

PLAY DOCTOR'S EXPERIENCE(S) IN PHOENIX, ARIZONA

[December 1999] - Before going on this week-long trip I had posted to various newsgroups, the Rectal Temperatures Club at YAHOO, and the PLAY DOCTOR website, that I would be in Phoenix, AZ for a week if anybody was interested in "playing doctor". Well --- there were a few bullshit replies, and a few that said "please let me know when you're gonna be in [some town that I just left or will never get near]", and then there were the numerous replies from GUYS. Needless to say, that effort was futile. And then, there was this curious college co-ed who hadn't even had a GYN exam --- but that fizzled out, too! The point is that people think PLAY DOCTOR roams around the countryside examining patient after patient when, in reality, the examination rate is probably less than 1% of every 100 inquiries. Surprising, huh?

Anyhow - then there were the "commercial mistresses", none of whom turned out to be around when contact was established:

Mistress Cathryn - (602) 650-0907
(<http://www.cathryncurtis.com/home2.htm>)

Mistress Diana Savage - (602) 540-5100 (520) 970-0177
(<http://www.xroads.com/%7Eemssavage/clinic.htm>)

Mistress Porsche Lynne - (480) 941- 4950
(<http://www.plynn.com/dungeon-stop.htm>).

If you're heading out that way, I'd suggest trying long ahead of time to make something happen with these resources.

Now to flipping through the Yellow Pages under "Colonic Irrigation", "Dancers", "Entertainers", "Escorts", "Massage". It was hard to tell what was legit, somewhat legit, and totally a front as this area is big on natural therapies and healing. So - with the thought that a good massage would feel good anyhow, I began to comb the listings when I spotted one that had a picture and read right. It was listed under "Massage Therapy" and stated "Natural Healing - Full Body - Stress Reduction". FULL BODY were the key words. I called the number and she was able to see me immediately (phone 602-969-6306). The picture does not do her justice at all.

MASSAGE – Esther Long:

Her name is Esther Long and she operates from her home in the Tempe/Mesa area of the city (generally around Center and McKellips). She met me outside and I was greeted by the sight of a 32-year-old female with dark shoulder length hair, somewhat styled, with a big smile and wearing a maroon tight fitting tank top and jeans that just hugged her body wonderfully! She is a good-looking woman of medium build who fills out her clothes very nicely --- don't let me forget to mention the 38D natural breasts. She led me into her house, first room on the left, where a massage table was set up with the standard mood music playing in the background and soft lighting. First she collected her cash fee of \$80 for a one hour session. While staying in the room, she then told me to get undressed. I normally like to leave my underpants on and be told to remove them or have them removed, but for some reason I thought her instructions were clear so I just took everything off and stood, naked, facing her. She looked me over and then told me to lie on the table face up. This was a new twist as I had never had a massage started from the face-up position. And - she didn't cover me so I'm lying there stark naked wondering whether or not getting a hard-on would be acceptable as she began the massage. Beginning at the top of the table, she wasn't shy about pulling my head against her thighs or resting her breasts against my forehead or shoulders as she leaned forward. This was a real massage and Esther knew what she was doing - I was just wondering why she hadn't taken any steps to cover me. She worked her way down my body to my waist and then stopped - starting again at my feet and working her way

back up. Now, the only area that hadn't been touched was my pubic area. She lightly ran her finger tips over my nipples and across the tops of my thighs that made my penis start to grow. She ran her hand across it and lightly across my balls and said, "You did want a full body massage, didn't you?" When I replied affirmatively, she took a more aggressive approach with a stroking of my penis and balls. It wasn't long before she had applied oil and was fully going about the task of masturbating me to orgasm. After a while, I was holding out and wondering whether my back was ever going to get massaged when she said, "I want you to cum so I can do your back." With that, since it was feeling sooooo good, I offered up another \$80 (and, no, this wasn't a tease by her to get more money --- it was I who offered because I wanted more time). As she was stroking me she asked if I'd like to touch her to help make me cum. I certainly took her up on this, although she told me that I couldn't go under her clothes and no trying to pinch her nipples. That was fine for me as all I wanted to do was get my hand between her legs and feel her pussy and ass and reach up and feel the firmness and roundness of her breasts. As I was fondling her and she was doing an excellent job of masturbating me, I asked her whether she ever did prostate massage. She told me that she did not - and I was hoping that she might try it - but she didn't. However, she did take her hand and apply pressure to the perineum (which outwardly stimulates the prostate). I then led the conversation toward talking about "playing doctor" - she didn't seem terribly responsive but the conversation and her stroking caused me to cum. I squirted in her bare hand and on my stomach and she did a fine job of cleaning me up, first with a dry cloth and then with alcohol. Now it was time to roll over on my stomach. Again, she applied a professional massage, and when I told her that I particularly liked to have my buttocks massaged she paid extra attention to them (the "glutes" as she called them). I was kind of hoping that she'd get between my cheeks and massage my anus, but I really shouldn't have expected that based on her earlier hesitation. She worked my back from head to toe for the remaining hour and it was wonderful! I started to gyrate on the table, pressing my cock against it, but the relaxation from the massage and the previous cum sort of made it unnecessary to get hard again and think I'd get another hand job out of it. When the massage was over, I dressed in front of her and then she gave me a great hug before saying goodbye. It was definitely a good experience - basically a visit to a trained and licensed professional masseuse with the added bonus of a super hand job!

COLONIC - ESSENTIALS DAY SPA:

The next day, I decided that my ass still needed some attention. The attempt to hook up with a pro-domme or a volunteer patient hadn't worked out too well so far so I took a drive to the local adult book store. WOW! This place (Castle Superstore @ 8315 Apache Trail) had everything one could imagine. I've never seen such a large assortment of gag gifts, novelties, lingerie, videos, dildos in every size and shape, etc. I picked up two of the local rags "Arizona Swingers" and "Pleasure Guide" and they were basically the same publication with different covers. And --- they didn't offer a damned thing. Mainly advertisements for strip clubs, phone sex, and bullshit coded swinger ads. Where I found the next resource was in the city's local free paper "New Times". Reading through it there were ads for colonics mixed in with the massage ads so I thought that a visit to a colonic clinic would do the trick - they're all over the place out there. I called three places before I found one that could make an appointment on short notice. The first place was Abundant Health (602-994-1511). The appeal there was the wording that read "professionally administered by a Nurse". However, Nurse Susan told me that the earliest appointment I could get was in three days. The next place was "Affordable" (602-275-2285) where Darlene told me that she might be able to schedule me the next afternoon but that I had to call in the morning to confirm. On the third try, I contacted A-Z Colon Works (602-508-1600) and spoke with Maryann who told me that she could schedule me later that afternoon at 5:00. That worked just fine.

The clinic is associated with the Essentials Day Spa on the east side of town near 24th and East Indian School Road. It's a nice place and very professional, I figured it was 100% legit but, either way, I was going to have fun. I met Maryann, a somewhat short 28 year-old with long dark brown hair and very pleasant. She led me into the treatment room, a comfortable looking room with a table in the center, and told me to "get naked from the waist down and to lie face up on the table using the towel to cover myself". So - I did as she had asked while she left to get ready.

When she came back, she knocked on the door and then came in. I was lying on the table, covered with the towel, as she explained the procedures to me. Then I told her (of my contrived scenario) that a nurse friend of mine was conducting a study and wanted to know the effect of colonic irrigation on body temperature. She seemed very interested and did not object to taking my rectal temperature before and after the procedure using the thermometer that I had brought with me. She suggested that she do it just before she inserted the speculum so she had me roll over onto my left side and applied lubricant to my anus with a gloved index finger, then she inserted her finger all the way inside to lubricate and do a quick rectal exam. She asked me for the thermometer (which I was holding in its case) and I took it out of its case and gave it to her. I'm not sure whether she lubricated it or not, but it wasn't long before she had it inserted. While it was registering, we discussed the health benefits of colonics and I tried to keep the conversation focused on temperatures talking about how strange it was to have a rectal temperature taken but she jumped right in with how much more accurate it was. Soon the four minutes were up and she removed the thermometer - and told me that my rectal temperature was 99.9F. She took the case from me and shook down the thermometer, putting it inside the case, and putting it on the sink in the room. Next, I felt my top buttock being spread and the lubricated speculum pressing against my anus. She told me to take a deep breath and exhale, and as I exhaled, she inserted the speculum. That sure felt good - I wonder if she knew I was enjoying this? She apologized for any discomfort as she moved the speculum around while hooking up the tubing. Hell, I wish she would have done it some more! Once connected, she had me roll over on my back and she put a triangular bolster under my knees to raise and separate my legs. She started the flow and it felt good - all and any sexual associations not even a part of these feelings. She massaged my stomach and got things moving inside. All in all, she worked on me for at least an hour. There was a blockage that she was concerned about and she wasn't going to be satisfied until she broke it loose. That took a cool filling to just a bit beyond capacity, and I felt the cramping and had to endure before she would release the pressure. It was worth it, because she got what she wanted and I could even feel better! A final flushing with warm water and she was finished. She slid the speculum from my rectum and then told me to use the bathroom. She was leaving the room as I removed the towel and headed toward the bathroom. After sitting on the toilet for about fifteen minutes, I returned to the therapy room where I saw the thermometer in the case sitting on the sink. Now, even I was intrigued. I wonder what my temperature would be? Just as I picked up the thermometer, she came in the room. She was a bit surprised that I was in there - now naked from the waist down - but I was able to get her attention with, "Just going to get that after colonic temperature". She replied, "Oh, I can help you with that - just go ahead and lie over the table." YES! That worked just fine. I lay over the table and spread my legs a bit. I heard her behind me and then I felt a gloved hand spread my buttocks and the tip of the lubricated thermometer pressing against my anus. She sensed my involuntary spasm as she used the tip of the thermometer to spread some lubricant around my anus. "Relax - deep breath - and exhale" she said - and as I exhaled, she inserted the thermometer. "I'll be back in four minutes, you just lie still and relax", she said as she left the room. WOW! This was great. I didn't want to blow the whole thing by getting hard, so I tried to focus on other things and time passed. She came back into the room and removed the thermometer. She read it and was quite surprised and even more interested in telling me that the post-colonic temperature was lower at 98.5F. I stood up and as I turned around she handed me the towel to cover myself and told me to go into the adjoining room for the massage.

We walked in the room together and she told me to get on the table, face up, for the massage. I assumed that she wanted me to cover myself, so I did. This massage was very much like the massage I had yesterday, with the exception that the towel stayed across my groin. When it came time to massage my thighs, she folded the towel across to the other side and tucked it in. Same thing when she did my back and it was time to massage the buttocks (or "glutes") - she only exposed one cheek at a time and never got between the cheeks. This was a great massage, too! When she was finished, she told me that I could get dressed and meet her at the front counter - but to take as much time as I needed. I wondered how much time I could possibly need and what could take so long. Given that freedom, I thought that maybe she knew that guys like to masturbate after the massage? Well - that's what I did. I took some of that great lotion that she

used and had a wonderful jerk-off session. Not taking too long so as to arouse suspicion, but not rushing through it either. It was great and - one thing's for sure - lotion sure makes jerking off a lot more fun (how many times I have done it dry). I got dressed and met Maryann at the front counter to make payment. The fee for this wonderful 2 hours was \$100 and they take credit cards.

RIPPED OFF! – “PHOTO SHOOT”:

Here's where I should have left things because the big fall came the next day. Riding around the desert alone with my thoughts is not necessarily good. When I was at the adult bookstore, I had picked up a free publication "Nightmoves" (<http://www.nightmovesusa.com>). This was basically a publication of Incall & Outcall services. My experience in the past has been to only call the advertisements that said something that caught my attention. Yes, they have been expensive [\$500+] but on all but one occasion, I have also been satisfied (sometimes more than others, but at least satisfied as a minimum). I thought that maybe I could get one of these girls to do a photo session using the rectal thermometer and a Fleet enema. There were two advertisements that got my attention. The first was Candi (602-957-7739) as "the nastiest escort around" and listing "oral/greek/showers" as one of her specialties. Calling her revealed that the fee was \$130 but she wasn't interested in doing a photo session. I had also considered calling an advertisement that read "Back Door Babes" with a \$99 Flat Full Service Outcall line, but the girls in the pictures looked a little chunky (why would I think that the girls in the pictures actually work the ads?) and that lowball \$99 price had me a bit concerned. So . . . the next advertisement was Jill (602-912-0292) that read "Greek Freak! I'm new in town - Be my first back door intruder". That sounded like it might work. The girl who answered the phone answered to "Jill" and I told her what I was interested in. She told me that she would do what I wanted and that the fee would be \$140 plus \$500 CASH for a session with no time limit. After I figured out how to get that kind of money, I called her back and she told me that she would be over in 30-40 minutes. Before confirming, I verified with her that she had no tattoos or body piercings and I asked that she wear something simple - white bra and panties would be great with jeans and a sweater. She agreed-or maybe acknowledged having heard what I had said. I went to the Walgreen's to get some film and then returned to my room to get ready.

I kept looking out the window and, in what was about an hour, I saw the car pull up in which she was riding (an older model gray/silver Ford Mustang with a performance hood). It backed into a space in front of the hotel and I could see the two bodies inside getting close - probably a last minute kiss or something from her husband/boyfriend/pimp before he sent her off to work. Both of them got out of the car - he was a tall and burly dark-skinned (tanned Caucasian or light-skinned Negro) younger (30 or so) man with a shaved head. I watched them walk into the hotel --- and in a few minutes there was a knock on my door. Looking through the peephole, I verified that this was the girl I saw get out of the car.

I opened the door and let her in. She looked pretty good - she'd do fine for the pictures. Not as innocent as I would like, but why would I expect the Virgin Mary from an upscale street whore? She was tall with long black curly hair (used that styling goo that, in my opinion, makes it look greasy and in need of washing) and she had put light sparkle on her eyelids and her lipstick was a bit too heavy for my liking but well within the limits of today's styles. She was wearing a nylon/satin spaghetti string top, obviously no bra (as her nipples were protruding), black knit pants, and black slip-on shoes. Not exactly Miss Innocence, but - again - she would do. I led her into the room and we went over the basics - she collected her \$640 CASH and gave me some bullshit receipt for \$130 that said "\$130 for up to one hour" and "Model is in the business of providing companionship for public and private functions". What in the hell is that all about - or would I soon find out? Anyhow, I told her what I was looking for and she agreed to do that provided her face wasn't shown. No problem. She asked for some identification from me and then told me that she needed to further verify that I wasn't a cop but that she couldn't ask me to undress, so she suggested that "I make myself comfortable" so she could verify that. While I was planning on being clothed to take the pictures, I didn't mind undressing at this stage if that's what it took to get things moving. She also told me that she was 21 years old (maybe, but she looked a

bit older under the makeup when I looked closely), was 5'8" tall (I think she was taller), 130 pounds with measurements of 34C-22-35. I have to agree with that and she said that she was about 10 pounds heavier than she liked. I also think her breasts may have been augmented, but it wasn't overdone.



Once I was undressed, she began to take off her clothes until I stopped her and explained that I wanted pictures of the whole thing - from her walking in the door, to undressing, to preparing the thermometer, to taking her temperature. I put my clothes back on, but she said she'd rather I stay naked. Whatever. I told her that I wanted to see her ass and she seemed a bit put off that my request might have been too forward. I guess she hadn't caught on to my wanting to get down to business. I slowed down a bit and took a softer approach and she lowered her pants to show me her ass. No white panties - instead, an aqua colored thong. But - she did have a nice firm and round ass, so it would photograph well. I started the picture-taking process and got some good pictures of her undressing and sitting on the bed, reading the thermometer, and then on her knees on the bed --- with panties up and down, and then a good shot of her ass with her cheeks natural and then spread. When she opened the button-down front of her pants, I noticed that she had a small tattoo, a flower of sorts, on the left side of her belly just above her pubic area. She told me that she had it done when she was 17 and now she really didn't like it. As I was taking the pictures and trying to maintain eye contact to put her at ease, she would always flash me a fake full smile and giggle, actually very

annoying. And, as we spoke and I would ask her questions, she would always answer by addressing me as "dear". I hate that. Anyhow, I was using 24 exposure film and it was almost time to change rolls. And --- now that the "preliminaries" were over, it was also time to start using the KY-jelly and the rectal thermometer. As I was changing film, she got off the bed, pulled up her panties, and started putting her pants back on. I asked her why she was doing this and she said, "Because I'm done." That sort of caught me by surprise. I questioned her how this could be and she said, "I came here and you took pictures; now I'm done." She kept on dressing as I told her that we hadn't even hardly gotten started taking the pictures and she had only been here for 30 minutes.

Just about that time, there was a knock at the door. She had finished dressing and headed for the door and left. What could I do standing there naked? Now I understand what that was all about! And was I going to argue with that hunk who escorted her in? What was my recourse - call the front desk? Just like getting robbed - sometimes its best to let it happen, lay low, and get on with your life . . . you don't need any more contact with your assailant. I thought that I could at least get a picture of the car as they left but, guess what --- I hadn't yet completed the film change in my camera (I think that was just coincidental -- nobody could have set it up that perfectly!) Then, I thought to grab my point-n-shoot. Time was passing quickly and when I looked out the window, they were pulling out of the space. And - as a further indication that they were up to no good - the guy realized that pulling away would expose the rear license tag, so he turned around and BACKED out of the parking lot out until of view! This was an intentional rip-off. That whore (and her pimp) had absolutely NO intention of staying for any longer than 30 minutes. I wish that I would have moved faster, but who knows - she may have never inserted the thermometer.

So - now really mad inside and wondering how to retaliate, I went to bed. Can you believe that 90 minutes later (at 1:15AM) the phone rang in my room? I wanted to answer it just out of curiosity! There was a really sweet voice on the other end who addressed me by name and told me that her friend, Jill, had just been there and had to leave because she wasn't comfortable (yeah, right! That's why the knock at the door at the precise time she was dressing and ready to go!) Anyhow, she told me that she was into fetishes and, unfortunately, wasn't available when I called earlier. She would like to come over and complete the photo shoot - and she described to me what I was into. Of course, this was all sounding very appealing. Then she said she would do it for \$500 if I could get some more money. That's when I said, "Your friend has your money". She actually apologized and I thought that maybe there was going to be a customer service gesture - what the hell, it had been one crazy night already! I really wanted to finish the photo shoot but I was really feeling snakebit. I was also a bit nervous about what round two would

entail and could it really be 100% above board. Too many uncertainties but I wanted to open up one more door to be tempted. I asked her what she looked like and she said that she had dirty blonde hair, was 21 years old, 5'7" and 125 pounds with 36DDD all natural breasts. Well, I was headed down the wrong/right road until she mentioned those breasts. I'm not much into breasts, but 36DDD is huge and I'm not sure they are natural! I told her I would think about it and call her after I sorted it all out. She told me that her name was Tiffany and that her "private number" was (602) 565-0211. I hung up the phone and went back to bed, but now the night was ruined. I didn't sleep all night thinking about how expensive those pictures were and hoping that I hadn't fouled up an aperture or flash setting and get bad pictures. And then I kept thinking that maybe I should have let Tiffany come over and that it would all be better - or maybe been quicker on my feet and tried to negotiate something like payment only after the photo shoot was completed and then I thought about negotiating with the bald-headed hunk and then it was time to get up --- and catch the plane HOME! I don't remember much of the flight I was so tired I don't even remember the takeoff!

Don't get burned and, instead, use this story as a lesson. Also, for those of you wondering what it's like to be PLAY DOCTOR or what kind of expense is associated with such things as PLAY DOCTOR videos, perhaps you now have a bit of a perspective from this little three-day adventure.

NOTE: Subsequent to this encounter and writing this detail, I have found out that Phoenix is notorious for these kinds of rip-off scams. So, beware!