

The Only Other Doctor in a Small Town (MF, rp)

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"You're a patient of Dr. Crawford, so why have you come to see me, and why did you ask that no nurse be present, Christina?" Dr. Aboud asked.

"That's a very unusual request," he said. "That's why I'm doing this on my day off!" He was the only other doctor in this small town, and he didn't have a good reputation. He was a small, dark man, with a slight accent. His office looked like a grubby take-out restaurant.

"My husband is working overseas for several months," I replied, trying to stop myself from trembling, "fixing computer programs."

"And why aren't you with your husband?" he inquired coldly. "His employer wouldn't allow it," I explained. "Wouldn't allow it?"

"He didn't want the added expense of paying for my two girls," I continued. "And I wouldn't leave them here!"

"I repeat," he said impatiently, "why have you come to see me in private?"

"Now I was shaking like a leaf. He was a frigid man with coal-black eyes, and I was afraid to tell him why. After all, he was from another culture, where men can be uncompassionate.... even brutal.... toward women. But I did.

"Several weeks ago, some girlfriends talked me into a 'girls' night out.' I got a sitter for my two children, and we went to a bar. A young guy.... in his early twenties.... came on to me."

"How old are you?" he interrupted. "Thirty-four." "Why was he attracted to you?" But I could tell that Dr. Aboud was attracted to me, too. I guess I'm kind of good-looking, young looking, even sexy. Tall and slender, but shapely. Not big breasts, but nice breasts. I gulped. "I had been drinking. I started flirting with him."

"And he got to fuck an older woman?" he asked quickly. I couldn't look in his eyes. "Yes."
"Where?"

"Uh.... in the normal place...." I answered. "I meant where did he fuck you? In the bar?"

"No," I said, shuddering from his cold gaze. "I was getting in my car, and he slid into the seat on the passenger side." "You allowed him to enter your car?"

"Yes."

"You allowed him to fuck you in your car?"

"We started heavy necking, and then he got so hot, I couldn't stop him! And then.... he got out of the car, and one of his friends moved right in. He...." (And now I began to cry as the cold doctor stared at me).... did something that has never happened to me! He too raped me, in the rear."

"The rear of your car?" he asked. "No, my rear. My anus." I managed to say. "Was it rape, or did you allow them to fuck you?" the doctor asked. I began crying softly. "And now you are seeing a doctor, incognito, several weeks later!" he snarled.

"I was too afraid, doctor," I whispered.

"And you want me to check you out for communicable diseases."

"Yes, doctor. And I've missed a period. But I've always been somewhat irregular. I don't want anyone else to know about it. It's a very small town, and my husband.... his family.... my church...."

Several days later, Dr. Aboud called me. "We will go over the results of the tests," he said. "And I will examine you again." He had already probed my vagina and anus, squeezed my breasts, and tweaked my nipples, and I knew that he had enjoyed it. He made no effort to hide the bulge in his pants. But I had no choice but to once again see Dr. Aboud.

"Stand there, Christina, beside the examination table," he ordered, and he watched impatiently as I tried to smooth out the wrinkles on the sheet. "You must remove all of your clothes," he said.

"All of them?" I asked. "Why?"

"Never mind!" he said brusquely. He took over, pushing away my trembling hands. He unbuttoned my blouse and undid the front catch on my lacy bra. My breasts aren't large, and didn't spill out," but I could see he was hugely aroused! Next, he yanked down my

shorts and placed his hand under my bikini panties. I moaned softly, as his fingers twisted my tiny cleft of pubic hair, and then probed deeply inside my vagina.

"Ohhhhhhhhh!" I gasped. The panties dropped to the floor, and he slipped off my blouse. I stood nude in front of a very dark and very excited foreigner clutching my bra in eager hands. He knew and I knew that no one else would be aware of these visits!

"Doctor...." I said, trying to defuse him. "I don't have any diseases, do I?" Instead of replying, he grasped my hair and pulled me toward him, then forced open my mouth with his tongue.

"Uuggggghhhh.... don't.... ughhhhh!!"

His hand found a cabinet drawer, and he brought out some rope and a cloth! "No, doctor!" Please don't!" I cried. He managed to gag me, but I struggled with him as he tried to bind me. He pushed me down to the table.



He removed all of his clothes and climbed on top of me. "No!" I tried to plead, "Stop!"

But he heard only muffled cries. "You are a slut!" he growled. I had never seen such a huge and erect penis.

In an instant, it was buried in my vagina, and pumping madly. "Oh, God no!"

He withdrew his cock without coming and flipped me on my belly. "Oh don't!" I muttered incoherently. But he separated my buttocks and plunged his thick penis inside. This time he came.... in seemingly unending globs.

Dr. Aboud mauled, pawed, and fucked me throughout the day. After all, it was his day off! And then it was over. I nodded my head obediently when he told me, "You will come only to me for examinations. I will be your doctor. But only on my day off!"

"You will tell no one. I will tell no one," he said, his arm cradling my sore breasts as he led me out of the examination room. "You have no communicable diseases," he said.

"Oh thank God," I cried.

"I will perform the abortion," he stated.

"Oh God, no!" I cried. I don't know how I looked or what it was that set him off again, but he grasped me by the hair and dragged me back inside. This time, I offered no resistance as he tied me. I thought he would gag me, but he had a better idea for my mouth. That was a first for me, too! If only my husband Mark knew!

I have always been against abortion, and began to cry at the thought of having one, but Mark would kill me if he knew I was pregnant! We hadn't had sex in many months! As I left the office, I wondered who the father was, the first guy who screwed me in the car, or Dr. Aboud? It couldn't have been the second guy!

My period came a few days later, but I knew that Dr. Aboud would sooner or later nail me. I don't know what I feared the most, getting pregnant by him, or being alone with him for an abortion. I just know I won't survive under his knife! Maybe he won't want me to! Then he'll bury me somewhere in the dark, and it will be his dark secret. I'm so afraid! If only I had said no to my girlfriends!

The End

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