**The Interview**

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Sandi entered the office building with the confidence of a 34 year old woman who knew that she was as prepared for today's interview as she could be. Even though she had not been in the working world since she left in 1978 to have her babies, now 6 years later they were both at school and she could go back to work and was looking forward to it.

For the interview she had bought a new blouse and a suit comprised of jacket and pencil skirt with a slit on the side just big enough to allow her to walk but not so big she looked like a slut. She was trying to portray the 'yuppie' look of a professional woman who was confident in her abilities.

Sandi took a seat in the reception area after giving her name at the desk and looked around her. There must have been about 20 other women waiting there with her, ranging from young girls just out of school to a couple of ladies in their 50's. Looking at the competition she knew the fight for the position of legal secretary was going to be tough today.

Precisely at 11 o'clock a door opened and two people walked out, one was a man aged about 40 in a striking pin stripe suit, under which Sandi could see red braces. Accompanying him was a woman who was dressed in a skirt and jacket very similar to what Sandi had chosen today.

"Ladies!" The man spoke in a loud voice, "would you all come through please."

The assembled women stood and followed the couple into the next room which was a large hall, in the centre of the hall were wooden desks and chairs, reminding Sandi of her days at Grammar school.

"Please find your seat as quick as possible," the man told them as they filtered in one at a time. Sandi found her desk and took her seat, on the desk was a pad of paper and a word processor. She had only ever used normal typewriters when she had worked previously, but she had read about these new machines and felt she would master it.

"Thank you ladies," the man said. "My name is Mr Norman and it is my job to select the right candidates for the vacant position today. This is my assistant, Miss Ellis," he said indicating the lady with him.

"The selection process is made up of different parts and only those that pass will go throw to the next stage. If you are unable to pass one section for whatever reason you will be asked to leave."

Sandi looked around and saw everyone else nodding affirmation.

Mr Norman continued, "the first stage is an aptitude test. Miss Ellis will pass around a document that each of you must copy exactly on the word processor infront of you." Miss Ellis walked around the hall, her stiletto heels clicking on the hard floor as she dropped of a sheet of paper on each desk. "This is not a speed test as such, accuracy is more important. Having said that, we expect it to take no longer than 20 minutes to complete. Any piece that is not completed in that time will be classed as a fail.

When all the candidates had received their document the test began. Sandi was surprised how intuitive the machine was and was working it out to produce the copy. 5 minutes into the test one of the older women stood up from her desk in tears as she found it impossible to use the word processor. Miss Ellis escorted her out of the hall. It took Sandi 15 minutes to complete her copy noticing that although there were some candidates faster than her, there were still about half that were still typing.

At the end of the 20 minutes time limit most of the candidates had finished but Sandi could still hear some keys going. It turned out that another three women were lost because they had not finished in the 20 minutes.

Mr Norman addressed the 16 candidates that were left, "well done for finishing your work. We will now take a few minutes to check your copies and prepare the room for the next stage. Would you please wait in the reception area once more."

Sandi joined the other ladies as they left the room, she found that she was sat next to one of the more maturer ladies. The lady smiled at her and said, "hello my name is Jean."

"Hello, I am Sandi."

"First time Sandi?" Jean asked.

"Yes it is, have you tried before for a job here then?"

"Oh yes I have been through this more than once."

"You must really want to work here."

"Something like that," Jean replied with a smile and Sandi noticed a couple of the other ladies smiling too. There was a sense of expectation amongst the ladies that were left as they waited to be called in to the hall once more. Before that happened though Miss Ellis came out and spoke to one lady and told her that there was a mistake on her copy and she was asked to leave. Miss Ellis then invited the remaining 15 back to the main hall.

The room was totally different to when Sandi had left it. Gone were the desks there were now just three rows of 5 chairs set out in the middle of the room.

"Once again ladies please take a seat," Mr Norman told them from the front.

"Come sit next to me Sandi," Jean said, and the two of them took a seat in the back row.

"Congratulations for making it past stage 1," Mr Norman began again. "Now we move onto stage 2. The fitness examination."

Sandi looked at Jean and mouthed the word 'fitness?'

"In preparation for your examination you are required to undress down to your underwear please. You will find a basket under your chair for your clothes."

Jean looked at Sandi and winked as she took off her jacket. Already three women had their hands up, and when Miss Ellis went to them they were asking if this was necessary. When they were told that it was an absolute requirement, two of them withdrew from the process. One was one one of the young girls from just out of school, and the other was probably in her 20's. The third decided to stay and started to undress.

Sandi took off her jacket and folded it neatly and put in the basket, but now she was in a quandary. Next to her Jean was already out of her blouse and Sandi saw she was wearing a black Playtex Cross your Heart bra with the pink flower on the cross over. "Everything ok dear?" Jean asked Sandi as she saw her hesitating.

"I don't know," Sandi said. "The thing is I am not wearing a bra." The truth is Sandi had not worn a bra since about 1969 when she was 19 and had become involved with the hippy movement. She had not even given it a thought when she dressed that morning, sure that the jacket would hide any evidence. Her breasts were still firm despite their size to not sag or require lifting up.

"Well in all my interviews here I have never seen that happen," Jean told her, "but I should not worry too much, if you get past stage 2 you will not be the only one."

"Really?"

"Yes. But I would get a move on otherwise they will think you are dropping out of selection," Jean added as she unbuttoned her skirt and let it fall and folded it up. Jean was wearing a black corset with suspenders holding up her stockings.

Sandi looked around and saw that she was the only one left with a blouse on. The different styles of bra the others were wearing were as varied as the btreast sizes amongst the women. The older women, like Jean were wearing the more traditional heavy material bras, whilst the younger ones were wearing the newer underwired bras. Many of these bras were of a sheer material and Sandi could clearly see their nipples and areolas through the thin material.

Taking a deep breath Sandi began undoing the buttons on her blouse and with them all done she took the blouse off and bent down to fold it into the basket, very much aware that Jean was watching her and the way her tits hung down when she bent over. With that over she just had to continue with her skirt, leaving her in just her tights and panties.

"I assume I am ok wearing these?" She asked Jean.

"For now yes," Jean told her.

About half of the women wore tights, whilst most of the others were wearing stocking and suspended belts. The two youngest girls had neither and were sat in just cotton panties and bras. It looked like some of the ladies had really given thought to their choice of lingerie today as most of them were in matching sets.

"Thank you ladies," Mr Norman was again at the front looking out over the 13 women. "In a minute our medical team will join us for you fitness test. Please do everything they ask of you, in order to proceed to the next stage."

With that a group of 8 nurses entered the room, most of them were female but there were two male nurses in the group. Sandi watched as the team went to the first two rows and began to talk to the ladies. The first thing they did to each candidate was to take their blood pressure, followed by pulse rate. All the time making notes on their clipboards. After they used stethoscopes to check hearts and lungs. Finally they asked the women to stand up and then bend over and touch their toes. Sandi watched each women bend over and saw how their panties stretched over their bums. Looking over she saw that Jean was watching intently with a smile on her face, and it finally dawned on Sandi why she kept coming back for interviews. Was she a dyke?

The next thing the nurses asked the ladies to do was to squat down. It was at this stage that one of the ladies in her 40's had to withdraw as her knees just would not allow her to get down like that. Another lady failed the eye sight when she could not read the sign at the other end of the hall. By the time the tests were finished on the first group the total was down to 11.

The nurses now came to the rear row where Sandi and Jean sat. The nurse who came to Sandi introduced herself as Paula, whilst Sandi heard the nurse with Jean say, "hello again Jean, still trying to get that job?"

"Still trying yes," Jean said with her infectious smile.

"So Sandi, you didn't want to wait?" Paula asked her as she took her blood pressure.

"Wait for what?"

"To take your bra off."

"Oh I didn't have one on, I don't actually own one."

"I see." Paula said as she proceeded to check Sandi's heart and she unusually held Sandi's breast as she did so, her warm hands soft against Sandi's nipple which was poking hard in the chill of the room, or was that for another reason.

Sandi had no problem with the simple exercises, but was once again very aware of Jean's eyes on her as she bent over and her 38d tits swung under her. However the woman on her other side was not so fortunate, as she was unable to bend past the required 90 degrees and had to leave, picking up her basket of clothes and carrying them out of the room.

The nurses took their clipboards to Mr Norman who looked over them and pulled a couple of the sheets out and had a discussion with the head nurse, before talking to Miss Ellis. It seemed that it was always Miss Ellis who had to deliver the bad news as she went to two of the candidates to inform them they had failed the physical due to both having high blood pressure.

"Well Miss Ellis we have 8 candidates for stage 3."

"Yes Mr Norman,"Miss Ellis replied. "A company record I believe."

"I think you are right. So well done to you 8, now we move onto the third stage of selection. Which is the Medical examination. Now I know one of you is already part way there," he said looking at Sandi directly, the first time he had looked at any one of the candidates all morning.

"But in order to carry out the medical examination you will need to be naked."

There was a tangible quietness in the hall as he said this before one of the ladies laughed.

"I am sorry Mrs Harper, I am not joking, you will need to strip completely for stage 3."

Mrs Harper turned completely red in her face, "no job is worth this humiliation," she said as she stormed out of the room in just her stocking and matching lingerie set, before having to come back to pick up her basket of clothes that she had left under her chair.

"Oh well we are down to 7 already," Mr Norman said. "Is there anyone else who wants to follow her before we proceed."

The last of the young girls stood up and walked out, she did remember to pick up her clothes though. "Oh that's a shame," Jean whispered to Sandi, who was now sure she knew exactly why Jean was here.

"So Six it is then. When you are ready ladies."

Jean took no time at all in removing her bra and letting her matronly tits free, Sandi watched her and saw that Jean did not have white breasts like her, but they were as tanned as the rest of her body. Sandi began to roll off her tights taking her panties with them. She had gone this far so she just as well continue with it now. She also felt that as she was the last to take her blouse off she should make up some ground by being the first one naked. She sat back down when her panties and tights were past her bum and pulled them off and placed them with her shoes in the basket.

Jean was undoing the suspender on her corset still and rolling her stocking off. When they were down she pulled on the corset and it slid over her hips. Sandi saw no evidence of panties under the corset, and realised that Jean must have been not wearing any all the morning.

Two other things Sandi noticed about Jean. The first was her tan again, which extended down below her waist so that there were no white bits at all, which was totally different to all the other 5 ladies who all had white tits and asses as far as Sandi could tell.

The second thing that she noticed was that unlike Sandi's full hairy bush, Jean had no hair around her pubic area. Jean noticed her looking, "you never seen one like this have you Sandi?"

"Absolutely not Jean, have you had an operation recently?" Sandi said thinking this was the only reason for it.

"Heck no!" Jean said laughing, "I shave it off myself, it's becoming quite fashionable in the circles I move in." Before she could say any more Paula was back.

"Glad to see you still here Sandi," Paula said.

"Thanks."

"So now we are going to do the health examination, I will need to do a number of examinations on you, some are very intimate."

"Ok," Sandi said her hands shaking a little.

"First off I am going to check your head for lice," Paula told her, and standing behind her she began to look through Sandi's hair. "Sorry to mess your hair up Sandi, it does look nice. It's the Lady Di style, I do like that but could never do it with mine."

"Thanks, its about as close I can get it."

"All clear up here, but I had no doubt about that."

Just then there was a shriek from one of the other ladies as she was told that she had head lice. She picked up her basket and ran out the hall, her breasts bouncing up and down as she ran.

"Do you check your breasts ever, Sandi?" Paula asked.

"I am sure they are always there," Sandi replied.

"I am sure they are, I mean do you ever check for lumps?"

"No, should I?"

"There is a lot of evidence now to say regular checking can reduce the risk of developing breast cancer."

"Oh I see."

"I am going out check them now for you, but I suggest you do this regularly too."

Still standing behind her, Paula put a hand on Sandi's left breast and began to push down on the soft flesh, moving around it until she had felt every part before repeating the same on her left breast. Sandi looked to her left to see that Jean's nurse was examining her breasts too, but Jean was more interested in watching Paula examine Sandi.

"No lumps there Sandi, you will be please to know."

"Oh good." Sandi said and was pleased that everyone else seemed to be clear too.

Paula passed Sandi a plastic bottle, " I need a water sample if you can manage that please," she said. "We will be testing it for diabetes and pregnancy you see."

"Where are the toilets?" Sandi asked, looking around for a sign.

"I would have thought you would have realised that we won't be needing them," Jean said to her as she got off her chair, squatted down with the bottle under her and began to fill it with her urine.

Sandi saw that all but one of the other ladies were doing the same. 'What the hell!' she thought to herself, and instead of squatting she stood up and placed the bottle between her legs and began to try to pee. The thought of doing it with everyone else around was not helping her, she needed to relax. She thought of being with her husband in the beach in Devon and hearing the sea. With her mind full of these thoughts finally her flow began. When her bladder was empty she passed the bottle to Paula who gave her a tissue to wipe herself with.

Paula but a diabetes testing strip in the urine and gave her a smile when it came back clear. She then tested it for pregnancy which was also negative.

"Now would you stand up please," Paula said, "and stand facing the chair."

Sandi stood as she was asked, "ok, now bend over and put your hands on the seat please." As Sandi bent over she heard Paula put on a pair of gloves,When she was in position she felt Paula's hands spread her bum cheeks apart. "I need to check for piles now, there are none on the outside, but I need to feel inside too."

Sandi swallowed hard when she heard that. "I am just putting a little jelly on there first." The jelly was cold and Sandi shivered a little as she felt Paula's gloved finger spread the jelly over her bum hole and the slide the finger in to feel the walls of her rectum for any piles. "Once again, clean as a whistle Sandi."

It was not until Sandi stood back up again that she realise two ladies were taking their things. "One wouldn't have the test," Jean explained, "and I think the other had a little trouble back there."

"Oh I see. So just the three of us now?" Sandi said.

Sandi also noticed that there was something new at the front of the room. Where Mr Norman and Miss Ellis had stood there was now a medical couch, complete with stirrups.

Mr Norman was stranding by the side of the couch. "And so ladies it is time for the final examination, which I am sure you can guess what it is," he said pointing at the couch.

"Jean would you come up first please."

Sandi watched as Jean confidently walked up to the couch and lay on her back. The chief nurse was there and she lifted Jeans legs and placed them in the stirrups. The way the couch was positioned meant that Sandi and the other candidate were looking right up Jeans legs, and without any hair between them they could clearly see her labia.

The nurse pulled over a trolley and took out a steel speculum to which she added some jelly to before spreading Jean's labia and inserting the instrument. Then opening the speculum to open Jean's vagina before taking a light and looking inside. Before she put her head in the way, Sandi was able to see right into Jean's vagina, a view she had never seen in her life, not even her own.

With the examination over the nurse pulled out the instrument and lifted Jeans legs out of the stirrups. Jean walked back to her seat next to Sandi.

The other lady, who Sandi had not even taken any notice of really all the morning stood up and said "I am sorry I can't go through with it, I thought I would be able to do it this time, but I can't I am so sorry." Sandi saw that she was almost in tears.

"There is always next time Veronica," Mr Norman said, maybe third time lucky."

Veronica picked up her basket of clothes and walked out the hall, tears rolling down her face.

"So it's just you two left," he said looking at Sandi and Jean. "Are you going to have the examination Sandi?"

Sandi had to think a moment, when she arrived here that morning she had been determined to do whatever she needed to beat the competition. However, she would never have guessed that she would be sat here at the end totally naked and debating whether to have an internal examination in public.

She looked at Jean and thought about how many times she must have got this far and never been successful.

"If I don't have the examination, will Jean be given the job?" She asked.

"Are you saying you won't have the test, just so I get the job?" Jean asked.

"I think you must really want it to go through this so many times and maybe you deserve it."

"Mr Norman, I think you have found your new employee," Jean said.

"I think you are right Mrs Norman."

Sandi didn't quite hear it properly at first, then it dawned on her. "Mrs Norman?"

"Yes Sandi," said Mr Norman. "Meet my wife, Jean Norman. Your new boss if you accept the job."

"But why Jean?"

"Since we adopted this selection process we have had some amazing candidates, in fact Miss Ellis here went through the process just a year ago and now she is my husband's executive assistant. However, I would never expect any woman to go through this if I was not willing to do it too. So every year I go through the whole process with the candidates. It's a test of your willingness to conform and also your spirit."

"Oh and not everyone was a candidate today," Mr Norman added. "You remember Mrs Harper?"

"The lady who stormed out and forgot her clothes?"

"Yes, she is our credit controller, but we use her to make that little show, because sometimes there are those women who need a little show like that to make them feel brave enough to leave. As happened this morning."

"So Sandi, the job is yours if you want it, but you still have to pass final examination," Jean said.

"I will take the test," Sandi said as she stood up and walked to the couch. She laid on it on her back. She noticed now that all the nurses were back in the hall, and she also noticed a few of the other candidates were back too, including Mrs Harper.

Sandi realised that she was having the most intimate examination a woman can have with about 15 pairs of eyes watching, and she did not care at that moment at all. What was important, was that she could go home later to her husband Keith and tell him the good news that she had a new Job.