

# Wednesday 14.00 - The Doctor is driving

Patrick should have known better.

He should have paid a lot more attention to the rather dreamy look that he received from the Principal of Silverdale, Gayle Fox, when he walked into her office at the beginning of November last year.

He had read online that Silverdale Academy was planning to open, having purchased the land and buildings of the failed ZoZo Buddhist Retreat, which had closed during the 2020-22 pandemic and had been abandoned for over 10 years.

Other than that, he knew nothing about Silverdale, until he received a text message one day in the Fall from his admin, saying that a Gayle Fox had called wanting to set up an appointment with him. “She does not want to be a patient, she said it is totally different to that”.

Patrick was at a crossroads in his career at the time. He was fed up of the daily grind of being a PCP - the constant battles with health care providers and insurers, and the increasingly shrill and uninformed demands from many of his patients, who would march into consultations utterly convinced that the latest drug they just read about online or in some charlatan’s Youtube feed would cure all of their maladies. However, it was a relatively comfortable way to make a living.

So, after validating that it was indeed Silverdale Academy, and not some fly-by-night collection of flakes or charlatans, he drove his AV up into the hills to the Silverdale site. Lots of building activity in late stages of completion around the new school. When he was led into her spacious office, airy, with power mahogany desk, not an item out of place, and shook hands with Gayle, and, in addition to the dreamy look on her face, he detected a slight stroking motion with her thumb and index finger on his index finger, he still had not even begun to figure out the dots, much less join them.

However, when Gayle explained that Silverdale College needed a trusted medical practitioner to be on call to consult and treat both students and staff, and it would be a part-time role, his “I want to do something different in my life” antennae twitched. When she said “how does \$15,000 a month sound?”, when he asked about how much the salary might be, he had to restrain a sudden primeval urge to leap across the mahogany desk and kiss her.

Further conversation about how the role might work showed that Gayle had no idea of the practicalities of running medical support for a school. Fortunately, he had experience, having spent time as a resident covering a high school. He was impressed that Gayle listened and seemed to agree with all of his suggestions about having a medical center, and hiring a nurse practitioner.

And, in 20:20 hindsight mode, Patrick now understood that when Gayle stood up and removed her crisp, navy blue tailored blazer jacket, and sat back down in her chair, revealing a semi-see-through white top, under which a very large pair of broad breasts seemed to have been waiting, in hiding, but barely contained in a thin bra, she was also sending a non-verbal signal. And he noticed that when he excused himself to visit the restroom, and returned into the office, Gayle was clearly eyeing him up and down.

However, in the week following the interview, when he was offered a 2 year contract to be the part-time medical director for Silverdale, at a monthly salary of \$20k, with traveling expenses from his home reimbursed at a generous rate, Patrick suddenly was high as a kite on the new career direction that seemingly had fallen into his lap. Because this was a new school, and a very different one, an exclusive small-group college with only 120 students, he ran the contract past a lawyer to see what his legal situation would be if the school went out of business. The lawyer advised him that he would be an unsecured creditor, but absent a breach of contract from him, he could claim all of the money due under the contract.

He decided to keep his PCP practice, but hired a new graduate to look after most of the patients, with him keeping some of the patients with whom he had a good relationship.

His financial position was improved, which was needed, since his marriage had collapsed due to his

wife having mental issues, triggered by postpartum depression after the birth of their second child, from which she had not recovered. He was still having to pay some spousal support, even though she was from a wealthy Bay Area family and had moved back to the Bay Area with their children, both in high school.

The contract with Silverdale was unusual in that it did not reduce his involvement during vacations. When he asked why he was still needed when the school was closed, Gayle explained that many of the teachers were resident due to the distance of Silverdale from Monterey and Carmel. They agreed that he would have a month of downtime in the Summer. He did insist on every other weekend off so that he could have visitation with his children.

The contract took effect on 10th January, the start of the Spring semester at Silverdale.

The hidden reality of what he was signing up to suddenly moved from “have you not understood all of those damn dots yet?” to “join the dots, you dolt”, when he was invited to a Meet the Medical Director party at Silverdale in the first week of January.

When he arrived, he found most of the staff, one or two spouses (not common after the Pandemic), and the new Nursing Director, a 50-something lady named Shelley, who he and Gayle had interviewed for the job, a catered evening meal, and all manner of drinks.

Gayle attached herself to Patrick, wearing a black pants suit, with a black tunic, and proceeded to tour him around the staff. Patrick soon became aware of a subtle yet intoxicating perfume wafting from her body.

He soon noticed that almost all of the staff were female. This kind of made sense, since Silverdale was a girls college.

Gayle also seemed to have invited several other women, around her age, who she introduced as “friends”. They certainly seemed very friendly. One lady, Elizabeth, kissed him on the lips and said “I have heard a lot about you Patrick”. Hmmmm. What was that about? (That was another dot).

As the party wound down, with most of the guests departing, Gayle turned to him and said “I hope you weren’t planning to drive home, Patrick.”

Patrick had been thinking about that. He had drunk one too many cocktails, and was significantly buzzed. He had been wondering if he should take a rideshare home.

She fixed him with a deep gaze, while moving closer to him on his left side.

She whispered in his left ear. “You can stay in the apartment in the main house. Next to my apartment.”

At this point, Patrick suddenly had that odd feeling in his stomach area, a peculiar mixture of trepidation, the old sinking feeling, and excitement. He had joined enough dots to realize that he was in a situation over which he would shortly have no control.

Gayle took his left hand in her right hand, and Patrick felt her loop two of her fingers around his index finger and run them up and down several times.

The sinking feeling was prophetic. His dot joining was complete.

Patrick reached home at 9.15am the next morning, with his cock exhausted and his mind blown.

Now Patrick is sitting behind the wheel of his AV, which has reverted to Manual mode on the winding country road up to Silverdale. One day the AV database will be detailed enough for auto drive to Silverdale, but that day is still out in the future.

Today’s afternoon visit is for two reasons. Two students have been diagnosed with pelvic strains. And Gayle Fox needs a tonic.

Both of those reported symptoms, in common with most of the reasons given by Silverdale for Patrick to be called out, are lies.

Whoppers, the size of a Great White.

“Pelvic strain” is code for “these sluts need some Daddy cock”. He suspects that Shelley, the nurse practitioner and Female Studies teacher, will be supervising the appointments if she does not have a class. Her supervision often consists of her standing behind him, naked, with her arms around him, telling him to punish the girls harder. Occasionally she feels it necessary to work his cock hard until he moans loudly and shoots ropes of cum into mouths or over faces. According to Shelley, he is a roper. There are apparently, according to Shelley, who seems to know a lot of things that he never learned in medical school, different types of ejaculations. Ropers. Showerers. Shooters. And Damp Squibs, who

are apparently only good for casting into the wilderness. (Gayle's words).

"Tonic". Ah yes. That is code for "Gayle needs Patrick to put it to her hard and fill her pussy or mouth".

Whether Gayle will call in another female member of staff...well, who knows? Gayle lost no time in introducing him to the other female staff members at the party and on the initial walkabouts, and then, on later onsite days, she has been summoning him to her apartment, where, lounging in the California King bed, another woman is sometimes already waiting, ready for her "tonic". At this point, Gayle's hidden dom side sometimes surfaces, as she commands both Patrick and the other woman in the bedroom. Some afternoons Gayle wants her friend to get the cum, some afternoons she makes it clear that she is going to get the cum. Sometimes she tells Patrick that he has to decide. Patrick is still worried about that. Is it a test? Will he fail?

Patrick, as he soon realized, was, and is, in over his head. Post-divorce, he had been leading a pretty monastic existence. The split from his ex had been predictably contentious, with her hiring and firing no fewer than three sets of lawyers due to her mental instability, and making a whole host of cuckoo demands, most of which his lawyer swatted away, but at a cost. That will depress any man's libido.

His only occasional sex was a hookup with a Mexican dental tech who he met at a local hospital conference, and would see every two or three weeks. She loved what she called his "dad bod", which did not look bad in the mirror, but there were signs of some additional baggage, and also told him that he was the best ever pussy eater.

When Patrick looked in the mirror, he saw a mid-40s guy with short graying hair, a slightly flabby body, and not much else. He did have a nice cock, but it was out of practice. No double chin, yet. He probably needed to join a gym, but that always seemed to be a "later" activity in his life.

That was then, this is now. His onsite visits to Silverdale comprise about 10% medicine and 90% working hard to satisfy a combination of girl students wanting Daddy dick, and rapacious women in their 50s with large bouncing chests and libidos to match. This is a whole different level of sex, and he is having to adjust.

This coming Saturday, an off week for the kids, he has been invited to dinner with Gayle, her husband and two of her lady friends, Tara and Daisy. The two women are now on his patient list, when Gayle told him that he needed to attend to their lack of libido. Patrick ended up arranging for hormone implants for both ladies. Patrick does not know exactly what is going to happen, but he already suspects that dessert will comprise a combination of him eating one or more pussies and then sliding his cock into said pussies, especially since Gayle texted him last week saying "Lunch with T and D. Implants are working. They are champing at the bit".

Patrick glides to a stop at the front security gate of Silverdale. The barrier is down, but his car ID tag soon kicks in, as the striped pole and fence lift up, clearing the road.

As Patrick passes through the entrance onto the gravel drive, he passes the tall blonde-haired figure of Lance, the Security Manager, who is bending over, in a high-vis yellow jacket, working to plant Spring flowers in the flower beds adjacent to the drive. Lance has his back to Patrick as his car glides past.

Of course, the Security Manager job is not what it seems. This is Silverdale. Nurse assistant Shelley, in her very nice, slightly husky "Sweet Summer Child, let me set you straight" voice, explained to him in his first week on the job that Lance's evening amusement is intercepting girl students either engaging in forbidden activities in their rooms such as smoking weed or drinking alcohol, or, less frequently, breaking curfew, by sneaking out from open windows in the dorm block to another track leading through the forest down to the metaled road, where they jump into a car that a friend happened to drive there, and head down to the main highway, often to the infamous Sea Otter bar, where a lot of meeting action takes place. Of course, they have to return at some point, and Lance either patrols the forest track in person, or simply watches surveillance cameras in his room, and snaps into action to suddenly appear in the dorm building to greet the miscreants as they try to sneak back indoors.

"It's like shooting fish in a barrel", as Shelley observes.

The official punishment for breaching curfew is loss of weekend roaming privileges, where the students are allowed out all day on Saturday and Sunday to visit Big Sur, Little Sur and Carmel.

The unofficial, and rather common punishment for breaking curfew and for ingesting forbidden substances is for the offending girls to be taken to Lance's room, where they usually have to begin by

kneeling. To pay their respects to 8 and a half inches of straight, hard, fuck pole. Thereafter the punishment is...whatever Lance deems appropriate.

Sometimes, if there are too many miscreants, Lance asks one or two of the male staff to assist.

The girls get punished severely, and Lance likes to end the punishment session by having the students take his cumshot on their breasts or faces. Lance, in addition to being suitably aggressive with his punishments, is a big shooter.

The problem, as Shelley explained, is that some of the girls are now sneaking out of the building with no intention of actually leaving for the evening. They are simply trying to get caught. Gayle and the staff are still trying to work out what to do about that. The obvious solution is to punish those girls according to the official rule book. However, that requires additional supervision to make sure that they do not abscond at the weekend, and that may require more punishment...you get the picture.

Patrick's car stops in the VIP parking slot next to the front entrance of Silverdale. He opens the door, slides out from behind the wheel, and pulls his suit jacket out from the back carrier hook. No old-style doctor's bag for him. Everything he needs for medical treatment is in the medical room in the new wing. Anything more serious will generate a call to CareFlite to helicopter the patient to a hospital in Monterey.

And everything he probably needs for this afternoon's treatment of pelvic strains is resting, twitching slightly, under his boxers.

As he walks up to the front entrance, the door opens, and Gayle is standing there, in one of her usual crisp career woman dark gray woolen two piece suits. Black sling-back shoes. Graying hair in her usual immaculate bob .

No matter how she tries to hide the scenery, the large swooping curves are visible.

She kisses him briefly on the lips as he stands in the doorway, then lets the door close behind him. They both walk into the entrance hall, with the California sunshine raying down from the large roof windows.

"So what is your agenda today, apart from our tonic?" She asks with a smile as they stand in the Sun.

Our tonic. Uh oh.

OK. This is a pacing afternoon.

"Well, two girls have pelvic strains".

"Ah". She nods and smiles, like the Cheshire cat. "Well, they probably just need some... manipulation".

"Yes, indeed" says Patrick, trying to channel his inner Patrick MacNee. You know. Deadpan. Unflappable.

He can feel more twitching Down There.

Gayle turns back towards the Admin block corridor. She walks one step, then turns around again.

"Make sure you are not tired out when you get to my office". She has a subtle tone, that Patrick now recognizes, the tone of "I would hate for you to have insufficient cum left for me and my friends".

"Indeed". He nods his head. She turns and begins to walk towards the admin corridor, the Gayle military walk, definite, "I'm in charge".

Patrick turns left towards the new wing. Time to find these students with their "pelvic strains". He should be OK. He did eat a big portion of oatmeal this morning, and drank lots of pineapple juice.

The sudden thought crosses his mind that there must be something in the water supply at this school.