**Recruitment Medical Examination**

by[fetishstoryteller](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=5086632&page=submissions)©

"Well I think that's all the questions I have for now." The recruiter smiled and put down her pen. "Is there anything you'd like to ask me?"  
  
"Not right now..." I smiled too, pleased that I had clearly made a good impression.  
  
"Lots of prospects for you I think... now if you'll just come this way?" She stood up and gestured to a door behind her desk, not the way I had come in. I was taken aback - I had expected a handshake and assurances of a phone call. Was there going to be another interview? I followed her through the door into a long passage way with a dark green floor.  
  
There were several closed doors with a row of chairs outside. The recruiter handed me a thick file of papers.  
  
"Now take a seat here and the doctor or nurse will be out shortly. Once your clearance is through, there'll be several jobs I'll be putting you forward for right away. Thank you so much for coming in!" She extended her hand which I shook out of instinct.  
  
"Absolutely... thank you so much for your time." I was completely perplexed. Why was I seeing a doctor? How did I not realise that there was a secondary part to the interview?  
  
As she walked away, I sat down nervously and opened the file she had given me. To my complete shock, it was my entire medical record. I flicked through, open mouthed - all my medical notes right back to my childhood were in this file. I reached into my handbag and fumbled for my iPhone, bringing up the exchange of emails with the recruiter. I knew I had signed a form for her to conduct a criminal record check and, sure enough, in the small print, I had signed away access to my medical records. Before I could scroll through the email properly, a middle aged nurse in blue scrubs stuck her head round one of the doors.  
  
"Faye Allen?" I looked up, probably seeming like a deer in the headlights. She smiled blandly and beckoned me in.  
  
"If` you pop your things in the locker and put on a gown please." She trilled. "Here's a hanger for your clothes and a bag for your underwear." She thrust them at me and went to exit the room.  
  
Barely taking in my surroundings, I quickly stuttered "How long does this usually take?" Not wanting to reveal that I had no idea what was going on. I hate seeming stupid or uninformed.  
  
"The prelims usually take around ten minutes and the physical examination under half an hour." She paused, considering me. "Yours will be slightly more in depth than a typical medical because your recruiter has very specific requirements for some of her clients. Nothing too complicated though!" She smiled, and cheerfully left the room, leaving me quivering slightly.  
  
I felt a thrill of dread. I normally feel vulnerable in a medical setting but having this sprung on me entirely made me even more nervous. I thought about saying I wasn't prepared and asking if I could come back on a different day but the thought of the example salaries the recruiter had showed me quickly shut down that idea. I had made such a good impression and this recruitment company would be able to catapult my career into senior business management. Some of the jobs were overseas in glamorous locations... maybe that was why they needed to check if I was physically fit?  
  
I started getting undressed, hanging up my suit and blouse on the hanger. I was wearing fairly plain underwear and black tights - I grimaced slightly at my stubbly legs and underarms, I would usually shave before any kind of appointment but I'd had no warning. My pubic hair was pretty untidy too but I figured the chances of them doing any kind of pelvic exam were non-existent for an employment physical.  
  
I closed the locker and sat down on one of two chairs in the room. I glanced around - it was a pretty small room with a desk, an office chair which I assumed was for the doctor, the hardback chair I was sitting on and a medical couch. There was set of scales and height measurement pulldown next to the locker and a small sink. The nurse knocked and entered.  
  
"Right then Faye," She said, sitting down and placing a glass of water next to me. "I'll do a few preliminary things before you head next door for the doctor's examination. Try and drink the water whilst we go through these questions. First of all, are you in good health generally?"  
  
"Yes." I said without hesitating.  
  
"Have you ever been pregnant?"  
  
"No."  
  
"When was your last period?"  
  
"Umm the third of April was when it finished."  
  
"And are your periods generally normal?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Do you smoke, drink or take drugs?"  
  
"I drink socially but no smoking or drugs."  
  
"Great, we'll do a pregnancy and drugs test later of course."  
  
I thanked my lucky stars I hadn't tried the spliff that was passed around at the party I'd been at the weekend before.  
  
"Do you exercise regularly?"  
  
"I usually go to the gym twice a week."  
  
"Any family history of hereditary diseases, cancer or heart problems?"  
  
"Not as far as I'm aware."  
  
"Lovely. If you'll stand up and come over here please." She gestured to the height measurement station. "Back against the wall, stand tall." She measured my height and noted it down. I inwardly sighed - she had my medical file and I certainly hadn't grown in recent years. "If you pop your gown on the chair so I can weigh you please." My jaw dropped. "You can put it straight back on afterwards but the digital scales are very sensitive." This felt like bullshit to me but I was still so taken aback to be in the situation at all I didn't feel like I could protest.  
  
I slung the gown on the chair and stepped onto the scales. The nurse powered them up by a remote device as I tried to cover my boobs and bush with my hands. "Arms by your sides please and keep still." I felt my arms shake as I lowered them to my sides, balling them into fists of nerves. As the scales whirred and beeped, the nurse stepped back away from me and, very obviously, looked me up and down critically.  
  
"Would you mind lifting your arms above your head please?" She smiled but it didn't reach her eyes. I willed my hands to stop shaking and raised them slightly above my shoulders. "Right up." As I continued to raise my hands she stepped closer and closer and I realise she was inspecting my under arms. She pursed her lips.  
  
"Well you'll have to be shaved." She said bluntly.  
  
"I'm sorry what?" I snapped my arms back over my chest.  
  
"Yes we'll bring in someone to shave you before you see the doctor."  
  
"In what way is that medically necessary?" I faltered.  
  
"Uniformity and hygiene." She snapped. "Put your gown on for now and sit down."  
  
She reached into a drawer in the desk and took out a blood pressure cuff. "First give me your left finger." She pricked it with a device that felt like a stamp and pushed a piece of paper against the blood that emerged and stuck the paper into a small machine on her desk. "Right arm" I extended my right arm and she secured the blood pressure cuff. The silence as the cuff inflated gave me time ti think.  
  
"Look I don't really think that this is what I was supposed to be doing this afternoon." I stuttered. The nurse looked up startled.  
  
"I thought you were up for the management jobs Ms Refferty put in your file?"  
  
"Oh." I stared at her. That sounded correct. "Well why is all of this necessary?"  
  
"I'm just a nurse here but I know that the company negotiates better deals on behalf of the people they help recruit because they guarantee their health and other personal qualities. Like discipline and respect for authority. That's important in some of the countries they place candidates in." Her works rang in my ears. There was something innately sexual and submissive about those qualities but I didn't want to argue - what if the medical team told Ms Refferty I had no respect for authority?  
  
After she took the blood pressure cuff off she stood up and stood over me. "Look down at the floor for me." I lowered my gaze to my hands in my lap, she started touching my hair, raking through it. "I'm just checking for lice." I felt offended and belittled - no one I knew had had lice since we were eight.  
  
"All right, come and stand next to the couch. Put your feet shoulder width apart and bend over so your chest and head are on the couch." I shuffled over to the couch, feeling mortified as the gown rode up my legs as I bent over. "Reach back and spread your buttocks please with both hands so I can take your temperature." I nearly shot up off the couch but the words respect for authority kept playing over in my head. Why on earth did she need to take my temperature this way? Usually doctors took it via your ear surely?  
  
I heard her snap on some latex gloves and open up a plastic jar. "Just a bit cold now." She pressed a finger to my anus making me jump. "Stay still please!" I squeezed my eyes tight as she inserted a thermometer into my ass. She twisted it slightly, and then pushed it even deeper. I was completely speechless.  
  
After what seemed a lifetime with this woman pressed against me with a probe in my butt, she snatched it out again. "perfectly normal temperature." She muttered. "I'll send someone in to shave you now, you can leave the gown on for the moment. Here's a hairtie, please put your hair in a pony tail for the rest of the screening." She discarded the thermometer by the sink and left the room. I sat on the couch breathing heavily tying my hair back as instructed. "Six figure salary, international travel." I mumbled to myself before there was a knock on the door and a tall, disarmingly handsome man with a shaved head came in.  
  
"Faye?" He grinned. I nodded.  
  
"I'm Victor, I'm one of the orderlies. Nurse Jones sent me in to shave you." I stared wide eyed. "If you lie back I'll do your legs first." I did what I was told as he busied himself by the sink, I cringed thinking of the thermometer. He's a medical professional, stop being a baby! I warned myself.  
  
He snapped some gloves on and came over to me and started lathering up my legs then reached for a sharp razor. It wasn't awful, him shaving my legs. A bit embarrassing but I found myself relaxing. He asked me to bend at the knee on each leg and I found my heart rate seemed to be returning to normal. Then came another knock at the door. Nurse Jones poked her head around the door. By now I hated the sight of her smug face.  
  
"Victor, make sure you do her back, it needs it." She closed the door again. I was confused, I have no hair at all on my back.  
  
"Right Faye, please sit up, lower the gown and put your hand behind your head." I did so, finding a spot at the ceiling to stare at and trying not to squirm as Victor lathered under my arms which felt ticklish. This was just humiliating. He finished and then took a step back. "Stick your chest out please." I shifted slightly. "All the way please Faye." Now bright red, I pulled my shoulder blades back as he squatted down so he was eye-level with my breasts. "Stay still now." To my horror he approached my right boob with the razor. I squeaked in terror but he made a swift stroke next to my nipple and, to my embarrassment, I realised he was shaving a couple of light hairs that were growing on my boob.  
  
He stepped back and turned around. I immediately pulled the gown up.  
  
"OK If you lie back again, and pull the gown up around your waist." I felt tears come to my eyes as I slowly pulled the gown up so it half covered my pubic region. Victor approached and whipped it all the way up. "Ah I see. Give me a moment please. He went to the wardrobe and pulled out a large plastic tray which he placed on the floor next to the couch.  
  
"Gown off and stand in this please."  
  
"Why?" I whispered.  
  
"It's too long. I need to use the clippers first." In a moment of confusion I frowned. "Your pubes. Too long for the razor." Victor has the decency to look embarrassed.  
  
Taking the gown off didn't seem so bad after that insult. I stood in the tray with my feet shoulder width apart as Victor fired up some electric clippers which he ran over my bush. The hair fell to the floor, caught by the tray. This was just so humiliating - I would never have gone on a date or to a gynae appointment with long pubic hair normally and this seemed so excessive.  
  
"You can turn around and bend over the couch." I did what I was told, asking questions didn't seem to be helping matters. "Ah I can see what she means. Spread those cheeks please," I reached back as I had done for the thermometer. "Wider." I buried my purple face in the couch. As he lathered the area around my asshole I had to force myself to stay completely still, scared he'd cut my sensitive skin. I realised that when that bitch Nurse Jones referred to my back, she'd meant my asshole. Fuck her.  
  
Victor brought a hot cloth down over my ass. It felt like he was wiping my ass like a kid. Then he checked his work, fingering my anus, not quite going in but sweeping around, making sure there were no hairs left. Surely this must be over now?!  
  
"On the couch please." I lay down again and he, somewhat gently, threw the gown over my boobs. "OK bend your knees, keep your ankles together and let your knees flop down and out into a frog position." I'd been in this position at the gynaecologist before and knew how much I must be exposing. I turned my head to the side and stared at the wall then felt a hot cloth on my vulva.  
  
"Last bit now." Victor started lathering the area around my pussy. He shaved gently but was quite firm pulling my labia around, making sure he got every hair. He then got a flashlight out of his pocket and shone it over my vagina. "All done. Perfect." He smiled at me then turned to the sink gathering up his things. "Sorry that took so long, I like my work to be perfect. You'll be glad of it later." Smiling politely he left the room.  
  
I had no idea what he meant by that but I took a deep sniff, trying not to cry. I felt so embarrassed and overwhelmed and realised I still had the doctor's exam to go. Hopefully that would be more, well, medical than the bullshit I'd just experienced.  
  
Nurse Jones came back into the room without even knocking. She squinted at me, I hoped it wasn't obvious I was close to tears. "Last part of the prelims now.  
  
"Right, follow me please Faye." She held the door of the room open and I trooped past her out into the corridor she walked all the way down to the end and led me into a bathroom. It was a typical ladies room with cubicles but the cubicle at the end had no door. She gestured to that cubicle and to a toilet which had a bowl inserted between the seat and the bottom where the water would normally be.  
  
"I'd like sit on the lavatory with your legs wide apart please. You are to urinate into the bowl. Keep your hands on your knees."  
  
"Right now??" I stuttered, could I even go in front of another person, let alone with my legs apart and whatever else she wanted.  
  
"Yes please. That way we can test it before you're done with the doctors. This is the best way, trust me you wouldn't like the alternatives. Now give me your gown."  
  
"I umm well I usually just pee in a jar at my doctors." This seemed so absurd, why did I have to be naked for a urine test?  
  
"I need to check your urine flow and be able to sign a sworn statement that you didn't put anything in the urine. Please proceed."  
  
I handed her my gown and sat on the toilet, forcing my feet a few inches apart.  
  
"Much wider than that Faye. I just explained that I need to see everything." She's a medical professional. I reminded myself, cringing as I parted my knees. I surprisingly found I was able to pee. I had drunk the water after all and did need the bathroom.  
  
"Stop." She commanded as I was midway through. I tried to stop but there was a continued dribble. "STOP." She said again, I squeezed my pelvic floor harder and managed to stop peeing. "Very good. Continue." I let go and the pee seemed to splurt out, a few drops sprayed onto the seat. Nurse Jones grimaced but didn't say anything. When I was done she asked me to stand up and then gave me a wet wipe. "You can wipe yourself but throw the wipe into the bin not the toilet. Then wash your hands." Whilst I washed my hands, she went into the cubicle and wiped my piss off the seat but left the bowl in the toilet.  
  
"Do you feel you need to have a bowel movement by any chance?" She looked hopeful. I shook my head vigorously. "Oh well, they can give you an enema later." I blushed. Again.  
  
"Um maybe I could try?" I didn't know what was worse - shitting in front of this woman or an enema. I'd never had one before  
  
"No we'd better get on. Gown back on and I'll test your urine while you're with the doctors."  
  
Two tall people, a man and a woman, in white coats were waiting in the hall for me. "This is Doctor Isaacs and Professor Oliver." Nurse Jones gestured to them, the woman seemed to be the professor. Victor came out of a room behind them. "They'll take it from here. Her pelvic floor control was acceptable so you don't need to do the geriatric pelvic tests doctors. She wasn't able to perform a bowel movement yet." I stared at the floor, embarrassed at so many people hearing this proclamation.  
  
The doctors opened the door to a large, bright room with a tiled floor and white walls. In the middle of the room was a medical couch with stirrups. I inwardly groaned. Victor had followed the doctors into the room and taken a seat in a chair by the door.  
  
"Right Faye, we'll begin with an overview." The male doctor, who, now I looked properly, was even better looking than Victor, smiled vaguely. The female doctor was much older and had a sour face. "Stand right against the back wall please. Put your legs shoulder width apart and your arms by your sides, hands facing forward." He pointed and I noticed there was a red line on the floor which is where I figured I was supposed to stand. The female doctor withdrew a digital camera from her coat pocket. I stared at it  
  
"Now Faye, we take anatomical photos which are kept entirely privately on our central system and analysed by our top of the range software to detect any skeletal or muscular abnormalities." This didn't really sink in as I pressed my back against the wall. "So if you give me your gown now..." I realised what they were saying. Naked photos. Really. I wanted to run away but the presence of two men and a scary woman made me feel like I would be stopped from leaving. I figured I'd call them and insist they delete the photos after I'd gone home.  
  
I took my gown off and handed it to the man, then stood as I'd been asked. They had me turn to the left and to the right then face the wall and spread my arms out at shoulder height, as far as they could go. It felt like having mugshots taken at a police station - not that I'd ever experienced that.  
  
"OK Faye face us again with your hands behind your head." The cameras flashed bright, I was conscious of how erect my nipples were in the cold air. "OK finally turn around again, legs apart and bend down and touch your toes. No Faye really try and touch the floor. Yes, better." I nearly had my palms flat on the floor now as the camera clicked away. Is this why Victor said I'd be glad? Because the bright camera flash wouldn't be capturing my hairy ass? The female doctor approached and ran her hand down my spine.  
  
"No scoliosis at all. Thanks Faye." The woman spoke for the first time. She had a loud voice and I snapped back up.  
  
"Now face us and do ten star jumps, we video your body in motion as part of this anatomical analysis." I half heartedly did half a star jump. "No vigorously. Victor will demonstrate, copy him." Victor stood up, his tshirt tight over his massive biceps and started doing star jumps with his legs spreading wide apart and his arms high and wide. I gave him a filthy look and started jumping with him, my boobs bouncing. At the end of the ten star jumps he winked. I was furious but neither of the doctors had seen.

"If you could stand against the wall please, facing us, as straight as you can and tighten your abdominal muscles." I was standing pretty tense anyway. The female doctor snapped on some gloves and came close to me. She pinched at my stomach fat. "Callipers please Victor." Victor walked over slowly, the doctor pinching my belly the whole time. He handed her the callipers which she pinched, a little painfully over my stomach fat. I'm a fairly slim person but having her pull at my fat made me feel disgusted with myself.  
  
"Abdomen good. Face the wall now Faye." She handed Victor back the callipers as I turned around, the male doctor noted something down. "Faye, this will feel a little uncomfortable but it's the best way." I braced myself for pain but felt something even worse. She was jiggling my love handles. "Hmm" She said giving them a firm pinch and working her way down. Then she started jiggling my buttocks, gently at first and then harder so they wobbled as much as she could make them. She finished by examining my buttocks grabbing them and groping them, not painfully but certainly not gently. "Glutes acceptable." I know my ass is bigger than my stomach but I felt so embarrassed to have the male doctor note this down.  
  
She handed me the gown and told me to sit on the couch. The male doctor approached with a pen light and wooden depressor. "Open wide and say ah" I did as I was told and he examined my mouth. After he took the wooden stick out he used his fingers to examine my teeth and gums. I felt like a horse. He then shone the light in my eyes and asked me to tip my head back and shone the torch up my nose. The female doctor came over and examined my ears. This now started to feel like a normal medical exam after all the weirdness. They even used their stethoscopes over my gown to examine my breathing. I started to relax, thinking that the worst was over.  
  
"Lie back please." The female doctor barked at me. I did so. The male doctor grabbed my right arm and ran his hands up and down it gripping it, asking me to push back against him and feeling my muscle tone. My left arm followed and then each of my legs. He spent a long time examining my legs before lifting my right leg and bending it back towards my chest. I reddened as my ass and vagina became exposed because of the way my gown was lifted. He did my left leg then turned to the female doctor.  
  
"All fine, good condition and tone. Upper arms and thighs aren't of optimal definition but nothing that can't be honed in the gym." I felt tears well up in my eyes and a single tear trickle down my cheek. The doctors saw but didn't comment.  
  
"Breast examination now please Faye. You can sit up, drop your gown and put your arms behind your head." The male doctor proceeded to give me a standard breast exam, working his way around my boob, one at a time, from noon around the clock like I did once a month. "What size bra do you wear Faye?" He asked, I wished the female doctor, bitch though she seemed was doing this. "34 D." I replied.  
  
He stood back and bent down so he was at eye level with my boobs. Then he pinched both of my nipples, painfully and I squeaked. Neither doctor said anything, the female doctor just wrote some more notes.  
  
"Right Faye, before the final part of the exam we'll have to give you an enema." The female doctor barked. "Pull the gown on. Lie on your side and bring your knees up to your chest." I did as she instructed. Closing my eyes tight and hugging my knees to myself which felt comforting after being so exposed. I heard clanking and noises around me.  
  
"Here's the hot water." Victor said quietly. I couldn't believe he was still there. Doctor Isaacs thanked him and I heard him walk round behind me.  
  
"Have you had an enema before Faye?" Doctor Isaacs asked.  
  
"No Doctor" I whispered miserably.  
  
"We're going to insert this nozzle into your anus fill your rectum with a warm saline solution. You'll then expel the water and we will test the fecal matter to gain information about the biome of your gut." Before I could say anything I felt a pair of hands pulling my gown up and exposing my ass. Another pair of hands pulled my ass cheeks apart. Then yet another finger started rubbing an oily substance around my asshole and then into my anus. I instinctively squeezed my ass shut to the touch. "Faye you must relax your anal muscles now." To my horror I'd squeezed down on Professor Oliver's finger, realising Victor was holding my gown up and Doctor Isaacs was spreading my cheeks.  
  
Then a sharp metal tube started pushing against my ass, invading and then pushing up past the sphincter muscles, cold and unyielding. It suddenly turned warm and I felt warm liquid gushing into me. It made me feel a little nauseous thinking about it, so I stared across the room at a diagram of a pair of lungs on the wall. I started reading all the information on the diagram, forcing myself to concentrate on intercostal muscles instead of the horror that was happening behind me.  
  
Finally the water stopped.  
  
"OK Faye. After we withdraw the nozzle, you'll feel a rubber medical plug and you can try and relax" Dr Isaac said in a factual, clinical tone. I tensed as hard as I could when they pulled out the metal nozzle, worried that I would explode all over the table. The rubber plug was inserted immediate however, pushed very roughly into my ass causing me to grunt. "Right Faye, Victor is going to fetch the commode and then this part will be over." I heard the door open and close and something being wheeled in.  
  
This was more mortifying than anything that had happened so far. Professor Oliver explained I was to get up, seat myself on the commode and release the plug when I was ready. I asked if privacy was at all possible.  
  
"Yes I don't see why not. Victor can you fetch a medical screen please."  
  
"Could I just have the room to myself?" I asked hopefully.  
  
"No." Professor Oliver said abruptly. Victor returned with a screen which he set up around the commode, I shuffled over to it. As I pulled out the plug and expelled the shit and water from my ass, I started crying again - three people were sitting there listening to me expel the enema. I didn't need to tell them when I was done - they could hear.  
  
To my mortification, Victor came round the screen first. "Here's a wipe." He muttered, even he was embarrassed. As I wiped my ass he put a hard plastic cover over the commode and wheeled it out of the room, I put the wipe in a medical disposal bin and walked to the sink to wash my hands, snivelling as I went.  
  
Professor Oliver and Doctor Isaacs showed no mercy or patience. They pulled a paper lining over the medical couch and told me to remove my gown and lie down.  
  
"Put your bottom right at the edge of the table and your feet in the stirrups please." Even though I had been exposed many times that day, lying spread eagled and completely naked still felt awful. Victor came back in.  
  
"Straps please Victor." Professor Oliver commanded. I started crying again as I realised Victor was coming to strap me to the table using buckled medical restraints. I looked down at my body, it looked like I was in an asylum horror film.  
  
Professor Oliver whipped out her camera again and started taking photographs of my vagina. I didn't object - what was the point? I was tied down and entirely helpless. Doctor Isaacs spread my labia with his hands and she clicked some more. Then Doctor Isaacs inserted two fingers all the way into my vagina and firmly felt around. His gloved fingers twisted and turned and reached, not painfully but very intrusively. Then he used his other hand to press down on my lower abdomen whilst palpating me from inside. After he completed the bimanual exam which wasn't all the different to a regular exam, he withdrew his fingers and stood up.  
  
Professor Oliver took his seat and inserted one, long index finger into my vagina, I could feel her sharp fingernail through her glove. "Please squeeze my finger as tight as you can Faye." I squeezed my vaginal muscles around her bony finger. "Tighter if you can." I tried harder, biting my lip with effort. "And now try and push my finger out by bearing down." I tried and felt her finger slip out slightly. "And now give me a big cough." I coughed a little. "No a hefty cough please Faye."  
  
Victor had reappeared and did a loud exaggerated cough to demonstrate. Rolling my eyes I coughed as hard as I could. Then she started pressing her middle finger against my anus. I resisted and she just pressed harder, eventually reaching all the way up and in.  
  
"Please write good for vaginal tone." She muttered to Doctor Isaacs who was now taking notes. You may wish to check the back wall. Doctor Isaacs put his thumb in my vagina and an index finger up my ass, massaging the wall in between, up and down and left to right. "Perfectly fine." He said quietly.  
  
"Large speculum please Victor." Professor Oliver held out her hand, Victor had wheeled in a trolley but I couldn't quite see what was on it. He handed her a metal speculum that was bigger than any I had seen at the doctor and she began coating it with lube. "Victor adjust the lights please." The lights in the rooms were turned right down and an incredibly bright lamp was shone on my vagina. "Ready for the speculum Faye... I'll be as quick as I can but it will be uncomfortable."  
  
The metal slid into me, cold and shocking. As she began twisting the screws I felt an ache spread in my abdomen as I felt my pussy being pushed wider and wider until I heard the screw click and knew she had it as wide as it could go. There was a silence. Professor Oliver and Doctor Isaacs were both staring down the speculum, up my pussy, Victor was standing behind them, watching on. Then Professor Oliver got out her wretched camera and started clicking away. Doctor Isaacs reached for a swap and poked around, bumping painfully against my cervix.  
  
"Lovely healthy cervix Faye." He grunted. This was the nicest thing anyone had said to me. A compliment for my cervix. He with drew the swab and went back to staring down the speculum. I couldn't believe this part was taking so long - it was so uncomfortable. Eventually Professor Oliver started to close the speculum. As she withdrew it, I was ashamed to feel a thrill of pleasure from the stimulation of it being pulled out of my pussy.  
  
She started pulling the skin around my vagina, tugging at the labia and massaging around my clitoris. I was determined not to enjoy her massaging my clitoris. "Hood retractor please Victor" she said, with a sly note to her loud voice.  
  
I felt cold metal prongs push into my skin and knew she was pushing the hood of my clitoris back, exposing its tender nub. She flicked it! I squirmed but didn't move because the leather straps dug into my skin holding me in place. I was terrified as to what they would do to my clitoris but, after examining it visually, she removed the retractor.  
  
This must be the end! I thought helplessly. "Unstrap her." I didn't imagine I'd ever be glad to hear words come out of Professor Oliver's mouth but I nearly cried with relief. Victor started undoing the buckles and I smiled to myself.  
  
"Nearly done Faye." Doctor Isaacs said to my dismay. "On all fours please, knees nice and wide apart and touch your chest all the way down to the table." I should have known it wouldn't be over. I begrudgingly got up on the couch and buried my head in my hands, my ass up in the air. Hands at my ass again. Dr Isaac's strong male hands, rather than Professor Oliver's bony fingers. I decided that, although having a man touch me should have been more humiliating, it was better to have his firm warm touch than the scratchy, clinical feel of his female boss. I soon changed my mind.  
  
"We're going to do a quick check back here and then we're done for today." Dr Isaac had three fingers pressed up against my ass. I felt him pour lubricant down over my ass and his fingers and shove his fingers roughly into my ass. He moved them in and out - this didn't feel medical, this felt like he was fucking my ass with his fingers. He pressed all the way in, hurting me. "Oww" I said loudly.  
  
"Faye, we've done so well, don't make a fuss now." Professor Oliver said, so loudly she was practically yelling. Doctor Isaacs pressed his fingers deep so they were fully in my ass, I felt him spreading his fingers apart, stretching it out. Then he slowly withdrew them. He stepped aside, Professor Oliver took over, using just the tip of her index finger, slowly inspecting around my anus, feeling every millimeter of skin. "Write fine anal tone." She barked.  
  
Victor started moving around next to me, I peeked sideways and saw he had a three pronged anal speculum in his hand and was opening and closing it so I could see how wide it went. It opened about two whole inches. He passed it back to Professor Oliver who inserted it. As my asshole stretched and gaped, I felt oddly glad that Doctor Isaacs had prepared my asshole with his fingers, it wasn't as painful as I had first feared. My pride was far more hurt when I heard the snap of the camera.  
  
"Medium Speculum now Victor." I felt metal at my vagina. They were going to expose both my holes and stretch me out completely. I closed my eyes. I must have visibly tensed up because Victor leant over and whispered in my ear "You have to relax for this part, just let go." A stretch, a pinch and cold air.  
  
More camera clicks. Now I could hear them muttering behind me, I didn't even want to listen, I just pretended I was somewhere far away. Then I felt them turn the screws. Slowly they pulled each of the devices out of me.  
  
I didn't dare hope it was over. I just stayed, ass up, quivering and trying not to cry.  
  
I heard the door open.  
  
"Is she done?" Nurse Jones asked.  
  
"Yes." Professor Oliver said. I sat up and Victor handed me the gown. The lights came back on, uncomfortably bright. All four of the staff were staring at me.  
  
"Well come on Faye, you can get changed and go." Nurse Jones said.  
  
"Oh, wait." Doctor Isaacs said. "We didn't do a full sexual response test." Professor Oliver looked down her notes.  
  
"No need." She said. "There was such extensive lubrication I have no doubt that she's fully sexually responsive." She looked up at me "You don't have trouble orgasming, do you Faye?" I blinked. Victor smirked.  
  
"No." I said firmly.  
  
"See." Professor Oliver said "Overall, a very healthy woman, we can ensure Ms Refferty's clients get a good recommendation from us."  
  
As I got dressed and walked to my car, I wondered what on earth Ms Refferty would make of my medical notes, would she even read them? And what kind of job could possibly require such an examination??