

A photograph of a woman's bare back, seen from behind. Her blonde hair is styled in an intricate updo of curls. A white towel is draped over her shoulders, framing her back. The background is a light-colored wall with a vertical wooden trim on the right side.

DOCTOR'S ORDERS

A NOVEL OF EROTIC INVESTIGATION

IMELDA STARK

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Doctor's Orders:
A Novel of Erotic Investigation
by Imelda Stark

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About The Author
Imelda Stark is the *nom de plume* of a teacher and practitioner of psychotherapy at a major East Coast medical school (hence the need for a pseudonym). She has been exploring the psychologically complex realm of BD/SM for over twenty novels now. Imelda strives to combine the eroticism she feels around challenging things happening to willing bottoms with an exploration of how we aficionados of these painful pleasures got to be the way we are.

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Chapter One

Cynthia Swanberg sighed as she looked out at the bustling coffee shop full of people in various stages of urgency to get their morning dose of caffeine on board and get on with their days. She imagined them all going off to jobs that must be more interesting than being a Starbucks barista, which she regarded to be a rather lowly state of affairs for a girl who had always been told how pretty and smart she was. And indeed, Cindy's pixyish blonde good looks and cheerful demeanor as well as her diligent efforts to learn her regulars' names and remember their orders meant that her tips were among the best of the workers. Even though it had been good money for a summer job when she had been in college, now that her parents' messy divorce had forced her to drop out she felt embarrassed at working in such an intellectually non-demanding job. But it paid the rent and bills of her rather depressing studio apartment, and that security was precious to her given how badly the rest of her world had fallen apart.

She had been a pre med major and busy undergraduate participating in a wide variety of interesting college activities who was glad to have a summertime barista gig to secure her spending money for the next school year. And then her usually somewhat grimly stoic mother shocked her by collapsing in tears. Her always preoccupied and very busy father, it seemed, had been busier than anyone realized. He had sunk all of the family's money into some cockamamie land development project in Costa Rica, where he had suddenly moved to be with his heretofore unknown second family. Cindy had suddenly literally not a penny left of her previous substantial college fund, nor did she have a home to return to as it had entered foreclosure. Her mother took a job in retail clothing sales in her hometown a thousand miles away, and our heroine talked her manager into keeping her on full time when the rest of her friends

went back to the junior years in college. Her move into the drab studio apartment near her work was a depressing exercise in realizing how few supports she had when suddenly ejected from her previous apparently charmed existence.

The one bright spot in Cindy's rather bleak life was her yoga community. Her mother had introduced our heroine to the practice of that art when she was a little girl. A lifetime of diligent effort had left the young blonde with a superb, strong, lithe body of remarkable flexibility. She arranged to work the front desk of the studio in lieu of her parents' previous underwriting of her daily classes. As well, Cindy made a little money on the side subbing for the regular teachers in their all-too-frequent absences (yoga teachers being a notoriously flaky lot). It was as she was cleaning up the studio after teaching a vigorous vinyasa class that the fateful encounter took place from which her rather sad and drab life suddenly became much more interesting.

Most of the twenty students who had applauded our heroine warmly had finished their shivasanas and drifted out into the foyer as Cindy was stowing the props in their cabinet. Just one couple remained in the studio, a striking duo she had noticed before, and who always came to class together. Since she routinely checked them in as part of her front desk duties, she knew their names, and had even seen them in the Starbucks several times. They were clearly in love with each other, and Cindy detected an unusually noticeable sexual charge between them as they worked out side-by-side, never touching, but always somehow...connected, in a way that struck her as subtly but powerfully erotic. She envied them this, and knew she wanted something that they seemed to have. However, the immature men her own age that constantly hit on Cindy had proven both sexually and emotionally disappointing. Maybe she needed someone ten years older, like James and Jenna,

the beautiful couple she had served in both of her workplaces, she mused.

Imagine her surprise when as Cindy finished her stowing of the yoga props and stood to see this very couple standing behind her, waiting respectfully for her to finish her chores. The tall, darkly handsome man spoke first in a soft baritone that melted our heroine's insides,

"Hi Cindy! Great class! Jenna and I always like it when you sub in. And I think we saw you yesterday at the Starbuck's, too, right? You were so busy that we didn't want to bug you, but we found ourselves admiring your efficiency there as much as we like your energy here, both in class and behind the front desk. These observations gave us an idea that we wanted to run by you."

The only idea that Cindy could entertain at that moment was that she wanted to jump his adorable bones if only he didn't have a very sultry brunette wife smiling encouragingly a few feet away. But she shushed that horny brat side of herself and responded with as professional a smile as she could summon and replied,

"I'm all ears!"

Jenna took over the conversation:

"Since I'm the business manager of our practice, I'll go on. We have a small boutique medical practice where I am the nurse practitioner and Jim is the physician. We keep the practice small so we have plenty of time for each patient, and don't deal with insurance at all so our clientele is very high end. It's been hard to hire reliable user friendly admin support, and we both have a strong hunch that you might be the answer to our prayers."

This was the best news she'd had in many months, and Cindy was not shy about showing her enthusiasm for a pathway out of her current rut. She exclaimed,

"That would be so cool! I'd love to work for you both! What would be my duties and salary?"

Jenna said a number that doubled Cindy's current income (including tips), and then went on,

"As to your duties, Jim and I see you as making our work lives easier in every possible way, taking over the logistics of dealing with all of the chores that keep us from our primary focus of helping patients. You would be our window to the world, greeting and rooming patients, handling all phone calls and screening our emails and snail mail, and eventually answering as many of our communications as possible. Our goal is to free us up to only deal with the clinical and research tasks that we enjoy, and to off load everything else onto our faithful admin and medical assistant."

This sounded fine to her, and they shook on it with giggling formality. It felt like each of her new employers held their warm handshake a bit long, which awakened her already hyperactive imagination that there might be some erotic interest there. The young blonde had eyed each of her prospective employers in their body-revealing yoga costumes, and found both to be superbly fit and quite desirable. Her bisexual nature had been cryptic to her as a child. Her early adventures in 'playing doctor' with other girls had seemed, if not innocent (since the naughtiness of them was part of the allure), at least pretty normal judging by her investigations on the internet. Her elementary school bestie Ellen, who had way liberal parents that actually talked to her, had cheerfully introduced Cindy to the marvelous sensations accessible between their legs, both using others' fingers and their own. But when our heroine hit puberty, males became the primary objects of her erotic fascination and activities until she left for college. A lesbian roommate her freshman year patiently became her friend until one night after a bong hit or two one thing led to another and Cindy found out girls could still turn her on (and get her off) just as readily as boys. So in her sidelong assessments of hotness at the studio (which she and the

other teachers termed 'yogling' and teased each other about mercilessly), she found herself checking out cute girls almost as much as boys.

Cindy quit Starbucks that day. She then spent more of the afternoon than she would have been comfortable admitting imagining sexual encounters with one or both of her sexy new bosses. And since she had long since stopped allowing her Mother's disapproval of masturbation to prevent self-gratification (though it still made her feel guilty whenever she had any kind of sex), her trusty Rabbit Pearl vibrator got quite a workout. Our heroine rubbed out several bracing orgasms while letting her mind drift over how she could imagine having interesting sex with her new bosses. The fact that they were both doctors, sort of, seemed to intrigue her particularly. They would have a different level of knowledge of bodies and how they work, and would in her fantasies solemnly insist on 'examinations' and 'tests' that she found particularly sexy..

The following Monday Cindy showed up ten minutes early at the address Jenna had texted. It was a lovely office in a meticulously refurbished Craftsman bungalow in an upscale neighborhood, surrounded by a spacious yard with state of the art xeroscaping. Both of her new bosses were already there, and greeted her with yet another pair of suggestively (she hoped she wasn't imagining) warm handshakes. They were both equally effusive in showing her around their facility, about which they seemed blithely proud, clearly enjoying the products of their labors in creating their ideal office space. Once she was oriented, it was time to get down to work as business hours started and a steady small stream of patients arrived, with an equally steady but manageable stream of phone calls, emails, and faxes.

Cindy loved applying her somewhat neat-freak brain to organizing the office space and tasks, clearly improving clumsy procedures and inefficiencies even in her first day. Jenna gave her a spontaneous hug at the end of the shift,

gushing sweetly over how many improvements she had already implemented in both the space and the atmosphere. The young blonde was surprised at how good it felt to be hugged by the flagrantly feminine older raven-haired beauty. Was that sexual energy she could detect in the wonderful warmth of the hug? Judging by the sudden rush of blood and heat to her sexual core, Cindy's body was voting rather unambiguously in that direction. Of course, she mused as she drove home to her studio, if she only listened to that unabashedly licentious part of her, she might as well start peddling her ass on the street...

What our heroine couldn't sort out (because her strong libido had made her over-read what she thought were erotic cues in the past) was how sexualized the general atmosphere in the office felt. In chatting with Jenna during the day, Cindy discovered that the older couple had been married for several years. They met when James was a medical student who rotated through the outpatient GYN clinic where Jenna was the lead nurse practitioner. She liked how deferential he was to her experience (as well as the fact that he was a gorgeous six foot two inch hunk of former Olympic oarsman), and their chemistry was sizzling. Cindy noticed that the older couple were frequently suggestively affectionate with each other around the office, with lascivious pats on the ass exchanged both directions even as they were busily bustling about their business.

She also noticed that at lunchtime (taken at 1:30 so they could be available to patients over the standard lunch hour) the couple disappeared into their Treatment Room for an hour. When they emerged, Jenna clearly had the look and feel of a well-fucked woman, and her handsome husband seemed likewise subtly sated. Cindy hadn't heard a peep through the locked door, so either they conducted their midday tryst very quietly or someone had spent a great deal of money on high end soundproofing. In any case, she masturbated herself to sleep that night to the tune of

various wild versions of what she imagined her new bosses getting up to in that room (which was equipped with a large adjustable exam table with stirrups). Little did she know that the reality was vastly more outré than her kinkiest imaginings.

Chapter Two

Jim and Jenna were both very excited about their beautiful new admin. The raven-haired dark-eyed nurse practitioner had an almost uncanny intuition for other people who resonated with the penchant for painful pleasures that formed the centerpiece of their very satisfying erotic life. Being around the lissome young blonde, whose crush on both of them was palpable to all concerned, added a good deal of spice to their already torrid desire for each other. Thus, when Jim said,

“Nurse, I think it’s time for your mid-day examination...”

Jenna felt an instantaneous surge of blood and erotic energy right to her clitoris. She raised an eyebrow towards the exam room whose very expensive soundproofing she had overseen, and he nodded solemnly as he took her arm and guided her inside. The door closed with the hermetic sigh that indicated a tight air seal to ensure no one could hear a peep of what was about to go on in their inner sanctum. Which was probably a good thing, given that the passionate wife was inclined to be more than a bit noisy in her responses to her husband’s attentions to her body.

“You’ve been having wicked thoughts about our shiny new admin, haven’t you, my naughty Nurse?”

“Like I’m the only one! I saw you eying her perfect yoga butt, Doctor, so don’t act all innocent on me!”

James laughed as he took Jenna in his arms and kissed her very thoroughly while his hands devoured her own firm, sumptuous ass through her demure nurse’s outfit. He broke free to growl,

“That may be, but we both know whose very adorable rear end is about to pay the price for its owner’s slutty inclinations. So let’s cut to the chase, and I’ll decide what I’ll be spanking you with while you assume the position and prepare yourself for your mid-day dose of marital discipline. I can’t wait to see how rosy those bodacious bottom cheeks

are from their regular morning encounter with my hairbrush...”

It was true that every morning Jenna awoke to a trip to their palatial bathroom where she was administered an enema to render her back passage pleasantly accessible for her husband’s pleasure for the remainder of the day. In order to ensure that the warm soapy waters were properly agitated while she was retaining them, Jim would energetically apply the back of her ebony hairbrush to her splayed bottom cheeks with his right hand. His left encircled her narrow waist to allow his hand to sneak in between her legs and engage her G spot with his thumb while his long index finger encircled her clitoris. Her first orgasm of the day would signal the end of her spanking as well as her permission to evacuate the roiling fluids once he left her in privacy. Then they would share an hour’s hard workout in their home gym, followed by a vigorous shower together. During this playful mutual soaping Jenna was very likely to be bent over to take his very large cock in her very hungry cunt until she came a second time before he spent himself in her delightfully tight warmth. It was no wonder Cindy detected the sexual current between her bosses given how much of their energy routinely went in that direction.

Once his wife’s large firm ass was bent over the straight back of the small chair at the exam room desk, James wasted no time in raising her skirt and lowering her blood red panties. This revealed two large spherical buttocks without a trace of jiggle or cellulite, and which still bore a wholesome hint of rosiness upon their underlying ivory perfection as a reminder of their early morning entertainment. He felt them proprietarily and remarked,

“Still nicely pinked up...but our naughty girl has a lot to atone for after lusting after and stirring up our poor innocent admin...admit you fantasized about baring and beating that adorable little ass, Nurse Jenna or it’s going to go that much harder for a certain pair of bodacious bottom cheeks...”

“All right, Doctor, since you have me at such a disadvantage, I confess. In fact, in my nasty mind you and I have both had her in every possible way. So spank me as hard and long as you prescribe as the proper treatment for such a worrisome condition, Oh great and powerful Dr. J.”

He pondered a moment as his large strong hands idly stroked his wife’s equally robust ass, until he replied,

“Reach your trusty right hand between your legs, naughty girl, because you’re going to be spanked until you come, after which I’m going to fuck that well-chastised ass until you come again!”

This was exactly what Jenna was hoping to hear. She snuck her hand under the smooth round lath that formed the top rung of the chair back over which she was bent and found her clit. Then she felt the crisp inimitable smack of her husband’s favorite lightweight elm paddle, and knew her plush bottom was in for it. This was a comforting thought, and as the healing pain of her second spanking of the day began building, Jenna let her mind drift to what she planned to do as soon as possible with lovely innocent Cindy’s trim young buttocks and succulent blonde pussy. This accelerated the raven-haired beauty’s arousal such that barely two dozen spanks had fallen on each of her nether moons before her usual rollicking orgasm ended their trial.

Jim never wanted to pause much after completing a spanking of his wife. There was something deeply galvanizing in the way she took his punishment that left him avid to part her burning cheeks and pillage the secret passage they guarded (however ineffectively). So there was hardly a few seconds for Jenna to recover from her orgasm before she heard the sound of the Vaseline jar being opened and soon thereafter felt a generous fingerful of the lube being worked into her anus. Almost immediately this narrow intruder was replaced by a dauntingly large prepuce being nosed against that delicate gateway. And then the game they both knew so well transpired, as he delighted in

making her scream at the challenge of dilating her back passage to accommodate his 8 inch monster of a cock.

“Oh, Doctor, it’s too big...please don’t make me take it in my poor bottom! It already hurts so much from spanking it so long and hard, please don’t punish my innocent bottom hole!”

He continued driving inward as he laughed at her faux-panicked plea, retorting,

“You’ll take it, all right, you very naughty girl! You’ll take every inch of it up your tight little ass until I come deep inside your bowels...but I won’t do that until you come, and in the meantime I’m going to fuck your well-spanked ass so hard that it makes you scream!”

And soon she was doing just that. Not because she was in any particular pain, mind you, as she had happily received her husband’s big phallus in her anus just about every day for nearly a decade. Loud vocal expressions of her passionate violation suited our Jenna, actually turning her on more until they reinforced themselves into veritable shrieks of ecstatic release when she actually orgasmed this way. This penchant for verbal expressiveness during sex pleased her lord and master, who gladly paid for soundproofing of the various venues in which they conducted a sex life that had remained torrid after almost ten years together. And now they both felt a piquant additional dollop of excitement about the prospects of playing these games with their lissome new admin. This thought, which hardly needed to be spoken to be shared by the highly attuned couple, pushed first the wife and then the husband over their thresholds into the symbiotic bliss of mutual ecstatic release as he spent himself in her quivering soundly spanked rear end.

Unlike many couples who feel sleepy after satisfying sex, our medical pair always experienced a jolt of energy from their standard noontime tryst that carried them through the afternoon in a pleasant post-coital state of upbeat well-

being. Jenna in particular felt a steady warm glow (both metaphorically and, in and about her bottom, literally) the rest of the day. This was a condition that an observant girl like Cindy would hardly miss. This pattern repeated for the entire first week of our young heroine's new job, at which she was feeling steadily more skillful and overtly appreciated. Finally, by Thursday afternoon, the new hire could contain her curiosity no further.

This was exactly as the older couple had planned. In setting their snare for this lovely young bunny whom they both greatly hoped to recruit into their erotic fun and games, they relied on all initiative coming from their prey. Now, this prey had been masturbating nightly to imaginations of what could happen sexually between her and her bosses, so she was priming herself to fall gladly into their tender trap. Jenna fed into this dynamic by going out of her way to be friendly to Cindy, skillfully eliciting the young woman's history and current predicament, and gently hugging her when she cried about being forced to abandon college and losing both of her parents. Thus, it seemed totally natural and uncontrived as work was ending for the new admin to pull her boss aside and ask,

"So, Jenna, this is kinda awkward, but I notice you and Doctor J getting along as well as any married couple I've ever seen, even on TV. I'm sure you have lots of secrets as to how you guys pull that off. But I've also noticed that the two of you go in the Treatment Room and lock the door every day at lunch, and you both come out of there looking, well, to put it the way I would to a girlfriend, 'well-fucked'. Would you feel at all willing to tell me what goes on between you two? I feel like knowing your secret might help me to date in a way that doesn't always end up disappointing me."

This was exactly what Jenna and Jim had been planning, and the older woman carefully concealed her excitement as she pondered thoughtfully and replied,