

The Exam



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The Exam
by Sara Desmarais

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I looked at my watch impatiently, annoyed that the doctor was running late, but knew there was nothing to be done, so looked back down at the six month old issue of Vogue I was flipping through absent mindedly. Finally, the door to the office opened and a nurse I did not recognize called my name. "Mr. Simpson?"

I stood, looked at her with a glance of indifference towards her, flashed her an annoyed look, acknowledging that I was the Mr. Simpson in question and was upset to have been made to wait so long. She ignored the sarcasm in the smile, instead returned a genuine one. Well, score one for the home team, her smile, radiant, had the effect of turning mine into a real one, too, which perhaps only annoyed me more.

I followed the nurse through the waiting room door and tried not to stare at her white, nylon covered legs or her ass in her white nurse's uniform. It was rare, in today's casual world, to see a nurse in a real uniform, rather than scrubs. Even then, it was usually the really old ones, not a younger, much less attractive one.

"Step up on the scale for me, Mr. Simpson," she smiled, waiting. "Excellent, thank you. We're going to be down here in exam room three."

Again with her back to me, I was able to stare at her without fear of being caught, stare at her legs, as the sway of her ass. I followed her to into one of the exam rooms, sat up on the exam table, waited while she got out a blood pressure cuff.

I rolled up my sleeve. "Cold," I playfully yelped as she wrapped the cuff around my arm, still annoyed that she'd so easily deflected my previous anger at being made to wait. She chuckled in response, took my blood pressure, noted it on my chart.

"What are we here for today, Mr. Simpson?" she asked reading a page of notes in my chart.

"Just a follow up to a visit last week to see how the medicine Dr. Sloan prescribed is working on the rash I had," I answered, pointing to my forearm.

"Okay," she said, wrote something in my chart again. "Dr. Sloan is running on a few minutes late, I'm sorry you had to wait, but he should be with you in just a few minutes and I'm sure this shouldn't take long anyway. We'll have you out of here and back to the...office...in no time," she said, looking me up and down, dressed in a suit and tie.

"Yes. I'm a lawyer. I don't have anything scheduled this morning, but I appreciate it just the same."

I assumed the visit wouldn't take long. It didn't when I was at Dr. Sloan's office two weeks ago after my family doctor referred me for a rash on my

forearm. Dr. Sloan took one look at my arm and diagnosed it immediately. Derema something or other ending in titus. He wrote me a prescription that he said should clear it up in two weeks. This all happened before I could even take my suit coat off.

"No need to get undressed, Mr. Simpson," he'd told me. "Simple diagnosis, common enough. Just a small infection, not contagious at all and this should clear it up in about four weeks, though I'd like to see you back in two weeks to make sure you're tolerating the meds without any side effects."

"What are the side effects?" I'd asked.

"Oh, usually nothing, but in a very small percentage of men, some dizziness, occasionally dry mouth, and in an even smaller percentage of cases, erectile issues, none of which are permanent."

The visit was so fast, so non-invasive, so routine, when I came back two weeks later, I did something I'd normally, never, ever, and I mean, NEVER consider doing when going to the doctor.

I wore lingerie under my suit and tie.

Not that wearing lingerie under my suit and tie was that unusual. Unusual for a man, perhaps, but not unusual for me. In fact, it was unusual that I would not wear lingerie, unusual if I wore men's boxers, unusual, for I was a sissy. It was as unusual for me to wear men's underwear as it would be for most men to wear panties. I only owned a couple of pairs and reserved them for times like this or the occasional date I might have.

So, this morning, before I came to Dr. Sloan's office, I got dressed as I did almost every morning. After I showered, I started by wrapping a pale pink six strap garter belt around my trim, even feminine, waist, smiling as the metal garter tabs dangled and danced on my thighs like the fingers of an understanding lover.

I sat on the edge of the bed and carefully opened a package of new 100 percent, fifteen denier nude nylon stockings, and one leg at a time, gathered up the soft nylon, pointed a toe, pulled the stocking up my shaved leg, stood, and expertly attached the garter straps.

Pleased with how pretty the garter belt and stockings looked on my slim frame, I reached for the one object that still scared me, despite months of daily wear.

The pink CB2000 chastity cage that I'd used to self-lock my penis day after day, every day, imposing self-chastity on myself. Obviously, I was my own key holder, thus could unlock myself at any time, if I wanted. The cage did not so much deny me an orgasm, as delayed any orgasm I wanted. It was a simple matter of concentration. When I wore pretty lingerie under my suit to work

(again, essentially every day), I had trouble focusing at work. I wanted nothing more than to play with my panty encased penis!

The cage, of all things, stopped that urge. I couldn't play with myself locked up, could I? Especially when I left the keys at home on my bed. Thus, most days, despite my pretty lingerie, I could not, would not, play at work. I could only work. Concentrate on what was important, waiting all day to get home and release myself.

So, on went the plastic penis ring, the small spacer, ensuring my balls were held tight, the cage itself, fitting easily over my penis which was small when erect, even smaller now when flaccid. The CB2000 was the smallest of the CB line of chastity cages, appropriate for those that were "smaller", lacking a real man's cock, perfect for a sissy like me. Finally, the lock, the small, but secure padlock. I clipped it onto the device and set one of the keys on my pink satin pillow where it would be waiting for me when I got home, thinking, once again, this was it, I was now locked for the day, hoping this wasn't the day I got in a car accident and went to the hospital, not understanding the danger was really from the visit I assumed was routine.

I finished getting dressed in my lingerie by slipping into a bra that matched with the garter belt, hardly able to wait till evening when I could slip breast forms into the bra; stepped into a pair of pink satin tap panties that coordinated with both; and finally topped the outfit off with the similarly coordinating camisole, which I knew would be practically invisible under a French blue dress shirt and help hide the lines of the bra straps.

So, there I sat in Dr. Sloan's office. Dark blue suit, French blue shirt, and red tie. Garter belt and stockings, bra, camisole, tap panties, chastity cage. Dark blue nylon trouser socks. Wing tips. Yes, trouser socks. Women's trouser socks. It was my little thing. I refused to wear men's socks with my suit. If people looked close, really, really, close, they might wonder, but then again, might just assume I preferred thin socks. But I knew. It was my little piece of femininity I showed the world.

Dr. Sloan walked in just a few minutes later, as the nurse said he would.

"Good morning, Mr. Simpson, how are you?" he asked as I started to roll up my sleeve to show him my arm, not bothering to apologize for running late as his nurse did. Doctors!

"Well, I can see right away your arm is clearing up. I told you that was something easily taken care off. Any itching?"

"No, doctor, not since I started taking the meds."

"Good, good. Any dizziness?"

"A little," I answered, "not too bad, though, why?"

"How often," he asked frowning.

"Maybe once or twice a day?"

He bit his lip, wrote something on his chart. "Lasting how long?"

"A few minutes...five or so."

"Five? Hmmm."

"Is that bad?"

"Well, we like to see no more than once a day, lasting a minute at most. The meds can have some effect on blood pressure and circulation. Any change in eating habits?"

"Not really."

"Dry mouth?"

"Yes, some, a few times a day."

He frowned.

"I take it that's too much, too?"

"It can be. The medicine can lead to some reproductive and erectile problems, too, related to circulation. Sorry, I thought we'd have you out of here right away, but the side effects concern me. I'm afraid I need to do a more thorough exam and get a sample." He looked at his watch, now apparently concerned that he was running late now that it might impact him.

"Can't we just switch meds?" I asked, thinking about my health, not the problem that was about to arise.

"Oh, we will, we will. The other one is not quite as effective. But I still need to do an exam to rule out any reproductive issues, I'm afraid that while rare, they can be permanent. We can treat that, too, but that course of treatment has risks, too, so we need to rule that out. Why don't you get undressed, just down to your underwear, so we can start."

I sat there frozen. Undressed? I couldn't get undressed. I wasn't supposed to get undressed. I wasn't supposed to do anything. All Dr. Sloan was supposed to do was take a quick look at my arm!

"Um," I swallowed, "is that really necessary? I...I'm sure I'm fine, I...I really have a tight schedule today and...I could reschedule on another day when..." When I wasn't wearing lingerie!

"Yes, Mr. Simpson, I'm afraid it is. With those symptoms, I need to do an immediate exam of your reproductive organs and take a small sample," he said, clinically. "The procedure is simple enough, a bit invasive, but, I'm afraid that's the protocol."

"But doctor, um, I..."

"Mr. Simpson, please. I know none of my patients are thrilled to have a reproductive exam, but it really is necessary, and it is nothing to be ashamed of."

Believe me, I've seen it all. Besides, this is nothing worse than your average woman has done yearly."

"Doctor...I..."

"Mr. Simpson," he frowned. "I don't normally like to say things like this, but this is a medical necessity, almost an emergency. The effects, if present and untreated, can damage your reproductive organ quite quickly if not treated properly. Please, get undressed so we can perform the exam and the procedure."

"But doctor, you don't understand, I'm...I'm...wearing..."

"Mr. Simpson," he said, anger apparent in his tone, even if he never once raised his voice. "I'm already running behind today."

I did not know what to do, other than to comply with his order. He was a doctor. He had seen it all, he said, that must be true, but this? I wasn't sure, but what else could I do but comply and try to explain? I stood, removed my suit coat, hung it on the back of the door, kicked off my shoes and removed my socks, thinking that for this instant only, unless he looked closely at me feet, he could not tell that they were covered in stockings.

"Doctor, are you sure we can't..."

"Mr. Simpson," he narrowed his eyes. "I know none of my patients look forward to this type of exam, most are quite modest, but really, I've seen EVERYTHING, so please, if you will," he looked at his watch again, impatient.

Well, here went nothing.

I un-tucked my shirt, loosened my tie, undid my belt, and slowly, trying to appear if nothing was at all out of the ordinary, lowered my pants, slowly exposing my tap panties, the garter straps, my stockings. Hanging my pants on the back of the door, I caught Dr. Sloan's eyes, found him looking at me blankly. His expression said nothing, gave away nothing, as if he saw male patients every day standing before him wearing panties, a garter belt, and stockings.

He stood still, waiting, appearing bored almost. Maybe he had seen it all before, maybe this wasn't out of the ordinary. I plunged ahead, removed my tie, my shirt and stood before Dr. Sloan dressed, not as a man, but dressed in lingerie, dressed as a woman.

Dr. Sloan snorted, every so slightly gave an air of disgust, barely present, but just enough to humiliate me further. "You're going to need to remove your panties and get up on the table." He said it all evenly enough, except for the word 'panties' which came out with a tone that suggested disapproval, perhaps superiority.

I sighed again, now shaking, and lowered my panties and got up on the table. "Dr. Sloan, I...I really think we could wait," I said, blushing.

Dr. Sloan was just staring at my penis, at the pink chastity cage, at my tiny, locked penis, trapped. He stared for fifteen, thirty seconds. He stared as if he had not seen quite EVERYTHING before, certainly not that.

"No, Mr. Simpson, I told you we could not wait, this is a serious matter. However, given your...well... I want you to get dressed, we're going to need to go to another room to...to do this procedure."

I felt relieved to put clothes back on, immediately jumped off the table, though sheepishly stepped back into my panties. It was a tremendous relief to get my suit back on. Okay, so Dr. Sloan saw this. Big deal. I mean, he was a doctor. Things were confidential. So what if he knew. I could always switch doctors, this was okay.

I waited for Dr. Sloan to lead the way, but he picked up the phone in the room first. "Yes, um...nurse, a bit of a change for this patient, a reaction and I need to collect a sample. Can you meet Mr. Simpson and me in Exam 11 and bring a DL kit and a GY kit. Yes, yes, you heard me correctly. Mr. Simpson, Exam 11 and a DL and GY kit. Yes, nurse, I know, I know, but it will be self evident."

Dr. Sloan hung up, turned to me, opened the door. "This way, Mr. Simpson," he said, leading me out of the room and down the hall. I followed him down several hallways, through a records office, finally into an exam room.

Where I noticed a couple of things immediately. First, the same nurse that first saw me was in the room standing next to a portable table with two covered trays.

Second, the exam table. It had stir-ups. I realized this was a gynecological exam table.

"Mr. Simpson, I'm going to need you to undress again," Dr. Sloan said after we'd walked in and he shut the door.

I looked at the nurse, who returned the look, puzzled. She clearly wondered what we were doing in this room, what was going on. And that was before I saw what was on the tray.

"Um, doctor..."

"Now, Mr. Simpson," he said, an order, not a request.

As I started to once again strip down to my pale pink lingerie and stockings, Dr. Sloan addressed the nurse. "We need to do a reproductive workup and collect a sample and there are some complications that require a more invasive procedure."

"Okay," she said, still confused, until suddenly her eyes widened when she got the first glimpse of my garter and stockings. "Um..." She stared, looked away from me, finally, "I'm sorry doctor...um...why the DL kit?"

"Mr. Simpson has a particular limitation that is going to require that we do a DRE to obtain the sample."

I stood, forgotten for a moment, until Dr. Sloan looked back at me. "Again, Mr. Simpson, please remove your panties and get up on the exam table."

This was worse, so much worse than mere moments before. Now the nurse was in the room, the pretty, relatively young nurse, who tried to hold back, but giggled at the word panties.

As I climbed up, awkwardly, on the table, Dr. Sloan asked the nurse if she'd seen a DRE done since nursing school.

"No, I have not but I think that...what is that?" she asked, looking directly at my penis, at the chastity cage.

"That," he chuckled, "is a chastity cage. That's why we're doing a DRE. He's unable to get an erection wearing that, so we need to manually release him."

"I'm rather confused, doctor," she said, standing next to me by the table, looking me up and down.

"Well, forgive her Mr. Simpson," he looked at me. "I'm sure this goes without saying, nurse, but as with any patient, Mr. Simpson's condition is his business, of course. We simply treat the patients as we receive them. However, you'll notice, of course, that Mr. Simpson is attired in clothing you'd normally expect to see on..."

"A woman," she answered, again suppressing a giggle.

"Yes. Well Mr. Simpson is obviously not a woman...feet in theses, Mr. Simpson," he said, touching my nylon covered ankles and directing them to the stirrups. "He's a transvestite or cross dresser...not too much difference...really. In common parlance, what, a sissy. Isn't that right, Mr. Simpson?" he asked me.

"Yes," I answered, blushing at his use of the word that so accurately described exactly what I was.

"Of course you are, Mr. Simpson. Now, nurse, go ahead and use the restraints in the GY kit," he said to the nurse. Looking back at me, "Mr. Simpson, this procedure requires a patient to lay still, which can be hard to do during the exam, so we're going to use some standard restraints to help keep you in place, okay?"

"Restraints? I...I don't know...is that really necessary?"

"I'm afraid that it is, Mr. Simpson. Given the, er, situation, and all."

The nurse uncovered a tray, began picking things up, moving around me. "Here," she said, indicating that I was to lift up an arm. I did and she gently buckled a thick padded strap around my wrist she connected to something on the table, walked around me, did the same with my other wrist.

"These really are limiting," I laughed nervously, able to move my arms only a foot or so.

"Well, as the doctor said, you can't move during the procedure. Here, we have a few more."

I lay still while the nurse continued strapping me down to the table, using a seat belt like strap over my upper chest, my natural waist and where my legs met my stomach. Last, she wrapped straps around each ankle in the stirrup and right below my knee.

And then she tightened the straps.

"There we go," Dr. Sloan said approvingly, "okay?"

I tried to move. My arms, legs, chest, waist, nothing, nothing would move. Except for being able to move my head and my fingers, I was completely immobilized. "Um, Dr. Sloan, I...I still don't understand why you, you know...why you need me to hold this still. And I'm not even sure what you plan..."

"I told you, Mr. Simpson, we're going to perform a reproductive organ exam and collect a semen sample."

"Semen sample," I gulped. "But I..." I lifted my head slightly, looked down towards the pink plastic chastity cage tightly wrapped around me. "How are you going to...?"

"Collect the sample? Well, obviously we can't just manipulate you, can we? If you were a, um, I hate to use this word; it sounds judgmental. If you were a normal man, I'd have the nurse here take care of collecting the sample."

My eyes widened immediately. "Yes, Mr. Simpson, when I need a sample from a real man, Nurse Baxter here is more than happy to perform a manipulation to collect it, isn't that right, nurse?"

The doctor and the nurse shared a glance, exchanged silent words, an understanding that I did not appreciate.

Standing behind me, the nurse answered. "Oh, of course, doctor, I'm more than happy to manipulate a man with a thick, hard cock. But that's obviously not the case here, is it?" She bent down towards my head, said quietly in my ear, "Here we have a sissy with a tiny, little, limp penis locked up in a tiny, little cage."

"Now, now, nurse, that's enough," Dr. Sloan chuckled. "There's nothing wrong with being a sissy, Mr. Simpson, not everyone was born a real man. I'm sure you would have like Nurse Baxter's manipulation techniques, my male patients do, but don't worry, you'll still feel a little bit of her soft touch. She's going to do the organ exam while I'm taking care of the DRE."

I was shaking from Nurse Baxter's voice ringing in my ear, calling me a sissy. "DRE?"

"DRE...digital rectal exam. Sometimes known as a milking. It is a simple procedure, a way to solicit a semen sample without manipulation or orgasm." Dr. Sloan was pulling on a pair of rubber gloves.

I looked at the doctor, horror on my face. What the fuck was he talking about?

"Mr. Simpson, you're locked up in a chastity cage, so you can't get an erection, thus we need to obtain a semen sample by alternative methods. With a DRE procedure, I use any one of a number of probes to massage the prostate until you start to secrete fluids." Dr. Simpson pulled one of the trays towards him, though it was blocked by my raised leg. I tried to see what he was reaching for, but the only thing in my field of view was my stocking covered leg.

"Probes?"

"Yes, anal probes. For massaging the prostate."

"A...a...anal probe," I said, part question, part statement, all terror.

"That's why you're strapped down, Mr. Simpson," he said. "You've never had this done before, I assume?"

"No," I gulped.

"We need to do the procedure and can't have you moving around, can we. Don't worry, the probe will be well lubricated." With that, he held up whatever it was he picked up from the tray. "See, it comes covered in Astroglide."

My eyes went as wide as they've ever been wide as Dr. Sloan held up the steel instrument that he apparently intended to insert into my anal cavity. Fuck, it looked like a cock! Not a real cock, it was thinner, but certainly phallic enough to immediately make me think of cock. Of cock. Of fucking cock! And that was going inside me? It was like he was going to...to...oh fuck.

"Dr. Sloan," I started to beg, "you...you can't...that's too big...I..."

"Big, Mr. Simpson? I'm sorry, this is just to apply the lubricant. Just breath and relax, Mr. Simpson. The more relaxed you are, the less risk that it will hurt. In fact, if you relax enough, you might even enjoy it. Nurse, are you about ready?"

Enjoy it? Enjoy an anal probe up my ass? Was he kidding? I heard a snapping sound behind me. Nurse Baxter was also putting on latex gloves. "Yes, Doctor," she said, moving towards the side of the table. "He's right, Mr. Simpson," she said quietly to me, "I'd think most sissies like the feeling of something filling them?" She lowered her voice even more, whispering. "I'm sure you've fantasized about what it would feel like to feel a man inside you?"

I wanted to say no, despite the lie that would be; I tried to form the words, but my eyes said something different. Admitted what she suspected, that while I'd never felt it, that I fantasized about it, the feeling, filled, used, like a woman.

"Shhh, there's nothing wrong with that." She took my balls in her gloved hands, the only thing touchable, not covered by the chastity cage, started massaging them, making me moan slightly, unable to believe what was happening. "I'm ready, Doctor."

I felt Dr. Sloan take the probe, press it up against me, against my opening. "Relax," he said, touching the cold steel to my body.

"Shhh, just relax, sissy," Nurse Baxter repeated, as she started to massage my balls with vigor, "relax and just enjoy the feeling as Dr. Sloan slides your first cock into you."

Dr. Sloan did just the, gently pushing. "You're bad, Nurse," he laughed as he pushed the probe into me. "I don't think that's something they teach in nursing school."

"Somehow I don't think he minds, doctor."

"No, I doubt he minds have a nurse who appears to be a little more trained in this procedure than she lets on to be."

"Ohhhhh," I gasped involuntarily. "Ohhhhh, fuck." I expected to groan in pain, to yelp as the probe went into me, but I wasn't. I wasn't groaning in pain, just the opposite, I was groaning in something approaching pleasure.

Nurse Baxter giggled. "My, my, he hasn't even found your prostate yet, and you're already moaning like a girl. You are a little cock whore, aren't you?"

"Nurse Baxter," Dr. Sloan scolded, yet chuckling, as he pulled the probe back until just the tip of it was inside me causing me to gasp as the cock like instrument left me. "Uugh, uugh," I shook.

"Well, you certainly tolerate the lubrication procedure well enough, so there is no problem going to the first massager. Nurse, please keep manipulating him to keep the blood flowing. It looks like he is swelling against the sides of the cage. Keep a close eye on that. And make sure you are ready with the collection jar when he starts to leak, it will be quite sudden."

"Yes, Doctor," Nurse Baxter said. "Let me just get into a better position." Nurse Baxter moved back a step. I was too busy trying to see what the doctor was going to do, paying no attention to her.

That is, paying no attention to Nurse Baxter until I realized that her nylon covered leg was on the table next to me, that her nylon covered leg was resting against my bound arm, that her nylon covered leg was touching my skin. Until I realized that her uniform had ridden up her thighs, her naked thighs, that, like me, Nurse Baxter was wearing stockings and a garter belt!

Suddenly I was very much focused on Nurse Baxter, very much focused on her leg, on her stocking, on her skin. "He's doing fine, Doctor," she said, shifting again so her dress went up even higher, revealing her sheer white panties.

Oh, god, what the hell were they doing to me, this wasn't really happening, was it? Why...why were they doing this to...

"OHHHHHHHHHHH," I moaned loudly. I was staring at Nurse Baxter's legs, at the outline of panties, the tiny bit of pussy I thought I could see, I could almost smell. I was paying no attention to Dr. Sloan now, so did not realize that he once again had pressed a probe against me and pushed it in, quicker this time, deeper, and more, that the probe was bigger, filled me even more.

"Shhhh, quiet now! I know you like cock, sissy, but there are other patients," Nurse Baxter warned me. "We don't want to have to gag you."

Gag me! I bit my lip. Hard, tried desperately not to shout as Dr. Sloan manipulated the probe inside me.

"Almost have it," he said, "just about..." I felt the probe go deeper, press up, fill me, until...

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhh, ohhhhhhhhhhhhhh," I groaned louder than before. "Oh, fuck, fuck!"

"Yep, there it is," Dr. Sloan said. "Prostate."

I felt him move the probe around and it felt like NOTHING I'D EVER FELT BEFORE!

"Ohhhhhhh, fuck," I groaned louder, "fuck!"

"Doctor," Nurse Baxter hissed. "We have other patients!"

"This shouldn't take long, Nurse," he said.

"We can't have him screaming, doctor...besides...he seems to really be enjoying it...I...maybe you should..."

"Should what, Nurse?"

"I brought the whole DL kit, doctor. There are other probes on the tray besides the DRE probes."

The doctor had stopped moving the probe and I finally opened my eyes to see a puzzled look on his face. "This seems to be the right size, Nurse. If I used any of the other ones it would take longer and would produce more of a sample than we'd need and he'd...Nurse...you're not suggesting that I..."

"Yes, Doctor, I am," she said coyly. "Does it really matter if we get too much?"

"No, no, I suppose not, it's just that...well..."

"Doctor, I...I know you like it Doctor, I don't care, obviously I do, too. I even know what you really want to do."

"When's my next patient, Nurse?"

"You don't have one until noon...I...I rescheduled."

"So...we can..."

"Yes, Doctor."

"He...he's too loud, though Nurse, I don't know if I should, I'm afraid that... the other staff..."

Nurse Baxter stood up. "Let me see if I can take care of that Doctor." I watched her as she moved in a way that seemed familiar, but yet, I couldn't process. Not until she stood back up. "This should muffle most of it," she said, holding her panties in her hands, moving them towards my face. "Open up, little sissy," she smiled. "You can taste this while Dr. Sloan finishes."

"But I..." As I opened my mouth to speak, she took advantage and immediately stuffed her panties into my mouth. Her wet panties. The taste of which hit me, hit me hard, the taste of her juices, of her womanhood, of her vagina."

"Hmmm, better, no? Just because you like cock inside you doesn't mean you don't enjoy pussy, too, sissy. Doctor?"

"Yes, just about ready, Nurse. There, all lubricated. Now, Mr. Simpson, this is going to be a bit bigger than the last probe, though I'm confident you can handle it. It is also going to take a little longer to get the sample this way, sometimes a thinner probe is better for hitting the prostate. This will work, though, as I said, it is just going to take a little longer...but Nurse Baxter is right, you seem to enjoy it, so...ready?"

I lifted my head, the only thing I could move, lifted my head, gagged as I was with Nurse Baxter's panties, lifted my head and looked at Dr. Sloan...

"Mmmgggffff," I yelped through the panties. Dr. Sloan wasn't holding a metal probe in his hands. He was holding something that looked like...that was...flesh colored, long...he was holding a probe that...that...LOOKED JUST LIKE A COCK! It had a head and veins and even balls. And, as my eyes went wider, I realized something else.

It was a cock! I mean, a big, thick, long cock. A COCK. It wasn't anything like what I had. Small, thin, little, even. This was a COCK. A man's cock.

Nurse Baxter, who was kneeling next to me, who was right by my head, giggled. "Yes, sissy, it's a cock shaped probe. We don't usually use that for a DRE, we prescribe them to women who are ready for the last step in dilation before having sex. It seems though that it may have uses for you."

"Gggmmmmfff," I yelled.

"What's that? You want it inside you? I think she's begging for it, Doctor, I think sissy can't wait to have her first cock inside her, isn't that right sissy?"

"Nnnnnnffffmmm," I shook my head. No. No. NO! I didn't want a cock inside me. What the hell? A probe was one thing, but a cock? A COCK? I wasn't gay, I wasn't about to get fucked by a cock. I was just here for a routine follow up, what the fuck was going on? They were practically raping me! I didn't say this was okay, I didn't want this!

Nurse Baxter continued to whisper in my ear. "He's ready, Mr. Simpson, can you feel it yet? He has the cock pressed against you." She was right, I could feel the head pressed against me, where the probe had been before, now, was the large, bulbous head of a cock. Fake, yes, but cock just the same, cock pressed against me, cock ready to push into me, cock, cock.

"Hmmmngggrrrryyy," I said. I'm not ready. I'm not ready. I don't want a cock inside me. I wanted to get up, I wanted to run...but I was fucking strapped down!!! "Pmmmmffff," I begged, please, please.

"Okay, Mr. Simpson, here we go," Dr. Sloan said.

"Nnnnnnnn," I started to yell. No. NO. NO! And then he started pushing, steadily, pushing the cock inside me, opening me, filling me and I kept yelling no though Nurse Baxter's panties until...

Until...

Until I felt the cock filling me more and more. Until I gasped, sucked hard on the panty gag, tasted what could only be the sweet taste of Nurse Baxter's pussy.

Until a tremendous jolt of sexual energy rushed through me.

Until I realized that the feeling of being stuffed with cock was...AMAZING.

My eyes rolled back in my head as Dr. Sloan reversed, started to pull the cock out of me, then pushed it back in, a little harder, a little farther inside me. "Mmmmmffff," I moaned, "mmmmmmffff."

"I told you that you'd like it, sissy," Nurse Baxter whispered in my ear. "I told you you'd like the feeling of cock inside you. I knew it. I knew you'd love the feeling. I knew you'd love getting fucked. Sissies all love cock, whether they know it or not. They LOVE cock."

"Nurse, I'm going to start, please go ahead with the manipulation."

"Hmmm, with pleasure, Doctor," she said. I watched her stand up next to me, lift her leg up again. But this time she didn't just rest her leg on the table, she climbed up, climbed over me, straddled me. Her nurses' dress was up all the way now, around her waist, so I could clearly see her pussy, her ass, framed by her white garter belt. She grabbed my balls again, massaged, squeezed, toyed, as Dr. Sloan started to move the cock in and out of me, started to fuck me with it.

For several minutes I lay there moaning into Nurse Baxter's panties while she manipulated me and Dr. Sloan used the fake cock on me. "Any leakage yet, Nurse?"

"No, nothing at all, Doctor. He's enjoying it, obviously, but nothing yet, are you sure you're hitting the prostate?"

"You're right, Nurse. He's clearly finding some sexual pleasure from this, but I can't seem to find his prostate. I'm losing some feel I get with a regular anal probe, I think I may have to switch back."

"But Doctor, he's clearly enjoying it so much, it seems a shame to use the smaller probe."

"What do you suggest, Nurse?"

"It just isn't sensitive enough for you to find his prostate?"

"Not quite. It is really made for a woman's vagina. Obviously he enjoys the sensation of being fucked, but I don't know if I can milk him without a better feel for his prostate, where to put the tip of it."

"Well, maybe you should keep using something that thick, since he seems to like it so much, but just something more sensitive, something you can really feel inside him."

"Nurse, all the DRE probes are sensitive enough, but none are this thick."

"I know doctor. I'm not suggesting going back to a DRE probe."

"What are you suggesting then, I don't know...wait, you don't mean...Nurse Baxter!"

"It would work, wouldn't it?"

"I...it might, but...but I...don't...I don't like..."

"Yes you do, Doctor. It's okay, Doctor...I know you do."

"Nurse," Dr. Sloan swallowed. What the fuck were they talking about? It was hard for me to focus on their whispering, not with a fake cock up my ass, not with Nurse Baxter's juice filled panties in my mouth, not with her luscious ass and pussy mere inches from my face.

"It's okay, Doctor, I like it, too."

"Are you sure, Nurse, this is, this is highly irregular."

"Yes," I heard her rasp, "please, doctor, I...I want to see it, please."

Then slowly, Dr. Sloan pulled the cock out, completely out of me. "Ummm," I moaned through the panties as the head of the fake cock popped out of my ass.

"Hmmm, you want it back, don't you, sissy, you want cock back inside you, don't you?"

"Ggmmmm," I moaned again through her panties.

"Do you want it? Do you want cock? I can't understand you, pretty girl. Here," she said, scooting back so her pussy was hovering right over me, reaching around, pulling her panties out of my mouth.

"Do you want me, sissy?" she asked, pussy so close, yet so far, lowering it until it was almost within reach of my tongue, then lifting herself back up. "Do you want my pussy?"

"Yes," I whispered.

She lowered herself again, let her lips touch my mouth, then quickly moved away. "Do you want it, sissy?"

"Yes," I groaned louder.

Again, she lowered her pussy to my mouth, left it there just a second longer, then moved away.

"Do you want cock, sissy? Do you?"

I said nothing, I couldn't say anything, I couldn't.

"Do you want it, do you want my pussy?"

"Yes," I moaned, "please, yes."

She didn't move still. "Do you want it, do you want to be filled again, do you want cock?" This was her test. I couldn't have her pussy unless I said I wanted cock. I wanted her pussy.

I thought about how good it felt to be filled with the probes, with the fake cock probe. I didn't want cock. But I did want to be filled again.

"Yes, please, yes."

"Say it, sissy, say it."

"I want it," I gasped, "I want it."

"Tell me what you want," she demanded, lowering her pussy ever closer to my face, lowering closer what I really wanted, what I thought I wanted.

"I want... I want to be filled," I tried to compromise.

"That's not good enough, sissy, tell me what you want," she ordered!

"I want... I want cock," I said softly.

"Louder, sissy, louder, tell me what you want in your pussy ass."

"I want cock," I said, as loud as I thought I could say.

I waited for her to lower her pussy to my mouth, I waited to taste it, to feel it. But she didn't. She just hovered over me, in fact, moved higher, moved it further away from me.

"You want to be filled with cock, sissy?"

"Yes, please, yes."

"You heard, Doctor, you heard what sissy wants. You heard she wants cock. That's informed consent for the procedure."

"Yes," Dr. Sloan said in a strange voice that scared me, actually scared me.

And then I felt the probe touch me again, the head of the probe, touch against my opening, against my pussy ass as the nurse called it. I thought Dr. Sloan would push it in slowly again, as he had with the other ones, so I was relaxed, open, ready for it to softly and slowly fill me, even anticipating it.

But that didn't happen. It wasn't slow. Dr. Sloan put it against my opening, pushed the head in, expanded me, filled me, then paused, paused.

And the, fuck, then, he pushed it hard and fast and all the way inside of me as deep as it could go.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh, fuck," I moaned immediately, feeling an incredibly new, incredibly powerful, incredibly sexual thrill rush through me. "Oh, fuck, oh fuck." The probe filled me completely, thicker than the last, deeper, more fulfilling, more satisfying, more terrifying.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh, fuck," I heard. For a second, I thought I was hearing my own voice, echoing through the room as the cock completely filled me, echoing the grunt of pleasure I felt, humiliating as it was. But something was wrong.

Something was strange.

Dr. Sloan pulled the cock out, almost all the way, and then pushed it hard again, quickly, back into me.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh, " I yelled again as the warm, hard cock filled me. Warm...different.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh, " I heard the echo again.

And then, through the feeling of being stuffed by whatever cock probe Dr. Sloan was pushing into me, I realized something. I couldn't see, exactly, what was going on, but something was strange, something was odd. Hovering over me as she was, I could see Nurse Baxter's hands. Both of them, of course.

Yet, I felt two hands on my legs. There was no doubt. Nurse Baxter's hands were not touching me. But I felt two hands, one on each knee, holding me, using me for leverage.

Two hands on my legs while the cock probe went in and out of me. Two hands were holding onto my stocking covered legs while Dr. Sloan used his hand to push the cock in and out of me.

Two hands. Hers were above me, his were holding onto the probe, pushing it into me. But why...what was...!

And an echo from my own moan.

And I realized why I felt two hands on my legs. Why I heard the echo.

The echo wasn't an echo. That wasn't an echo of my moan, that wasn't me, it was someone else.

The hands. His hands! Dr. Sloan wasn't using his hands to push the cock into me! His hands were holding onto my legs for leverage because he didn't need them to push the probe into me.

He didn't need them.

The realization washed over me with horror. The warmth of the cock probe. The fast, deep thrusts. His hands holding onto me, pulling me.

"Nooooooooooooooooooooo," I started to scream! "Nooooooooooooooooooooo!"

I couldn't get out the second scream because Nurse Baxter immediately dropped herself, her pussy, down onto my face, smothering me, covering me with her wetness.

"Nnnnnnnnnnnn," I tried to moan.

Dr. Sloan didn't need to use his hands to push the cock probe into me because it wasn't a probe. He wasn't using a fake cock.

Dr. Sloan was fucking me with a cock. HIS COCK.

DR. SLOAN WAS FUCKING ME. IT WAS HIS COCK GOING IN AND OUT OF ME.

My ass was filled, not with fake cock, but real cock. Dr. Sloan's strong, warm, thick, pulsating cock!

And worst of all, I LOVED IT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

I loved the feeling, the warmth, the thrusting. I loved it so much I started eating Nurse Baxter's pussy like crazy, hungry for her, for Dr. Sloan, sexual excitement overwhelming, all powerful. The most out-of-control sexual experience I'd ever felt.

And then, suddenly, there was a new sensation, a sensation so powerful, I started to shake uncontrollably.

"Get ready, Nurse, I found it," Dr. Sloan growled as he thrust into me, deep, out, back in, hitting the same spot, hitting what I presumed was my prostate, fucking me, totally fucking me. Hitting it over and over and over, each thrust making me groan into Nurse Baxter's pussy again and again, each thrust making me feel more and more like a woman, hungry for cock, needing it, more of it.

Feelings washed over me, feelings I'd never felt before. I was having an orgasm, but an orgasm like I'd never known, never experienced. Nurse Baxter lifted herself up once again, and once she was off my mouth, I started moaning like, breathing, almost gagging, the pleasure was so different, so unusual, so totally unlike anything I'd ever, ever felt before.

"You're cumming like a girl, sissy," Nurse Baxter whispered, "cumming from getting fucked by a hard cock. I knew you were a true sissy, I knew it, I knew it" she practically screamed as my tongue made her orgasm.

"Nurse," Dr. Sloan grunted. "Nurse, hurry."

"Ohhhhh," I went into spasms as Sloan fucked me hard still.

"He's leaking, Doctor, he's leaking!"

I felt a true male orgasm just over the horizon, but I couldn't seem to get there. I wanted Nurse Baxter to play with me, to take the cage off, to grab my cock, to jerk me to orgasm. Yet, this was so intense, so different, so pleasurable, so wonderful. All I could think of was the cock going in and out of me, the cock fucking me, filling me, making me shake and shudder and moan.

"Hmmm, ohhhh, mhhhh, mmmm, mmmmm, mmmm." I was whimpering, shaking. I wanted to cum so badly. The cage was tight, restrictive, and I wanted to cum, I wanted to cum....

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh," Dr. Sloan grunted, shoving himself as hard as he had, as hard as he could, into me. "Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh."

He pulled out, then shoved in again. "Ahhhhhhmmmmmmggggg." I felt the explosion inside me, erupting from him, wet, powerful, filling me, an explosion of cum as Dr. Sloan orgasmed inside me.

Then I had the strangest feeling as Dr. Sloan left his cock deep inside me, not moving. The orgasmic feelings I had started to drift outward, to fade, as if I had cum. But I hadn't. I started to feel like a cloud was smothering me, yet I had not cum. I knew I felt the warm waves of an orgasm for several minutes, but somehow never felt that final crest, that explosion that Dr. Sloan had just felt.

"Doctor, the sample is perfect," Nurse Baxter announced, climbing off me, "I have an entire container full of him, a great sample of his cum."

What? What the hell was she talking about? I didn't cum? I never did cum!

I looked at Dr. Sloan, standing there, his hands holding onto my legs, holding onto me through my stockings, his cock still buried deep inside me, shaking, the unmistakable post-orgasmic bliss all over his face. My god, he'd cum inside me! I was full of a man's cum!

Then he started to pull out, slowly, started to pull his cock from me. Nurse Baxter, container of what was clearly cum in one hand, handed Dr. Sloan a towel. I watched him, but saw my own penis, too. Still trapped in the cage, clearly leaking cum. I was confused. How could I have...?

"Follow up, Doctor?" she asked.

"Um, I think we should continue to monitor the levels for the time being. Why don't we have Mr. Simpson come back in two weeks, I think, for now," Dr. Sloan said, staring at me. Come back in two weeks? He...he was going to...to...to...I thought it, what it was...to fuck me in two weeks?

Dr. Sloan finished cleaning up, pulled up his pants, buckled them. "Nurse, you'll clean up here," he asked, more an order than a request.

"Oh, yes, Doctor, of course," she said reverently to him.

Dr. Sloan left the room, leaving just Nurse Baxter with me, leaving her with me. "Who locked you in that cage, sissy? You're wife? Girlfriend?"

I looked away from her, face flushed. "Nnnneither."

"Hmm, that's what I thought," she snorted. "You locked yourself up, didn't you?"

"Yes," I whispered, ashamed to confess that the predicament I was in was one of my own making.

"Typical. Dr. Sloan was wrong; you're going need to make two appointments. One for two weeks from today so Dr. Sloan take get another sample."

"And...and the...the other one?"

"Tomorrow, Ms. Simpson, to see me."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because tomorrow, Ms. Simpson, you're going to bring me the key to that lock, sissy, because I'm not going to have you unlocking yourself and jerking off whenever you want. You answer to me, now, sissy, to me and Dr. Sloan, of course."

"Please, you can't mean that," I begged, "this...this isn't right."

"Oh isn't it, sissy? I think otherwise. And just so we're clear, you'll be bringing me the key so that I can unlock the cage and replace the lock...just in case you have a spare key."

The End

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