

Jack Visits The Doctor, Gets Penis Examination

I hate doctor visits. Am I the only 22 year old who hates to go to the doctor? Last month I had a miserable cold. It just wouldn't go away. Finally I decided to go to a doctor just to get some pills. So I call the HMO that I belong to through my company. They ask who my doctor is and I say I don't have one because I never get sick! So they assign me to somebody and give me an appointment.

I arrive feeling nervous and edgy. I just hate going to doctors. I don't really know why. I just can't stand some guy probing and prodding me and sticking his fingers who knows where. Well I enter the office of this doctor and look around. The office is fairly bare. There is nothing on the walls and there are cardboard boxes piled here and there around the office. It looks like someone just moved in. A very young enthusiastic looking guy gets up from behind the desk and quickly approaches me. He presents his hand and smiles. "I'm doctor Ronalds," he says and gives me the kind of handshake that leaves your hand hurting.

Dr. Ronalds is about 32 or so and he tells me he just started with this clinic. He has been out of residency for a total of one month! He has vivid blue eyes and I notice he has no wedding band. I think to myself that this guy must be a real lady killer. After all, he is a physician, about 6 foot 4 inches tall, black straight hair, a prominent chin and a great smile. I can tell he likes to work out by the way his white shirt stretches across his chest and bags out across his waist. No doubt a washboard stomach goes with the muscular pectorals.

He sits down his desk and takes out a piece of paper. I tell him I'm only here to get a prescription because of my cold.

"Well how long has it been since you had a complete physical?" he asks. Stupidly, I say I can't even remember the last time I was in a doctor's office. Dr. Ronalds has virtually no patients except for me and, as I will soon learn, wants to try out everything he has been taught in school.

The inquisition begins. Nothing passes his scrutiny. He asks about my family, how much exercise I get (not much) whether I drink, smoke, and how my sex life is going. I tell him "What sex life?". I only came in because of a stuffy nose!

Next thing I know he ushers me into the next office for a checkup. "OK", I say, at least now I will get this over with and get my pills. He walks in behind me, opens up a drawer and pulls out one of those thin, green gowns that patients wear. "Take off all of your clothes and put this on," he says then turns to walk out the door. Great! Just what I wanted. To be totally poked and prodded. And, oh God, I hope he isn't into that prostate exam shit.

He comes back in and asked me to sit up on the bench. Well by this time I've got the gown on and it is hanging completely open in the back. (Who on earth can figure out how to tie those things shut.) He looks in my nose, throat and ears. Then he fumbles with the gown so that it falls off my shoulders and drops into my lap as I'm seated. A cold stethoscope is quickly pushed against several parts of my chest. His large powerful hands grip my back as he listens to the sound of my heart. By now my heart beat must be high because I feel totally vulnerable

and nervous. I'm not sure what is coming next but I'm sure I won't like it. He completes the requisite steps such as the rubber hammer to the knee. I oblige with the necessary kick -- OK so my reflexes are not broke. Now he asks me to lay down. I fear the worst is yet to come.

"Why don't you just lay back," he says as I see him pull a rubber glove over his right hand. I notice that the top of his hands are covered with a thick coat of dark hair and prominent veins protrude from the back of his hands. He looks like he lifts weights because he has those heavily veined forearms of a weight lifter. "Just let me pull this up a little," he says as the green gown, which is now bunched up in a pile over my crotch is pulled up to my chest exposing my groin. Since I am not really wearing it anyway, he just takes it completely away leaving me naked on the examination table. "Does this hurt?" he asks as he gently lifts my testicles in his left hand.

"No, I feel fine."

"Well just tell me if anything hurts," he instructs. By this time he has pushed my penis up against my stomach and is holding it there with his right hand. His thumb and fore finger gently hold both sides of my penis just below the glans while his left hand slowly and deliberately massages each testicle, in turn, though my sagging scrotum. He then turns his attention to my penis.

"Do you ever have blood or puss in your urine?" he asks.

"No," is my stoic reply as I just cringe. After all I only came in for some pills.

Not to be dissuaded, he continues with his interrogation. "When you have an erection, do you ever have any pain?"

"No problem there," I reply, "but I haven't had sex in a long time. I don't have a girlfriend at the moment."

"Do you masturbate often?"

Taken totally by surprise, and now, totally uptight, I reply "No, not really. Why do you ask?"

"Well, because there is a little redness just below your glans. And I notice that there appears to be some minor chafing and some small red lines immediately above your circumcision scar," says Dr. Ronalds.

A red glow rises in my cheeks and a fire warm feeling flows from my neck up to my forehead. "I sometimes get a little sore there," I respond.

"When you are erect, is there much movement in the shaft skin?" he asks.

My mouth hangs open in amazement. Is this guy for real? I only want some pills! But I sheepishly reply, "No not really. I guess I'm circumcised kind of tight." By this time I wish I could just crawl under a rock. And to make matters worst, I start to feel a little sensation in my balls and penis as I start getting a little hard.

"Were you circumcised at birth?" he asks.

"Yeah. When the doctor clipped me, he cut pretty much off, if guess," I sheepishly reply trying to be witty.

"Some doctors cut a little too much," he replies. "I notice you have no frenulum at all. I don't usually see such a tight cut," he comments as he now bends over for a closer look. By this time I can really feel my heart pounding and blood racing to my penis. He continues to examine my penis and is now running his gloved forefinger along my circumcision scar. "You have a fairly wide scar. This may indicate that you were cut too tight when you were circumcised. As the skin has stretched it has widened giving you a broad circumcision scar. Do you ever have rawness above the circumcision scar when you masturbate?" he asks.

Wishing I could shrivel up and die, I reply "Well, I guess sometimes. But I usually use hand cream. Otherwise I do get a little sore."

"I should really check this out. You just relax", he says as my obviously growing member begins to fill his hand. "Don't be embarrassed, many men get erections when their penis is touched. After all, you are only 22. You are still in your sexual prime. And not having sex recently, you will probably be easily stimulated."

He removes both gloves and takes my now three quarter erect penis between the thumb and forefinger of his right hand. He runs his left fore finger along the underside of my penis from the top of my hairy ball sack up to and over my wide brown circumcision scar and up to my pee hole. "Do you find the skin above your circumcision scar is more sensitive than the shaft skin below?" he asks.

"Sure," I say as he continues to run his finger slowly up and down the underside of my penis.

"The skin between your scar and glans is the remainder of your foreskin," he states as if lecturing to a medical student. "It is typically more sensitive than the remaining shaft skin."

By now I am fully hard and my breathing is nearly panting. I can sense that pre-come is beginning to seep out of my pee hole.

Without saying a word, he continues to focus his eyes on my penis. I can feel him touching the flared rim of my glans with his fore finger as he slowly circles the entire circumference of my fat purple cock head. He dips his finger into the small pool of pre-come that is starting to pool at the entrance to my pee hole. With his wet finger, he retraces a circle around the rim of my flared glans. Then he continues very slowly down an inch until he reaches my brown circumcision scar.

"I should have realized you were circumcised as an infant," he says. "I can tell by the perfect circle of your scar tissue. When an adult is circumcised, they often will cut the foreskin up in a "V" groove to match the shape of the underside of the glans."

He now releases my penis, but it defies gravity by poking directly at the ceiling. His deep blue eyes look directly into my face and he smiles broadly. He clearly enjoys his job. I wish I could say the same!

"Let me see just how tight the skin is," he says mostly to himself. He now grips my erect

throbbing penis with his powerful, large right hand. The back of his hand is toward my face and I see large veins crisscross under the mat of black hair like county roads crisscrossing under a canopy of mature trees. His touch is surprisingly gentle and he knows exactly where to grip so that adequate skin is both above and below his fist to allow a smooth stroke. I watch as he carefully closes his grip a quarter of an inch below my circumcision scar. In a gentle, slow stroke he pushes the taught skin up until it bunches under my glans. He forces the skin up as far as it will go until I feel a twinge of pain. In doing so, my scrotum is pulled a quarter of the way up along my shaft.

"You're quite right. There's not much skin there to slide back and forth. Let me see just what type of movement there is," he says as he slowly pushes the skin back toward my balls. Suddenly, he jerks the skin hard. I jump a little as I feel the shaft skin suddenly pull taught dragging the flared rim of my glans down so that it appears as a minor hill along a smooth landscape.

"Some physicians would recommend this type of cut. It really is a matter of preference, but I think it is better to leave a little more skin. When you have intercourse you should please a woman pretty well. Your taught skin should provide a lot of friction," he comments like a proud admirer might comment about a friend's vintage car. He turns his gaze toward me and his beautiful white teeth gleam as he stares into my eyes.

By now pre-come is leaking down my man shaft like a dripping faucet that has needed the attention of a plumber for a long time. His bare hand has become lubricated so that when he pushed his hand up to the edge of my flared rim, the rim easily slides under the edges of his muscular grip. Only the tight shaft skin stops his hand from caressing the purple mushroom head. Back and forth, and back and forth goes his powerful grip alternatively stretching my shaft skin to its physical limits. Involuntarily my back arches. A rush of air hisses through my nostrils as I suddenly breath in a violent rush of air. My clenched teeth and tightly shut lips prevent any air from entering my lungs through my mouth. Sensing that I may be on the verge of coming, Dr. Ronalds stops his rhythmic strokes. I can feel sweat puddling between the small of my back and the leather covered examination table.

In a desperate attempt to distract my attention I ask, "Are you circumcised?"

"Oh, Yes," he replies. "Most men my age are. I barely remember a boy in school gym class who was not cut. It was virtually universally done when I was born," he answers casually, perfectly at ease discussing either the circumcision of my penis or his. His relaxed attitude relieves some of my anxiety and genuine curiosity overtakes me.

"Were you cut this tight," I ask.

"No," he replies, "as a matter of fact, I have quite a lot of loose skin on my penis. It really makes very little difference to sexual enjoyment thought. In your case, however, I would recommend continuing to use that hand cream. The shaft skin is so tight that you are causing slight tears in the skin immediately around your circumcision scar. Try not masturbating with a dry hand. Or at least don't yank on the skin so violently," he casually comments as if he were talking about the latest sports scores.

As he stands next to the examination table I can see the outline of his man hood protruding down his left leg. The outline is fairly clear inside his white hospital pants. While his shaft

does not seem particularly long, it must have a sizable girth to be showing through his pants. Half jokingly I say "I see you've got a nice piece there, too. Women must be pleased with it."

"Well, to tell you the truth, I'm not as well endowed as you. You've got a particularly thick and long penis. And I've rarely seen a penis whose veins bulge out as much as yours do," said Dr. Ronalds. His brow turned up in a frown of interest and he once again began concentrating on my throbbing member. "For example, this vein here protrudes out quite remarkably," he said as he placed his right forefinger against a crooked blue vein that bulges out the side of my cock covered tightly by my circumcision scarred skin. "That would, no doubt, give quite a bit of added stimulation during intercourse."

Dr. Ronalds, once again gripped my throbbing member. "Spread your legs a little more," he said, obviously intending to continue his examination. "Have you had a prostate exam before?"

"Yeah," I replied in a groan. "They are always great fun."

Recognizing my sarcasm, Dr. Andrews laughed. "Oh, it's not that bad. It will only take a second." He now removed his grip from my penis and slipped a rubber glove on his left hand. His bare right hand again gripped my rod as if it were a hand rail to keep the skipper of a ship stable during a storm. He reached over and placed his left forefinger at the entrance of my anus.

"Just hold still," he said as he first grabbed a glob of Vaseline from a jar on the counter next to the examination table then placed this middle and first fingers right up against my sphincter. "Hold still, it won't hurt so much if you just relax."

With his bare right hand tightly gripping my throbbing penis, he slowly rotated his two fingers until they slipped painfully into my ass.

"Ohhh, that's not too comfortable," I said as his large fingers entered my butt.

"I'll be done in a minute," he said as the fingers of his left hand pushed farther into my ass. Once again, his right hand slowly begin its rhythmic journey up and over my veiny penis, first stretching the shaft skin to its limit on the up stroke then gently stretching the small band of remaining foreskin back toward my very taught scrotum. On each down stroke, I could feel my glans being stretch over the top of my rock hard pole as if someone were trying to pull a ski cap down through the top of my head. Gooley pre-come flowed like a swollen river down my shaft and over his hairy hand until the hair on the back of his hand glistened from my man juices.

All of a sudden he hit my prostate. My eyes bulged as my heart skipped a beat. Blood pored into my swollen penis stretching its already tightly drawn sheath to new limits. I could barely control myself. My ass lifted off the table involuntarily as I pumped his right hand. I no longer cared what he or anyone else thought. My inhibitions and nervousness were overcome with animal lust. The penetration of my anus with his large hairy fingers had brought me to the brink of climax. I could feel his large manly knuckles slipping in and out past my sore sphincter. He continued to massage my prostate while he rhythmically pumped my oozing man meat. My shaft was glowing red. The small band of remaining foreskin between my dark brown circumcision scar and rimmed glans glowed ruby red. My mushroom shaped penis cap

was boiling over with pre-come and had turned a mean shade of purple. Every vein on my shaft was at full mast. I could feel each of his muscular fingers sliding over my gnarled cock veins. My heart pounded so hard that it sounded like drum beats deep in my ears.

"God, I'm going to come!" I panted. "You had better ssstoppp!", I shouted. But it was too late. Spasms shot up from my feet through my calves into my buttocks. Every muscle in my body contracted. "Oh my Godddddd, Ahhhhhhh!!!!," I exclaimed as I felt the first spasms of semen begin their journey from deep in my ball sack. Rapidly the come gained force and momentum. My sphincter gripped his finger so hard I thought they would break. With a powerful lunge I arched my back, pushing my rocket toward the spinning ceiling. Glob after glob of thick white come shot from my throbbing cut cock. Just as the first rockets of jism spurted toward my chest, Dr. Ronalds pulled tightly down on my man hood stretching my tailored penis sheath to its limit. With one powerful spasm after another, come flew into the air. The first jets shot right over my head, clearing the examination table by three feet. The later blasts landed solidly on my chest.

"Wow, that was unbelievable," I said.

Dr. Ronalds extracted his fingers from my anus. "You seem perfectly healthy. Nothing appears wrong with your prostate and your reproductive organs are certainly functioning properly," he said with a smile. With a tissue he cleaned the combined goo from my penis. I was still perfectly hard. "I can see where your remaining foreskin meets with your circumcision scar and there does not appear to be any tearing. You also look OK where the shaft skin joins on the other side of the scar. I suggest that you keep your penis well lubricated in the future when you masturbate and you shouldn't have any problems," he suggested. "Consider yourself lucky. Your penis is above average in length and girth with nicely protruding veins. Although your circumcision is very tight, it shouldn't give you any trouble as long as you are in good hands."

I looked directly into his deep blue eyes and I could see that there was perspiration on his brow. His lips were pressed into a thin line making an attractive smile. "I'll do what you say doc," I casually replied.

"Oh, by the way, as a man ages the shaft skin on his penis tends to become somewhat tighter. We had better keep an eye on you. Yes, we should really keep an eye on that taught shaft skin of yours. I think you better come in again for a physical in 3 months," he recommended.

"Well your the doctor," I replied. "I guess you know best." On the way out of the clinic, I scheduled another exam in 12 weeks.