**Examination Subject**

by JessicaX

I felt the moisture dripping out of me sliding across my ass. “Oh please, someone finger my ass...”

I was waiting outside the office of a financial aid officer at the university. If he couldn’t find me some more financial aid, I would have to drop out of school for at least a year and try to find a full time job. One semester short of graduation - just one semester short. There had to be some more aid available.

I had good grades, I received several scholarships, my parents had helped, and I had borrowed as much as I dared - but now, I was at the end. The small work-study grant I received had been shut down due to state budget cuts.

“Mr. Kessler will see you now April,” said Miss Schmidt, Kessler’s secretary, as she showed me into his small sterile cubicle.

Kessler rose to his feet and reached across his desk to shake my hand, “Hello April, it is good to see you again.”

“Good to see you again too, Mr. Kessler,” I quietly said, “I just wish I didn’t have to keep coming back here with my hand out all the time.”

“Nonsense April, that is why I am here,” Kessler sincerely spoke. “I wish I had better news for you, that’s all. I have explored every possibility. There is just no money anywhere. The state budget cuts really hurt. I know losing the work-study money is pushing you over the edge.”

“There has to be something more out there. With the big medical school here, there has to be other opportunities besides selling my blood. Are there any clinical studies that pay anything to participants?”

“April, none that you would qualify for,” Kessler said with sympathy and concern in his voice. “There is one program that kind of flies under the radar over in the medical school. But I have heard some whispers about it. I don’t think this is something you should consider.”

“What is it?” I grasped at the straw.

“I am not exactly sure to be honest,” the bureaucrat admitted. “I was only told that if I ever had students who really needed money, I should refer them to a doctor Baker over at the medical school...”

“Well that fits me!” I said with hope filling my thoughts. “Could you set up an appointment with him for me?”

“I suppose so April, that probably is your only option,” he said as he opened a screen on his computer and typed in a few things. He printed up a sheet and handed it to me. “Doctor Donald Baker, 3:30 this afternoon at 433 Winter Hall.”

I took the paper and thanked him for his help. I shouted back to him as I left, “Hey nothing ventured, nothing gained. Right?”

At lunch with my friends, I asked if anyone had heard anything about the med school having any jobs program or grants for students. Nobody had. The consensus of my lunch group was that they probably had a black market operation going on in selling human organs for transplant. Would I sell them my kidney? At this point, the jury was out.

At 3:30, I was shown into Dr. Baker’s office. Baker was a man in his early sixties, balding, with a paunch. His rosy jowled face was framed with a grey beard and he wore wire glasses. He had a nice smile. “Please come in Miss Anderson, have a seat. Mr. Kessler has sent over your records and I know your situation. I assume you want to know how we could help you, is that correct?”

I liked him. I liked his no-nonsense style. “Can I assume you are not going to offer me money for my organs?”

He laughed, sending his jowls and belly into a roll. “No, nothing like that.”

“Please explain,” I inquired.

“Among the classes I teach here at the medical school, is a class called Human Anatomy. I have a bit of an unorthodox approach that has proved to be very successful. Ninety-six percent of my students have gone on to have very successful careers in medicine - that compares to seventy percent for the rest of the teaching staff. My classes are small, only six students.”

He stopped to recover his breath. I urged him to continue.

“The big difference is I use live subjects in teaching my students. That is where you would come in Miss Anderson,” he paused and watched for my reaction.

“Don’t all doctors use live subjects?”

“Not the way I do Miss Anderson, not this early in medical school, and not as ‘open’ as I use the subjects,” he answered. “I want you to understand completely how this would work before I tell you what the pay would be. Do you want to know more?”

“Of course,” I responded and leaned forward to hear more.

“Nudity, Miss Anderson, total nudity. I do not believe doctors can learn anything about the body and anatomy without total nudity. It is nonsense these hospital gowns and worrying about modesty. It is all too distracting to a young doctor’s learning experience. Are you shocked? Do you want me to go on?”

“Please.”

“If you accepted this job, you would be expected to be totally naked at all times. You would be probed, poked, and examined by six young doctors and myself. Every inch, exposed and probed, every inch I say,” he explained. “Shall I continue?”

I nodded.

“I would need you to be available for a week from 4-7 p.m. on a Monday, Wednesday, and Friday,” he explained. “The setting would be in an exam theater in the medical school, closed to everyone, and under very bright lights. The university will pay you $300 for the week. However, I have had a number of contributions from past students and supporters, that would allow me to pay you an additional $2,000.”

I needed time to process all this. Baker sensed this, or he had the experience that showed him I would need time to consider this.

“I don’t want a decision from you now Miss Anderson. Please take some time and sleep on it. If you are interested, come back to my office at 3:30 tomorrow afternoon. If I don’t hear from you I will assume your answer is no,” he rose and shook my hand. “Good bye, Miss Anderson.”

As I walked back to my dorm, I ran this all through my mind. I was an Art Major, I had even posed in just a small sheet for a drawing class, but there were strict rules of conduct for those sessions. I was comfortable with nudity, but being probed by seven strangers? I could see why this was a whispered program here at my conservative midwest college.

“Well April, you selling a kidney?” my roommate asked.

“No, there were a bunch of clinical studies,” I told her, “I didn’t qualify for any of them - it was a dead end.” If I did this, I didn’t see any point in spreading it around.

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I knocked on Dr. Baker’s office door at 3:30 p.m. “I have a couple of questions Dr. Baker.”

“Of course my dear, please come in and close the door. Have a seat.”

“This is purely clinical... correct? Nothing sexual,” I wanted this clear.

“My dear, we will examine your genitals and breasts. These are young potential doctors and undoubtedly will have sexual thoughts. You are a beautiful young woman,” he explained. “I will promise you however, that there will be no intercourse. I am being as honest and upfront as I can be. If this is something you are not comfortable with, this is something you should not do.”

I thought about this for a couple of minutes. “I am ready to try this Doctor Baker,” I decided.

“April, I need to be sure. I need to know that you can be comfortable with this. I can’t have you not show up and waste our valuable time.”

“I understand Doctor.”

“As a preview and a test, I want you to take off your clothes now Miss Anderson.”

“Really?” I quietly responded as I looked at his face. I didn’t have to wait for his response. He was serious.

I stood up and slipped off my jacket and kicked off my boots as I watched him. I didn’t want to look him in the eyes, so I looked down as I pulled off my sweater and slipped off my jeans.

“*No!*” I thought. I wasn’t going to let him intimidate me, so I looked up and stared him straight in the eyes as I unhooked my bra and placed it on the chair. I slowly hooked my thumbs under the elastic waistband of my bikini briefs and unhurriedly slid them down my hips and legs.

I stood my ground and didn’t modestly try to cover myself with my hands, which was my first inclination. He stared at me for a long time and then slowly rose. I looked at his crotch for a telltale bulge. Apparently I wasn’t exciting him, the only protuberance I noticed was his belly.

He gently grabbed my breast and used his thumb to tweak my nipple. I said nothing. I didn’t react. “Very good, Miss Anderson, very good,” he absentmindedly muttered as his eyes inspected every inch of my body. “Are you sexually active, Miss Anderson?”

“Yes.”

He pulled out a tongue depressor and a small flashlight and said, “Say, ah...”

He examined my throat and teeth. He felt my neck and breasts. He then asked me to bend over his desk. I did and he told me to move my legs further apart. He gently caressed my labia until it became moist and then he inserted one, then two fingers. He moved them deeper inside me. My breathing became heavy and I was feeling aroused.

He did this for several minutes, I tried to quiet my moans, but to no avail. “Are you becoming sexually stimulated Miss Anderson?”

“A little bit,” I blushed.

“I see,” he said rather matter-of-factly as he continued fingering me.

I felt his other hand spread open my rump cheeks and his fingers slide over my butt-hole repeatedly. His fingers were slippery; he must have used a lube. I felt him slowly insert a finger into my rectum and gradually massage it. I had never experienced such dual stimulation. Despite trying to repress my feelings, I found myself moaning even louder and my hips moving in sync with his hands. Within a few minutes, I felt myself coming.

He stopped moving his hands and fingers, but still kept them inside me. When my breathing recovered, he removed his hands and told me to sit down.

I was flushed and my nipples were erect and rock hard. I wanted to cover myself up and I was embarrassed. But I sat there naked and still looked him in the eyes.

“There is no need to be embarrassed Miss Anderson, your healthy young body was merely responding to natural stimuli,” he explained, sounding very much the doctor now. “I wanted you to see that this experience will not be without rewards - if you are willing to throw off conventional morality and American Puritanical nonsense. Can you do that?”

“Haven’t I proved that, Dr. Baker?” I pointed out.

“Yes my dear, yes you have. I think you will work out just fine for my class. Please fill out these forms. You will need to sign the release of your medical records from the Student Health Service to my office,” he said as he handed me the forms. “Please get these papers filled out and to the secretary down the hall by tomorrow afternoon.”

“Yes, Dr. Baker.”

“Report on Monday to Examination Theater #3 on the fifth floor by 3:45 p.m. There is a small room behind the lectern. Please be naked and ready to begin by 4:00,” he instructed. “Do you have any questions?”

“None Doctor, I will see you Monday afternoon,” I said as I picked up my clothes and started to leave his office, when I realized the halls could be full of people and I was still naked. I quickly dressed, as he watched me over the top of his glasses, and left.

As I walked back to my room, what had just happened was a blur in my mind. What was wrong with me? I let an old man, a stranger, finger-fuck me to orgasm. But I enjoyed it, I really did. Well hell then, what was wrong with that? I was helping train doctors and getting paid very well for it. Good for me!

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The sign on the door read, “CLOSED PRIVATE SESSION”. I went in to Examination Theater #3 and found the little room Dr. Baker had described and started to undress. At 3:52, I was naked and excited - and nervous.

I heard people starting to enter the room and right at four o’clock, I heard Dr. Baker announce, “Examination Subject 161 is a twenty-one year old Caucasian female. She stands 5’7”, weighs 116 pounds, and is dark haired with blue eyes. She is well nourished, with no distinguishing features, and appears to be in good health.”

The door opened and I was shown where to stand on a small stage in front of an examination table. Dr. Baker was behind me and the six doctor-candidates stood in a semicircle in front of me. Several small spot lights suddenly illuminated, bathing me in light and making it almost impossible to see.

“Begin your examinations class,” Dr. Baker ordered.

At once, the six began to examine me. My skin, my head, my eyes, all being carefully reviewed. A small penlight was shined up my nose and my ears were looked at. I felt someone running his hand down my back feeling my spine. He palpated my back muscles while another, a woman, felt my neck. This went on for fifteen minutes.

I was told to relax my arms and then raise them. I felt many hands on my breasts, rolling them, squeezing them, and massaging them. It was hard to see with the bright lights, but I could feel several of the men pressed against me. I am sure at least two had erections.

My nipples were hard and were constantly being manipulated. My breathing was becoming more labored. I felt the hands brushing other parts of my body.

“Mr. Thompson!” Baker barked out.

“Yes Doctor?”

“Does the subject have breasts implants?” the old man asked.

“Uh, I... don’t think so.”

“You don’t think so? What kind of an answer is that?”

I felt many hands converging on my breasts, feeling and squeezing them.

“There was no mention of implants in the medical report, sir,” Thompson explains.

“Don’t you ever trust medical reports son, patients lie and they forget. You make sure you KNOW! Is that clear to all of you?”

“Yes Doctor!” they shout in unison.

I was helped on to the examination table as Dr. Baker asked if any one had anything to report. Responses of “no” and “unremarkable” were returned to the old doctor.

My legs were examined and my groin area was heavily examined for “lymph nodes”, I am told. The woman whispered in my ear, “You are very brave for doing this for us. Thank you.”

My feet were placed in the medical stirrups and the students formed a cluster between my legs as they began to examine my genitals. Fingers gently massaged my labia and I could feel myself becoming aroused again. Someone was gently massaging my breasts and tugging occasionally on my nipples. I felt a finger slowly push inside my vagina. Oh my god, it felt so good.

“Miss Valli, is the subject becoming sexually aroused?” I heard Baker say. He was now with the rest of them, between my open legs.

“I believe she is Doctor. Notice the moisture and the erection of her clitoris.”

“Excellent Miss Valli. Johnson, point out her clitoris to me.”

I felt a gentle touch and great pleasure, as he lightly brushed my hard little nub. My hips started to rise up to meet the hands on me and the fingers inside me. I felt the moisture dripping out of me sliding across my ass. “*Oh please, someone finger my ass*,” I thought.

I felt hands kneading both inner thighs. One student on each side of me was rubbing their crotches and their restrained cocks against my rapidly rising and falling hips. I felt someone slowly pushing something into my rectum and then following along with my movements.

Fingers curled up inside me finding my g-spot. I was going to come again - soon. I gave in to the pleasure and moaned my gratification louder and louder. Miss Valli was at my head and leaned in, kissed me, and said, “It feels so good doesn’t it?”

Her breasts were inches from my mouth and I reached my head up and kissed them through her clothes. I reached down to my crotch and felt four, or was it five, hands in me and on me. I took the hand massaging my clit and directed it - rubbing it the way I liked to have it rubbed when I masturbate.

“Oh my god... oh my god!” I heard myself screaming out. All these hands feeling me, rubbing me, probing inside me was almost too much to bear. I imagined the theater was full of people watching me - the wanton slut out of control on the table before them. I imagined a huge audience all masturbating, driven by my sexual frenzy. Yet, I knew they all were still focused on my wild whorish behavior and I loved it!

I felt wetness on the crotches rubbing against my thighs. Miss Valli opened her shirt and gave my mouth her nipples. This was too much! I screamed out in sheer pleasure as I came again and again.

Slowly the fingers left me, the hands were removed, and the breasts disappeared. I rested there on the table spent and bathed in light. Then with a loud click, the lights went black, leaving only a few low watt lights on in the back of the hall.

I thought everyone had left until I heard Dr. Baker say, “Miss Anderson, I teach a class on Human Sexuality as well as this class. Would you be interested in being a Demonstration Subject for that class too?”