitched, Jugsy.”

I giggled, and my voice went up an octave. “Totes! Is this better, cutie pie?”

“Atta girl. Say, why don’t you see if you can pry your hand out of your pussy and get back to the massage. You can hump me while you work, if you like.”

I withdrew from my cunt play and clapped my hands together giddily. Only... “Ew! I splashed pussy diddle in my eye!”

That drew a belly laugh, even though I’d actually been serious. Aside from the voice, anyway. No matter. I resumed treatment, splaying my torso across his back and putting my hands on his arms in a way that was more caress than massage. He didn’t seem to mind, even as I bent down so my tits hung down against the back of his head, slapping softly from side to side as I gyrated my hips, grinding my pussy hard against his backside.

Could I get myself off like this? It would be surprising. I’d gotten off in some weird ways during Blankenship’s sessions, though. I reminisced aloud, thinking he might relax from hearing some of my treatments discussed like it had been sexual. “Gosh, do you like remember the time you came in and said you’d, like, lost feeling in your fingers, and I made you use my nipples to work the feeling back into them? I’ve totes never come just from having a boy twist my nipples before!”

“Ha! Yeah, that was a good time.”

“Or, like, the time you wanted to make sure you didn’t have asthma or whatevs, and like, I put my stethoscope on your chest and listened to your breathing get all faster and faster while I got down on my knees and gave you that long, wet, sloppy blowjob?”

“Mm, sure do. That was the first time you sucked my cock during an appointment, I think.”

“First time I sucked *anybody*’s cock during an appointment!” I giggled, shaking my shoulders to rub my titties around. “But not the last. There was the time you needed to see if your sore throat was contagious, and like my throat got sore, but only from you going all WHAM WHAM into my face. And the time you said you had food poisoning and needed to make sure it didn’t turn your spermies toxic too and stuff in case some girl went down on you. Or when you said you were depressed and needed a blowjob to cheer up. Remember that?”

“Heh. Not my most inventive, for sure.”

Inventive? Depression was a serious condition, not something a man just made up. Ah well, Blankenship was probably just misusing the word. He wasn't a licensed medical professional like me, I thought, tracing lines down his back with my diamond-hard nipples.

"Yeah, totes," I said, moving the conversation along. "Oh gosh, sometimes I feel like I could just suck a boy's cock till he blows the back of my head off with cum!" Too visceral? It was hard to coordinate hands, mouth, tits and cunt all at once.

"Funny you should mention it," Blankenship said. He took my hands in his and held me still, which I took as a signal to stop the massage. Then he rolled over, and it was quite the epic undertaking to do so with me atop him. I basically had to rise to a squat while he carefully turned. If he bumped one of my legs too hard, I'd be falling to the floor! Luckily, we possessed more coordination than that.

"Funny haha or funny interesting?" I asked as he maneuvered.

"The second one, probably. You see, I told you I had the general trouble, and the specific. You did a fine job with the general, I have to say. I feel far more relaxed now, and the headache is... POOF. Just gone. Great work."

"OMG thanks!" I gushed, unsure if it was right to terminate this therapy before we'd discussed his remaining symptom.

"No, thank you," he said, and as he settled onto his back, I plopped back down. He was sporting an erection like nothing I'd ever seen from him before; it was like sitting down on a warm, cloth-covered steel beam. It thundered beneath my slit as I sat there. "However, I'm afraid you've also exacerbated my other symptom."

My in-character instinct was to gasp and say *nuh uh, I stopped exacerbating when you said I should just hump you instead!* However, I was a doctor first and a bimbo masseuse slut... I don't even know how far down the list. "You should have said something sooner, Mr. Blankenship! What's this other symptom?" I retrieved my notepad from the pocket of my lab coat and slid my glasses back up my nose.

"I don't want to take up too much of your time, so I'll just be blunt. All right?"

"Please do."

He took a deep breath. "You see, it's... my balls." As I immediately began to raise myself up so I couldn't be putting pressure on them, he grabbed my hips and held me in place. "You're OK. It's just... I feel like there's all this *pressure*, and it's just been building and building, and I'm worried about what might happen if they don't get drained."

I scribbled down my notes, then looked back up at him as I realized the implications of his words. "Wait. So let me get this straight. You want *me* to... 'drain your balls'? Me. Your doctor."

He nodded. "Yeah, that's about the long and short of it."

"Why on earth haven't you just masturbated?!" I asked heatedly.

"I... well..." He seemed to be grasping for a rationale; he grasped my knockers as well. "You see, with all the tension, I just couldn't... you know. Do it."

Mr. Blankenship's huge fucking dick was even now throbbing against my sopping wet fuck-slot, my massive heaving titties in his hands. "You were so tense you couldn't... jerk off?" Vulgar sexual terms didn't come natural to me; I was simply too irritated to put it clinically.

"Yep."

I rolled my eyes. "Well in the future, you could save yourself a trip to the doctor's office by just doing this yourself," I said, easing his cock out through the hole in his boxers. Sliding back out of the way, I took it in hand and slowly began stroking up and down the length of it.

He let me work for a minute, his face growing increasingly malcontent. "So... you're just going to do it with your hand?"

"I am, Mr. Blankenship. I can't think of a single medical justification as to why I would do it otherwise."

He stroked his chin. "I'm less worried about the medical rationale, and more about the practical aspects of what that penis is going to do."

"For the umpteenth time, please use the anatomical terms in this office." I licked my palm, then resumed stroking him. "Now just what are you worried that your cock is going to do?"

"I should think it'd be obvious to a bright girl like you. As backed up as I am, if you don't have something to catch it with, you're gonna have my cum dripping from the ceiling in here," the man said, grinning.

"I'll just get some tissues. Don't you worry about it."

He shook his head. "No way, Jose, I know how this industry works. I let you mop up my splooge with those tissues and they'll charge me \$200 for a box of them. Not happening. I do not consent."

"Well then, what would you like me to do?"

He brushed my hand away from his dick and sat up. "Tell you what. You and I can switch positions, and I can just stand right here at the end of the table and shove it up that tight little asshole of yours."

For the life of me, I couldn't understand the thought processes of this man. Was he being purposefully dense? "If you're as backed up as you say, you don't think that plenty is going to leak out of my butt? Then we're back to me being your jizz-sponger again," I said. Not that I minded. Yes, there was a \$13 fee for use of tissues in medical procedures, but come on. I have staff to pay. "Perhaps I should just do it orally? I've gotten rather proficient at guzzling down your spoooge, I think."

"I dunno, seems to me that if you can't keep all my spunk in your trunk, that's malpractice. You can't charge a patient for screw-ups on your end, can you?"

I glanced at the clock. We'd already been in here for more than an hour, which meant my waiting room was probably going to be backed up for the rest of the day and I'd be late getting home. From past experience, my ass was often the fastest method of causing Blankenship to ejaculate. I didn't like to base diagnoses off of my convenience, but this was a fairly unimportant

difference in methodology, and I wasn't aware of any research suggesting that letting a patient fuck you up the ass would harm them.

I helped Blankenship to his feet, then bent over the vacated exam table. "All right then, we'll do this procedure rectally. Proceed when you're ready."

His hands clamped down my hips, playing across my bare ass cheeks as he lined up his cock at my back door. "You're an amazing doctor."

"No need for flattery, Mr. Blankenship. Now when you slide in, you're going to feel a slight pinch, but it won't hurt," I reassured him. For some reason, that made him laugh; better than some of my patients who became hysterical over the slightest discomfort.

"Hmm, starting to feel tense again," came his reply from behind me. He still hadn't entered me.

I blushed, feeling foolish for so quickly forgetting his other symptoms, and resuming the medically appropriate therapy. "Like, would you mind fucking my ass? Girls like me need to get fucked in the butt, like, whenever we can." I thought back to his psychological symptoms and added, "And if you're, like, wanting to, you can super touch my big whore tits and by sweet round ass and my hot wet cunt too!"

"That's more like it, Dr. Julie." I was about to remind him that I was either Dr. Curtis, or, for our therapy session, Miss Jugsy, but then his dick was sliding into my ass, and I lost all train of thought.

This was hardly the first time I'd taken it up the ass from Mr. Blankenship. There had been the time he'd come in having spilled a huge amount of hand sanitizer on his dick and needed to counterbalance the cleanliness with some dirt (dubious procedure, but an effective placebo at worst). Or the time he'd come in with a paralyzing phobia of butts, and we'd attempted some immersion therapy. Or the time he said there was a family history of Blankenships getting women pregnant via anal sex; I'd told him it was a silly (and crude) story, but to placate him, we ran some tests.

(Not surprisingly I didn't get pregnant, even after the second opinion he insisted upon.)

Still, of all the times he'd fucked my tender ass, this was hands down the roughest. My erotic massage, my Miss Jugsy, the strip tease... all the previous tests had only worsened this condition, and his balls did indeed feel weighty with backed up jizz as they slapped against my bare cunt. I wasn't even being theatrical about my moaning and whining, though the variations of "oh yeah, like, fuck my brains out of my butt!" were purely to reinforce prior treatments.

I lie there on the exam table face down, my whole body rippling back and forth on my titties as my patient reamed my asshole. Did I come? Sure. As a feminist, I can be open about my sexual needs and feelings, and whatever my thoughts on his hypochondria, Mr. Blankenship was a gentleman when it came to those things.

He barely even spanked me while he butt-fucked me senseless. It probably wasn't medically necessary to let him smack my big round ass, but it wouldn't hurt to go the extra mile. (Well, it hurt some. But not much.)

I was so awash with arousal that I barely noticed when he came. His cock slowly pulled out of me, and the removal of all that pressure was like having a piece of me taken away. Sure enough, he had come like a firehouse, and copious jizz was leaking out of my ass, across my pussy, and onto the table. He had a point about the medical ethics of charging him to clean up my own ass, so I simply sponged it up without bothering to write down the expense. Even once I got my thong back on, I'd need to leave some tissues tucked back there to keep it from dribbling down my legs for the rest of the day.

Blankenship patted my butt affectionately, and I blushed at finding myself sigh in contentment like he was a lover and not a patient. He didn't make a fuss over it, thankfully. "Uh, Dr. Julie? You seem to have gotten me a bit dirty. I don't suppose you'd be good enough to clean me off before I go?"

"The sink's right over there," I said, trying to stand up properly despite my tender ass.

"I know, but... well, I'm still a little backed up, and ever since you offered the oral treatment..."

I sighed, but gave the man a little smile. "Mr. Blankenship, you're going to single-handedly pay for my summer home at this rate," I joked.

"Think you'd mind if I give you a visit there sometime?" he replied, eyes twinkling.

Ugh. As always, I try to be just a bit friendly with him, and he had to push the envelope. "You know I don't engage in relationships with patients outside of the office," I reminded him gently.

"Wouldn't be appropriate, eh?"

"That's right."

"Fair enough. Now drop to your knees and suck my dick until my balls are dry, whore."

"Just what the doctor was about to order," I said, nodding. And I did just as he said.

Some people tell me that being a doctor makes me a hero, even a miracle worker. My colleagues and I know the truth of it, though. Day in and day out, serving all the depressing, grotesque, preposterous, the self-inflicted, all with a smile on our face and empathy in our hearts. Some minutes later after I gulped down swallow after swallow of Mr. Blankenship's cum, letting him wipe his cock dry on my soft blonde hair, I watched him slip back into his clothes, each of us wearing a look of immense self-satisfaction. Whatever had brought his on, I couldn't say, but for me, I was just proud to have served my calling.

"Thanks again for the help. You really are just the most magnificent doctor I've ever had," he said after.

"You're very kind to say so. I'm just glad I could help."

"I'll see you again soon, Dr. Julie," he said, extending a hand.

"Not too soon, I hope. And please, Dr. Curtis?" I shook his hand politely, venturing a polite smile.

He used my hand to pull me in close, reaching inside my lab coat for a hard squeeze on each of my titties. "Only if you'll call me Todd."

I laughed. “Stay healthy, Mr. Blankenship.”

