

Miss Cheshire's check-up

By Halrion

Sarah Lytton frowned her perfectly creaseless beauty-queen frown.

'I just can't explain it, doctor,' she confessed, pooching her bum to one side as she lowered herself into the chair. 'I keep getting these strange hot *flushes*.'

Rising a fraction, Sarah scooted the chair closer with three very distinct tugs, each of which caused her bosom to bounce with promised abundance beneath her figure-hugging dress.

'I really think,' she leaned back, fanning herself dramatically with long French-manicured fingernails, 'that you ought to examine me.'

Dipping her chin, Sarah lowered thick curling lashes over blue, blue eyes.

'Thoroughly.'

A cat chancing upon a river of cream could not have matched Sarah's smugness as the handsome young GP motioned to the examination bed. *Fifteen points for a doctor*, she congratulated herself, swaying very deliberately as she crossed the room. *And he's married, too.*

Sarah couldn't fully explain it, but the sight of a ring on a finger or even just the knowledge that her target was taken always gave her a special thrill: a tingle of excitement and smugness in her unlimited powers of seduction. The feeling had always been there, ever since she'd slept with that rugby player nerdy Carol Hopkins had been dating at university.

I'm just too hot to resist, Sarah thought, pausing beside the bed with her back to the doctor. She tucked a coy chin into her shoulder and then, with practised ease, she slid her fingers down her hips and hitched up the frilly hem of her mini-dress with one swift, efficient flick. Sarah held the pose for a long moment, allowing the good doctor to assess the juicy results of her latest non-surgical bum lift. Then, sighing like a furnace, she drew the dress over her head in a single fluid motion.

Dropping the garment from a pinched fingertip and thumb, Sarah shook out her gloriously shiny golden hair, freshly coiffed and coloured in the salon that very morning. She allowed herself a smirk as she heard the doctor's chair slide back urgently. All that airheaded wittering she'd had to endure from Lottie over afternoon tea had finally yielded some useful information. 'Asian men,' Lottie had confided through a mouthful of millionaire shortbread, *'worship* blondes. The blonder the better.'

She wasn't wrong either, Sarah thought, shivering lustily as the physician's eager fingers brushed the base of her spine. 'Mmm, your hands are a little chilly, doctor,' she purred, closing her eyes. 'Don't worry though. I know a place that'll warm them u-*aiieouch!*'

Squealing like an electrocuted piglet, Sarah leapt several feet into the air as what felt like metal claw clamped roughly onto her right flank.

Startled, she looked down - and her blue eyes stretched in disbelief.

'What the ... Callipers?' Disbelief morphed into a scowl of rage. '*Hey!*'

But Sarah had no chance to react further, for at that moment the room began to swirl as the doctor spun her around by the shoulders, *hmm*-ing and *ahh*-ing like a butcher assessing a cut of meat as he wielded the callipers in a blur, pinching and prodding and clenching every spare inch of her body, from calf to forearm to thigh to-

Sarah yelped as cold metal gripped the meat of her left buttock. She rounded on her assailant, steam snorting from her flared nostrils.

'Just what the *hell* do you think you're d-*oooph!*'

Her cheeks bulged suddenly as some sort of band squeezed tightly around her stomach.

'Hmm,' murmured the doctor, bending to inspect the tape measure. And then, cool as a trout, he returned to his desk, leaving his nearly naked patient gaping and panting in the middle of the room, trying to cover her chest and recover the power of speech.

After a few seconds of intense note-scribbling, the doctor spoke without looking up.

'You may put your dress back on now, Mrs Lytton.'

Gasps of fury whistled through gritted veneers as Sarah raised a threatening finger.

'Now *look* here you kinky little-'

The doctor held up a calming hand. 'There is no cause for alarm, Mrs Lytton,' he said. 'I have determined the root of your problem.'

'My husband is a lawyer, and-'

Sarah stopped. She blinked. 'My *what?*'

The doctor smiled patiently. 'Your flushes, Mrs Lytton,' he explained, clasping his hands over the desk. 'They are, I believe, caused by an excess of visceral fat. Particularly around the, ah-'

Sarah's cheeks flamed as the doctor pointed his pen at her abdominal area and drew an impudently large circle in the air. Instinctively the hand that had been doing a poor job of covering her bosom dropped to do an even poorer job of covering her belly.

Not that it mattered, for the good doctor was once again looking down at his pad. 'It is easily fixed, Mrs Lytton,' he said, scribbling away, 'a healthier diet, a little exercise-'

Sarah reared like a cobra. 'I exercise *all* the time!'

'Okay,' said the still-scribbling physician, in a tone that Sarah didn't like one bit.

'And I'm a *very* light eater! ... Just what exactly are you writing there, anyway?'

Sarah leaned over the table. 'Height five foot seven,' she muttered, tilting her head to read from the doctor's pad. 'Chest forty three. Waist f-'

Sarah let out a squeal that almost cracked the windows.

'I do *not* have a forty inch waist! It's twenty six and a half!' She stabbed a finger down on the page. 'Change that at once!'

Unfortunately, in leaning so far over the table, Sarah had unintentionally moved the waist in question very close to the doctor's face, and the force with which she brought her finger down caused it to wobble generously - right in front of his nose.

Sarah drew back, flushing a deep crimson.

'I - I can't have a forty inch waist,' she whimpered indignantly. 'I'm Miss Cheshire!'

The doctor glanced at the date of birth on the patient's form. He could only conclude that the title must be like that of US President, in that it stayed with you years after you'd officially left the position.

Twelve years, in Sarah's case, though he couldn't have known this.

The doctor looked again at his pudgy patient, who was now clutching her considerable gut in both hands, squeezing it until the flesh oozed between her fingers, then releasing it again and watching it jiggle back to its full plumpness with a kind of fascinated horror.

Deciding she was sufficiently distracted, he quickly finished adding the 'four' after the 'forty' and then slid his notes into a drawer.

'Okay,' he said, standing up. 'We can get some more accurate measures from the scale.'

Purpling with rage, Miss Cheshire stomped across the room, trying to ignore the sensation of jiggling throughout her body. *This is all Andrew's fault*, she fumed internally, *all those heavy pastas and rich sauces he cooks!*

Sucking her gut in imperiously, she stepped onto the scale with a furious double-stamp.

The doctor was already beside her, pressing the buttons on the digital readout. The screen beeped twice and went blank.

When it came back on, several things happened at once.

Sarah's jaw dropped in shock as all the breath she'd been holding in hissed out of her in a great gasping wheeze, causing her hitherto sucked-in belly to swell back out so that the bulgiest part - just around the bellybutton - made contact with the metal stand of the scale. Reacting to its cold touch, Sarah instinctively stepped back, slipping on the edge of the scale.

And then the world went dark.

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‘Well this is a first,’ the nurse practitioner chuckled, looking down at the plump blonde in lacy black lingerie, lying supine on the floor with her legs and arms spread as if she’d just been knocked out cold in a boxing match.

‘When did you start having this effect on the patients?’

The doctor sighed. ‘Very funny, Carol.’ He moved behind the patient’s head. ‘Here, you take her legs. I can’t lift her on my own.’

Carol bent down. ‘I’m not *-urff-* surprised,’ she grunted, linking her hands beneath the patient’s ample thighs and lifting from the knees. ‘Oof, packed on a bit of timber since her Miss Cheshire days, hasn’t she?’

The doctor looked up. ‘You know her?’

‘All too well,’ Carol grimaced, panting a little as they side-shuffled awkwardly in the narrow space, carrying their cargo toward the examination bed. ‘This is Sarah Lytton. Or *-urff-* Sexy Sarah, as she was known at school.’

‘Friend of yours?’

Carol snorted. ‘Hardly. She was one of the cool girls. Her and Laura Parker used to snigger at me when we got changed for PE. I was a bit chubby and flat-chested back then,’ Carol explained when the Doctor looked surprised. ‘We bumped into each other again at university, too.’ Carol gave a short, mirthless laugh. ‘Or rather, I found her in bed with my boyfriend. I suppose I should thank her, really. It gave me time to focus on my studies, and it got me into crossfit. On three?’

With no small amount of grunting and puffing of cheeks, nurse and doctor managed to hoist their hefty cargo up onto the examination bed, where it stirred with a groggy groan.

‘Ugggh. Where am I?’

‘You had one of your flushes, Mrs Lytton,’ the doctor said, clicking a pen thoughtfully. Unnoticed by Sarah, he gave Carol a wink. ‘I’m afraid they may be more serious than we first thought. I am going to leave you with our senior nurse practitioner, who will take you through an emergency programme of diet and lifestyle changes, which should help address some of the major issues with your health.’

‘Starting with this *alarmingly* high body fat composition.’

Groggy though she was, Sarah frowned. That voice... There was something vaguely famili- Her blood ran cold. Slowly, reluctantly, she turned her blonde head.

‘Hello Sarah,’ Carol smiled. ‘Remember me?’