

FLUFFER IN TRAINING CH. 03

rmddexter

Curvy Rachel undergoes the porn studio's medical exam.

First Time

4.78

10.6k words

"Rachel, so nice to see you," Carole said as Rachel entered the building. The older woman got up and came around the desk, blatantly looking Rachel up and down. Rachel's own gaze was drawn to the woman's chest, her perfect-looking breasts nicely displayed in an ivory-colored blouse that fit snugly to her body. Rachel could tell the blouse was very expensive just by looking at the material. Pearl buttons ran down the front, starting just between the woman's breasts, giving Rachel a teasing glimpse of cleavage. Looking down Carole's curvy hourglass figure, Rachel saw she had paired the exquisite blouse with a cream-colored pencil skirt that ended just above the knees, the slim-fitting skirt looking fabulous as it hugged her shapely hips and long legs. Rachel noticed her legs were bare, her tanned skin glowing. Her dimpled knees and trim ankles seemed to emphasize her full calves. Rachel looked down to see her delicate feet encased in business-like pumps the same bone color as the skirt, the sexy shoes having a sharp pointy toe and slender 4" high heels. Rachel felt the whole outfit and the woman's regal features made her look incredibly glamorous...and sexy. Rachel felt her heart give a quick flip and her breath come more rapidly as she looked at the woman. She'd never felt this way about a female before, and she didn't know what was coming over her.

"Hi, Carole," Rachel stammered, feeling herself flushing as the older woman came up and put her hands on her arms. The woman leaned close and gave Rachel an air-kiss on each cheek before stepping back. The intoxicating scent of the woman's perfume filtered into Rachel's senses, making her feel dizzy with excitement.

"My, you look good enough to eat," Carole said as her eyes roamed hungrily over Rachel's buxom form.

"Thank you. You look very nice too," Rachel replied sheepishly.

"I'm so glad you got the job." The older woman's hand touched Rachel's arm, her fingertips tracing teasingly along Rachel's forearm, sending a tingling sensation right through her. "It'll be so nice to have such a sweet young thing around. I can't wait until we can get to know each other better." Carole paused as her eyes flicked down to Rachel's generous bustline, the young girl's big tits straining at the confines of her tight sweater and jacket. "Yes, I think you and I are going to get to know each other very well."

Rachel felt a familiar tingling between her legs, that nagging itch deep inside her pussy starting as her juices started to flow. And yet, the feeling was strangely unfamiliar at the same time—she'd never felt this way when dealing with the attentions of a woman before.

The phone on Carole's desk buzzed and she looked back at Rachel after seeing the call display. "It's Dr. Fitzpatrick. He must be ready for you." She picked up the phone. "Yes?...All right, I'll send her in." Setting the phone down, she turned to Rachel. "Okay, dear, you're going to be working with one of our best directors today, Paul. Also, Lori is another of our new production assistants that was hired yesterday as well. Lori's been in the business for a while, so I've asked her to kind of show you the

ropes, so to speak. Dr. Fitzpatrick's office is the first office on the left behind that door." Carole pointed to the door in the wall that separated the front reception area from the rest of the tenant space. "When the doctor is finished with you, just go back and look for the sign that says 'STUDIO B', that's where they'll be shooting today. Lori's got blonde curly hair. You can't miss her. She's finishing her medical exam right now. Between her and Paul helping you on your first day, you'll be fine."

"Thanks, Carole, I really appreciate all the help."

"I'd love to stay around and see you work," the older woman said, her eyes lingering on Rachel's full pouty lips for a few seconds before her eyes came up, "but I have an appointment with an investor that Mr. Smithers needs me to attend to. I'll see you next Monday."

"All right," Rachel replied as the older woman gestured to the door behind her. "Thanks again."

Rachel could feel her hand shaking as she opened the door and stepped into the rear portion of the unit. She'd just closed the door behind her when a young girl with blonde curly hair stepped through a door just ahead of her.

"Thanks, Doc," the pretty girl said, closing the door behind her. She noticed Rachel and turned, a smile on her face.

"Hi, you're the new girl. Raquel, right?" she asked, holding out her hand.

"Uh, yes. But it's Rachel, actually."

"Rachel. I'm so sorry. I'm Lori." The two young women shook hands.

"So what's this doctor's examination like?" Rachel asked nervously.

"Oh, it's a breeze. Dr. Fitzpatrick is a nice old guy. He has to take a small blood sample, of course, to make sure there're no nasties lurking there. I was out of there in less than ten minutes. Of course, I've been through this before."

"You've been a production assistant before?"

"A fluffer? Sure, lots of times. I came here from another company because Starlite is paying better, plus, they've got some great stars signed up."

"Really?"

"Yes, I heard they just signed Justin Deeper. Rumor has it he's starring in the film that we're working on today."

"Justin Deeper?"

Lori looked at Rachel incredulously. "Are you kidding me, girl? You don't know who Justin Deeper is?" Rachel just looked at her with a blank expression on her face. "You don't watch much porn, do you?"

"Uh, no, I guess not," Rachel replied, feeling her face turning red.

"You might want to watch a little more if you're going to be working in this business. Justin is the king of porn right now. His cock is huge, absolutely huge. It makes your mouth water and your

pussy itch just to look at it. And you should see how much cum he shoots. It's like he's never going to stop. The directors love him because when he gives a facial the girls are just covered in the stuff. I'd love to take a bath in all that milky cream shoots." Lori paused as Rachel's mouth gaped open and her hand went to her throat. "Do you like to swallow cum?"

"I...uh, yes," Rachel admitted, feeling her face flush crimson again.

"There's no need to feel embarrassed—I love it too. It's almost a prerequisite for the job when you're a fluffer."

Just then the door to the office behind them opened. A frail-looking gray-haired man in his late-60's stood in the doorway, wearing a white lab coat that extended almost to his knees. "Are you Rachel?" he asked.

"Yes," Rachel replied, holding up her hand.

"See you in a few minutes, hon," Lori said, giving Rachel a comforting smile before walking off.

"Come right in, Rachel," the doctor said as the buxom young girl walked past him. He closed the door, eagerly eyeing up her lush curvy body. She was so different from most of the girls that were hired in the porn industry. Usually they were skinny little things with fake tits, with a lot of them being regular users when it came to recreational drugs. But this one looked different...very different. He did this gig with the porn studios a couple of times a week, supplementing his income now that he was semi-retired from his regular practice. The studios paid well, and he was a fan of porn, even if his personal equipment didn't work as well as it used to. Whenever he and his wife of many years got around to doing it, the little blue pill was a necessity for any sort of positive result—and sometimes that didn't even work.

Carole had told him that this curvy Rachel girl was new, never having worked in the industry before. She had told the doctor how attractive the plump young girl was, and now the doctor was seeing that the older woman had been bang on in her appraisal. The girl had some meat on her bones, just the way he liked it. And that meat seemed to be in all the right places. Her breasts were big and round, and they looked incredibly heavy and soft. Her big bum was the same, and he could see from her tight jeans that her thighs looked just as full and touchable. With her jet-black hair, round face and full sensual lips, she reminded him of Monica Lewinsky. The doctor was old enough to remember those headlines, and once he'd seen a picture of the curvy Ms. Lewinsky, he'd envied the president at having the opportunity to have those gorgeous lips wrapped around his cock. And this girl had lips just like that—lips made for sucking cock.

"So you're Rachel, the new girl?" the doctor said, closing the door behind him as his eyes flitted to the girl's substantial chest.

"Yes sir, Dr. Fitzpatrick, sir," Rachel replied, smiling nervously at the doctor.

Carole had also told the doctor that the girl was incredibly naïve, but was touchingly sweet at the same time. The girl's answer and that smile on her face confirmed that. "Please, there's no need to be so formal. Everybody just calls me Fitz."

"Yes, sir. I mean, yes, Dr. Fitz."

Dr. Fitz...how sweet is that, the gray-haired man thought. "Dr. Fitz will be just fine," he said, smiling to himself as he opened a drawer in the vanity sink unit in one corner of the room. "Why don't you

take your blazer off and hang it on the back of the door and then sit up on the examination table? We'll take the blood sample first and get that out of the way."

"Yes, Dr. Fitz," Rachel replied as she peeled off her jacket and hung it from the hook on the back of the door. Her first impression of the doctor was a positive one. His smile and demeanor were very sweet and comforting, just what she liked in a doctor. He seemed quite old to Rachel, looking very much like her seventy-year-old grandfather. Behind his knee-length lab coat, the doctor was slim and looked somewhat frail, but he had kind eyes, which Rachel liked.

When she turned around and walked back over to the examination table, the doctor almost dropped the syringe in his hand. *Oh fuck, are those ever nice*, the elderly man thought to himself as he looked at her sleeveless turtleneck, the powder-blue fabric stretched taut over her big round tits, the vertical ribs of the material flowing in and out provocatively as they followed the swells of her voluminous breasts. *Nice tits, really nice tits*, the doctor thought as he stepped over and took Rachel's arm. "Just a little prick," he warned as he carefully inserted the needle into her arm. "I'm sure with your new job you'll be seeing much bigger pricks soon enough."

They both chuckled at his little joke, and as he'd hoped, it did work to help Rachel feel more at ease. It was obvious that the doctor knew what she was going to be doing on her new job, so there was no point in either one of them trying to fool anyone. While the tube of blood was filling, the doctor let his gaze wander to the girl's prominent chest just inches away, feeling his own prick surprisingly give a twitch. It happened far too rarely anymore that he got that reaction without taking Viagra, and it made him feel good to see his body reacting to this young girl's presence.

"There now, that should do it," he said, withdrawing the needle and replacing it with a cotton ball over the tiny wound. "Just hold that in place and you should be good to go in a minute or so." As Rachel held the cotton swab against her arm, Dr. Fitzpatrick grabbed his tablet and turned back to her. "Okay, I need to take down some standard information for your file. I have your name. Your age is 18, correct?"

"Yes, sir."

"Height?"

"Five foot, six inches."

"Weight?"

Rachel paused, feeling herself flush as Dr. Fitzpatrick looked her chubby form up and down. "Uh..."

"That's all right, dear. We don't need to put anything down for that right now." He gave her a little wink which helped to relieve her anxiety.

"Thanks, Dr. Fitz," Rachel replied. "I have a sweet-tooth and I just can't help myself. I always have, and this is what I have to show for it." She gestured to her voluptuous figure, her full round breasts straining against the tight sleeveless turtleneck.

"Don't worry about that at all, Rachel. It's nice to see a full-bodied healthy young woman in here for a change. Between you and me, I'm sure you're in much better shape than just about all the other girls I see in here. Whether it be smoking, or drugs, or just starving themselves to look like they think men want; they're only hurting themselves." He paused, looking Rachel up and down appraisingly, like he was eyeing up a prize-winning mare at the state fair, looking for just the right

one for his stallion to mount. His eyes rested an extra second or two on her big tits before he looked up into her questioning eyes, giving her a warm smile as he put on his best bedside manner. "No, you are much more attractive than anyone I've had in here in a long time."

Rachel looked at him surprise, her face starting to beam with happiness as she smiled. "Really? Thank you, Dr. Fitz. That's so nice of you to say. I thought you would have seen so many beautiful girls in your job."

"Oh, no. It's been a very long time since I've seen anyone as pretty as you, Rachel." The usual physical examination he gave most of the girls, including Lori who had just left the examination room before Rachel—ended after another five minutes or so of answering questions about sexually transmitted diseases they may have had at one time or another, asking about drug or alcohol use, and similar questions pertinent to their work in the porn industry. With Rachel, he decided to go a different way, the examination being more like what she would expect in a regular's doctor's office, but he did have a plan to put in some specialized tests of his own. He reached forward and took the cotton swab from her arm and tossed it in the garbage can, putting a tiny bandage over the wound. "Okay Rachel, time for the rest of your examination. Please take off you sweater and jeans. You can hang your clothes on the hooks there."

"Should I leave my bra and panties on?" the naïve young girl asked.

"For now, yes." To give Rachel some sense of privacy, Dr. Fitzpatrick turned his back to her as she started to undress. He stepped over to the sink area and, shielding her view of what he was doing with his body, surreptitiously slid the box of latex gloves and the jar of wooden tongue depressors on top of the counter into one of the vanity drawers. He turned to face her as he heard her slide back onto the examination table.

Oh my God, those tits are amazing, he said to himself, his eyes immediately drawn to the big round spheres all but spilling out of her lacy bra cups. Her cleavage was a mile long, her breasts pushed together and up provocatively by the heavily-structured bra she was wearing. He could see that the cups were absolutely jam-packed, her big round breasts barely contained. The swells of tit-flesh looked deliciously soft and inviting, and he could tell right away that they were totally natural. They looked perfect. The stiffening of his aged prick in his pants was telling him that as well. He reached for his tablet, pretending to look down at a question that he knew was not really there. "Oh yes, seeing you in your bra reminds me of a question I forgot to ask. This is the kind of thing they make note of in this industry. What is your bra size?"

"Well," Rachel said demurely, "this bra is a 38DD, which I'd been wearing for quite a while. But I think I've gained a little bit up top lately, so I think I might have to go up a size the next time I go shopping."

"Yes, I can see what you mean." The doctor gulped, his filling prick now rising up on one side and heading for the waistband of his loose-fitting boxers. Barely able to tear his eyes away from her mouth-watering chest, the doctor set down his tablet and put on his stethoscope. "All right, let's check your chest...er...I mean, your heart." Standing at Rachel's side, he rubbed the stethoscope across the front of his white coat to take the chill off, and then positioned it just beneath her left breast. Her skin felt deliciously soft and warm as he moved the stethoscope slightly, listening to the steady beat of her healthy heart.

"Very good, now let's check your lungs." The doctor had Rachel turn slightly as he stepped up close to her back, positioning the diaphragm of the stethoscope just above her bra strap. He leaned

closer, making sure he was looking down over her shoulder. "All right then, take a good deep breath and hold it." When Rachel did, her voluminous tits rose even higher as they swelled over the top edge of the packed bra cups. The bra was pulled so tight, the doctor was surprised it didn't give up the fight, snap open under the strain, and go flying across the room.

"Very good," he said, moving the listening device slightly before looking over her shoulder again. "Another one. Try to take a bigger breath this time, and hold it." Rachel did as he asked, and the doctor felt himself start to sweat, his cock now an iron bar in his pants as he looked right down into that deep inviting line of cleavage, the girl's huge tits seeming to fight for freedom from the confining bra. She held the breath for a long time as he looked at her massive guns, totally spellbound. Finally, she let it out in a big gasp, her breasts settling back into position.

"Perfect," the doctor said, meaning more than just the clear sound coming from her lungs. He knew if he turned the stethoscope on himself, he'd feel his old heart hammering in his chest. But he was happy, and that old ticker was pumping the blood right to his midsection, his old wizened prick now standing at full salute.

"Very good, Rachel," he said, taking off the stethoscope and setting it aside. "I have to ask you to take off your bra now. I have to do a breast exam to make sure there are no lumps."

"But I just had a full exam before I started school just a few weeks ago. The university required it." Rachel looked at the doctor questioningly, feeling embarrassed about exposing herself to him.

Dr. Fitzpatrick's mind was still sharp as a tack, and that hard cock in his pants was not to be denied. He came up with an answer immediately, even if it was a total lie. "I understand, but it's California state law that anyone working in any capacity in the film industry has to be cleared by the physician of record. I'm sorry, Rachel. I wish we could just end the examination here and use the university's records, but my hands are tied." He held his long bony hands up and gave her a wry smile, as if doing what he had to do was a hardship.

"Of course. I'm sorry, Doctor. I'm very happy to have gotten this job and I don't want to do anything to jeopardize that." The doctor pretended to avert his eyes as Rachel reached behind her and deftly undid her bra. She slid the shoulder straps off first, and then lowered the bra cups. As soon as she lowered her bra, the doctor coughed, as if something was stuck in his throat.

"Are you all right, Dr. Fitz?" Rachel asked, her voice full of genuine concern.

"Yes, I'm fine," the doctor gasped out. "Just a tickle in my throat." *Oh, sweet Jesus*, the doctor thought to himself as he watched the young girl's spectacular tits settle and spread out over the full breadth of her chest. His first sight had caught him unawares, and he'd almost choked on the anxious lump that had appeared in his throat. Her breasts were tremendously full and round, perfectly shaped. The immense weight had them settling luxuriously over her midsection, as only big natural breasts could. They didn't stay high and round on her chest like they'd been cut and stuck in place, as most fake breasts looked. No, this girl's breasts were sensational. His eyes focussed in on her areolae and nipples, the sweetest shade of red he'd ever seen. Her nipples were big, and he could see them getting stiffer and swelling up once they'd been exposed to the cool air in the room. They looked like ripe cherries, just dying for someone's mouth to enjoy the lusciousness.

"Now then," Dr. Fitzpatrick said, once more clearing his throat, "let's just make sure there are no nasty lumps." He stepped up beside Rachel and lifted his hand, feeling himself shaking with excitement as he reached forward and cupped one huge tit. He gave it a little heft. *Oh, fuck me,*

that's heavy, he thought to himself as he let the big boob settle in his cupping hand. He squeezed, the softness of her big tit feeling exquisite in his hand.

"Unh," Rachel gave off a little groan, but the tone seemed to be more of pleasure than shock or surprise. He squeezed again, and he saw she consciously made an effort to stifle another moan, now with a guilty look on her face.

"Are you all right, Rachel? I'm not hurting you, am I?" the doctor asked, sliding his hand across her body and filling his hand with her other big tit.

"Uh, no, not at all. It's just that my breasts are quite sensitive. Sometimes I forget how sensitive they are."

"That's all right. A lot of girls are like that," Dr. Fitzpatrick lied as he gave the young girl a comforting smile.

"Really? They are?"

"Oh, of course. I had a girl in here just yesterday that reacted the same way. Why don't you just relax and enjoy it? I'm afraid that with the size of your breasts, the examination is going to take longer than usual. You don't mind, do you?" He accompanied his question with a full-handed squeeze, Rachel's head tipping back as her eyelids fluttered under the sensations flowing through her.

"Uh, okay," she replied timidly, her body starting to flush under the doctor's skillful hands.

"That's good. A lot of girls react just like you. It's perfectly natural. Just relax now while I do what I have to do. If it happens to feel good, just let yourself go. If it's easier for you, you can just close your eyes, if you like."

"I...I think I will." As Rachel closed her eyes, he felt her lush curvy body seem to loosen up, his soothing words calming her.

"There, that's it...just relax," the doctor said, a lecherous smile on his face as he really started to feel her up. He squeezed and kneaded the soft heavy mound, his fingertips pressing here and there as if he was checking for lumps. He moved from one breast to the next, and Rachel sat there, her eyes closed, letting him do as he wished.

Time to go for it, Dr. Fitzpatrick said to himself as he took his cupping hand and let his fingertips slide over the soft warm skin until he encountered her protruding nipple. With a gentle touch, he 'accidentally' let his fingertip rub over the stiff bud.

"Aaahh." Rachel let out a little gasp, her full mouth opening as he looked down at her—but she made no move to push his hand away. With his imaginary fingers crossed behind his back—and a lewd smile on his face—the doctor reached for her nipple with both his thumb and forefinger, rolling it slowly between his fingertips.

"Ohhhnn," Rachel let out a deep moan as her body gave off a shiver, but still, she made no move to get away from the old man's exploring hands.

"I just need to check your nipples for abnormalities, Rachel," the doctor said, his cock harder than it had been in years. He was glad he had his long lab coat on, knowing his stiff prick was tenting out the front of his pants. "I'll only be a minute or two."

"I understand, Doctor," Rachel replied, still not opening her eyes. "It's just that, like I said, my breasts are very sensitive."

"That's fine, Rachel. Just let your body feel what it wants to. No one is judging you here."

"Okay," she replied, giving off another moan and leaning against him slightly as he pinched her nipple gently, feeling it stiffen and expand even more beneath his fingertips. He moved to her other breast and gave that nipple the similar treatment, watching it turn a bright rosy-red under his touch.

"Aaahh," Rachel gasped again as she breathed more raggedly, a fine sheen of perspiration appearing on her pretty face. He could feel her getting more and more aroused as he openly groped her, combining the exploration of her nipples with cupping and hefting her mouth-watering tits. She was squirming slightly now, but she still made no attempt to stop him, her eyelids remaining close as she surrendered to his touch.

"The skin here seems a touch dry," the doctor said, lying to her once more. "I know just the thing." He reached over to a shelf next to the examination table and grabbed a bottle of hand lotion, pumping out a huge dollop onto his fingertips. He quickly brought his hand back, taking the stiff bud of her nipple between his lotion-coated thumb and forefinger. He rolled the hard pebble between his slippery fingertips.

"OH MY," Rachel gasped, her back arching forward towards his hand. Dr. Fitzpatrick smiled to himself, squeezing her nipple as he rolled it, watching her gasp and twitch beneath his touch. He moved to her other breast, quickly pumping out more lotion onto his hand before taking that rosy bud between his fingertips. He had made sure to put extra lotion on his fingers, spreading it now over more of her heavy breast. He kept at this one for a couple of minutes, and then went back to the first, applying more lotion before caressing the whole heavy sphere with his slippery hand. Both big round tits were glistening, her nipples glowing like wet cherries. Once he went to town on that one again, Rachel really started to squirm.

"Oh Doctor...I...I...AAAAAAHHH..." The young girl started to convulse and shake as he continued working on her tits, twitching through a spine-tingling climax. He kept tweaking her nipples as she spasmed, the fiery little buds burning against his fingers. She spasmed and shook for a long time beneath his experienced touch until, finally, the thrilling sensations waned, and she slumped against him, catching herself and sitting up, her eyes opening. The doctor let his wandering hand drop back to his side.

"Dr. Fitz, I'm sorry. I don't know what came over me," Rachel said, her face flushing with embarrassment.

"That's quite all right, Rachel. It's just your body's natural way of reacting to stimulus. I see it in here all the time."

"Really?"

"Of course, it happens quite often, actually," the doctor said, never having had a patient of any kind climax right before him. But the stiff rod of flesh in his pants told him he had to keep this ruse going, at least until she stopped him. He figured he'd better say something more to put her mind at ease. "You can put your bra back on if you like. We're done with this part of the examination." He turned back to the sink and washed the remnants of the lotion off his hands.

"Thank you, Doctor." Rachel reached over and slipped back into her bra, securing the hooks in the wide strap before spinning it around and stuffing her girls back into the heavily-wired cups.

The doctor pretended to write notes into his tablet, but he surreptitiously watched her, his cock throbbing as she fit the massive orbs beneath the shiny white satin of her bra. He was a lingerie guy, and as perfect as her breasts looked totally exposed, he loved the look of them filling that sexy bra just as much. And now, it was time to carry out the next part of the examination. He opened the cupboard beneath the metal examination table and lifted out the two metal stirrups that had been in there forever. Rachel watched wide-eyed as he fit them into the end of the table. "All right, Rachel, if you would please remove your panties and place your feet in the stirrups, we can take care of the next part of the examination." He saw the surprised look on her face. "Like I said, before, it's California state law. There's nothing I can do about it. If you want to talk to Mr. Smithers about it, well..."

"Oh no, I understand. I really need this job." The doctor turned away as Rachel stood up and shimmed out of her panties, hanging them on the hook where her bra had been before lying back on the table and lifting her feet into the stirrups.

"There now, let's just take a quick look and make sure everything's as it should be," the doctor said as he sat on his rolling stool and slid into position between Rachel's widely spread legs. *Oh fuck, what a gorgeous cunt*, the doctor said to himself, his eyes feasting hungrily on Rachel's openly-displayed mound. Her pussy was nicely shaved, just the way he liked. And it was just like the rest of her, lush and full. Both inner lips and outer lips were big and fleshy, the type of cunt-lips you could chew on all night long. And her pouting inner lips were a rosy-red, just like her nipples. Those inner lips were fleshy and kissable, made even moreso by the glistening wetness that covered her mound.

"I'm sorry if it's a bit wet down there. I got a little excited when you were doing the breast examination."

"That's fine, Rachel. Nothing to worry about, that's perfectly normal." He smiled to himself as he moved even closer between her plump spread thighs and inhaled deeply, the musky warm scent of her girly nectar wafting into his nostrils. Once the intoxicating fragrance hit his senses, it sent a jolt right to his groin. He didn't think his aged cock could have gotten any harder, but it did. He looked closer at her delectable pussy, shining luxuriously with her flowing juices. He focussed on her clit, the fiery red button shining like a beacon at the top of her slit. Again, just like the rest of her, it was big—big and a brilliant red. It seemed to be winking at him as it poked out from beneath its protective sheath, begging for his fingertips to reach forward and roll it between his thumb and forefinger, just like he'd done with her nipples. Feeling his heart pounding with excitement as he stared at her mouth-watering pussy, he shook his head to bring him back to the moment. He purposely turned around and looked over his shoulder at the counter near the sink, returning his gaze back to the Rachel before speaking to her. "Oh dear, it seems as if we're out of latex gloves. I'll have to talk to Carole about ordering more. I'm so sorry about that. But, I just thoroughly washed my hands, so I hope you don't mind if I continue with the examination."

"Uh, no, I guess that would be okay."

"All right, Rachel. You just lie back and relax. Feel free to close your eyes again if you like. I'll just be a minute or two." He watched as the young girl laid her head back on the small pillow and closed her eyes. His view up her plump body was impressive, her full round tits gorgeously encased in her lacy white bra, the round spheres lying across the full breadth of her chest, the upper swells quivering enticingly as she settled back on the examination table.

That's a good girl. Just forget I'm even here, the doctor said to himself as he drew his attention back to her exposed pussy. With a lecherous smile on his face, he reached forward and placed the palm of his wizened old hand against the full mound of her sex, feeling the slickness against his palm. The heat emanating from her flushed loins was incredible, the warmth flowing right through his hand and into his body, sending another pulse of blood to his already rock-hard member. He pressed down just slightly, and then moved his palm in a slow circle, her warm girly scent drifting up around his hand.

"Mmmm..." He smiled to himself as Rachel gave off a little purr, and then he moved his hand downwards, his fingertips tracing over the top of her fleshy inner lips. He slid the tip of his middle finger between the slippery petals, watching as they closed over the intruder, as if trying to pull it deeper inside. He traced his finger delicately up and down, watching the pouting lips move in and out around his invading digit. He moved his finger right back over the dripping opening of her vagina, and then slowly skewered it in.

"Aaah..." Rachel gave off a little gasp as his finger went deeper, her clutching coital walls closing down around his finger.

Oh fuck, yes, the doctor thought as he watched his finger get totally swallowed up inside her. He had thought her mound was hot, but those steaming oily walls inside her made him feel like he'd plunged his finger into molten lava. With his finger buried to the third knuckle, he slowly rolled it in a circle, pressing teasingly against the soft folds of flesh.

"Ohnnn." Rachel let out a deep groan, her hips shifting, rolling against his exploring finger. "I'm sorry, Doctor. I forgot how sensitive I am down there too."

"That's all right, Rachel. Let your body respond as it wants. Everything seems fine so far. Just relax and close your eyes," Dr. Fitzpatrick replied, a lewd smile on his face as he kept his finger moving inside her. He uncurled his middle finger and slid it in next to his index finger, both fingers lined up side by side. He slowly withdrew them until just the very tips were poised at her shiny labial curtains, his fingers glistening with her warm juices. He breathed deep, loving the heady scent of her pussy juice. He slid both fingers in, and once they were buried as far as they could go, he spun them slowly around as the muscles inside her gripped down on his fingers and pulled back at him.

"Aaah...aaah...aaah..." The young girl was gasping now as he kept his fingers working inside her. He looked up, seeing her eyes closed, but her face now glistened with a fine sheen of perspiration. Her mouth was open as she breathed raggedly, and he saw her tongue come out and circle her shiny red lips. Her breasts were heaving inside her sexy bra, her big nipples casting bold shadows as they protruded through the shiny white satin. He changed the motion of his fingers, now slowly sawing them back and forth, finger-fucking her. He could see the insides of her plump thighs quivering as her pleasure level escalated. Her knees flexed in for a second and then she rolled her legs as far out to the sides as she could, her feet still planted in the stirrups. He could see she was right on the edge, so he slipped a third finger into her, her fleshy pussy-lips circling his invading fingers in a tight grasp. He kept up his steady movement, sliding all three fingers fully in and out of her dripping cunt.

"Oh...oh...OH DR. FITZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ," Rachel gasped loudly as she started to cum. Her wide hips were bucking up against his hand as she climaxed, her plump body thrashing about on the examination table.

"That's fine, Rachel. Just let your body react naturally," the doctor said as he kept his fingers plunging in and out of her. Her pussy was gushing, spraying and covering his hand with her musky nectar. The whole room smelled like hot teenage cunt, and he loved it. He could see her gripping the sides of the examination table as her orgasm continued, her big lush body twitching and shaking spasmodically. Finally, the luxurious sensations flowing through her waned, and the doctor slowed the movement of his fingers, slowly withdrawing them from her throbbing twat. As she lay there gasping, trying to recover her breath, Dr. Fitzpatrick turned on his stool so his back was facing her. He brought his cum-coated hand to his face and breathed deep, letting the intoxicating scent flow through him. With a quick glance over his shoulder, he slipped his gooey fingers into his mouth.

Oh fuck, is that ever sweet, he said to himself as his tongue licked up her sticky nectar. He swallowed, feeling her creamy goodness slide down his throat. He took his fingers, one at a time, into his mouth and licked them clean, and then licked the rest of his hand where she'd sprayed, getting every tasty morsel of her cunt-honey inside him. He turned back around just as Rachel pushed herself up on her elbows and opened her eyes.

"Dr. Fitz, I'm so sorry. I had no idea that was going to happen."

Rachel looked mortified at what she'd done, but made no move to lift her feet out of the stirrups, and there was a look deep in her dark eyes that told him she'd liked what had happened. "Like I said, Rachel, those reactions are perfectly natural. Now, why don't you just lie back and close your eyes again? I'm not quite finished with this part of the examination."

"You're not?"

"No. I have to check the upper folds of flesh of your vagina, and a quick check of your clitoris. Those areas are quite often a troublesome spot. You do want me to make sure you're fine, don't you?"

"Yes, of course, doctor," Rachel said as she resumed her position, her head cradled on the tiny pillow, her eyes closed.

The doctor slid his stool back into place between her spread thighs, her mound absolutely glistening with her flowing juices. With a salacious smile on his face, and his prick still rock hard in his pants, he brought his hand back to her pretty pink pussy, putting his first two fingers together and sliding them back inside her. He smiled to himself as she wriggled her hips slightly, making sure his fingers fit just right. He could feel the muscles inside her tighten down, gripping his fingers in a wanton grasp. He moved them all around inside her, making sure they were nicely coated with her warm vaginal lubricant. He then moved them up to the top of her dripping trench, pressing the tips of his fingers against the soft folds of flesh on the roof of her vagina.

"Ohhnn..." Rachel let out another throaty groan that was erotic and slutty, sending another surge of blood to his rigid erection. He couldn't remember the last time he'd been this aroused, and his old cock so hard. He felt like he could pull it out and cut glass with the thing.

"Just relax, Rachel," the doctor said as he began to teasingly rub his fingers over the upper walls of her sodden cunt. He looked up as she started gasping again, still not fully recovered from her previous climax. Her nipples were stiff as bullets, pushing provocatively against the satin of her bra, the upper swells of her tits jiggling as she shifted about restlessly. He pushed his fingers upward, knowing he was rubbing against the flesh on the underside of her clitoris.

"Aah," she gasped, arching her back as he worked her over. He kept rubbing all around that spot as she gasped and twitched. He brought his other hand forward and slid his fingers up along the cleft

of her dripping slit, wetting his fingers. He brought the tip of his index finger to her clitoris and slowly rubbed, coating it with more of her juices.

"Oh my...oh...oh..." As Rachel moaned and gasped, he took her clit between his thumb and forefinger, pushing the protective sheath back and then rolling it between his fingertips, like he'd done with her nipples. The fiery bud instantly responded, the sensitive nodule stiffening even more as he rubbed it.

"Oh dear...oh dear...I...I...OH GODDDDDDDDDDD..." Another nerve-jangling orgasm started deep within Rachel's blisteringly-hot pussy. She gripped the sides of the table tightly as the wracking sensations overwhelmed her, her legs flexing in and out, her loins bucking up against his working hands as he took her to another shattering climax. Her head was flopping from side to side as she came, her full mouth open and gasping, her eyes closed as she surrendered herself to the delicious sensations that had taken control of her body. She came for a long time as he rubbed and tweaked her clit, her orgasm starting at the base of the sensitive button and blossoming like an atomic bomb throughout every nerve ending of her plump teenage body. Finally, she collapsed back on the examination table, her legs flopping open to each side as she lay there gasping, trying to recover her breath.

With a smile on his face, the doctor turned away again, once more licking her sticky cunt-honey off his hands. He pretended to be making notes in his tablet, but he had to reach down beneath his lab coat and adjust his dick, the turgid member pressing stiffly against the front of his pants.

"Doctor, I...I don't know what to say," Rachel said apologetically as she lifted herself onto her elbows, her generous chest still heaving in her bra as her breathing slowly returned to normal.

"No need to say a word, Rachel. It's nice to see a young woman whose body reacts the way it should. Yes, that part of the examination went very well, I'd say. There are no problems at all there. Now, there are just a couple more things we need to do before we're done. You can put your panties back on now and, do you have any hairbands with you? I know Mr. Smithers is quite adamant about his fluffers...er...I mean, production assistants, wearing them when they're on the set."

"Uh, yes, I do have a couple with me," Rachel said as she shimmied back into her panties and retrieved a hairband from her purse. She held it out towards the doctor questioningly. "You want me to put that on now?"

"Yes, please. I just have to check a few more things in relation to your job duties. Having your hair back out of the way will make it easier."

"All right." Rachel quickly whipped her lustrous black hair up into a ponytail, securing the band tightly at the back of her head.

"Very good," the doctor said as he took the small pillow from the head of the examination table and placed it on the floor. "If you could just get on your knees there we can start with the next part of the examination."

"Okay," Rachel said obediently, kneeling on the little cushion and facing the doctor.

Oh fuck, she is so gorgeous. And just look at that perfect mouth. Just like Monica Lewinsky's, Dr. Fitzpatrick said to himself as he stepped closer to the kneeling girl, happy that his lab coat covered the obvious protrusion beneath. "Rachel, this next part may seem a little strange to you, but this

part is necessary for me to clear you for your job. Again, if it makes you feel more comfortable, you might want to close your eyes."

"Um, okay." Rachel compliantly closer her eyes, her face turned up towards him, her lovely features nicely on display in the brightly-lit room.

Jesus, I'd like to take her home and examine her like this every day, the doctor thought to himself as he looked at her gorgeous sexy face, that perfect cock-sucking mouth calling out to him. He reached forward and took her pretty face in his hands, running his fingers along the soft skin of her jawline.

"Very good. I just need to check your jaw from behind now." He stepped around until he was standing behind her kneeling form, reached forward with his hands and massaged the soft skin of her jaw and neck, making sure he leaned forwards in order to see right down inside her jam-packed bra. Her tits looked amazing, the massive swells pushed together and up erotically by her heavily-wired bra. Her cleavage was dark, deep, and a mile long. Continuing to look down at her massive tits, he traced his fingers along her soft young skin, running his fingertips down along her jaw and close to her pouting mouth. He smiled to himself as she gave off another little moan when he briefly touched her lips, her chest heaving as she started to breathe raggedly again. After letting his fingers rub gently along her exposed neck and the sides of her face, he moved back in front of her, knowing it was now or never.

"Now slowly open and close your mouth for me please, Rachel." As the young girl did, he moved his fingertips back along her jaw as it opened and closed, pretending to be checking it. The inside of her mouth looked hot and inviting, and he couldn't resist saying what he did next. "Very good. Now could you form your mouth into an 'O-shape' for me, please?"

He smiled to himself as she instantly obeyed, her full red lips forming into a perfect enticing oval that made his cock lurch in his pants once more. He felt his heart pounding, and knew he couldn't take much more of being in this sexy young woman's presence without either blowing his load, or having a heart attack—preferably the first.

"All right, Rachel. That's very good. I just need to check inside your mouth now. This may be a bit uncomfortable, so you should probably keep your eyes closed for this part." He paused as she nodded in response. He turned away from her and quietly undid his lab coat as he continued to speak. "Now, where are those tongue depressors?" He slid his zipper down quietly and reached into the opening of his boxers, drawing his stiff prick out through the opening, the engorged head a brilliant scarlet, the tip dripping precum. "Hmm, it looks like we're out of tongue depressors too. I'll have to talk to Carole about that. Oh well, I've got something else that should work just as well."

He turned back to the young girl kneeling obediently before him, her eyes still closed, her face turned slightly upwards. He wrapped his hand around his surging cock and moved forward, aiming the enflamed knob at her perfect mouth. "Okay, Rachel, can you form your mouth into that 'O-shape' for me again, please?"

Rachel quickly complied, ovalling her mouth, giving him the enticing target he wanted. "Okay, I just have to check the back of your throat now. Just relax...just relax..." As he finished speaking, he slid his red-hot prick into her mouth. Her eyes flew open, but she didn't pull away. It was quite the opposite, her lips quickly closed down on his cock and she started to suck, her cheeks caving in to envelope his prick in a hot wet sheath.

"That's the way, Rachel, I need to check to make sure you can perform your duties as expected. So far, your medical examination has been perfect. But this, this is the most important part that you must pass." He paused as the girl looked up at him, her eyes both questioning and full of slutish desire, but her tongue told him otherwise as she swirled it all around his invading prick, bathing it with her hot saliva. "That's the way. Just close your eyes now while I check to make sure your mouth is in good working order."

Rachel did as he asked, closing her eyes as she continued to suck. He smiled to himself as her hand came up and wrapped itself around the base of his prick, pumping it towards her mouth as she sucked ravenously.

"Mmm...mmm..." She was purring like a kitten now, really getting into it as she slobbered all over his hard old cock, drops of saliva dripping from the corners of her mouth and dangling from his glistening cock-shaft.

Oh fuck, that mouth is hotter and better than I even imagined, the doctor said to himself as Rachel sucked feverishly, her lips and tongue working enthusiastically on his stiff old member. He loved her eagerness, so different from what he saw from other girls in the porn industry. Most of them just went through the motions onscreen, oohing and aahing when expected. But Rachel, Rachel was something different entirely. He could tell by her constant moaning and enthusiastic behaviour that she absolutely loved what she was doing. That turned him on just as much as the feel of her hot mouth and looking at her gorgeous face and plump curvy body.

"Mmm," she moaned deeply, her mouth vacuuming away at his cock like there was no tomorrow. He felt his aged balls start to draw up close to his body, and it had been so long since he'd come, he knew she was going to get a big load. She hollowed in her cheeks again as she bobbed back and forth, the hot flesh inside her mouth embracing him in a hot buttery sheath. He'd been primed for so long now, that that was all it took. He felt those tell-tale contractions in his midsection as the semen started to speed up the shaft of his cock. He was too overcome to even think of something to say, so he just went with his feelings and said nothing as his rigid erection went off in her mouth, a massive rope of cum rifling from the tip deep into her hot sucking mouth.

"Aaaaaahhh," he gasped as the first rope hit the back of her mouth. She didn't flinch or hesitate—if anything—she seemed to suck even more voraciously. A second volley of cum burst forth, quickly followed by a third and fourth. His poor heart was pounding away in his wizened chest but he kept coming, flooding her mouth with a huge load of old-man semen.

"Mmmm..." He heard her coo and saw her neck muscles contract as she swallowed, pulling his jizz deep into her stomach. His cock kept spewing wad after wad into her mouth, the excess now leaking from the corners of her mouth in milky rivulets. Her hand kept pumping, the heel of her hand bumping up against her pursed lips as she continued to bob up and down, enthusiastically sucking as much cum out of the old man as she could. The doctor was shaking and thought he might collapse as his cock kept bucking in her mouth, spurt after spurt of thick cum sluicing over her tongue and splashing her tonsils. He couldn't believe the torrents of spunk flooding her mouth, but she took every creamy drop, swallowing again and again. The intense sensations finally dwindled, and he leaned back against the examination table, his sunken old chest heaving, his aged heart pounding like a jackhammer. But he never felt so happy in his entire life.

"Mmmm..." Rachel purred again as she stopped sucking, but continued nursing tenderly at the tip of his cock, drawing out the last slimy dregs of his semen. He simply stood and watched her, totally in awe of this plump young girl who'd sucked him better than he could ever remember. As his

breathing slowly returned to normal, Rachel slipped her lips off the head of his cock and licked his shaft clean, drawing away the dangling gobs of saliva and cum that had seeped out of her working mouth. She sat back and looked at his semi-hard member hungrily, her tongue sweeping out to lick around her puffy lips, making sure she got the last of his semen.

"I...I'm sorry, Dr. Fitz. I don't know what comes over me when I get a cock in my mouth. I can't help it, something just seems to take control and I can't stop myself. I hope you're all right."

"Oh Rachel, I'm better than all right. I can't begin to tell you how much pleasure you've given to this old man."

"Mrs. Fitzpatrick doesn't do that for you?"

"Oh no, dear. I can't remember the last time anything like that happened. That was just about the most incredible experience I've had in all of my sixty-eight years."

So he was almost as old as her grandfather. The thought of that made Rachel feel wickedly excited for some reason. "I'm glad. And I have to admit, I liked it too. I really liked the taste of, you know...your cum. So thick and...and, I don't know, it tasted so mature."

"Well, Rachel, if it's mature cum you want, feel free to come by my office and visit any time. I know it won't take long at all for me to work up a batch to feed you."

From her place on her knees, she turned and looked at the clock. She turned back to him, a naughty look in her dark eyes. "When is your next appointment?"

"I'm done after yours. You're my last appointment today."

"Do you think I have time for you to feed me another load right now?"

"I think there's plenty of time until you need to be in the studio, but I, I don't know if I can...it's been a long time since..." The doctor nodded towards his slowly-deflating cock, a glistening drop of semen still visible in the center of the wet red eye.

"Can I try? Please Dr. Fitz? That's what I'm supposed to do on my job, right?"

The doctor couldn't believe the needy look in the young girl's eyes, and the pleading tone in her voice. That was something he never expected to see or hear from a woman in these last few years of his life. It lifted his spirits, and he figured if nothing happened, he'd die trying, and be happy. "Of course, I understand. Be my guest."

"Why don't you take your pants off and sit on your stool? That way it'll be your turn to relax while I do all the work."

He thought that was just about the sexiest thing anyone had ever said to him. Struck dumb, he could only watch as Rachel reached forward and undid his pants. She pulled them and his underwear down in one fell swoop. He kicked off his shoes in order for her to remove his pants, and then stepped over and sat on his rolling stool, clad in his lab coat, shirt and tie, his socks still on his feet, with his spindly legs sticking out from beneath the long white coat. He felt somewhat embarrassed by his withered old body, but she didn't seem to mind. She smiled at him as she slid the little pillow forward and knelt between his spread legs. She pushed the whole stool, with him on it, back until he could rest against the wall behind him.

"There, now just relax and let me take care of this beautiful cock of yours. I want at least one more load before I have to go, and I want to take enough cum out of you so you won't bother Mrs. Fitzpatrick when you get home tonight."

Her words excited him beyond belief, and as soon as she leaned forward and took his rubbery cock into her hot wet mouth, he felt himself starting to respond. He wouldn't have believed it, but his prick was filling, stiffening and extending deep into her avidly working mouth. He couldn't believe how hot her mouth was, and once again he was struck by her eagerness, as if nothing mattered more in the world than sucking his cock and getting another mouthful of cum. She cradled his wrinkled bag and nuts in one hand, gently massaging them in the hopes of getting more semen. Her other hand worked the base of his cock, her fingernails scratching teasingly at the skin around the root.

"Oh my God, Rachel, your mouth is amazing," the doctor said as he slumped against the wall, his cock getting harder by the second. He felt her push a big gob of spit to the front of her mouth as she started to bob rhythmically up and down, her saliva paving the way. All the time, she kept sucking, sucking like there was no tomorrow, like that next mouthful of cum was her death-row meal.

Less than ten minutes later, she coaxed that second load out of him, swallowing every tasty morsel of his thick mature cum, loving the clumpy texture as it slid smoothly down her throat. When she was done and he sat there with his eyes half-closed and sunken chest heaving, she slid her lips softly off his prick and looked up at him, that bewitching look still in her eyes. "Can I try for one more?" she asked teasingly as she extended her tongue and licked sluttishly all around his dripping cockhead.

"Oh, fuck me," he said as he reached forward and pulled the young girl's mouth back onto his prick. It took longer this time—about twenty minutes—but her mouth and hands worked their magic, pulling another thick creamy load out of him. When she'd finished swallowing, she sat back, wiping her mouth and licking her fingers clean. He could only sit there, totally in a daze, his pounding heart slowly returning to normal, more drained than he'd felt in his entire life. And yet, happier than he'd ever been too.

"Did I pass my physical, Dr. Fitz?" Rachel asked as she pulled her jeans on and was about to reach for her sweater.

"Wha...of course you passed, my dear. Come here for just a moment." He remained slumped on the stool, blissfully exhausted to the point he felt unable to even move. When Rachel dropped to her knees next to him so they were face to face, he reached up and cupped her bra-covered breast, hefting and squeezing it. Once again, he was amazed at the size and weight of it—and all natural too. He moved his hand to her other breast, openly groping that one as well.

"Dr. Fitz, it looks like another part of you likes my boobs too," Rachel said, looking down between them as his old prick gave a little twitch. She reached forward and took his wrist, moving his hand so his fingers slipped right down inside her bra, his fingers instantly finding her stiff nipple. "Mmm, that feels so nice. Are you ever going to let me out here, Dr. Fitz?" she asked teasingly, pressing her plump breasts against his exploring hand.

"Oh fuck," he said, shaking his head as he nodded towards the counter beside him. "Pass me my phone."

Rachel handed him the cell phone as she continued to let him feel her up. He used one hand to operate the phone while his other hand was busy fondling her big tits. "Hello, Paul. This is Fitz. When do you need the new girl Rachel there?...Not for a little while?...She what?...Okay, that's great. I want to run a couple more tests...no, no, everything is fine." He paused and looked at Rachel, his eyes roaming hungrily over her plump curvy form. "No, Rachel's in great shape. I just have a couple of other tests I'd like to run. She'll be there by the time you need her...Okay, bye."

The doctor handed the phone back to Rachel who set it aside for him. "He said the girl starring in the scene you're going to be working on is running late. Her car broke down, or something like that." He squeezed her breast, feeling her nipple push back against the palm of his hand.

"So what are these other tests you want to run?" Rachel said provocatively, her eyes flicking down to his dormant cock. "Do you think one of them would end up with me getting another mouthful of that yummy cum of yours?"

"I don't know about that, dear. This old man may be done. But first, get those jeans and your panties off and get back up on the examination table. There's something else I want to do that I haven't done with Mrs. Fitzpatrick in years."

Rachel shucked off her jeans and kicked off her panties. Wearing only her sexy bra, she climbed back on the examination table and set her feet in the stirrups, letting her plump thighs roll open to each side.

"That's perfect," the doctor said as he rolled his stool up between her spread thighs. He lowered his mouth and took a broad sweep upwards with the flat of his tongue, licking the full length of her mound.

"Oh, Dr. Fitz," Rachel cooed as he pressed his mouth against her gooey mound and slid his tongue between her shiny labial curtains. His experienced tongue and fingers brought her to three consecutive orgasms, her lush curvy body writhing all over the examination table with each shattering climax. After the third, she pushed him away, her pussy just buzzing from the attention. As he sat back, she slid off the examination table and dropped to her knees between his legs, his cock now semi-hard once more. Using her talented mouth and hands, he was shocked to see his old prick rise up to full salute once more. He sat back against the wall gasping as she worked him over, sucking his aged cock better than any porn star he could imagine. He flooded her mouth one last time, surprising himself at the amount of cum his balls churned out.

This time, when Rachel was done, she helped him back into his pants, doing up the zipper and fastening his belt. He was so wiped out, so blissfully drained, that he could hardly move. When she finished dressing herself, he was barely able to shuffle over to the old couch sitting against one wall of the room. "Rachel, could you turn the light off on your way out? I just need to take a quick nap," he said, lying down on the couch, sleep overtaking him as soon as his head hit the pillow.

"See you next time," Rachel whispered quietly, flicking off the light and closing the door behind her. With a bellyful of cum and a contented smile on her face, she straightened her jacket and turned on her heel, heading towards the studio, eager to actually start her new job.