**Anatomy Class Volunteer**

By Flikka flikka@attglobal.net

The following is based on true events although my memory may be tainted with some

fantasy of how I would like to remember it, so if I don’t use my real name, you’ll

understand.

It started at an interview with a professor in his office. His secretary, my friend and closest confidante, referred my name to him. When I told her about the details of a fantasy I had in a moment of alcohol lubricated girl talk, she knew just the thing.

After I filled out a questionnaire, the professor looked it over and asked some questions.

He surprised me by saying, “Ms. Reeling, thank you for volunteering for our class. What you are going to do will make better doctors for the people who need them. Now, if it wouldn’t be too much trouble for you, could I ask you to take off your clothes?”

“Dr. Richter, why are you asking me to do such a thing?”

“If you can do that here, now, then I’ll feel confident about scheduling you in our volunteer program.” He explained. “If you have trouble with that, then how could I expect you to perform, much less, show up when we schedule you.”

I thought about what I was getting myself into as it had became more real than it had been up until now. My husband was encouraging me lately to discuss my fantasies so we could act them out, but this … this was the whole enchilada playing out in this professor’s office.

After fretting a bit, biting my scarf, looking here and there, and glancing periodically at the professor to see if his mind would change, I put my hands on the knees of my now uncrossed legs and prepared to stand up.

“Right here?” I asked. “Isn’t there a room to change in, a gown, or something?”

He looked at me over the top of his reading glasses. “Future doctors can’t be expected to study anatomy and physiology with just their imaginations through clothing, now could they.”

I realized from his clinical demeanor and unwavering look that he could take me or leave me. He was a doctor after all; how bad could it be?

I started by sitting to take off my shoes and placed them to the side of the chair. Then I stood up blushing and started to unbutton my blouse. He shared looks at me with peering at the papers on his desk. I still felt as embarrassed as if he were leering lustfully at me the whole time. I turned toward the chair to remove my blouse and my skirt. Then I turned around holding my arms down in a backward handclasp at my pubic mound hoping this would be enough.

“I’m going to have to go to another appointment shortly, Ms. Reeling, so if we could finish with the disrobing and get on with it.” He said prompting me along.

I turned again, looked to the ceiling for strength, unclasped my bra, and laid it over my other clothes. The garter and stockings would have to be next. There is just no clinical way to remove your stockings if someone is looking on. I had to sit back down on my things facing him, unclasp the stockings, and roll them off my legs and feet. I could feel a blush forming on my exposed breasts, and oh god, my hardening nipples were telling him that this humiliation and embarrassment were turning me on.

I stood up to undo the garter belt and stood before him again bolder this time with my

hands held together in back.

He moved his glasses up to his forehead, waved his finger at my middle and said, “Are you embarrassed about anything under there?”

Oh god, my thong underwear was going to have to go too. Do I face him; do I turn

around? I sort of turned half way, stepped out of them and put them on the top of my other clothes.

“There, was that so bad? You have a very nice body. You’ll do fine. There will just be

more people like me.” He said to encourage me. “Oh, and one more thing, I’m starting this file for you when you come back to claim your free medical care, and I want to have a picture of you to document the file.”

I understood and reached for my things to begin to get dressed.

“No, I’m sorry, I should have explained. Now that you are disrobed, I’ll take some posture photos to document the file for later.”

“Posture pictures!? Whatever for?” I exclaimed alarmed as he guided me closer to the wall in his office.

He let down a cloth behind me that covered the wall decorations and left me positioned with my back to the wall, arms at my sides. “Just stand naturally. That’s it.” He said as he produced a camera sitting atop a monopod that had been leaning in the corner. He aimed it at me and continued, “This will give the staff a baseline for the holistic group to work with you on any bodywork that they will feel is appropriate in your free medical services that you are entitled to for volunteering for this.”

“But I …” I wanted to tell him that I would be glad to just do this for free for the thrill of it all, but that I wouldn’t want permanent pictures lying around afterwards.

Then before I could get it out or approach him, FLASH! Oh god now there was a picture of me in a full frontal nude.

“Just look natural. There is no need for alarm.”

I tried to just stare ahead while he surprised me with another FLASH!

“Now just turn like you are to your right. And face straight ahead. That’s it. FLASH!

Now he had a picture of the sides of my breasts and my butt sticking out. Oh god, how many people would see these? Then he did me facing away from him. FLASH! Now my ass cheeks were on film. My husband always says they look nice, but they always seem too big to me. Then another one facing to the left for my other profile, FLASH! And then a couple more closer in of my trunk and head. FLASH! FLASH! My head was swimming.

Well, I guess they were right; it was a way for me to work up to the big day, but those pictures still haunt me to this day.

“See the secretary on your way out for details on the incentives. Oh, and thank you very much for volunteering for this. The University and I are very grateful.” He finally said as he watched me get back into my clothes.

My husband was as excited about the events I described to him, as I was when they were occurring. He went with me for the appointed time. We arrived at the University Hospital and got out of the cab. We were facing large stairs going up and into what we had been told, was the teaching wing at the university hospital. I paused for a moment and grabbed my husband’s arm. He looked at me, and what he was about to say was written all over his face, "Don't tell me you are having second thoughts now!! We are here, you made the commitment, and they’re expecting you."

Before he had a chance to say it I assured him that it was just a little overwhelming and I needed to take a deep breath. While doing just that, I became a bit disoriented. It was like a movie in front of my eyes with all of the young students and doctors in white coats moving up and down the stairs. I felt a sudden weakness; my husband held me tighter. I knew that once I entered the building, there was definitely no turning back. Not that I wanted to mind you, but a big part of me was terrified. I felt like I was split in two: part of me wanted to turn around and leave and the other part wanted desperately to go through this experience.

If I could go through with this, I could do anything; I coached myself as I push my husband along with me up the stairs.

Once inside the building, things started to close in on me. My husband led me to a nurse’s station. We had to take an elevator and go several floors up. Doctors and students, or students only, (I couldn't tell) came in and out. Somehow I questioned every face I wondered whether they were going to be there or not. My husband noticed that I was being totally quiet as he looked at me lovingly. I had a feeling that he also was checking people out while fantasizing about his bride’s ordeal, which was about to unfold.

We arrived at the floor and my husband escorted me to a nurse at a desk. NOW HE

WANTED ME TO DO THE TALKING and I was not ready!!!! Somehow I was feeling

very small and wished I wouldn’t have to do anything more than the challenge I had

accepted for myself. The nurse began to treat me like any other patient - how could she! She must have known that I was doing this for the thrill, I mean being a woman herself!!!!

After filling in a mountain of paperwork (again, my husband had to do it. My eyes were flying nervously about the floor, from door to door. I was searching for the "place" where it was all going to happen. And I was looking at each person passing me asking myself whether they were going to be there. I started to really feel like the guinea pig I volunteered to be.

Would I agree to being shaved? It sounds like I more or less would be asked to do it and in that case I wouldn't mind if the nurse was a guy. I couldn't imagine any better way of being prepared. (Also I would mind a female doing it!).

Did I imagine a nurse showing me to a room and giving me a gown and asking me to

undress? Somebody would be in to prepare me shortly. It felt like very long minutes and finally a young guy in a white coat knocked on the door and asked if he could come in. I had my knees tight together and felt a tickle between my legs. He asked me to lean back on the bed and relax. I did just that, but had a hard time relaxing my legs.

Finally I did relax so the lucky guy could do his job. I felt warm and soaking wet and I

stared straight at the ceiling, knowing that I could not hide my excitement from his eyes.

When I was done, you could say that I was prepared all right. Not only did I feel extremely naked, but my pussy felt almost swollen from excitement. He then told me to go with the nurse and I was taken to a door to wait. He told my husband that he could be present and to go to a room around the corner.

That room actually turned out to be an auditorium with a gyno-exam chair at center stage and video monitors everywhere. The place was filling up and some guys were actually eating their lunch. When the professor came in, he announced the nature of the exam and then arranged for me to be brought in. I was still wearing a short hospital gown, open in the back, with my tensing ass cheeks sticking out. It all made me blush deep shades of red when I saw the size of the audience.

As I was led on the stage, I almost fainted from the fear!! I felt little and helpless but at the same time driven by the magic of what it could do for me, being able to have all these guys looking right between my legs. I didn't really see any faces; my eyes were just flying from one thing to the other, never stabilizing long enough to focus.

The professor made me stand on a small podium and without even introducing me, thank god; he then started talking to the students. As I stood there, I started to steal glimpses of the people staring back at me. The room was made up of mostly young good-looking males with eager eyes, and a few co-eds, all only half listening to their teacher while mostly attending to my discomfort as if it might be themselves standing in my place before the male doctors they studied with.

As I continued to stand there, he described the upcoming exam and pointed out that in fertility cases, the first thing you look for is obvious hormonal imbalances.

I was there in the room; and it was my choice to be there, but when he explained that, among other things, he would examine breast size, body hair growth, size of clitoris ETC., I wanted to end it right then and bolt for the door. The only thing keeping me there was that my legs wouldn’t respond to my instinct to flee.

He then made me take off the gown in front of the room full of students leaning forward to get a better look. I had no idea how humiliated and embarrassed I could be until then. I wanted to cover up, but the professor was then treating me as an object, pointing out around the different parts of my body that there were no such signs on me.

The next part of the class time was to be in the chair. My husband told me afterwards that it was cute to watch me, my nude quivering body, climb the high chair and spread my legs wide to reach the stirrups. When asked to get in the chair, he saw me look at the chair and then at the monitors, all showing a close up of the "area of interest" of the chair.

When asked to get in the traditional position, I felt my whole body go weak. It was like all my sensations had just centered right in my lower body, like a flow going toward my pussy.

I felt soaking wet, laid back and knew that everyone in the crowd was watching my

deepest secret. It felt overwhelming, humiliating, and thrilling all at once. I felt like playing with my cherry, but couldn't of course. Just thinking about it kept me at a heightened state of sexual tension though, that would be evident on the monitors and to anyone that were to get close up.

Ultimately, I was to have the internal ultrasound. The professor held the probe up, which looked like a dildo, and rolled a condom over it. I was so ready to receive the probe and when the professor carefully touched my labia to open me up, I imagined the crowd looking deep inside of me. I was so ready to cum that when he pushed the probe in I wanted to move onto it more!!!!! I wanted that thing to move in and out of me so badly, I could have grabbed it from him and did it myself if better sense hadn’t prevailed. My husband said it was very sexy to see me get probed with that sensor in front of the audience while the monitors showed all the details (including how dripping wet I was and my clit standing straight up). In a way it did feel like being fucked right in front off all these doctors to be.

Shortly after, students were asked to come up and redo the exam. At this point, my legs were very relaxed and very far apart with my clitoris standing straight up. The guys very carefully inserted the probe but a couple would accidentally touch my clit at the same time and it just triggered me. They must all have watched and seen how I was enjoying it because they all tried their best to do just that.

One by one they each had a turn acting as clinical about it as they could in front of their professor, but the looks I glimpsed from their faces told me otherwise. I had to cover my yelps and moans with my hands. It was a kind of competition to see how many times they could make me climax and still avoid the wrath of their teacher. The best technique was the one where they would get down as if they needed to aim at an elusive target with an index finger extended to steady the probe. Upon insertion, a wiggle of the fingertip against my trigger-happy clitoris set me off numerous times before the class was over. The women students were the worse; they knew what they were doing. They wanted to fit in with the men students, so they took more chances at my expense. Who would have thought that “sisterhood” was dead in that auditorium. Thankfully, the students didn’t leave me hanging.

The climax of the whole thing was one last incredible orgasm at the hands of a co-ed

student who bit off more with me than she could handle and tried to calm my climaxing reaction down by patting my stomach, as she looked around embarrassed. Getting down from the chair, I felt drained, relaxed, hypersensitive and humiliated all at the same time.

After getting dressed, my husband showed up in my dressing room. He took me outside the building, turned me so I faced him and said, “What a high!!”

I couldn't have agreed more. I was still flying.