**Linda’s Medical Nightmare**
By the Bitchfinder General

**Part One**
For the next couple of days things went quiet. Michelle managed to control herself and behave properly both in class and in a counselling session she had with Linda. Hoping the troublesome student had learned her lesson, Linda relaxed.

Then her world was turned upside down. Under the terms of her contract while she remained on her three months probationary period she had to go through a monthly medical assessment. With her somewhat chequered job history the last thing she wanted was to fail her medical!

Her medical was due to take place at 6 o’clock. She raced off to the doctor’s office, hoping she wouldn’t be late. He’d already warned her on her first visit that being even a minute late meant automatic failure.

This was the second time that Linda had been forced to have a medical with Dr. Stevens, the university GP, and she wasn’t looking forward to it at all. He had insisted right from the start that she should strip fully naked and had kept her that way throughout the examination. Linda was fully convinced that the bastard was a lecherous perve who was enjoying the view far too much for her nudity to be down to strictly medical reasons!

A nervous Linda knocked on the doctor’s door and saw him at his desk, writing something down. He waved her outside angrily and kept her waiting for a full half an hour. Linda thought angrily that he had made enough fuss about HER not being late but when it suited him he was happy enough to keep her waiting!

Finally he shouted from inside the office.

‘Get a move on, girl! Come inside at once!’

Linda, controlling her anger, walked inside the office. Exactly as on the previous occasion she had seen him, there was only one chair in the room, and he was sitting on it. She had to stand up before him while she made her introductions.

‘Linda Marshall here, Dr. Stevens,’ she said. ‘It’s my monthly medical.’

‘Ah yes, Linda,’ he smiled. ‘Well, if you’d left it any longer before seeing me it would have been too late, wouldn’t it? Anyway, at least you’re here now! Oh, and by the way, this time we won’t just be putting you through a standard medical examination like we did before. I want to run a range of new tests on you for a more in-depth evaluation.’

‘Was there a problem last time, Dr.?’ Linda asked anxiously.

‘That’s confidential information,’ he smiled. ‘I don’t have to tell you what’s in your medical records or the results of any tests I carry out. All you need to know is that I want to perform some more tests on you. Do you understand, Linda?’

‘Yes, Dr.’

Linda shut up then, knowing that the last thing she wanted to do was to upset the bloke. Her relationship with him was already difficult enough.

Then the door opened and, to her astonishment, Linda saw her nemesis Michelle Simpson enter.

‘Ah, Michelle, so good of you to help me,’ said the doctor. ‘I’m really pleased that you volunteered to assist me in this particular series of experiments as part of your work experience programme.’

God no, not HER, thought Linda. Just my luck to get HER ‘helping out’ with whatever degenerate stuff he’s got lined up for me!

Linda was just about to protest when the door was flung open again with terrific force and through it came an older woman that Linda immediately realised must be the problem girl’s mother. She glared at Linda in a cold fury.

‘Who are you?’ asked Dr. Stevens, surprised.

‘Is that the bitch?’ the woman asked Michelle.
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‘Yes, that’s her,’ the young girl answered.

‘So you’re the arrogant cunt who’s been giving my daughter a hard time, are you? Linda Marshall, right? I’ll sort YOU out good and proper!’

Linda, infuriated by her rudeness and aggression, was just about to reply in kind when the doctor intervened.

‘Who are you?’ he repeated.

‘I’m Nadia Simpson and this is my daughter Michelle,’ the woman said. ‘This bimbo has been making my daughter’s life a fucking misery for the last month. I’ve come here to talk to her about it.’

Even though Linda was 5’ 11’ tall, Mrs. Simpson, who stood at 6ft 2 inches, towered over Linda. She was feeling thoroughly intimidated by the woman and her aggressive manner and she made a last attempt to get out of a possible confrontation.

‘Look, if you wouldn’t mind waiting until I’ve seen the doctor we could talk things over then,’ she suggested.

‘Don’t piss me about, bitch,’ she shouted. ‘You can fucking see me NOW!’

Linda turned to the doctor, hoping she could persuade him to postpone her examination.

‘Could you possibly wait half an hour and see me then?’ she asked meekly.

‘No chance,’ said the doctor, ‘I’ve got an important private client to see later on so if I don’t see you now I won’t be able to see you at all. And these new tests I want to run are absolutely crucial to your forthcoming assessment.’

Oh shit, thought Linda. It’s starting again! If I don’t have the medical I’ll lose my job, but this bitch won’t let me make another appointment with her and her daughter!

‘I might have a solution,’ Dr. Stevens smiled. ‘I have to examine Linda now and you have to talk to her now. Well, you stay here and talk while I examine her.’

Linda stared at him in disbelief. Surely he wasn’t going to deliberately humiliate her in front of the two women? Or was he? Michelle and her Mum gazed at each other with smiles of triumph on both their faces.

‘I’ve got no objections,’ Mrs. Simpson said, a cold grin on her face.

‘But you can’t examine me in front of – in front of her!’ Linda said.

‘Don’t be ridiculous, girl, why ever not? I’m the only man in the room, after all. Just talk to her while I give you your examination. I’m sure she won’t would mind.’

‘I don’t mind at all, doctor,’ said Michelle’s mother with an evil grin.
‘In fact, I can even give you some help if you need any.’

‘Ah, an excellent idea,’ he smiled. ‘That would be very kind of you. In fact, in view of the nature of the tests I will run, it would be better if you DID help me out. Of course Michelle is helping me anyway as part of her work experience project but it would be greatly appreciated if you helped out as well.’

Linda stared at the three of them in a state of shock. She was, not for the first time, in a completely impossible position. Under the terms of her contract, she had to have a monthly medical, but she was very unhappy about being forced to have it in front of the most disruptive of all her ‘clients’ and her equally obnoxious mother!

‘Would you mind please waiting outside till he’s finished?’ Linda begged the older woman. ‘It won’t take long, I promise.’

‘No fucking chance!’ Mrs. Simpson shouted at her. ‘It’s bad enough that a bimbo like you has been picking on my daughter without telling me you’re too fucking busy to see me. Anyhow, the Doctor has already asked us to help him so tough shit!’

‘That is true, Linda,’ said Dr. Stevens. ‘I did agree that she could stay and help out while I examine you. Actually, it would be a big help to me if they DID help with your testing.’

‘Oh, all right,’ Linda sighed. ‘Let’s get it over with.’

‘Excellent!’ he beamed. ‘Now take your clothes off, Linda.’

A furious Linda began to take off her skirt. She laid it carefully on the doctor’s desk, following up by removing her blouse. Her tights and shoes soon joined them and she stood before the three of them wearing just her bra and knickers. For a brief moment she hoped forlornly that she might get away with that but a stern glance from Dr. Stevens told her to carry on stripping. She took off her bra and placed it on the desk, then, as the last act of humiliation, removed her knickers.
She was now standing naked before the doctor, a student and her mother. Previous experience had taught Linda that there was no point in trying to cover herself up so she just let her arms hang loosely at her sides as the three of them all stared at her in obvious appreciation of her naked body.

‘She’s a pretty horny fucking slut,’ laughed Michelle’s Mum. ‘I bet that cunt of hers has seen a LOT of action in its time!’

Linda glared impotently at the ridicule being directed her way. She was tempted to answer back but when she saw the doctor laughing heartily at the comment as well as the mother and daughter she realised that it would only result in further humiliation for her. What a bunch of scumbags, she thought sourly. A perving quack, a delinquent daughter and a psycho bitch for a mother! That’s like the unholy trinity or something. Oh God, wonder what these new tests the fucking perve wants to make me go through are?

**Part Two**
Linda found out soon enough what the new tests involved, and when she did she realised that, even though she’d had to put up with a lot in the past from perving doctors, she’d never before had to undergo such a painful and humiliating series of ‘tests!’

‘Well, come on, girl,’ said Dr. Stevens. ‘Get a move on!’

To Linda’s fury he gave her a couple of hard slaps on her exposed arse. She knew it would do no good to protest, especially when her tormentors laughed out loud as he did it!

‘Well, let’s see,’ said the doctor. ‘Michelle, let’s start off with you measuring Linda for me, shall we?’

He produced a tape measure and handed it to the willing Michelle, smiling at her as he did so.

‘OK, now measure her tits, her hips, her arse and her waist for me.’

Linda glared impotently as the young student approached her with a huge and thoroughly smug grin on her face. Holding up the tape, she leant across and wound the tape around her back, pulling it as tight as possible around her firm but large tits. She was furious at the way he was allowing Michelle to humiliate her like this but she had no idea of quite how bad things were to get for her later.

‘38D,’ Michelle sniggered as the doctor wrote down the breast size of his patient.

Linda was furious when the young girl then removed the tape and wound it tight around the actual tit flesh itself.

‘Shouldn’t we measure it all ways, Doc?’ she asked with a grin.

‘I suppose we could do that,’ Dr. Stevens answered, smiling back. ‘Yes, why not? It all adds to our knowledge of her medical condition, doesn’t it?’

Linda had to submit to having the width, height and length of her tits measured. When Michelle had finally finished that particular part of the humiliating exercise she deliberately took hold of her tits and played with them, stroking and caressing them.

An infuriated Linda was just about to protest when the girl squeezed her tits hard.

‘Ouch!’ she yelped. ‘Do you mind, it HURT when you did that?’

‘I don’t mind at all, Linda,’ the girl laughed. ‘I’m sure Mum and the doc don’t mind either. Do you, doc?’

‘Not in the least,’ said Dr. Stevens. ‘Anyway, I’m sure you’ve had that sort of thing done to you lots of times by your boyfriends. For goodness sake stop fussing, Linda. We shall be here all night if you don’t let me get on with my job.’

‘They feel quite heavy in my hands too,’ said Michelle. ‘Shall we weigh them as well?’

‘Yes, why not?’ he said, a lecherous grin on his face.

Linda just glared helplessly at the trio who were abusing her with such blatant impunity. Then, after ‘weighing’ her tits, the tape measure was also passed around her waist and hips. Once again the girl deliberately humiliated her ‘counsellor’ by passing the end of the tape right through her cunt. Not only did she do THAT, which was bad enough, but she also deliberately started fingering her clit. Linda was close to striking the student as the girl who she had summoned to her office for discipline was openly humiliating her before the university doctor!

Finally the ‘measurements’ and ‘weight’ were completed and written down. The doctor was now laughing openly as he had poor Linda at his mercy and was clearly enjoying her predicament.

‘OK, I’ll check your pulse and heartbeat now,’ he said.

First he felt in Linda’s arm for her pulse and then he listened to her chest with his stethoscope.

‘Well, that seems to be OK,’ he said. ‘Pulse and heart rate close to normal. Now we’ll have you doing a spot of exercise, shall we? Let’s start off with a session of running on the spot. We’ll watch you doing it for five minutes and then I’ll check your pulse and heartbeat again and see how they are after a bit of mild exercise.’

Linda was furious enough with them all already. Now the perv was forcing her to run on the spot which of course made her large tits bounce up and down as she ran. The doctor was bad enough, not even attempting to hide the huge grin on his face, but Michelle and her mother were both openly laughing at Linda and making jokes and rude remarks about her ‘fat bouncy tits,’ as they called them.

Linda had long since given up hope of any semblance of dignity and she just gritted her teeth mentally as she carried on running on the spot as her audience watched with obvious delight. She was also absolutely sure that he’d made her run on the spot for a LOT longer than five minutes but she knew that any kind of protest would be futile and would only lead to yet more humiliation.

‘Well, that’s not too bad,’ he said finally. ‘I did wonder how fit you were but that’s not bad at all considering.’

He scribbled some brief notes on a pad and then Linda waited for her ordeal to continue. She knew from bitter experience that it would be altogether too optimistic to expect it to finish so soon.

‘Right, that’s not bad at all, Linda. Now we’ll have you doing some press-ups, I think. Get down on all fours and start pushing as hard as you can!’

Linda groaned inwardly, knowing that in this position her arse and cunt would be totally exposed to her three tormentors. All the same, she had no choice. With anger fuelling her determination, she did press-up after press-up until at last he relented.

‘Not bad at all, Linda,’ said the doctor. ‘Now we’ll have you doing some air cycling, shall we?’

A humiliated and furious Linda was forced to lie on her back and make pedalling movements with her legs, displaying her cunt and degrading herself yet again for the amusement of her tormentors.

‘Not bad at all,’ he smiled. ‘Well, that concludes the first part of your examination. We’ll move on to some more – specialist tests shortly. In the meantime I’ll give you a psychological questionnaire to answer.’

He pulled a form that looked about ten pages long out of his desk and showed it to Linda with a smile. She was sure that it would be yet one more means of humiliating her sexually and that all the questions on it would be both degrading and insulting. Sighing, she picked up the form and was just about to start filling it in with the pen she saw on his desk when Mrs. Simpson intervened.

‘Wouldn’t it be quicker if instead of getting Linda here to fill it in herself you asked her the questions and she answered them verbally?’

Dr. Stevens smiled when Nadia said that and Linda glowered at the older woman furiously. She knew that she was in for a thoroughly humiliating session at the hands of all three of them.

‘Sort of like a viva voce exam, I suppose. Yes, why not?’

Linda groaned at the prospect of the verbal degradation that she knew was coming her way. Sure enough, the doctor began by reading off the first question on the form.

‘When did you start masturbating?’

‘I can’t remember,’ answered Linda, truthfully.

‘Give an approximate answer,’ he told her.

‘I don’t know exactly. Maybe 5 years old?’

‘How often do you masturbate now?’

Linda flushed in embarrassment when he asked that question.

‘About twice a week.’

‘When did you see your first cock?’

‘I can’t remember. I suppose when I was about two years old.’

‘When did you first touch the genitals of the opposite sex?’

‘I’m not sure. I suppose when I was about eight years old.’

‘And when did you have your first kiss?’

‘When I was about three.’

‘And when did you have your first proper kiss?’

‘When I was twelve years old.’

‘And when did you have your first blow job?’

‘When I was twelve.’

‘And when did you have your first fuck?’

‘At twelve years old.’

‘And when were you first fucked up the arse?’

‘At twelve years old.’

‘And when did you have your first lesbian experience?’

‘At twelve years old.’

‘And have you ever been gang fucked?’

‘Yes,’ Linda almost whispered, fighting back the tears that threatened to burst out of her eyes as she remembered that horrific ordeal.

‘How old were you when you had your first gang fuck?’

‘Twelve years old.’

‘Have you ever been raped?’

‘Yes,’ Linda mumbled, the tears even harder to hold back now.

‘And how old were you when you were raped?’

‘Twelve years old.’

‘Have you ever been sexually abused in a non-penetrative way?’

‘Yes.’
‘How old were you when that first happened.’

‘Twelve.’

The doctor smiled and the two women glanced at Linda with open contempt and enjoyment at seeing her being forced to relive her traumatic past in public for their entertainment.

‘What a total fucking slut!’ Mrs. Simpson commented. ‘You’re no better than a whore, you dirty cunt!’

Linda’s eyes flashed fire, but she kept her peace. It would only add to her humiliation if she responded to the two women. Michelle, of course, was openly laughing at seeing her forced to relive her ordeal in front of them.

‘You HAVE had a busy sex life, haven’t you?’ she giggled. ‘Did you enjoy yourself?’

Linda was about to lose her temper and come back with an acid retort when Mrs. Simpson chimed in.

‘Of course she did,’ she laughed. ‘A whore like her – she fucking LOVED every minute of it!’

‘Well, let’s get back to the questions, shall we?’ the doctor intervened.
‘Have you ever engaged in bondage?’

‘Yes,’ Linda almost growled.

‘Have you ever been spanked?’

‘Yes.’

‘Have you ever engaged in degradation and humiliating practices?’

‘Yes,’ said Linda, resisting the temptation to add that she was being forced to do exactly that at this very moment.

‘Have you ever engaged in BDSM activities?’

‘Yes.’

‘Have you ever engaged in water sports?’

‘Yes,’ Linda answered, her fury growing with each intrusive question.

‘Have you ever had objects inserted inside your body?’

‘Yes.’

‘Up your cunt?’

‘Yes.’

‘Up your arse?’

‘Yes.’

‘Up your gob?’

‘Yes.’

‘Have you ever been used as an object?’

‘Yes,’ said Linda, just desperate to got the whole sordid and degrading process over and go home.

‘Which objects have you been used as?’

Flushing with a mixture of anger and embarrassment as she replied, Linda answered his question.

‘I’ve been used as a chair, a table, a bed, a beer-can holder, a bottle holder, a candlestick holder, a lamp-stand, a clothes-horse, a coat stand, a hat stand, a footrest, a soup bowl, a salad server, a wall hanging, a table ornament, a plate, an ashtray, a garden sprinkler and a sink.’

Both women fell about laughing as Linda related her catalogue of abuse.

‘What a total fucking slut!’ said Mrs. Simpson, almost splitting her sides with laughter.

‘You’re so FUNNY, Linda!’ said Michelle, giggling hysterically. ‘You certainly know how to have fun!’

‘Have you ever been used as a toilet?’ Dr. Stevens returned to his own relentless and degrading questioning.

‘Yes,’ Linda almost mumbled.

‘Just piss or full service?’

‘Full service,’ she whispered.

Again the two women roared with laughter.

‘There’s no end to the total depravity of this dirty cunt, is there?’ said Mrs. Simpson, laughing aloud at Linda’s misery.

‘And have you used your tongue as toilet paper?’

‘Yes,’ said Linda, trying to hold back the flood of tears that were threatening to explode from her eyes.

‘OK, let’s ask another question. Have you been fucked by animals?’

‘Yes.’

‘Which animals?’

‘Dogs, horses, pigs and a gorilla,’ Linda almost whispered.

‘How old were you when you first fucked animals?’

‘Thirteen,’ she mumbled.

‘What a degenerate fucking cunt you are!’ said Mrs. Simpson. ‘And YOU have the fucking nerve to ring me up and say that my beautiful sweet little daughter is a troublemaker!’
The doctor looked at the form again, writing down all the answers. Then he went on to his next set of questions.

‘Have you ever been naked in public?’

‘Yes.’

‘Are you a lesbian?’

‘No.’

‘Are you a prick teaser?’

‘No.’

‘Are you a nymphomaniac?’

‘No.’

‘Do you enjoy sex?’

‘Not very often,’ Linda admitted.

‘Are you promiscuous?’

‘No.’

‘Huh!’ said Mrs. Simpson. ‘That’s a fucking lie for a start! This bimbo bitch has fucked animals, objects, men and women and she has the nerve to claim that she’s not promiscuous! I’d put that down as a ‘yes’ if I were you, doctor.’

‘Yes,’ he said thoughtfully, ‘there does seem to be a touch of cognitive dissonance about her answer. I’ll put down that she answered no but that her sexual history would suggest that yes would have been more accurate.’

He wrote briefly on the form and then continued.

‘What are your sexual fantasies, Linda?’

Linda flushed with embarrassment at that question. She’d had so many years of sexual abuse that any normal sexual feelings had been long ago corrupted and transformed into more perverse directions.

‘I’d like to have a man who brings me flowers, wines and dines me, treats me like a princess and is kind and considerate towards me,’ she said in a quiet voice.

‘That hardly counts as much of a fantasy, Linda,’ said the doctor. ‘Do you ever fantasise about being raped?’

‘I’ve had the real thing,’ she said curtly. ‘I didn’t enjoy it and I can assure you that I DON’T have fantasies about it.’
‘What about lesbian fantasies?’

‘I’ve never had lesbian sex voluntarily,’ she told him. ‘Because it always took place in a coercive context, I hated that too.’

‘So what does turn you on sexually?’

‘Kindness, thoughtfulness, unselfishness, and being romantic.’

‘Well, we don’t seem to be getting very far in this area,’ said the doctor. ‘I’ll ask some different questions. Do you make the first move sexually or wait for the man to approach you?’

‘I normally wait for the man to approach me, though I did once make the first move on another man at work but it wasn’t a success.’

‘All right, just one last question and then we’ll move on to the next stage of your examination,’ said Dr. Stevens. ‘This question relates to the area of your personality. Would you say that you were dominant, submissive or a switch?’

Linda thought for a moment. She was genuinely unsure how to answer that question.

‘I’m probably more of a switch, doctor,’ she said finally. ‘I do enjoy being the boss but then again I’ve also found that it’s quite fun at times to let other people take charge of my life.’

‘Right, thank you, Linda,’ said Dr. Stevens. ‘That concludes this part of your examination, the psychological questionnaire. Now we’ll move on to the final stage of the process. That will be an interactive series of tests designed to measure both physical and psychological responses. Go and lie down on the table, Linda. I’ll get you ready for the next phase.’