

Several times he let slip heavy exclamations ^{in a low voice} like: "My God! Is it possible!"

He let slip several heavy exclamations of the sort: "My God! Is it possible!"

I understood from his gestures that he would've liked to prolong the examination to bring the truth to light!!!...

Should I keep me passive? **NO**

My bedcovers were lifted. My ^{disordered} clothes revealed the upper part ~~of my body!~~ **he lifted up the bedcovers**

of my body! The doctor's hand wandered over it, indecisive,

wrembling, until it reached my abdomen, the site of my pain.

while groping about he pressed right where it hurt and...

Due to his groping about he pressed where it hurt without doubt **where does this fit?**

as I let out a piercing cry and vigorously pushed him away

gently

He then sat down next to me, softly insisting that I gather

my courage; no doubt he needed to do the same. His faltering

expression betrayed an extraordinary agitation.

"I beg you," I said to him ^{get off} "leave me. You are killing me!"

"Mademoiselle, I only ask you to give me one minute, then it will be done."

He slipped his ^{hand} ~~hand~~ under the sheet and went straight for...

Already his hand, slipped under the sheet and ^{hand} arrived at

the sensitive spot he pressed down on it several times a - f