**Tami's OB-GYN Visit** (Part 1)

katie

Tami and Jen walked to the table, trays in hand, having just stood in line at the salad bar. For some reason, the healthy foods always required them to wait while the greasy foods were always available and fast. For a naked girl, under constant scrutiny, Tami had to choose the salads more often than the burgers and fries, though she did steal an occasional fry or two from her friends when they left them on their plates.

Tami was the unintentional nudist, nude because of a streaking dare that went exceptionally wrong during her first week of school. In order to avoid getting expelled, Tami had lied and claimed to be a religious nudist. Under the banner of religious freedom, she had been spared expulsion but was now exposed to the world 24/7. Her sadistic RA, Wanda, was the girl given the task of “monitoring” her nudity, despite the fact that Wanda had been the one to suggest the streak way back when. Wanda took delight in torturing the naked girl and had been forcing her into more and more shameful acts.

Now, a few months later, Tami walked through life without any cover, not even blankets when she slept or towels when she showered or boots in the snow. Everyone at Campbell-Frank College, friends and foes, knew every nook and cranny of Tami’s body. They knew when she ate a bit more than she should have because he belly distended just a bit. They knew when she was having her period thanks to the string of the tampon that dangled from her vagina. Everything that other girls kept private was open to the eyes of all who cared to look. The slope of her breasts, the bulge of her pubic mound, the wrinkle of her anus and even the exact shape of her always erect nipples were well known to the students of Campbell-Frank.

One of the few joys in her life was the friendships she had made with these other girls. Jen, Marisol, Rebecca, Terri and others. She felt closer to them than anyone she had met in high school. They loved her naked and all. Jen probably liked her because of her nudity. Since becoming roommates in November, Tami and Jen had become lovers with Jen bringing Tami to magnificent orgasms over and over.

But Tami wasn’t a lesbian, not really. Though she loved her time with Jen, it was her boyfriend Rod that really did it for her. In a funny way, her nudity had been the reason she had Rod in her life and Jen and all of the girls. She had never been so popular nor had so many friends. Even though she hated her nudity so much, without it her life might be very different and maybe not as great.

The two girls sat down as Terri animatedly continued a story.

“So there I am in just a paper gown, spread, ready for the doctor to examine me, when the nurse says, ‘oh jeez, we forgot to record your height and weight. Let’s do that now.’”

“No way,” Marisol replied, her eyes wide in disbelief.

“Yeah. So there I go, she helps me off the table and we walk out of the room to go back to the scale,” she says, getting more and more worked up. “I’m trying to keep the back of the gown closed but it’s nearly impossible. As I climb on the scale, the door opens and another patient comes in. And there I was, bare assed naked for the whole waiting room to see.”

The girls all laughed riotously. Except for one. Tami sat there, not really joining in with the laughter. Instead, she picked at her salad as her friends enjoyed Terri’s naked humiliation.

Rebecca noticed it first. She sensed Tami’s uneasiness and stopped laughing. The other girls soon got the message.

“Sorry Tam, I didn’t mean to offen--,” Terri began.

“Don’t worry about it Terri,” Tami said softly. “Just because I’m naked doesn’t mean everyone should.”

“It’s just that you looked hurt there a minute ago Tami,” Rebecca said softly. “I think we hurt your feelings.”

Tami swallowed. Of course their laughter hurt her feelings. After all, they found the embarrassment of Terri’s naked ass in public uproariously funny. Tami had been naked for months in far more public places than Terri. In fact, Terri’s ass may have been partially seen by four or five people. She was humiliated by that but Tami was supposed to have no shame despite being seen by thousands of people. Tami wondered how many people laughed when they discussed her and her nudity.

“No, it’s okay,” Tami lied. “I just feel bad for you Terri. I know how hard it is for most girls to be seen naked in public. That’s why I didn’t laugh.”

The other girls accepted Tami’s lie. Only Mandy, her new roommate who knew the truth about Tami’s false nudism claims, looked skeptical. The conversation went on as before, talking about Terri’s bare butt.

“Just going to the gynecologist is bad enough for me,” Rebecca said. “I hate being in there, legs spread, letting them poke and prod me. It makes me feel so vulnerable. The whole time I’m praying to God to get me through it.”

Tami smiled, knowing that feeling very well though her recollections were all too vivid and current. She was the frequent subject of much poking and prodding in her “private” parts all over campus. But, she too hated going to the gynecologist, harkening back to just a few weeks after turning 16. Her mother had taken her to her doctor and Tami had remembered the awkward feeling of stripping behind that little curtain and putting on the paper gown. She had sat on the table, knees together, not knowing exactly what those stirrups were for but dreading them.

Tami remembered fidgeting to pull the hem of the gown as far down her legs as possible. She had felt so exposed; the gown only reached to mid thigh and all of her legs and arms were bare. Her back was open too and Tami felt a chill in the cool office. Now she would feel blessed to have even the minimal cover that a paper gown would provide but then it felt like she was nude.

She remembered thinking that she had been waiting forever. Her mother had decided to wait outside, leaving Tami alone, supposedly to give the girl privacy. Truthfully, Mrs. Smithers had not felt comfortable imparting any info about the upcoming visit to her young daughter. They had never talked about sex or body stuff. When, at 14, Tami had first gotten her period, all she had gotten was a book about girls’ bodies and a box of tampons. Tami, being smart, figured it all out for herself.

But she had not gotten any information about the gynecologist. Like most 16 year old girls, she had a vague idea and, of course, friends had gone. All had reported awful experiences so Tami was not looking forward to the experience.

Her doctor, an older man named Dr. Price, entered the room with a nurse not much older than Tami. However this girl did not look kind at all. In fact, she barely registered that Tami was in the room as she moved over to the table and moved a rolling stool over between the stirrups.

“Hi Tami, I’m Dr. Price,” he said offering her his hand. The young girl shook it weakly as the doctor began asking her questions.

“What was the date of your last period?”

Tami searched her brain, finally figuring out that it had been May 1.

“Are you experiencing any discomfort when urinating?”

“No.”

“Are you noticing heavy discharge during menstruation?”

Tami wasn’t sure what that meant but answered anyway. “Um, no.”

“Any history in your family of women with reproductive system cancers?”

Tami shook her head. The questions continued until, finally, “are you sexually active?”

**Tami's OB-GYN Visit (Part 2)**

The girl gulped. She had let a boy reach up her skirt and he had put his fingers inside her. It had hurt and she had pushed him away but she had used her hand on him to make him cum. That was her only “sexual” experience but she wondered if she should admit to that.

“Ah, no, not really.”

The nurse and doctor exchanged glances and Tami squirmed.

“What does ‘not really’ mean,” the doctor asked. Tami felt like his voice was more stern now.

Oh God, she thought, why did I give that answer?

“Well, I don’t know,” she stammered.

“Tami, answer me. Has a man ever penetrated you? Has a boy ever put something inside you?”

Tears filled Tami’s eyes as the doctor seemed to intimidate her.

“Um, yes, yes, once but it was just for a second,” she cried out.

“That means we will have to ensure that no STDs were passed along,” the doctor said to the nurse. “Let’s start with your breasts. Lower your gown please.”

Tami’s hands shook as she lowered the gown so that she was nude from the waist up. The doctor roughly pushed his hands into the poor, just blossoming breasts. She felt him moving around, feeling within the mounds of flesh.

“No abnormalities on either breast,” the doctor said to the nurse who looked bored at the desk but wrote down the doctor’s notes.

“Now, time for your vaginal exam, put your feet in the stirrups and slide your body down to the end of the table.”

Tami had been dreading that moment. With a frozen look on her face, and without covering her breasts, she put first her left foot and then her right into the stirrups which were spread medium width apart. She scooted her body down so that her butt was at the edge of the exam table. In doing so, she knew that her vagina was now exposed. She closed her eyes in anguish, hating this whole thing.

“You can cover your breasts honey,” the nurse said without emotion. In her shame, Tami had forgotten to pull the gown up and did so now.

The doctor pushed the stirrups a bit further apart and bunched the girl’s gown at her waist. Tami could feel the cool air on her bare sex and knew she was completely exposed.

KNOCK. “Come in,” the doctor said. Tami’s eyes grew huge as the exam room door opened. The nurse poked her head in and looked right at Tami’s bare pussy with a smile before settling on the doctor.

“Dr. Price, it’s Memorial Hospital, an urgent call,” she said.

The doctor took a deep breath, removed his rubber gloves and stood.

“I’ll be right back,” he said, leaving Tami spread open in the stirrups, her gown still bunched.

The girl was motionless. Should she move her legs together? Cover herself with the gown? The doctor hadn’t given her any instructions and, as a rule follower and a good girl, she didn’t want to do anything wrong. So she sat there, anguished and pained, spread open and exposed.

The nurse smiled and let the girl suffer. She knew that the doctor would be at least 10 minutes and that the teen should probably close her legs and relax but it wasn’t her job to tell the patient what to do. Instead she sat there and let Tami suffer in silence. The nurse did take the opportunity to text the nurses out front to tell them what was happening. They all laughed and some came in to see.

Tami could not believe it. How many people were going to see her bare pussy, all spread and exposed? Already three nurses had been into the room to “get supplies” and the doctor was still not back. Tami was a gymnast used to the strain of splits but even still her legs were feeling a bit of pain at being spread for so long.

Finally, the door opened and this time it was the doctor. When he saw that Tami was still spread in the stirrups, he shot a look of annoyance at the nurse but said nothing. He reinserted his hands into the rubber gloves and sat on the chair.

First, Tami felt the doctor’s fingers spreading her outer lips apart. She didn’t want to look but couldn’t help it. She saw the doctor looking at her vagina clinically, examining the exterior and near interior of her sex.

What made Tami nervous was she could feel her sex watering from the doctor’s touch. She was sexually innocent, only having one or two orgasms in her life, all under her own hand, but she could feel herself getting sexually excited. She wondered how embarrassing it would be to have an orgasm from a gyn exam.

The doctor pushed a finger in and felt around inside, as if he were pushing the walls of her vagina to test their strength. He also felt towards the back end of her vagina. When he touched there, she stifled a scream…that spot was so sensitive that his finger felt like a hot poker.

Satisfied with his findings, he withdrew his fingers and Tami exhaled. She hadn’t realized she had been holding her breath the whole time but now that the doctor was done, she relaxed.

It was then she saw the doctor holding up a metal instrument with long arms. “Tami, I am going to put this speculum in. This might be a bit uncomfortable but since you are sexually active, it might be okay.”

**Tami's OB-GYN Visit (Part 3)**

Tami started to shake her head no, she was not sexually active, that the doctor misunderstood but no words came out. She drew in a sharp breath as the cool metal slid into her poor, narrow vagina, going past her spread lips and in. Tami felt like her vagina were stuffed to the max.

“Sorry it was a little cold,” the doctor said absentmindingly. “Now I am going to spread your vaginal entrance so I can get a better view.”

He began to turn a knob at the base of the speculum and Tami could feel her sex widen. It was uncomfortable for sure but it was the mental anguish that got to Tami more. She knew that the doctor could see all the way inside her private place. Of course, that younger Tami had no idea how many people would soon see inside that area but at the time, the innocent girl was mortified.

The doctor shined a small, thin flashlight into Tami’s spread sex. She swore she could feel the heat of the beam hitting her sensitive tissue. Then the doctor inserted a small brush and Tami winced as the man scraped the area at the back of her vagina. She tried to raise up off the table but the doctor put his hand on her pubic mound. “settle now, it will just be a moment,” he said. Sure, he thought, easy for you to say. Ever had your cervix scraped?

Another instrument went in and Tami felt it too scraping along her cervix, though it was smooth. The doctor took the collection of cells and scraped it on a slide.

“Pap smear seems normal but will send it in anyway, since she has been active,” the doctor said. Tami closed her eyes in shame. She was being considered as sexually active after one awful grope. She should have never answered yes to that question.

Tami opened her eyes when she heard clicking. It matched the feeling of the speculum closing and the pressure easing on her poor vaginal walls. She was grateful when the metal instrument was removed from her sex, praying that the doctor was finished. She began to pull her feet from the stirrups when the doctor stopped her.

“Not yet,” he said impatiently. “Time for your bimanual exam.”

Her whole body sank as she put her feet back into the awful stirrups. She saw the doctor put jelly onto his fingers. “This won’t hurt someone who is sexually active but it may be a bit uncomfortable,” Dr. Price said as he slid two fingers inside of her. She stifled another scream of discomfort as the doctor rotated his fingers 90 degrees so his fingertips were positioned at the top of her vagina. Using his left hand, he pressed down on her pubic mound. She could feel the doctor moving his hand inside and out, trying to feel something. She closed her eyes to hide the tears of shame at this awful intrusion. The doctor then moved his fingers and hand further up, towards the back of her vagina. Finally, he removed his fingers and hand from her abdomen.

“Ovaries and uterus seem fine, no abnormalities,” the doctor said to the nurse, who sat bored out of her mind.

Again Tami began to dismount but the doctor stopped her. “Wait a moment, please, I need to examine your anus.” Tami shook in humiliation as the doctor put his fingers by her anal opening and examined her there. It took only a few seconds but it was enough to cause her great shame.

“OK, now you are finished,” the doctor said.

Tami pushed herself up, getting her knees straight before removing her feet from the stirrups. The nurse handed Tami a tissue which the girl gratefully used to blow her nose. The girl snorted in derision and pointed down at the girl’s vagina. “To wipe the jelly off,” she said, handing Tami another tissue. Mortified, Tami took the tissue and wiped off the excess jelly.

“OK, we will call your home with the results of this test,” the man said, absently reaching out his hand for a shake. Tami, feeling demoralized by the exam, meekly shook it and the man left. The nurse soon followed, giving Tami a grin as she left.

Tami vaulted off the table, though she almost fell with her legs feeling the strain of having been stretched for so long. She gratefully ran to her pile of clothes and pulled on her panties first and then her jeans before discarding the paper gown. She then donned her bra, t-shirt and sweater before pulling on socks and sneakers. In no time at all, the girl was fully dressed, trying to forget the awful hour she had just spent. While walking out, she noticed the smirks on the faces of the nursing staff who had walked in on her. She vowed to never return to this office as she met with her mother and wordlessly left.