

# A Dream Come True

by

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### ***About the author***

Guy Nickologist is the pen name of an amateur writer living in the United States. By using a *nom de plume* he's more free to write about anything he wants without concern of criticism from friends, family, or employers.

The themes and situations depicted in his works in no way reflects his attitudes towards actual flesh and blood human beings and he poses no danger to society.

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## A Dream Come True

A couple of weeks ago another amateur gyno doc contacted me asking if I wanted to join him for an exam. I was thrilled he thought of me. I had fooled around with a few women in my life, but none wanted anything to do with my gynecological fetish. I had resigned myself to the idea I would spend the rest of life just fantasizing and watching videos others were lucky enough to film.

I was able to get up to Dallas. For some reason I was surprised at just how normal everything was. He lived in a normal house in a normal neighborhood. For all I know a six year-old girl had her birthday party going on next door while an amateur gyno porn scene unfolded at his place.

I had traveled the farthest and was the last to arrive. Luckily I wasn't too late. They hadn't gotten started. I recognized my host from his profile picture. He introduced me to his other guests. Rick was another amateur gynecologist. This would be Rick's second exam. He then introduced Marla, a dyed blonde woman who I figured to be around 40 and to Michelle, an attractive redhead who I decided was around 30.

We all stepped into one of the spare bedrooms that was made up to look like a doctor's exam room. Marla finished her drink and said, "Here we go."

She slipped off her shoes and then pulled off her t-shirt. She dropped her shorts and unhooked her bra. It was only then that I recognized her. She had modeled before. Our host helped her into an exam gown and only then did she remove her panties.

I felt my heart race. My mouth felt dry. I wanted to step out and into the kitchen to find a drink, but I feared missing something. I was pleased with myself for wearing loose fitting pants so no one could see how aroused I was.

Our host operated the cameras while Rick performed the exam. He took her blood pressure and measured her pulse and respiration. I learned she was actually 43 years-old. She was still pretty damn hot. He untied her gown and let it fall revealing her breasts. She alternated holding each arm over her head while he felt each breast. She complained he was pressing too hard, but Rick didn't seem to hear her. Or care. Or maybe that was part of the script? I really don't know.

Michelle hadn't said anything. She stood and watched just as I was. Rick gently pulled the gown away from Marla and helped her into the stirrups. I softly said "Show time". Michelle looked at me, smiled, and returned her gaze to Marla. So here I was standing just a few feet away from a completely naked woman who was spread wide open in the stirrups. My tongue felt like it was stuck to the roof of my mouth. My host startled me out of my blank stare when he handed me a pair of exam gloves and asked, "What to give her a quick exam?"

I couldn't believe it! For 25 years, going back to my high school days, I had fantasized about performing a gynecological exam. I had mentally gone over every detail. I not only had the mechanics memorized, but thought I had developed an enviable bedside manner. Instead I was completely blank. I absently took the gloves and slipped them on. Rick was standing in the back of the room sipping at a bottle of water. Michelle continued to stand in her place and our host stood next to the patient.

I started for her breasts but realized I probably should introduce myself.

"Hi, I'm Jonathan", using my real name.

Our host spoke up. "Do you mind if he gives you a quick exam while Rick and I get everything ready? It's his first time."

"Oh, a virgin?", she said playfully.

The good doctor patted me on the shoulder and wished me luck. He disappeared with Rick leaving me alone in the room with the two women. I felt light headed. Crap, I wasn't this nervous the first time I got laid. I placed both hands on her left breast and started pressing. Only then did I think to say anything.

"I'm going to examine your breasts."

"Rick already did that."

"I want to check you again."

Without being asked she raised her left arm so I could examine her breast tissue. This I had done before as part of foreplay, so it was nothing new. I eased her arm back down and walked to her right side to do the same.

I moved down to her abdomen and started palpating. I wasn't sure what I was feeling for or how hard I should press. After a few pushes I decided I didn't know what I was doing and moved on. I sat on the stool and scooted up to Marla. I could smell her wetness. It was erotic. But I wasn't here to fuck her, I was here to examine her. I ran the fingertips of both hands down her outer lips. I was feeling for anything out of the ordinary and looking. It looked like a healthy pussy to me. I pulled her outer lips apart slightly and looked at her clit, urethra opening, and watched her inner lips slowly pull apart. I used the fingers on my right hand to hold her open slightly while I used the left to feel her inner lips.

"I like it better when you tell me what you're doing."

Marla's voice snapped me out of my daze.

"Sorry. I was just examining your external genitalia".

I nervously glanced around. I saw a tube of lube. I coated two fingers of my right hand. I started to slide them into her vagina but remembered her request.

"I'm going to place a couple of fingers inside you to feel your uterus and ovaries."

"Okay."

It was harder sliding my fingers in that I thought it would be. I felt her body tighten and feared I was hurting her. Her cervix was farther up inside her than I expected. I gently pressed on her cervix with my two fingertips and used my left hand to press. I could feel a small lump under her skin which was most certainly her womb.

"Are you okay?"

"Yeah, you're doing fine."

I felt around for her ovaries, but couldn't tell where they were. While I was hunting I thought it best to continue talking to the patient.

"When was your last period?"

"My last period? I don't know. I guess a week-and-a-half ago. I'd have to look at my calendar." Granted, I'm a man. But I always thought women would know exactly when their last period was. But perhaps not, I certainly don't remember the last time I had a headache or diarrhea.

I pulled my hand out of her.

"How many babies have you delivered?"

"Just one." She paused and added, "But I've been pregnant three times."

I nodded as I lubed up my left index finger.

"What happened with the two?"

"I terminated both pregnancies."

"What years were all of these?"

She paused for a moment and answered. "My first abortion was when I was 17, I guess that was 1984. When I was 25 I had my daughter, she was born in 1992. I got pregnant again the following year and aborted."

I was only halfway listening to her answer because I was so focused on my next step. The idea of having anal sex with a woman always turned me off. But I could not wait to shove my finger deep into her ass for the next part of her exam.

"Marla, I'm going to perform a bimanual exam. I will have fingers in both your vagina and rectum."

With that I simultaneously entered both her openings. She gasped. I remembered I was supposed to tell her to take a deep breath and let it out. I felt the wall between her twat and her ass. It

felt fine. I removed both hands and took off both gloves. I didn't want to touch her with my left glove given where it just was.

Rick and the doctor had reentered. Our host patted the side of Marla's ass.

"So how'd he do?"

"Oh, he did fine."

He nodded and said, "Okay, Rick's going to take back over."

As much as I had wanted to operate a speculum, I was relieved that was over. For some reason it wasn't as erotic as I thought it would be. Perhaps that's how licensed gynecologists are able to do their job.

I washed my hands and left the room just before they started filming. I really needed a drink and something stronger than a glass of water. I opened the refrigerator and pulled out a beer. I twisted the cap off and swallowed half the bottle. It tasted great. I noticed Michelle standing in the kitchen with me.

"Hi."

She smiled. She had a nice smile.

"Hi."

"I really screwed up that one."

"What do you mean?"

"I felt like a 13 year-old boy and his first kiss."

"I liked the way you just took charge. Felt up her boobs again. Just did things to her without her knowledge or consent."

I paused and then offered her a beer. She accepted.

"Are you modeling today?"

She shrugged. "I've actually never done it. I was going to today, but I got my period last night."

"Why would that stop you?"

"I'm not sure I want to be photographed like that, for one. But also the doc won't do it."

I finished my beer.

"I certainly would do it."

"I heard you ask Marla about her period. That's interesting."

"What's so interesting about it? It's part of her gynecological history."

"I don't think a lot of these amateur GYNs care about that. Some actual gynecologists gloss over it and just have the nurse ask."

I could tell she was looking at me over her beer bottle as she finished it off. I pretended to scratch my nose with my left hand to get my wedding band in front of her. I was already feeling guilty enough about what I did with Marla. Michelle set her bottle down and grabbed my arm.

"Let me show you something."

She led me out of the kitchen and into the garage. The doc had converted the room into another exam room. Thankfully he had run air conditioning as it was hotter than hell out.

"He uses this room for his still photos. The A/C makes too much noise for video." She wrapped her arms around my neck and kissed me hard. I wanted to resist but couldn't. She was so cute. I hadn't eaten lunch and the one beer was affecting me. And she was menstruating! "You have to examine me." She stepped back and unbuttoned her shirt. She tossed it on a chair. She had a lanky body but huge breasts. She stepped back towards me, stepping out of her shoes as she did. Her right hand conveniently landed on the crotch of my pants. She squeezed me and then lightly kissed my lips. My eyes caught the clasp between her two cups. I reached up and freed her breasts from their underwire prison. I felt her breasts. They felt thick and heavy, consistent with what was going on inside her panties. She slid off her jeans. I could see her pad bulge and the pink wings wrapped around her dark panties.

Michelle again wrapped her arms around me. I held her close. I ran my hand across her ass and felt her pad. She let go of me.

"You can ask me anything about my period or anything else you want."

She sat sideways on the exam table wearing only her panties. I grabbed the blood pressure cuff and approached her from behind. I wrapped the cuff around her left arm in such a way to touch as much skin as possible. I found a stethoscope and took a reading. I don't remember what it was now, but it was normal.

I took her pulse by holding my palm under her left breast. It beat strong and hard. I used my stethoscope to listen to her heart and breathing from the back and front of her chest. I pressed the cold metal into each nipple. I listened to her stomach. I then slipped it into her panties. I didn't hear anything, but that wasn't the idea.

I had to clear my head and get on with the exam. This wasn't supposed to be foreplay. I again approached her from behind. I held her left arm with mine while I pressed and probed her left boob with my right hand.

"Are your breasts tender?"

"Yes, they are."

"Are they always tender during your period?"

"They get sore and heavy a few days before and it usually lasts until my period is over."

I switched sides. I could hear her grunt as I pressed into her heavy, thick breasts.

"What time last night did you get your period?"

"I noticed it around 9."

"Were you not expecting it then? Weren't you planning on modeling today?"

"I'm a little unpredictable. I knew it was coming, but thought I might be able to get through the weekend before it hit."

"How many days had it been since your previous period."

"27. I remember because it hit during lunch on a Saturday."

I looked at this beautiful redhead sitting obediently on the exam table. I quite honestly just wanted to fuck her. I will admit that. Yes, I'm happily married. I had never cheated before. But I wanted this woman so much.

"How old are you?"

"30."

I nailed her age at least.

"How old were you when you got your first period?"

"I was kind of old, 13."

"Did you get your boobs first?"

"If you can call the little bumps I had 'boobs' then yes."

"Lie down for me."

I pulled out the extension on the exam table and had her lie flat on her back. I felt along her panty line.

"What kind of pad are you wearing?"

"Always."

"Are you also wearing a tampon?"

"Yes."

"Why? Are you bleeding heavily?"

"It's like the scene from a horror movie."

I rested my fingertips on the insides of her thighs and let my thumbs run between her pad and body. She felt warm, wet, and sticky.

"How long have you had this pad and tampon in?"

"Too long, since I left the house around 9:30."

It was a little after 12 noon.

"Lift your bottom up."

She did and I removed her panties. I saw her string, it was stained red. I slid the table back in and extended the stirrups. I helped her into them. She scooted close to the edge before I could say anything.

I picked up her panties and held her warm pad in my hand. It was absolutely soaked. I ran my finger across the surface. It was warm and slimy. I set it back down and got back to my patient.

"Are you experiencing any cramps, bloating, or other discomfort due to your period?"

"Yeah, my breasts are swollen and achy. I feel some cramping through here", she said while rubbing the area just above her pussy. "My whole vagina, I mean that whole area, is throbbing."

"Do you suffer from PMS?"

"A little. I get a little touchy right before my period, but it's usually mild."

I tugged gently on her tampon string. I plopped out. I nearly dropped it not expecting to weigh what it did. A glob of blood poured out of her. As turned on as I was by periods, this was turning out to be a little sick even for me.

I set her tampon down on top of her pad. My two fingers slid easily into her. I palpated her uterus. I could feel oozing along the two fingers inside her.

"Does this make your pain better or worse?"

"It strangely feels sort of good like you're massaging it."

Using the hand I had inside her, I massaged her clit with my thumb. It was only then I realized I wasn't even wearing gloves.

She reached her hand down and pressed me harder into her. "Harder."

I rubbed her harder and pressed both fingers deeper into her.

"God you're turning me on so much."

I continued massaging her uterus. I felt fluid trickle down the palm of my other hand. I could hear her moan. She lied on the exam table fully relaxed. I continued this. She opened her eyes and smiled.

"Get the speculum."

I pulled my fingers out of her. Both fingers were stained red and had globs of blood on them. I found a tub of wipes. I opened it and wiped them clean. In my fantasy I always licked my fingers clean. But when I saw the bloody mess on my hand, I just wanted to clean them off. I found a few disposable, plastic speculums. I unwrapped one. Michelle was so juicy I decided lube wasn't necessary. And I was right. It slipped in. I turned it and opened it. I had a beautiful view of her cervix. Blood was smeared all inside her, but I could still make out a thin thread passing through the os of her cervix. I reached in with my middle finger, my longest, and was able to touch her cervix. I felt for the top of her uterus and pressed down. I rubbed her cervix like I rubbed her clit moments ago. She gasped. I looked up and saw she was playing with her breasts, rubbing them down and then up. She pinched both her nipples, tugged, and twisted.

I took over for her, reached up and massaging her stiff breasts. I rubbed, tugged, and twisted harder than I thought I should. She responded positively.

"Am I doing this too hard?"

She panted. "God no, I love how it feels. I love being reminded I'm having my period."

My face was right in her crotch, but the speculum was in the way. I quickly released it and pulled it out. I returned my hand to her breast and let my tongue run from the bottom of her vaginal opening, up to her clit, and back down again. I continued this motion. She thrust her hips into my face in rhythm with my breast massage and tongue cadence. She let out with a loud gasp, almost a wheezing sound. I felt her pulsating against my mouth. She stopped moving her hips, so I ceased caressing her with my tongue and hands.

She lied there for a few seconds before removing her feet from the stirrups and climbing off the table. She knelt before me and unfastened my pants. I wanted to tell her "no" but my body wouldn't allow it. She wrapped her mouth around me and curled her tongue. She tickled that spot under my head

and licked my head all around. I was so aroused I exploded into her mouth. She bobbed her head back and forth several times and released me just as I was about to tell her I couldn't take any more.

I cleaned her up with the wipes. She let me insert a fresh tampon and put a new pad in her panties. I wanted to keep her used ones. She offered. But what would I seriously do with them?

If our host ever suspected what went on in his garage he never let on. Michelle and I are invited back exactly 28 days after her last period. I wonder what we'll do?