**The Examination**

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I hate it when Ray Doyle involves other people in my tasks. He told me that he had talked about me to a Professor Burbidge who works in the medical faculty and the prof wanted to meet me. I get the impression that Ray enjoys talking about me to his colleagues which raises the possibility that half the staff at the university know all about me and when they pass me in the hallways they are imagining me stripping for them. I suppose they must all enjoy a really good laugh in their common room when Ray tells them all the fine detail of what he does to me.

So Ray said I had to present myself to Prof Burbidge at 1pm on Thursday and, following his directions, I went over to the med school and up to room 14B where I tapped on the door. A voice summoned me in and I found myself in a consulting room where I guess the students practice. It was very embarrassing to find a grey haired man in a white coat and about four medical students, all male, also in white coats. The man seemed to have half forgotten that I was coming.

"Oh yes, Julie isn't it. You kindly volunteered to be our subject today."

Then he began to address the students.

"Obviously normally you would be very sensitive and ask the lady to undress behind a screen but we don't need to bother with that here."

Then he looked at me standing there in my short skirt and t shirt.

"Well come on my dear. Just undress and jump up on the table for us. No need to be shy."

This was going to be doubly humiliation because, as you know, I am not allowed to wear or even own any grown up underwear. But there was no way out so I dragged my t shirt over my head revealing my plain white vest which would not have looked out of place on a boy although on me it did have two slight bulges.

As they all watched me I lifted first one foot and then the other and pulled off my training shoes without unlacing them. Then my yellow ankle socks joined the pile on the wooden chair and I stood barefoot to reach behind to unzip my skirt and pull it down and off exposing my navy blue gym pants. Blushing furiously I pulled my vest off and my little boobs sprang into view then I paused.

Taking one's knickers off is always a dilemma at a medical exam. You don't want to appear to be a silly little girl who is scared to take her pants off but equally you don't want to look like a slut who takes them off even when she doesn't have to. Doctors never make it clear how undressed they want you to be. The prof was addressing his students again.

"You will find that women are very silly about taking their underwear off but if you wait just a moment they will get the message."

So now I knew what he wanted. I don't think men really understand what being seen naked means to a woman. We are told from our earliest years that no-one must see us without our knickers on and that stays with us. A man is only ready for sex when he is erect but for a woman her sexual passage is available whenever it is not covered so having to show her pussy makes her feel extremely vulnerable. I do hate my navy gym pants but I hated taking them off for these strangers even more. Having placed my most intimate garment on the chair with my other clothes I climbed onto the padded examination table and the prof gathered his students around me with some on either side. He placed one hand under my left boob and began to address the students.

"Now as you can see we have unusually small breasts on this subject. If you could only see the breasts how old would you expect the subject to be?"

They all offered opinions and the highest figure given was fourteen. He was still speaking in his very scholarly voice and his hand ran down the top of my right breast.

"Even on quite a small lady we would expect to see some curving here but you can see that the line from the top of the chest down to the nipple is perfectly straight so there is some retarded development. However the nipples are quite responsive."

At this he began to gently squeeze and stroke my nips and, to my great embarrassment they responded to his warm touch and began to swell. He was treating me like a laboratory animal and I knew that he would not stop at my breasts. Sure enough he moved to the bottom of the table and his students gathered around him as he stroked my lower belly just above my pussy.

"There may be several reasons why a woman may be shaven in this area. Often it shows a particular interest in sexual intercourse and a feeling that smooth skin heightens enjoyment or, of course, it can just stem from immaturity. Why are you shaven my dear?"

It took me a second to register that he was actually addressing his demonstration dummy and the answer was out of my mouth before I could bite it back.

"Professor Doyle prefers it like that."

This led to much laughter and when it subsided the professor had another question.

"Would you say that you have intercourse often, Julie?"

I mumbled something feeling as if I were under very hot lights but it was not sufficiently detailed for him.

"When was the last time?"

"Um." My voice had gone croaky. "Yesterday morning." (Please don't make me tell you that it was on the floor of Ray Doyle's office.)

His hands were inside my thighs pressing them apart as he continued his lecture for the students.

"We can see that the vaginal lips are quite fleshy but the entry to the cervix is fairly tight. You can see that it does take a certain degree of pressure to push my fingers into the opening although I can hold her open like so. There is evidence that Julie is quite sexually active because if I touch her clitoris fairly lightly it responds very quickly and you can see that I have been stimulating her for a very short time and yet she is moistening. Now could you pass me that speculum?"

As he took hold of the huge chromium implement I was coming near to the limit of my endurance. My breathing was a little unsteady due to the quite skilful way in which the professor had handled my most sensitive parts and I was feeling very hot until the freezing metal touched my flesh and the jaws began to push their way into me. As the professor turned the butterfly screw on the speculum I felt myself being forced open and was genuinely alarmed because I did not know how long he would keep turning the screw.

It seemed to me that he opened the jaws far too wide and I found myself turning my lip inwards and having to work very hard not to cry out in pain as I was lying there on my back with my knees apart and feeling the cold air on the very sensitive, moist flesh inside my most private area. All the students had now gathered around the business end and the professor was holding a small torch and pointing out minute details of his subject to the young men. Next he invited each of them to take the torch and practice making an examination. It was as if they were peering up inside a carcass of beef.

When each student had taken his turn and enjoyed a view of me which even I have never had the professor had two of them take hold of an ankle each and raise my feet as high they could. This lifted my bum off the table and I felt a cold swab applied to a small area of my left buttock. Then I made a sharp "Ooh!" as something sharp was jabbed into my buttock and, looking down between my legs, I saw the professor holding a syringe. He had injected me with..with..with something.

"Very well that will do for now. We have to discuss our findings on this session so you will need to wait outside for a while. You will find a chair just outside the door."

I really believed that he was going to send me stark naked out into the corridor but he handed me a pale blue hospital gown which had white straps to be tied and, like all hospital gowns, did not meet properly at the back so I walked to the door displaying my bare bottom to the five men. The gown was ridiculously short so I had to sit with my bare buttocks on the cold, hard chair. I was sitting with my legs tight together and very aware that the gown came down to less than an inch below my pussy. My discomfort shot up the scale when two men came around a bend in the corridor. They were dressed in suits and carrying papers which they discussed as they walked. They passed by completely ignoring me. It seemed that this was a busy part of the college as several assorted people walked past me; none of them showed any sign of having seen me and I could not help wondering what they were thinking.

Eventually the door opened and one of the students summoned me back into the examination room. As soon as I stood up my head began to swim and I had to reach out for the wall to keep myself upright. I walked groggily back into the room and found that I was seeing double. My vision filled with a giant penis; it was a hundred feet long and it was penetrating me between my legs and ripping through my body and out of the top of my head. I was overwhelmed by terror and everything became dark as I felt myself sinking into a deep, damp pit. I was falling at an increasing rate and I knew that there was a monster at the bottom of the pit which was going to eat me.............

I was lying on the floor and everything was black; I felt sick and my whole body ached. There was an especially sharp pain between my legs. I opened my eyes and the light stabbed into me causing me to close them again. I very carefully opened one eye and took in my surroundings through the fog which was gradually subsiding from my brain.

I saw that I was curled up on the carpet of the examination room beside that horrible examination table. The fluorescent lighting seemed to be very bright. My body was wet and I was freezing cold; I wanted to just lie here but I feared that if I did that I would freeze to death. I talked out loud to myself.

"Do you want to try to move?"

"Yes, let's give it a go."

I rolled onto my front and pressed my hands down onto the carpet. At first every movement caused waves of nausea and I thought I would fall back into unconsciousness but very gradually I got myself into a sitting position on the table with my legs hanging over the side. There were some clothes and training shoes on the table beside me and, after a while, I concluded that they were probably mine. There was also a piece of paper with some writing but I could not focus sufficiently to read the words.

I sat still for a while to allow my body to recover from the effort of sitting up. As I did so I noticed the wall clock. It was just after 6. If I assumed that was 6pm I had been here for...the sum was too hard for me but I knew that I had lost several hours. The memory of the humiliating examination began to come back but there were still many hours which were a complete blank. What had been done to me in that time?

My mind did begin to clear and the nausea left me so I decided that I should dress but, when I ran my hands through the clothing I found that it comprised only shoes, skirt, t shirt and socks. OK so they have left me no underwear; I can cope with that. As I was dressing I found that I was able to read the piece of paper.

"You have an appointment in Professor Doyle's room now."

What I wanted to do was to go home but I made my way to Doyle's office and the walk did help to clear my head. Doyle was seated behind his desk and I was not invited to sit down so I found myself standing in front of the desk. He made the predictable remarks about my nipples which were pressing against the thin cotton of my t shirt and had been very uncomfortable for the walk over from the med centre.

"Did you enjoy your afternoon Julie?"

My options in replying were very limited as the last time that I used the word "no" he had arranged for me to be practically stripped in an alleyway in the city.

"Yes Sir."

He smiled and handed me a large white card which had been printed and had some details filled in by hand. I saw that it was a medical record and it had my name, address and date of birth at the top. I read in horror.

"Delusional behaviour....morbid sexual obsession....possible danger to others...probable nymphomaniac."

It was signed at the bottom by Professor Burbidge. Doyle began to explain that it only takes the signature of two doctors to have someone sectioned under the Mental Health Act and that his psychology degree qualified him to provide the second signature.

"Think about what it would mean for you to be put into a van with your arms strapped down to your sides and then held in a secure facility with your head shaved for reasons of hygiene. Possibly kept in a strait jacket for twelve hours a day and fed from a spoon. Would you like that Julie?"

Despite my fear of the "no" word I shook my head and he took the card back from me.

"I will hang onto this for now."

Before he dismissed me Doyle gave me a thick white envelope which he told me to open when I arrived home. The envelope obviously contained a lot of paper and I half wondered if it was money but when I was sitting on my sofa opening the envelope I saw that my guess had been very wrong.

He had given me a collection of colour photographs which had all been taken in an office, possibly an office attached to the examination room where I had endured my humiliating ordeal. Every picture showed me naked. There were other people in the pictures but the photographer had been very skilful so that he only showed the back of their heads or else their faces were hidden behind some part of me or their head was cropped out of frame. My face was very clear; my eyes were open and I was smiling so that it appeared I was really enjoying myself. Most of my fellow models were male but there were several shots of me and a young woman and we were doing just about everything which it is possible for two women to do to each other.

I dropped the vile pornography on the sofa beside me. Of course modern technology meant that Doyle could have any number of copies and I had no way of knowing how many copies there were or what he might do with them. He also had the medical card stating that I was delusional so no-one would ever believe a single word that I said. I felt Doyle's vice tightening around me. I was trapped and, even though I was free to walk around, I was his captive.