

**After Hours**  
(A Medical BDSM Fantasy)

contains

**Dora's After-Hours Examination**  
by Alice Liddell

and

**Nurse Sandy's Humiliation**  
by Carolyn Faulkner

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## Dora's After-Hours Examination by Alice Liddell

Dora shivered as she waited under the yellow haze of the streetlight in front of her apartment building. It wasn't the wind that made her shiver but she pulled the collar of her coat tight around her neck anyway. She'd been waiting nearly fifteen minutes. She'd come out too early again. Dora preferred to be the one to wait, even though it set her nerves on edge. Every time, she'd worry that he wouldn't really come. It was crazy to cause herself this anxiety. But when he arrived, and he always did, never more than a minute late, she'd thrill with relief and gratitude. And that surge of emotion was worth the worry. It made her feel alive.

Dora had dressed according to his instructions but she had no idea where they were going. He never told her his plans for her, and Dora knew better than to ask. With the tip of her shoe, she pushed some fallen leaves around on the sidewalk, hugging her coat to her throat, glancing up and down the street. Finally she noticed a cab approaching, and felt a charge of adrenaline.

He stepped out of the cab and came around to open the door for her. He didn't say anything. He looked at her, just once, as she slipped obediently into the cab. He hadn't kissed her, and when he was back inside the cab he didn't look at her again. Dora sat silently on her side of the car, aching for his touch as she always did at the beginning of their meetings. It was often hours before Dora got enough, before he would take her in his arms and make love to her.

Dora had met George seven months earlier, at a party at a friend's house. Something in the way he looked at her told her that he sensed her secret. That he had sniffed out her well-hidden submissiveness. Dora panicked. She wasn't ready. She found her coat and slipped out the door without saying goodbye. Without even thanking Molly for inviting her.

Naturally, she regretted it afterwards. And she couldn't bring herself to ask Molly about that man at her party. But some weeks later someone touched Dora's shoulder as she stood in line at the coffee shop. He asked if she remembered him. Of course she remembered. They sat down together, and without intending to, Dora began to talk to him. She told him. Everything. And amazingly, he seemed to understand and accept. All of it. That had been the beginning. Of what, she still wasn't sure.

The cab turned into a quiet neighborhood and pulled to a stop in front of a medical building, which puzzled Dora because it was after 9 o'clock. George paid the fare and motioned her out of the cab. She followed him to the door, watching as he pressed buttons on the intercom with the confidence that comes with practice, yet it still took her by surprise when an answering buzz admitted them. George led her into the elevator, then turned her to him. She looked up, grateful for the attention. He took her face in his hands, kissed her softly, and reassured her. That she would be ok. That he would take care of her.

At that moment she understood why they were there. Heat flushed up her neck. George knew her desires. He knew all of them, even the ones she thought were impossible. The fantasies she thought ought to be suppressed. A few weeks earlier, Dora had agreed to the possibility of others becoming involved. But she didn't think it would happen like this, without any warning. Doubt chewed at her belly while her heart thumped with fear and arousal.

George led her down the deserted hall to the one office that was lit. He motioned her inside and into a chair in the empty waiting room. Dora sank down gratefully, not sure her trembling legs would have held her up much longer. He went to the window to sign them in, then sat down and picked up a magazine.

Dora felt stung. She wouldn't have asked any of the questions racing through her mind. There was no need for him to cut her off like that. Dora hated to be ignored, which is, of course, why George did it when it suited his purposes.

After some minutes, an attractive nurse in a white uniform approached. She didn't even look at Dora. "The doctor is ready for you, sir."

George stood, motioning for Dora to rise and follow. The nurse led the way through a door and down a narrow hallway, stopping at a small changing cubicle.

"Take off everything but your stockings and shoes," George ordered.

Dora hesitated. There was no curtain. And the nurse was still there. George put his hands to his belt buckle. "You want to get your ass whipped right here?"

Dora blushed furiously, looking away in embarrassment, willing the nurse to leave them. She wasn't sure she could do this. She wanted to talk to George, alone. But the nurse didn't move. She remained where she was, watching Dora sternly, clearly impatient for this patient to hurry up so she could get on with her job.

Feeling she had no choice, Dora obeyed, but trembling, fumbling with her blouse and bra, hanging her clothing on the hooks in the stall, feeling more naked than she had ever felt before.

When she was finished, George regarded her in silence. He handed her something. "Put these on."

Dora did, then closed her eyes to squeeze back the tears. She pictured herself as George and the nurse must see her, a nearly nude woman in nothing but white lace-top stockings that clung to her thighs, high-heeled sandals with a thin strap that wrapped around her slender ankles, and skin-tight white kid-leather gloves that encased her arms to well above the elbows. Dora feared they would see how excited she was.

"George, please," she whispered

"You're not to speak anymore, unless someone asks you a direct question."

Silenced, Dora followed her lover as the nurse directed them into a large examination room. Dora was startled to see a tall stranger in a white coat waiting inside.

"Greetings, George. So this is your new plaything. She's charming," the doctor said, his eyes roving over her naked body with obvious lust. "Very charming, indeed."

"Doctor," George greeted, shaking the man's hand. "I want her examined. Thoroughly."

"Ah, that will be a pleasure," the doctor smiled. He looked at Dora so long and hungrily she feared her legs would give way.

"All right, little one. Stand up nice and straight with your legs apart and your hands behind your neck. Straighter. Bend back a little and thrust those pretty tits out. That's better. Legs farther apart. Good. Now hold that position."

Dora did as she was ordered, trembling, hot with arousal, as the doctor walked around her.

"From my initial visual inspection, George, I'd say you've got yourself a piece of Grade A slave meat. Trained?"

George shook his head.

The doctor moved closer, closer than was comfortable, and suddenly thrust one hand between Dora's legs. She jumped.

"Whoa, girl," the doctor soothed, his fingers moving proprietarily between her legs. He looked over to George.

"Extended labia minora. Very nice. Adds value, at least with a certain crowd." He looked back to Dora and held her eyes.