**Micro-Pussy**

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Because of a mix-up with my appointment, the receptionist had said the doctor could only see me if some medical students observed the exam. I'd wanted to refuse what I imagined to be essentially a few extra doctors in the background.

So I was distraught to be shown into a room so large it had double doors, a crowd of about twenty chatty first-year students watching me. And in the centre of the room, the thing I had been avoiding for basically my whole life, a reclining gynaecology chair.

It was only my first year in university, and the students here looked young enough to be in my English classes or sharing my dorm. But the time had come where I could no longer put this off. I needed a medical opinion.

It was obvious who the doctor was, a thirty-something pretty woman, well-dressed with short dark hair. I walked over to where she waited with the class.

I had been expecting some kind preliminary chat, but she hadn't even offered me a seat. I couldn't stop looking at the spacious reclining chair with its ridiculously outstretched footrests.

"I've just read the form the receptionist gave you. Would you tell me what the problem is exactly?"

The class weren't exactly silent, but they were attentive. They stood behind the doctor in a messy semicircle. Being in the spotlight like this would have made me nervous under normal circumstances.

"Yes," I said, and then hesitated before starting. "I tried to have sex with my boyfriend recently, for the first time, but we couldn't."

"Have you tried to have penetrative intercourse before?"

"Not. Well. With fingers." I laughed nervously, eyes darting over the watching peers.

"Can you penetrate yourself?"

"Yes. Well, kind of. With one finger."

The students were whispering together behind the doctor, looking curious.

"So, you have a small vagina?"

"Yes." My mouth was so dry.

"Your outer labia as well as your opening?"

"Eh, my. Both." I was getting sweaty.

"Okay, well you drop your underpants, and I'll have a look."

"Here?"

I was standing in the middle of the room, had my rear facing the unlocked double doors onto a busy corridor.

She didn't answer, and I began fumbling with the button of my jeans. I had to get it done, quick and painless. Couldn't ignore it any longer. I wanted to finally have sex, needed this sorted.

In one motion, I pushed my trousers down to my knees. I grabbed the waistband of my panties, whipped them down, and stood up straight.

There it was. Out in the open. I'd finally done it. It was no longer a secret.

There was an explosion of chatter from the students.

"Oh my God," one of the girls said, laughing, before she could stop. "What the fuck?"

"Jesus," a guy blurted.

My hands quickly covered my privates, wanting to burst into tears. But the doctor reached down and moved my arms to my sides.

Everyone was craning for a better look. The doctor looked fascinated too.

"Oh wow," she said. "How unusual."

She lifted the bottom of my T-shirt a bit, and asked me to hold it.

I had shaved a week ago, for when I'd tried to have sex with Adam. So I had a bit of dark stubble on my pubis and lips. It did nothing to hide my miniscule, protruding pussy though. My mound was a tiny but distinct bulge that stuck out between my legs, about 3cm wide.

Very rounded, almost like half a ping-pong ball, it projected down from the bottom of my pubis. Not being wide enough to reach my inner thighs made it so much more pronounced, despite its size. My lips were puffy enough to be noticeable, with a very short, simple slit between them.

"That is very tiny," said the doctor. I thought I could see a hint of amusement in her eyes. "I've never seen a vagina like that before. Well, this will be an interesting examination. Why don't you finish getting undressed. Everything off, please."

I pulled up my panties and jeans, waiting for her to tell me where I could strip.

"Right here is fine," she said.

"There isn't a curtain to go behind? Or a gown."

"There's no curtain, but I'll get you a gown."

I was left alone in front of the murmuring class for few seconds as she walked away and then returned holding a long, white paper vest.

"I can put your things on the table here," she said, as if being helpful.

"Thanks," I grumbled.

I knelt to untie my shoes, and handed them over with my socks. Then down came my trousers, all the way off, and I'd folded them and handed them over too. There was a painful squirming in my gut.

I pulled my top up and over my head, and held it to my chest for a moment before reluctantly letting the doctor take it. I felt like my knees were about to give way. Here were twenty college students, whispering and smiling, while I stood in my little blue bra and knickers.

"Your underwear, please. Bra too."

I took a deep, shaky breath, and reached behind my back. The straps loosened, and I shrugged them off my shoulders. I put an arm under the cups to cover my boobs, and then handed the bra over.

I wasn't skinny exactly, or not naturally at least. But I was petite and in good shape. I had a slim waist, and while my stomach wasn't flat, it was tight. What I appreciated most about my body was my soft, bronzed skin.

My skin suited what I thought was quite a pretty face, as well as my shoulder-length, black, curly hair. However, my breasts were a little on the small side. There was definitely something there. They bounced when I walked. But not much more than a handful.

Still keeping my nipples covered with my right arm, I struggled a bit to pull my knickers down with just my left hand. Eventually, I got them low enough that they dropped to the floor of their own accord.

My weird crotch exposed, I bent quickly to pick them up, and as soon as I'd passed them to the doctor, my hand had sprung down to my pussy. I was frantically wondering how I was going to get the gown on without showing everyone my entire nude body.

The doctor was about to give the paper vest to me, when I heard the door behind me opening, and someone calling in to the doctor. I gasped, cringing, and looked over my shoulder to see a man poking his head in through one of the double doors.

"Sorry," he said. "I can see you have a class. But could you spare a moment?"

Before I could protest, the doctor had started to walk away, carrying my gown with her. I wanted to scream for her to come back, but I was too mortified to make a peep.

I turned back to the class, who were more animated with the absence of the doctor, all talking about me, even pointing. I was completely overwhelmed, dazed.

I heard a second man's voice, and the sound of the corridor, and stared over my shoulder to see one of the double doors wide open, my doctor now talking with two men. One was standing right inside the room, the other talking from the corridor as he held the door.

People were passing by, glancing into the room curiously at the nude young woman with her brown bottom completely on display.

They were obviously wrapping up their conversation, the men finally going to leave, when my doctor said, loudly "Actually, before you go, you've got to see this."

And in a second, she was leading one of them over to me while the other waited, leaning casually against the open door while he watched.

"Will you turn around for us?" the doctor asked me. "I'd like my colleague to have a look at you."

On the verge of tears, my legs barely supporting me, I faced them, showing my clenched bottom to the class. There were a few laughs from behind me and increased whispering.

"Well," said the doctor. "Take your hand away."

People were passing almost continuously in the corridor, gawping right at me, most of them clearly patients.

I slowly moved my hand, until my vagina was completely exposed. I could feel droplets of sweat running from my armpits down my sides.

"Oh, how weird." He bent to get a better look. "I've seen a few micro-vaginas before, but nothing as strange as this. Odd the way it sticks out like that. You've got a very lucky class here, this is rare. You're going to do dilation today?"

"What's dilation?" I stammered, cutting off the doctor before she could speak.

"If your opening is as small as you've told me," she said. "Then the only treatment will be to dilate you with increasingly large cylinders. Stretching you, essentially."

"Stretching me?" I gasped.

"Well anyway," the doctor said to her friend. "I thought you would be interested."

They had finished looking, and I finally covered myself, my bottom still on view to the class.

"You know," said the man. "You should really be documenting this procedure. It's such an unusual case. I'll send a couple of technicians along to take pictures."

"That's a wonderful idea," said the doctor, lighting up. "Please."

"Wait, hold on," I said.

But the man was walking away, and the doctor was turning me by my shoulder, towards the class. I heard the door close, and glanced back to confirm.

"Oh, how silly," said the doctor, still beaming from the man's suggestion. "I've got your gown. Sorry about that. Here you go." She held it out to me.

The class went a little quiet, knowing I would need to uncover something. I took my hand from my vagina, and turned around to put the gown on and tie it at my back, the two halves not meeting.

"Let's get you in position then, before the technicians arrive."

"I'm really not sure about being photographed," I said quietly, trying not to let the class hear. She led me over to the chair. The back was reclined at about thirty degrees from the flat seat.

She ushered me onto the seat, and got me to lay down. The plastic was cold on the bare part of my bottom and back. I managed to make sure the gown's middle at the front hung over my vagina.

"Make sure you've all got a view," she called out to the class. They'd been hanging back a bit. But at her words, they crowded behind her while she lifted my legs one at a time, placing my calves on the stirrups.

I was still managing to keep control of the gown hanging over my crotch. My hands were resting protectively on my abdomen, but I had to move them so I could raise myself, to help her shift me further down the chair.

Hidden only by this short, thin curtain of paper, my buttocks were at the very edge of the chair. With my legs being held up, unable to move them, I was so vulnerable.

She was messing about, adjusting the positions of the stirrups, the gown wavering dangerously. When she'd stopped tampering, my thighs were at a fully ninety degrees to the horizontal seat of the chair.

She'd left my calves coming straight forward, horizontally, and my knees were out by more than a foot from my body on either side. There wasn't any position that would have put my vagina and ass more on display.

I wiped sweat from my forehead and upper lip, and put my arm back on the chair. She pulled a stool to between my legs, sat down, and lifted a small pad with buttons connected to the chair by a cord.

I jumped as the chair jerked and started to rise with a loud hum. She let go of the control when I was high enough that my crotch was nearly at her eye level, my ass about three feet off the ground.

"Okay. Ready for the grand unveiling, are we?" she joked.

"No, wait," I blurted. "Don't."

But she had lifted the flap of paper, and was folding it back at my stomach. She moved, so that the class could see.

A few of the women put their hands to their mouths. "Oh my God," one of them said, looking almost sick by how exposed I was. People were shaking their heads in disbelief.

Looking fearfully down, I could see my bare, stumbly pubis and half my tiny mound, curving off out of view.

There was a lot of giggling and talking, as they all jostled to see between my splayed legs. As small as my slit was, I knew I must be showing the pink between my lips. I could feel my buttocks, and even my asshole, stretched apart.

The door opened, and I nearly screamed. Two new men were walking towards us, wearing white scrubs, and the door didn't close fast enough to avoid two passing people glance into the room.

One of the men was carrying a DSLR camera and other a small but serious looking lamp on a tripod.

"Great timing," my doctor said. "Why don't you set up, while I get the right equipment." And she walked away, leaving me unobscured.

The man with the camera, when he got close enough to see exactly what everyone was looking at, let out a snort of amusement.

The other just gave a low whistle. He set up his lamp a few feet in front of my crotch, to the side of the stool so the light wouldn't be blocked.

I was shaking, wanting to run out of there, but I was trapped, petrified. My brain wasn't functioning like it normally did. Everything seemed dulled, like a dream. The lamp clicked on and I was covered in pure, white light.

"I'll just do a test shot," said the guy with the camera to his colleague, and raised the DLSR, obviously getting my whole body, even my face. He looked at the screen, showed it to the other man, and they agreed the lighting was good.

I couldn't even imagine the kind of view everyone was getting now, absolutely no detail hidden by the tiniest shadow. This group of strangers were getting a better look at my vagina and asshole than even I ever had.

The students started to part a bit to let the doctor back. She put a tray on a metal table, and wheeled it over before sitting between my legs. I raised myself on an elbow to see what she had brought. My stomach lurched so painfully that I had to lie back down.

A bottle that looked like hand soap, but that I guessed was lube. Also, a long, nondescript cardboard box. A tiny roll of measuring tape.

But the items that made me feel sick were five translucent plastic cylinders. Each about twenty centimetres long, except for the thickest, which was half the length. In width, they ranged from half a centimetre to about five.

The class were looking at the tray and talking together. This doctor didn't really expect me to be able to fit those in me, surely. Adam couldn't even get his index finger in when we'd tried last week.

She was putting on a pair of white gloves, and without asking if I was comfortable, started to explore the outside of my labia. She was pressing at my lips, and then started to pull them apart as far as they went.

My outer slit being so short, I knew she was probably holding the whole thing open. She leant in closer, and I practically spasmed as her fingertip touched my hole, pressing down.

"Remarkable. Yes, you're one of the few women in the world to have a micro-vagina. It's a rare vaginal abnormality. What I need to find out now are the measurements of your vagina, including the depth. But first," she said to the technician with the camera. "Will you take a photograph, please? I want to monitor each stage of the procedure."

She moved to the side a little, keeping one hand pressed down on my lips. The man leant in close, and I winced as I heard the shutter snap. He looked at the close up of my open pussy on the camera screen, before nodding. She let go of me, saying "And one with the labia closed." He took another picture.

The doctor was taking the small roll of measuring tape from the tray, and was pressing the flat plastic against my lips.

"Full length of outer labia is 5cm," she said as she wrote it down. Then she was leaning into my crotch again, and I felt the push of plastic. "Length of external opening is 3.2cm. Width of left outer lip is 1.5cm, right 1.1." She was easing my labia apart.

"Left inner lip 2.8cm long, right 2.5. Clitoris..." I gasped at her touch. "Approximates 3 millimetres. And maximum inner opening is 1cm across by... 1.8 down. Vaginal hole less than 2 millimetres. Wow, I think this might be a new world record," she said, and everybody except me laughed.

She reached to the tray, and from the bottle, pumped a transparent glob of lube onto her gloved fingertips. She rubbed some around my hole, trying to coat the inside as much as possible. My vagina was suddenly very sensitive to the cold air.

She applied the rest to the end of the thinnest plastic stick. I was really starting to feel like I was about to pass out, lying back weakly in the chair.

"Now this might feel a little uncomfortable."

"I'm actually really not feeling so good."

"Oh, don't worry. That's probably just from the nerves of having so many people watching."

And then I inhaled sharply as I felt the hard plastic tip poking at my hole.

"Oh wow," she commented. "So tight. Can you try to relax a bit? I can see your muscles tensing." She was twisting the rod, working it in a millimetre at a time. And then I moaned in disgust as it started to penetrate me, passing my opening.

It was sinking deeper, going through my insides. I looked fearfully around at the twenty watching peers, eyes all fixed on the intimate procedure. I was so nude, shivering with just the paper gown covering my chest, raised so high off the ground on this chair.

"Oh," I shouted, my voice shaky. "Stop." It had bumped at my back wall, a very unfamiliar feeling. A moment, and then I felt it slipping quickly out of me. She had her thumb marking the rod, and compared it to her measuring tape.

"The depth of a woman varies," she told me, writing the number down. "10 to 15cm is the average. You're at 6cm. So while you are very shallow, you're lucky that it's only your opening and external vagina that are astonishingly small. This means that we can perform a simple dilating procedure to fix the issue of you not being able to have intercourse."

The students hadn't stopped staring at my now unobscured ass and lubricated vagina.

"So," she continued calmly. "It's very important that we move between the sizes of instruments as quickly as possible, or your hole will close up and we'll have to start all over again. You won't be able to have any breaks. I'll only pause briefly between insertions so that we can photograph the changes to your hole. Sound okay?"

"No! I don't want to do this, please."

She was lubricating the top of another plastic rod, which was about a centimetre across. "Oh, don't be silly. You'll be fine." And before I could catch my breath, she was bent forward at my vagina again.

The plastic tip was pushing at my tight hole, while she kept my lips prised open. I could feel her twisting it back and forth. I let out a loud, shuddering moan as it began to enter me painfully.

I tensed defensively as she forced it deeper. She didn't insert it completely to my back wall this time, but began to pump the rod in and out in front of everyone. I could see the length of skinny plastic moving, sticking out under the curve of my minute mound.

"Okay," she announced. "Ready for the next one."

But instead of pulling it out of me, she stepped aside, holding the rod further up. Everyone was talking and staring, with a perfect and brightly lit view. The cameraman stepped up, leaning close to me, and the shutter snapped.

"You're so tight," she remarked to me. "I wonder if the probe would stay in by itself." And with that, she let go of the stick.

It stayed poking out, long and trembling absurdly. But then I felt it rapidly leaving my body, and as much as I tried to stop it, it popped out completely. The doctor caught it, and laughed with the class. "Well, I guess not," she said. "Worth a try."

My little hole already felt so stretched. I knew it was nothing compared to a normal woman, but I felt like everyone could see straight inside me. The students were whispering and giggling as they stared.

I was lying breathless, watching the doctor as she applied a glob of lube to another cylinder, rubbing it along the first quarter. This was impossible. This wasn't happening.

"Ah," said the doctor, remembering, and turned to the camera wielding technician. "Would you get a picture of her? Be quick, I need to get this in."

When he was done, the doctor was at my crotch again, pushing the plastic against my hole. But this time I wasn't going to let it happen. I tensed as hard as I could to stop her from penetrating me. I was putting a stop to this nightmare.

"You need to relax," she told me.

I was petrified, but determined.

After a minute of twisting the rod hopelessly at my opening, she sighed and leaned back. "Well," she said. "Seems like it's not going to go in. Don't worry, I expected this might happen."

And my heart soared as I watched her reach over to put the cylinder back on the tray. Was this really ending? But I heard her fumbling with something, and as weak as I was, I managed to raise myself up to see her taking a large, white object out of the unmarked cardboard box.

"No way..." one of the students said.

They were all murmuring excitedly. When I saw the revulsion on some of the girls' faces, I knew it must be bad.

The doctor was holding up a long, thick, gradual cone with a round point about the size of a tangerine at the wide end. Surely she wasn't expecting to get that inside me. It was huge. But then she pressed a button on the side, and it started to vibrate loudly.

I whimpered, powerless and naked. With my legs raised right up like they were, held by my calves, it felt like I was being suspended, hanging from my knees. Everything between my thighs was so insanely vulnerable.

The doctor was leaning in, the massive vibrator still whirring. She turned to the cameraman. "Would you mind getting in on my side here, and just take a picture every few seconds. Make sure to get her hole clearly. I want to document how it widens while I stimulate her."

And without saying anything to me, she was rubbing the lubricant from my hole to my clitoris, my whole body jerking. I was making this weird, panicky whinnying noise, unable to stop. I had never felt so disgusting and desperate in my life.

She was separating my lips with one hand. I braced myself, still making that high-pitched, breathy sound. And then the vibrator touched the top of my vagina, right on my exposed clit, the mechanical noise instantly dulled, and I let out a loud, long "Oh." I was breathing sharply, trying to stop my body from spasming, but I could see my legs twitching and shaking.

"Oh," I shouted again. "Oh. Please, stop. Don't. No, don't."

But she was pushing down harder, nudging the ball up and down by a millimetre. The technician was bent next to her, taking pictures. The class were closer than ever, trying to get a view.

It was all I could do to stop my body from convulsing completely. I'd never felt such an extreme stimulation before.

"Ah," I cried out. "Wait, wait, wait." But it was too late. "Aah!" I was having an orgasm, right in front of these people. I tried to control my contorted face.

And then the vibrator switched off and the room was silent apart from my desperate, ragged breathing. I felt repulsive, lying with my legs in the air, drenched in sweat.

"Oops," said the doctor teasingly, surveying my sensitive pussy. "Looks like somebody's had a little orgasm." She moved back so the class could examine me properly. "See how dilated and wet she is now? And the clear liquid dribbling out of her? Hey," she said to the technician. "Make sure you get a good picture of that."

She was fumbling around on the metal tray. "So before, there was no way this probe was going in." I was brought out of my state of shock, as something hard and thick poked at my hole and started to enter me, touching my insides. "But see how easily I can penetrate her now?"

She was happily pushing the long rod in and out, with a new and very distinct squelching noise coming from between my legs. She was seriously stretching me. I'd never had anything this large inside me in my life. She wasn't just moving it in and out, but enthusiastically twisting it and pulling it side to side, stimulating parts of my delicate insides that had never been touched.

And then the sound in the room changed, got louder. I couldn't figure it out. Was I finally passing out? Or had I passed out and I was now coming to? I realised that everyone was looking towards the double doors.

Mortified, I saw a man in a white coat holding one of the doors open. People were passing by, slowing to stare in embarrassed disbelief.

"Sorry to interrupt," he said.

I was wincing as the doctor continued to pump the rod, getting more careless.

"Oh," she said. "No problem at all. How can I help."

I gasped as she bumped at the back of my insides, not seeming to notice. Her thrusts were getting harder as she chatted. I couldn't even tell what they were saying. My body would jolt as she continued to recklessly hit my back wall.

I was sweating and staring helplessly at the stranger in the door and the people passing. I was trying to keep my mouth from opening as I fought off another orgasm. I could feel my face tensing against my will, my legs shaking.

The twenty students watched me closely, the girls in particular whispering purposefully together, either laughing or looking nervous, clearly noticing my newfound panic. I gritted my teeth, determined not to. I felt like a freak.

And then I was shaken loose from my daze as I realised the doctor was saying my name. She was finally slowing her penetration.

"Yes?" I gasped. I wanted to cry. I wanted to run out of there and never think of this day again.

"Were you listening?" she asked, finally stopping her hand.

"No," I squealed.

"The doctor here," she nodded to the door. "He needs this room so he can use the body scanner. But don't worry, there's another room free down the corridor. Only thing is, we can't interrupt the procedure, so we'll wheel you along in the chair as you are."

"The... corridor. No, please," I whimpered, trying not to wince as the rod moved. "I can't."

"I know it's very exposing, but it'll be over in a few seconds. Otherwise, we'll have to start the whole procedure from scratch."

Appalled, I looked to the open door and the people passing by. The man in the doorway smiled at me, as if being encouraging. I was stunned, this was impossible.

"We'll go ahead then?" she asked.

And before I could think, she was giving instructions to the two technicians, still holding onto the rod so it didn't escape.

My vision was starting to blur. I jumped as the wheels of the chair were unlocked. My pulse was so loud in my ears, I couldn't hear anything. As the chair started to move, the vulnerability was overwhelming.

Two students were holding the double doors wide. I couldn't see any details, but I was aware of figures in the corridor stopping to stare, making space for us. The doctor, keeping the plastic stick stretching my tiny, freakish pussy, slowly led the way.

On my back, nearly naked, wide eyed and defenceless, I looked up at my surroundings. The technicians were guiding the chair, the class following.

And suddenly I was passing through the door and a dozen strangers were getting a close and unobscured view of my stretched and penetrated micro-vagina and asshole. With my legs straight up in the air, so uncontrolled and impossibly spread, my ass right at the edge of the seat, I felt again like I was about to faint.

I held on tight to the chair as I was turned, feeling so unstable. Going straight, down the middle of the corridor, people were moving out the way, watching as I slowly passed.

I kept a vice-like grip on the chair, while my other hand tried to guard my paper vest, so aware of how close I was to being completely nude.

Something was happening ahead. I closed my eyes tight, feeling dizzy, and opened them, trying to see. There was a group of people, blocking the corridor. As we got nearer, I started to hyperventilate, as I saw a second group of twenty or so first-year students.

I started to whimper. "Please," I whispered, but the doctor ignored me. With my legs splayed obscenely, I was being wheeled straight towards this second class. Another huge group of peers were about to see my life-long secret in extreme detail.

I was whining uncontrollably as we stopped dead in front of the new class. I wanted to scream. They were all whispering and staring. I heard laughter. And then I moaned as I spotted Calum, the guy I'd had a crush on since meeting him the first week of university.

He looked shocked, but seeing me notice him he smiled and waved, starting to move forward, approaching my pathetic, suspended body. Up close, he cast an eye over my revolting pussy, before focusing on my contorted face.

"Hello," he said, relaxed and trying to hide a smirk. "Funny seeing you here. What the hell is happening?" His eyes flicked back to the rod sticking out of me, the doctor still holding it.

She was addressing the new doctor, another woman.

"We're just changing rooms," she explained. "We were in the middle of a dilating procedure, as you can see. So we didn't want to interrupt the stretching and have to start again."

I couldn't believe they were standing here having a conversation.

Smiling kindly, the new doctor bent down to get a good look at my vagina. "Oh wow, what an unusual shape. I'd love for my class to see a procedure like this. So rare for a woman to be quite so small and disformed."

"Well," said my doctor brightly. "We're moving to Room 1-11, so there's more than enough room. Why don't you all join us."

I gasped at the suggestion, jerking as my stomach cramped painfully. Calum sniggered at my reaction, but the two doctors ignored me.

In a moment we were moving, continuing along the corridor, and then we were turning, and going through another set of double doors, into a room even bigger than before, with a huge window along the far wall.

"Please," I said to my doctor as she directed the technicians to position me in the middle of the room. "Please, this is too many people."

I jumped as I saw someone passing the window, looking right in at me. I managed to push myself onto my elbows and saw that the window led directly onto the path from the patient carpark to the main entrance. On my way in I had taken this exact route along the side of the building.

I dropped back, desperately trying not to cry. I watched another person walk past, shocked to see the absurd scene - a nearly naked young woman, a long stick protruding from her vagina, in the middle of a room of about forty people.

"So," announced the doctor, standing beside me so she could keep the rod inserted. I couldn't stop from whimpering. "We're all set up now. Our patient here has never had intercourse because, as you can see, she has a micro-vagina. She's a first-year student, like all of you. You might have even seen her around campus," she joked. "So you know how important sex is at your age. Today, we're doing a stretching procedure.

"We've already measured her. And I'll get you all a copy of the measurements after we're done here." My eyes flicked to Calum, who was staring at me as he listened. "And so far, not including gauging her depth, we've done two sizes, and we're about to insert the third. I can tell you, it wasn't easy. We had to use a vibrator to get the last one in. And that worked very well," she said, turning to me. "You even had a little orgasm, didn't you?"

Everyone laughed, the whispering intensifying.

"This is by far the tightest and most unusual vagina I've seen in ten years of medical practice. Which is why we have these two technicians here, documenting such an unusual abnormality."

She turned back to me. "You're going to be in a new position for this next procedure. It's not so comfortable for you, which is why I'm only doing it at the later stages. But it opens you up a lot more, so I think it will be necessary.

"I'm going to remove this probe, we'll allow the class to get a quick look, the technician will take a picture, and then we'll turn you over onto your elbows and knees to start with the next size. Someone was carrying the tray, yes? Oh great, thank you." She took it from a student with one hand, and the new doctor pulled over a little table to set it on.

"Okay, everyone get close. Ready to see the tiniest hole in the world?"

My eyes were locked on Calum, right at the front of the crowd. As the rod left me, I let out a loud, unwilling groan. There was the briefest moment of relief before the doctor's fingers were at my lips, spreading them, and I felt the cold air on my pink insides. A few people gasped. Calum's mouth was open as he and his peers studied my minuscule vulva and hole.

Then the technician was bending forward and the camera shutter clicked.

Working quickly, the doctor was removing my numb legs from the stirrups and had her hands on my hips, guiding me round onto my front. Shaking and terrified, letting her contort me, I was rolling over.

She brought my backside up, so I was on my knees. The paper gown immediately fell forward, away from my breasts, and I frantically pressed it back to my chest with an arm, the other supporting me. I was drenched in sweat.

"Ah," she muttered. "This is getting the way." And she was pushing the gown to my shoulders. I was so naked, my ass in the air, only my breasts barely covered. But then the gown tightened momentarily, and loosened completely, the sides of it falling away from my body. She had untied it.

She moved to my head, and reclined the backrest so the chair became a table.

"I'll need both your elbows here and your head as low as it can go, so that your back's at a diagonal to your bottom. Forearms flat on the table please."

Defeated, I let go, revealing my small chest. I looked down and saw them hanging, nipples erect. And behind them, my whole nude body, including my tiny, round vagina.

"This looks awkward actually," she said, and started to force the armholes of my gown down and past my hands until I was no longer wearing it and then she had pulled it out from under me completely.

She was moving back to my rear. I closed my eyes, face pressed onto the table. I felt her hands at my thighs, pushing them apart, my knees out from my body. I heard the camera shutter go, and then her fingers were at my lips, separating them for the class.

"Her hole is already so much wider than when we started," she pointed out.

She let go for a moment, and I was left with my pussy on show. I opened my eyes and saw two young men out the window, walking slowly by as they stared at my entire naked body. I shut my eyes tight again, mortified.

And then I forgot the window, as a wet, hard object was pushing at my hole. "Ah," I cried. "It's too big." Everyone laughed.

The doctor rotated the probe, pressing, until it started to enter me. I moaned, utterly degraded. It was going deeper, touching my insides, and she stopped before it hit the back of me. I heard her moving aside, and the chatter and giggles from the students got louder as they took their time examining me.

As they inspected me, she was continuing to pump the rob in and out, twisting it. I had to bite my bottom lip, but couldn't stop my hips from jerking, my body from trembling. I could feel my little hanging breasts wobbling.

"Oh," I squealed, my face distorting. "Oh." Accidentally or not, she was getting deeper.

The camera clicked, and the rod was finally being retracted, leaving me feeling disgustingly wide. Her fingers were back at my tiny lips, spreading them, and there were a few pitying gasps.

"It's an understatement to say that it's on the small side, but you can all see she would be ready for cautious penial penetration now, as long as she follows my post-procedure instructions."

The camera shutter went again, making me wince. If there had been any doubt before, these photographs were now capturing my insides in sickening detail.

"Alright," said the doctor cheerily. "Last one."

I remembered the largest, shorter cylinder, and started to pant loudly. Naked with my ass in the air, legs apart, I was more exposed than I could have ever imagined possible.

She pushed the tip of the largest plastic rod at my hole. I was so aware of how impossibly large it was for me but how unremarkable it must be for the other girls. "Now," she said to the class, ignoring my wheezing, desperate cries as she slowly stretched me. "The reason this last probe is short, is that she's going to have to wear this for the next four hours."

"Wait, what?" I screamed.

"For the dilating to be successful, you'll need to continue to stretch yourself. You can remove it for no more than thirty to forty seconds to urinate. But if it comes out for any longer there's a chance you'll close up and you'll have to come back for us to do this procedure all over again.

"Don't worry, it should stay inside pretty easily once you have your underpants and trousers back on. Just lucky you weren't wearing a skirt today," she teased. "Okay, now brace yourself for one last push. I need to get this in deep."

As she penetrated me, I let out a long, loud, shuddering yell.

"Alright, let's get you onto your back now, and you can sit up."

Totally defeated, my pussy stuffed full, I let her roll me over while she kept the probe in. Sweating, red, my hair a mess, in a state of shock, she moved one of my hands down to my crotch and I felt the last hard inch poking out.

Sitting up naked in front of the forty peers and the big window, I held the thick rod in and tried to breathe. The doctor guided me so that I swung my legs off the side of the table, and then I was standing, shakily.

"Now remember. Four hours or you'll be back here again in a few days. Here's your gown. You can go get your clothes from the other room."

I got one numb arm through the sleeve of the paper vest. I swapped the hand at my crotch, and managed to get the paper over my shoulders. When I had it covering me, I realised that I hadn't turned away from the watching class.

There was no way I could get the gown tied without the rod coming out. So I just pulled the shoulders back as far as I could and hobbled towards the exit, one hand under the crotch of the covering.

The class were all talking animatedly, asking the doctor questions. As I was nearly at the door, I heard her say "Yes, of course, I'll get you all copies of the photographs to take home for future reference. You might even want to base your next assignment on today."

Out in the corridor, I hurried along past the aghast strangers. As my shock started to turn to dread, I began jogging, and with no warning my pathetic paper covering had slipped off my shoulders.

I cried out, and my hands went instinctively up. I felt the wet, hard rod speeding from between my lips. "No, no, no!"

Abandoning the gown, I managed to get my hands to my pussy just as the probe slipped completely from my hole. The plastic was so slippery, it was nearly impossible to hang onto. Looking down, I could see the gown was off my body completely, hanging from my elbows, but I had to ignore it.

People were gathering around me, apparently concerned, as I frantically tried to push the probe back into my hole, crouching in front of them.

I dropped to the floor, legs spread, and tore the gown off. The onlookers gasped.

"Oh my God," someone said. "Is that a vagina?"

I was pressing the wet plastic at my hole as hard as I could, using my fingers to pull my lips apart, but it wasn't going in even a little.

My audience was growing, too stunned to know what to do except stare as this nude young woman desperately trying to penetrate herself on the floor.

Out of ideas, knowing I only had a few seconds left, I leant back and found my miniscule clit with a forefinger. I rubbed it like I'd never masturbated before, howling in frustration and humiliation. And I could feel the plastic starting to ease my hole open. It was working.

Millimetre at a time, I got through the mouth of my pussy, and then as it started to slip in more easily, I pushed as hard as I could, swallowing the rest of it.

I scrambled to my feet and started to waddle away, people parting to let me past, watching as I made my way to the original exam room. As I pushed at the door, I had a sudden image of a room full of people. Thankfully, it was empty.

I stumbled over to the table where the doctor had left my clothes, but someone had moved them. I hurried around the room, searching every possible place, but they were nowhere. I wanted to scream.

I managed to find the stash of paper gowns at least, and sunk down onto the floor beside the cupboard, tears in my eyes. Why had this happened to me. All I had wanted to do was to hide, for no one to ever see my gross vagina.

But then, had hiding been all that I had wanted. Why had I come here today at all, then. I looked down at my nude body, my hand covering my crotch to keep the plastic cylinder in. I pressed at it harder, till it was touching the back of my insides. My buttocks and thighs tensed.

It was certainly a new sensation. I tried it again, a smile pushing at my mouth. I could do it.

I thought back to my night with Adam. How scared I had been, and how disappointed that I couldn't perform. How terrified I'd been that he was disgusted.

But I realised I was looking forward to it now. I was free to have sex, real sex, anytime I wanted. For the rest of my life. I could even see him tonight. Well, after four hours anyway.

Always thinking that I looked nice, pretty, I had never considered myself as sexy. I moved my hand to the side, still holding the rod in, but so that I could see myself. See my unique pussy.

I was excited to show it to Adam. Not like last time, trying to cover it, ashamed. But instead how the class had seen. Up close and spread open. Nothing to hide. My hot hole ready for him to play with.

I sprang to my feet, alive. And keeping a hold of the probe poking out of me, I ignored the stack of gowns and headed for the doors. I would check with reception, maybe they would know where my clothes were.

My hand to the side, I opened the door wide, and nodded a greeting to the first startled stranger in front of me. "Hey, how you doing?" I said.

Shaken out of her shock, she smiled. "Good," she said, eyes darting down and back to my bright face. "Great."