**Open Book Exam**

by Joe (Redux)

My name is Jackie Johnson, and I'm a 31-year-old advertising executive with a Fortune 500 company. My husband is a college professor, but, since I was less than impressed with the health care my son was receiving on my husband's medical plan, I decided to transfer him over to my company's program.

The university's bureaucracy required me to obtain a doctor's signature on the release notice at the health clinic when I picked up my son's records, which is what brought me to the waiting room of the Student Health Center that day.

There was one other person in the waiting room when I arrived, a male student in a faded fraternity t-shirt. Without being immodest I can say that I am very attractive (even in my business suit), and I could feel the frat boy's eyes immediately fix on me as I strode confidently to the front desk.

There was no one at the desk, so I sat down off to one side to await the receptionist's return.

The clinic was rather primitive, and long green curtains hanging from the ceiling separated the waiting area and various exam rooms. Although this allowed for easy reconfiguration, it also left very little privacy.

It was one of the many reasons that I had never been examined at the clinic.

As soon as I sat down on the folding chair in the reception area, I heard a distraught female voice behind me:

"I'm a 24-year-old graduate teaching assistant, Doctor, and I attended a fraternity party last night," the anguished voice said. "I don't know what happened -- I think I had too much to drink -- but I woke up in the morning with a terrible headache. They had left me in the dumpster behind the fraternity house! My clothes...I was naked, and my clothes were in the dumpster too. I got dressed and showered at home and then came here. I'm not on birth control, and I heard there was some sort of pill that you could take the morning after to make sure you don't get pregnant. I don't know if I should call the police or what I should do, so I just came here!"

"Why called the police?" a male voice replied. "You got drunk in the frat house, and now you want to whine to the police? You were simply left in the dumpster, which is where you belong, in my opinion. Now strip naked, so that I can have a look at you. Let's see what got the frat house so excited."

"You have no right to talk to me that way," the woman said angrily.

"Unless you have another medical plan, I can speak to you anyway I wish," the doctor replied, haughtily. "If you want that pill, you will strip for me. NOW!"

"Take off...my clothes?" the TA asked. "I just thought that I could get the pill and go home...."

"You need to be examined for signs of venereal disease," another female voice said. "I need to get back to the reception area, but since I also need to be present for the exam, I'll leave the curtain open just a smidge."

After a long pause, the female patient made her decision. "Is there somewhere I can undress, Doctor?" she asked, tentatively.

In a corner mirror I saw the smiling nurse pull the curtain halfway aside and then resume her seat at the front desk. I was about to get up and ask for my records when the next exchange began:

"You can undress right here and now, in front of me," the doctor curtly replied. "Here I am in charge. I am tired of snooty women complaining about their modesty. I won't pamper a trollop who just finished entertaining a fraternity party. Strip naked...now!"

I could see the nurse in the mirror, but she hadn't noticed me yet. However, she did see the fraternity boy sitting towards the back of the waiting room, and her comment to him blew me away.

"I think I may have left the curtain open a bit too wide," she giggled. "What do you think?"

The boy carefully crept over and sat closer to the nurse. "No, I think the curtain is just right," he student whispered. "I think her yellow underpants are just darling!"

"Do I have to take off my underwear, too, Doctor?" the woman pleaded.

"Every stitch, girl," the doctor said impatiently. "You weren't shy at the fraternity house, so don't pretend to be a virgin here!" I could hear every word in the exam area, but my only visual cue was the transfixed stare of the lustful fraternity boy sitting a few feet away from me, and the reflection of the curtains in the mirror. The frat boy stared at the open curtain as if hypnotized, and he moved both hands to push down on the enormous bulge in the front of his jeans.

"Your nipples are getting hard when I tweak them. You are enjoying this, too, no?" the doctor teased.

"No...," the woman said, her voice cracking. "It's cold! I just want to get done."

"Your little boobies seem fine, so now we can take a look at the randy little gash between your legs. Spread those creamy white thighs and put your dainty feet up in the stirrups, so that I can take a good look!"

I heard the liner paper crinkle and the young woman groan as she awkwardly assumed the required position. As soon as the crinkling stopped, the nurse got up and walked into the exam room.

"You might have more light if I move the table so that the stirrups are pointing towards the curtain, Doctor," she said.

"I can see perfectly with this mobile light," the doctor brusquely replied.

"If you come over to the curtain, DOCTOR, you'll see what I mean."

Through the mirror I could see the physician walk into the reception area and immediately burst into a grin when he saw the young man seated a few feet away.

"Yes, let's move the table," the doctor said. "We'll let the light come in through the crack in the curtain. I will sit to the left, so that the CRACK will be totally visible and unobstructed!" he said, with a lewd laugh.

The male student was trying to stay silent, but he ended up letting out an almost inaudible wolf whistle as the table was wheeled into position for his viewing pleasure. It was clearly the show of a lifetime.

When the nurse exited the exam area she looked over and noticed me gawking at her in the mirror. Startled, she immediately confronted me.

"May I help you?" she asked. "You didn't sign in, so I didn't know you were here."

"I'm not here for an exam," I said defensively. "I'm under my company's medical plan," I babbled. "My husband is a professor here, and I've just come by to get my son's medical records. I'm moving my son's coverage over to my company's health care plan, and I need to have the doctor sign the release and give me the records."

"If you give me your name, I can have Doctor do that right now, and you won't have to wait," the nurse replied.

"My name is Jackie Johnson, but I don't mind waiting," I quickly replied. "The doctor can sign the records after he finishes examining that TA. I just want to wait here until her exam is done."

Instantly I knew that I had said too much. The nurse, who was several years my junior, seemed confused at first, and I squirmed in my chair as she appraised me. Although the room was cool, I was sweating, which made my silk blouse very clingy. My skin was flushed, and my hands were trembling slightly as they rested in my lap.

The authoritative nurse was literally towering over me as she looked down at me wriggling in my chair. She smiled when she realized that I had become aroused listening to the TA's ordeal, and she whispered quietly to me.

"Exciting, isn't it?"

I said nothing, but nodded. The nurse smiled at me for several seconds, but then the smile faded, replaced by a thoughtful look. "We need to have a file on you before we can release you to another plan, to make sure per-existing conditions are covered," she said, purposely raising her voice so that the frat boy could hear. That isn't a problem for your son, but, since we don't have any medical records on you, I'm afraid we'll have to give you a complete physical before we can sign over your son's records."

Through the curtain I could hear the doctor's voice. "The enema will help kill any bacteria or viruses that you may have contracted. It will burn and cramp, but feel free to wiggle your bottom as a distraction. I certainly would not mind watching you gyrate your cute little fanny around, like a go-go dancer. Perhaps I will give you a dollar when you are done."

Looking at the curtain where the voices were coming from, I nervously asked, "A complete physical?"

The nurse smiled. "A COMPLETE physical," she repeated loudly. "The doctor will still be a few minutes with the other patient, but I can get you started. We'll need to get your height and weight, of course, and your complete medical...and sexual...history."

I looked past the nurse to the fraternity boy, who had shifted his attention away from the curtain as soon as the nurse said the words, "COMPLETE physical." I felt like a deer caught in the headlights as I saw his eyes run up and down my body.

The nurse picked up the corner of my jacket with two fingers and appraised the material carefully. "And, of course, we'll need to get you out of these fancy clothes, Princess."

"Unfortunately, all of the gowns are in the wash, so we're going to have to examine you in your birthday suit."

The nurse's voice dropped, and she leaned forward to whisper in my ear, so that only I could hear. "With that body of yours, I'm sure our young frat boy won't mind watching me put you through your paces. I'm going to prance you around this whole office birthday bare, and there won't be a thing you can do about it.... And you're going to love every minute of it, aren't you, you little tease?"

I said nothing, but swallowed hard and nodded dumbly.

"We'll start off with the height and weight," she said, resuming her normal voice and pointing at the scale that was right next to the frat boy in the reception area. "I'll get the exam area ready."

"Hello, Mrs. Johnson," the frat boy said, as I approached the scale. "You probably don't remember me, but I'm a graduate assistant in one of your husband's classes. My name's Jeff, and I was over at your house a few days ago."

He knew me. The leering, grinning little bastard knew me! As I stupidly shook his hand, I looked over my shoulder just in time to see the nurse setting up my examination area.

I shuddered as the words "my examination area" flashed through my mind. My husband's grad student would see everything....

I winced as I watched her wheel the exam table into place so that Jeff would have a perfect view. She whistled happily as she carefully positioned the table so that the center exactly faced the open curtains....

My husband's grad assistant, whom I barely acknowledged during his visit to my home a few days before, would now see every inch of me, bare and exposed. As I stood awkwardly in front of him, nervously shifting my weight, I could feel his gaze run down over my crisp business suit and my beautiful legs. He was undressing me with his eyes, wondering what I would look like after the cruel nurse had stripped me out of my expensive power suit and spread me out like a butterfly on the merciless exam table.

I knew that he would enjoy watching the frosty and aloof wife of his tyrannical prof stripped bare naked for a humiliating probing. I felt my face go flush as I imagined spreading my legs for him.

"You were here first," I said, nervously, as I squirmed awkwardly under his leering examination. "You should really go before me."

"Oh, I don't mind watching...uh...I-I mean...WAITING," he stammered, almost giving the game away. "Ladies first!" he added, chivalrously. "I'm not going anywhere."

I'm sure he wasn't!

"If you step back here and begin removing your clothes, we can get started," the nurse said, officiously.

"I...um...thought you were going to take my height and weight first...," I protested.

"We'll need to get you out of your clothes, first, to get an accurate reading," the nurse replied. Smiling, she added, "ALL of your clothes."

I swallowed hard. The scale was right next to Jeff. Would she really make me walk out into the reception area stark naked and stand just inches away from a pimply little college student? Would she really force me to parade around naked in front of one of my husband's hopelessly subjugated student GOFERS?

The nurse winked at me as she CLICKED the stirrups into place on the examination table. Her cruel smile answered my question.

I looked back at Jeff, who was smiling with undisguised delight as he watched the stirrups move into position. I could tell that he was going to enjoy watching me reduced from untouchable ice queen to just a sweet piece of ass spread out on the exam table for his viewing pleasure.

The stirrups would force me to pose like Miss September in some sleazy porn magazine, and Jeff would be there to savor every moment of my degradation.

As I walked into the examination room, I glanced to my right to observe the patient whom I had heard but had not seen. She was up on all fours on the exam table, with her cute bottom pointed in the air. A long white tube snaked out of her and led up to a bulging enema bag a few feet away.

As I passed, the doctor released the clamp holding the tube closed. The woman's head snapped back, and she let out a small "Ooohhh!" as the water rushed into her bowels.

"There is nothing like a nice, relaxing enema, is there?" As the doctor taunted her, he teasingly ran his hand over her shapely bottom.

"Don't worry, I have a great big bag for you too!" the nurse teased, beckoning me into my "examination area." She directed me to stand in front of the exam table and face the wall.

I could feel the eyes of my husband's student burning into my back.

The smiling nurse made me watch as she slowly screwed the enema nozzle onto the long plastic tube in front of me. She touched her finger to the tip of the cold, hard plastic tube, wincing in mock sympathy as I instinctively clenched my own bottom tightly shut in anticipation. She smiled cruelly at me as she laid out the remaining medical instruments, relishing her power and authority as I fidgeted helplessly in front of her.

When at last she was finished, the snippy little nurse crossed her arms and smiled. "Take off your clothes. Every stitch!"

I couldn't believe this was happening. I was a successful advertising executive with a six figure income, not some little airhead coed who had to strip naked in front of leering quacks because she couldn't afford an aspirin. They couldn't treat me this way!

Could they?

**Open Book Exam (PT 2)**

I flinched as I imagined myself standing butt-naked on the scale in front of the grinning student in the waiting room, with my crotch just a few inches away from his face. I would be so close to Jeff that he would probably be able to smell my excitement....

Although I couldn't see him, I could feel the frat boy's eyes burn a hole in my back as he waited for my striptease to begin. I had barely bothered to look at him before, and I knew my open disdain would make my humiliation all the sweeter for him. I imagined the twinkle in his eye as he watched the nurse slowly transform me from a confident professional into a naked, blushing bimbo.

I reluctantly removed my expensive jacket and began unbuttoning my beautiful silk blouse.

As I slowly stripped out of my expensive clothes, I looked down unhappily at the items the nurse had laid out on the table for my humiliation. There was a jar of lubricant, and a box of plastic surgical gloves. Next to the gloves was a long thermometer with the words RECTAL on the front. The bulging enema bag with a hard, cold beige nozzle was hanging ominously from an IV stand.

In the next room, I could hear the woman's protests. "But you can't make me attend a seminar on `Safe Sex and Responsible Drinking' THERE! That's the fraternity house where they gang-banged me! I can't go back there and listen to those snotty little punks lecture me about my loose morals!"

The pleas in the next room were interrupted by the voice of the nurse, who was watching from a few feet away with her arms crossed in triumph as I slowly stripped out of my designer outfit.

I was soon standing in front of the grinning nurse in nothing but my lacy pink panties. My back was still turned to the opening in the curtain, so Jeff couldn't see anything but my naked back...yet.

But now it was time to surrender my underpants....

Hoping to avoid the loss of my last remaining garment, I made a final plea. "Are you sure this has to be a COMPLETE physical?"

It was humiliating to have to plead to keep my scanty panties on, knowing that the leering frat boy was listening to every word. No doubt he was highly amused to watch the haughty wife of his dictatorial professor trembling a few feet in front of him as she desperately begged to maintain her last shred of dignity.

The nurse furrowed her brow in mock sympathy. "I am sorry, but this is going to be a COMPLETE physical, and Doctor will need to examine you...everywhere," she said, sadly.

She smiled and snapped the waistband of my panties against my skin.

"And unfortunately that means these have to go," she said, her voice tinged with mock regret. "So hand them over!"

Leaning in close, she whispered in my ear. "From the look on his face, I'd say your friend in the waiting room likes pink even more than yellow."

For a moment I almost thought I could see the reflection of the grinning college boy's face in the shiny metal stirrups as I reluctantly inserted my fingers in the waistband of my underpants.

As I slowly pulled them over my hips the enormity of the situation sank in. "I am stripping naked in front of one of my husband's students, and he is watching every move I'm making. I'm a successful, accomplished professional woman, and I am performing for him like a drunken bimbo on Spring Break."

I certainly didn't want to increase the entertainment value of my performance by removing my panties one leg at a time and exposing myself further, so, as soon as the panties cleared my bottom, I let go of them, and let them slide down my legs. They landed in a twisted heap at my feet. I stepped out of them, and left them on the floor.

I quickly crossed one arm in front of my breasts and put my other hand in front of my crotch to hide myself from the nurse's amused gaze.

"Pick them up and hand them over," the nurse said, quietly. "If you don't pick up after yourself, Mommy is going to have to give you a spanking. And don't kneel, either. I want you to bend at the waist."

I knew the college student was staring directly at my naked backside, and the last thing I wanted to do was bend over and "shoot the moon." But I knew better than to defy the woman who was now holding all of my clothes.

As I reluctantly bent over to pick up my panties, I heard Jeff's low, soft whistle of approval as my bare backside raised up for his inspection. The grinning nurse chuckled, and then closely examined my discarded panties. "Good thing we didn't leave these on the floor," she said. "They're pretty wet, and someone could have slipped and hurt themselves."

The nurse patted the paper on the examination table and directed me to sit down right at the very end. Instead, I sat sideways and back far enough that Jeff couldn't see me through the gap in curtains. The nurse asked me to move to the edge of the table, but I just glared at her and didn't budge.

She stared at me for a moment and then announced that she had forgotten the blood pressure cuff. This seemed strange to me, since I could see the blood pressure cuff hanging in a container on the wall. But, as she opened the curtain another six inches to retrieve the "missing" cuff, I realized that her goal was to make sure that Jeff had an enticing view of my naked profile.

I dared not turn my head or make eye contact; acknowledging his presence would have been all the more humiliating for me. But, from the corner of my eye, I could see him in the waiting room, his hands resting on his crotch, his eyes riveted to the profile of my bare nipple poking up towards the light.

The blood pressure check was fairly normal, although she did note that I seemed to be a bit agitated...and that my pulse was rapid.

I wonder why!

"Now it's time to take your temperature," she said, cheerfully. "Do you prefer oral or rectal?" she asked, as if inquiring whether I preferred a plain or sugar cone with my ice cream.

"Oral," I said, quickly. "I always have my temperature taken orally."

"Well, that's too bad, because we're going to do a rectal temperature today," she said, dismissively. She continued talking as she SNAPPED! on her rubber gloves. "It's more accurate, particularly if the patient is restless and has a problem keeping her mouth shut."

"Get up on all fours on the table, little doggie," she directed. "Then put your head down on the pillow, and keep your buns in the air, nice and high."

I just stared at her. The position she described would give Jeff a Penthouse style view of my bare butt sticking up in the air.

"I wouldn't dither if I were you, sugar," the nurse said, quietly. "That waiting room could get more crowded."

Shuddering at the ominous threat, I put my hands over my privates and scampered into the required position with as much modesty as I could muster.

I soon felt her cool gloved finger running over my vulnerable bottom. "It's rather ironic to see you in this position, isn't it? You were so smug and self-confident a few minutes ago, hiding in the corner in your expensive clothes, eavesdropping on that other girl's examination. Did you think it was funny to listen to her beg to keep her clothes on, knowing that you were safe and secure in your cute little suit just a few feet away? How does it feel when it's YOUR bare ass up on the table?"

The nurse began to slowly lubricate the long thermometer just a few inches away from my face. "Of course, you don't look so self-confident now that we've stripped you out of your power suit and put YOU up on the table," she continued. "Now you look like just another stupid little coed, willing to do anything to get her birth control pills! Now be a good little bimbo, and reach back and spread your cheeks, so that everyone can have a good long look."

I tried not to think of the view Jeff was getting as I reluctantly obeyed her instructions.

"That does look TIGHT, doesn't it?" the nurse said, deliberately standing to one side so as not to obstruct Jeff's view. "I'd better lube it up real good, too. After all, I want you to be comfortable."

I was anything but comfortable as I felt her deposit a big gob of grease and I was even less comfortable as her gloved finger slowly worked its way into me.

She took her time, and I squirmed and fidgeted.

"Now hold still, little girl, Nurse knows what's best! Don't you and your hubby ever have anal sex?"

"Not often," I said, through gritted teeth. "I don't like it very much."

"Well, maybe I'll ask the doctor to give you your next prescription as a suppository, so you can get comfortable with your husband stuffing things up there," she said, with a lewd giggle. "Just because a girl wears a $2000 suit, it doesn't mean she has to be a tight ass."

When she pulled her finger out it made a slight popping sound, and I heard Jeff's soft laughter from behind me.

Why couldn't that damn curtain be closed a few more inches?

But thoughts of Jeff were soon banished as my attention turned to the sensation of the long glass thermometer sliding up my rectum.

"We'll put it in nice and deep, and leave it in a full five minutes, to get a good reading, she said, once again adopting a clinical tone. "Just relax and enjoy it, and I'll tell Doctor you're waiting for him."

The nurse seemed to deliberately leave the curtain open a bit wider each time she left the room. Although I couldn't see Jeff clearly, I knew that he was doubtlessly staring at my bare bottom. The position itself was bad enough, but I also had to endure the added indignity of the childish rectal thermometer sticking out of my exposed backside.

I tried not to squirm, since I knew that every movement just caused the glass thermometer to twinkle under the lights. As I shifted my weight on the table, I could hear Jeff giggling behind me, obviously amused by my pediatric predicament.

As I knelt on all fours, I was treated to the site of the doctor escorting the naked coed to the bathroom in the rear of the clinic. One of his hands held the enema bag up over her head while the other held her by the scruff of the neck as he slowly marched her towards the bathroom. The crouching woman's face was a mask of embarrassment and shame as she awkwardly stumbled towards the toilet.

After about four minutes, the nurse returned and immediately began to scold me. "I told you to hold still...the thermometer is working its way out of your bottom!" She put her finger on the tip and slowly pushed the glass tube in deeper, making me feel even more like a piglet on a skewer. "You just earned yourself another three minutes, young lady!"

My groan of shame was rewarded with a sharp slap across my bare bottom and a warning that I had better "mind my manners." Jeff's snickers burned in my ears…

My temperature was normal, and I was relieved to have the degrading instrument withdrawn from my tight backside. My relief was short lived though, as the nurse smiled and announced that it was time to go out to the waiting room and weigh me.

"Could I have a gown, or a towel, or something to cover myself with? P-please?"

"We don't have anything," the nurse replied, obviously amused.

"Could I at least put on my slip?" I begged.

The nurse responded by grabbing me by the ear and pulling me off the table. I tried to resist, but my efforts were rewarded by several sharp SLAPS! across my bare butt.

"I said, MARCH!" she barked, as she flung open the curtain. Before I knew it, I was standing on the scales, naked as the day I was born, just inches away from the leering, gawking student in the waiting room!

While my temperature was being taken, the nurse had rearranged the waiting room so that the back of the scale was facing the side of Jeff's chair. I tried to cover my breasts and crotch with my hands, but a few more slaps on the bottom soon forced my hands to my side.

Jeff's hand was resting comfortably on the arm rest just inches away from my unbelievably wet pussy!

Jeff said nothing, but smiled up at me with a "cat that swallowed the canary" look as the nurse slowly took my weight. I closed my eyes to seeing him carefully peruse my naked body, but, even with my eyes shut, I could feel him looking me over like a naked slave girl on the auction block.

"What's that smell?" he asked, playfully. "Is the school of animal husbandry breeding today?"

My juices were literally running down my thighs, and it was obvious to everyone that the smell was coming from me. Not only had my husband's lowly student seen me naked, but now he knew that his professor's prissy wife was really a horny, exhibitionist slut.

I kept my eyes closed in a desperate effort to avoid his knowing gaze.

"I'll wipe her down before Doctor sees her," the nurse chuckled. "I don't want her to rust the instruments!"

She ordered me to turn around, ostensibly to take my height, but in reality to give Jeff a close up view of my tight, round bottom.

"Those red hand prints are sure cute," Jeff teased. "I hope she gives you lip again!"

"She won't if she knows what's good for her!"

I was relieved when I was at last released from the scale, but, once behind the "safety" of the curtain, the nurse immediately ushered in a worse humiliation.

"Do you know how to play 'horsey'?" the nurse asked.

"No," I replied, uncertain as to where this was leading.

She walked over to the exam table and patted it lovingly. "This is the horse," she said, her voice dripping with excitement. "And these...are the stirrups!"

I watched in horror as the cruel nurse teasingly fingered the shiny metal stirrups. "This is where you put your dainty little feet, up in the air, all nice and helpless," she taunted.

"Of course, that will force you to spread your legs nice and wide, but that's okay. Once your tootsies are in the stirrups, everyone can have a REALLY GOOD LOOK at you!" she concluded, brightly.

She paused and looked at me with a cold, cruel smile. "Jeff is waiting, young lady. It's time to play 'horsey'!"

I started to protest, but I was interrupted by a heavily accented voice behind me.

"Why is she not on the table?" the doctor asked, angrily. "Does she think she is too good to be examined by me?"

"But, Doctor...," I began.

My bare bottom exploded with a loud SLAP! "Up on the table, young lady!" he snapped. "Spread those white thighs so that I can take a look at that snappy little pussy."

Although it took only a few seconds to scoot myself up onto the exam table, the next step seemed to take hours. The bright light shining into my eyes prevented me from seeing into the waiting room, but I knew Jeff was watching closely as I lay back on the table and put first one foot, and then the other, into the remorseless steel stirrups.

"Ah, this is a pussy worth taking time with," the doctor said, brightly, as he snapped on his gloves. "And from the looks of her, I don't even need any artificial lubricant!"

The doctor sat to my left as he "examined me," and the nurse used his extended exploration/masturbation session as an opportunity to quiz me on my "sexual history."

WHEN DID YOU LOSE YOUR VIRGINITY?

HOW OFTEN DO YOU HAVE INTERCOURSE?

HOW OFTEN DO YOU HAVE ANAL SEX?

HOW OFTEN DO YOU RECEIVE ORAL SEX?

HOW OFTEN DO YOU GIVE ORAL SEX?

DO YOU SWALLOW THE DISCHARGE?

HOW OFTEN DO YOU MASTURBATE?

WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT WHEN YOU MASTURBATE?

DO YOU USE A VIBRATOR OR OTHER SEX TOYS?

I exploded into orgasm as I admitted that no. From the waiting room, I could hear Jeff laughing and snickering as my twitching, mushy pussy spasmed helplessly in front of him.

"You have now," the doctor said, with a laugh, as I bucked against his skillful hand.

"I do not have time to give you your full examination today," he said as he walked to the front of my exam table. "You need a cleansing enema, and some shots, and a more detailed pelvic and anal examination...much more detailed."