**The Work Physical**

**by [Sabineteas](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=59922&page=submissions)©**

I had just graduated from business school and was looking for my first job. I was pretty naïve and from a small town. This was really my first exposure to the big city. I had some money saved up so I could rent an apartment and I had some nice clothes to wear on interviews.  
  
I had set up several interviews to give myself a good chance to see what was out on the job market. At my level of training and experience there wasn’t much available unfortunately. When I came to my last interview I was pleasantly surprised to be greeted warmly and the interview went well. And, I was amazed when they offered me a job and a higher salary than any I had seen before. Of course I accepted, since I did need a job.  
  
“Now Ms. Johnson, we are a rather eclectic company and do things quite differently than most others. I just want to be sure that you are comfortable with that.”  
  
“Oh yes, Mr. Martin. I feel very comfortable with the company and what I will be doing. I am certain that I will do a good job.”  
  
“Well I am glad to see such a positive attitude. There is one last thing. Sometime in the first two weeks of employment you must have a full physical examination. We have a company doctor on staff if you don’t have your own physician.”  
  
“That won’t be a problem, Mr. Martin.”  
  
“Now, as I said, we tend to do things differently around here. Keep an open mind and work hard and I am sure you’ll do well.”  
  
I thanked him after finding that I would start the following Monday. I was so excited! My first real job and at a salary that I was told I would never get in my first position.   
  
I arrived at work on Monday full of energy and enthusiasm. I worked away and did what I needed to do. I learned as much as I could and made some acquaintances. One of them was a young woman named MaryAnne.  
  
“Rachel, have you taken care of your physical yet?”  
  
“No, I haven’t.”  
  
“I would really suggest that you get it done.”  
  
I looked at her curiously.  
  
“Well, I am new to town and don’t have a doctor yet.”  
  
“Rachel, get your physical done.”  
  
“Is there some kind of problem?”  
  
“Not that I can talk about. Remember the forms you signed? One is a confidentiality form. We can’t talk about certain things. Just get your physical done as soon as you can.”  
  
I nodded and got back to work and soon forgot our conversation. Time flew by and soon the two weeks probation was ending. I got a call Thursday afternoon.  
  
“Rachel, this is Leslie in personnel. I see that you haven’t turned in the physical examination results. We need them by tomorrow.”  
  
“Oh I am sorry, but I haven’t had the time.  
  
“Well, in that case there is an opening tomorrow at 2PM with the company doctor. I’ll put you down for it.”  
  
I noted the time on my calendar and listened further.  
  
“Make sure you drink a lot before the exam since we’ll need a urine specimen.”  
  
I mumbled something and Leslie said goodbye. I hated exams. They were so embarrassing. I assumed by the full physical that it would include a gynecological exam and I hated them. I didn’t feel very comfortable with a stranger seeing me down there even if he was a doctor. But I had to have it done to keep the job and my first week’s pay had just arrived and I was excited. It was more than I ever expected!  
  
On Friday I looked at the calendar and remembered my appointment, grimacing as I thought. Oh well, how bad could it be? I worked through the morning and with lunch, I drank a bottle of water and then another after lunch. Soon it was time for me to go.  
  
MaryAnne looked at me. She grimaced when I stood up.  
  
“Physical, Rachel?”  
  
“Yes.” “Grit your teeth and it’ll soon be over.”  
  
I nodded and headed off to the doctor’s office. When I arrived there was an older nurse. She pointed to the door and I walked into a smaller office. It had a desk with two chairs in front of it and examination table. I shuddered. I really didn’t like those things. I paced for a while, nervously and then sat in a chair. Finally the doctor came in. He sat behind the desk and smiled at me. I tried to smile back.  
  
“Ms. Johnson, isn’t it?”  
  
“Yes.”  
  
Well, we have a few questions first before the examination. Is that all right?”  
  
I nodded.  
  
“Are you sexually active?”  
  
“Ah, what does that have to do with this examination?”  
  
“Just answer the question. All the others have.”  
  
I blushed.  
  
“I have had sex, yes.”  
  
My face was hot.  
  
“Do you have sex regularly?”  
  
“Ah, no. My boyfriend isn’t here in the city.”  
  
“How long since you last had sex?”  
  
“I really don’t see what this has to do with my job.”  
  
“Ms. Johnson, this is a standard company questionnaire. All female employees have answered it.”  
  
I lowered my eyes to the floor. I was feeling very humiliated.  
  
“About three weeks.”  
  
“You last had sex about three weeks ago?”  
  
I nodded.  
  
“That’s quite a while. Do you masturbate?”  
  
I flushed even hotter and redder.  
  
“Yes, but not often.”  
  
“When did you last masturbate?”  
  
“Last weekend.”  
  
“Just once or more than once?”  
  
“Just once.”  
  
“Did you orgasm?”  
  
“Yes.”  
  
I was so embarrassed, but the fact that others had answered the same questions made it a little better.  
  
“Now we also do some research with our employees, judging arousal and other things. I assume that will not be a problem?  
  
I was so horrified by the earlier questions I just shook my head no, not really understanding what was to come.  
  
“All right Ms. Johnson, I need you get on the gown, please.”  
  
“Is there a dressing room?”  
  
“No, the gown is over there. You may leave your underpants on.”  
  
I stood, shakily, and walked to where the gown was hanging. I took it down and peeked over my shoulder. The doctor seemed to be busy with my file, so I kept my back to him. I removed my blouse and skirt, then slipped the gown on. Then I removed my bra under it and tugged my pantyhose off. I folded each item and set them on the examination table. I did my best to tie the gown in back but it wasn’t easy to do. I was sure it wasn’t closed tightly and I was feeling even more embarrassed. I held it closed as best I could with one hand.  
  
“Over to the scale Ms. Johnson.”  
  
I walked over to the hospital scale and stood on it. I was very aware of the opening in the gown.   
  
“Let’s see, 5’6” and 128 pounds. Very nice.”  
  
I blushed. I felt I was too heavy, but he didn’t seem to think so.  
  
“Over to the table now.”  
  
I stupidly walked to the table. I was feeling extremely vulnerable and embarrassed at being alone with him, just as I did in all my previous doctor’s exams. I climbed up on the table. I had to use both hands and my gown opened a little. I blushed again; glad that I still had my underpants on. Just as I lay down, the door opened. I peered up and squealed. Mr. Martin and my new boss Mr. Wilson walked into the room.  
  
“Ah good, I need someone to take down the information.”  
  
I pulled the gown tighter around me.  
  
“Please ask them to leave.”  
  
“Ms. Johnson, they are your supervisors and should be aware of anything that is amiss with you.”  
  
“But…”  
  
“No buts, Ms. Johnson. We are all one big happy family here. Nothing to be concerned about.”  
  
I had to be scarlet, half upright and wearing only that flimsy gown and underpants. I sucked in a breath and lay back down, feeling my heart beating faster. The two men pulled up chairs and sat next to the exam table. I was sure that they could hear my heart pounding. I know that they could see my flushed face. I turned my face to the wall so I didn’t have to look at them and tried to relax.  
  
“Sit up, please, I need to listen to your back and chest.”  
  
Stupidly I sat up, still staring at the wall. As I did the doctor breathed on the stethoscope to warm it. He stepped behind me and slowly untied my gown in back. Then he listened to my breathing and had one of the men make notes in my file. Then, to my shock, he slipped the gown off my shoulders. As it fell down to my waist my boobs were in plain sight. I crossed my arms over them and stared at the wall, breathing heavier.  
  
“Please make them leave.”  
  
“We’ve been through this once already. They should be aware of any health concerns with you and I do need someone to take notes.  
  
“Couldn’t the nurse…”  
  
“She is busy, Ms. Johnson. Now just lower your arms, please.”  
  
Absolutely mortified, I lowered my arms and exposed my boobs to the two male managers. The doctor listened to my chest, making comments for notes, which were duly taken down. I could feel their eyes on me and I felt almost faint.  
  
“Now we are going to take our research information which I mentioned earlier.”  
  
I remembered and nodded. I felt something at one of nipples and lowered my head to see. The doctor was measuring my nipple! He made a comment that was noted and then measured the other nipple. Another note was made on my file and I thought thank god that that is over! Then the doctor laid the calipers next to my hip and reached up and cupped one of my boobs! He lifted it and then let go, making it drop and bounce on my chest.   
  
“Doctor!”  
  
“Ms. Johnson, you knew this was part of the exam. It is research for scientific findings. Now just be still!”  
  
I clamped my lips together as I felt his hand cupping me once more, then his thumb rubbed over my nipple. He pushed it back and forth until it erected and then he reached down. The calipers were back at my nipple again, measuring.  
  
“A full half-inch. Wonderful!”  
  
I turned scarlet. I heard the two managers whispering and chuckling. My other boob was cupped and dropped, making it fall and bounce. Then the hand was back, cupping it and rubbing my other nipple. It soon erected also. It was measured. This time his voice seemed disappointed.  
  
“Less than a half-inch, not as much as the other. Now turn over on your hands and knees.”  
  
I was absolutely humiliated at being exposed to the two managers and handled like some prize cow. I pulled up the gown and awkwardly turned over towards the wall. As soon as I got on my hands and knees however, the gown slid off my shoulders to the table, baring me once again. My boobs hung down and I was really ashamed. I couldn’t pull it back up in this position so I just closed my eyes and pretended I was alone with the doctor.  
  
“Ah, gentlemen, see if you can increase the arousal while I take her temperature.”  
  
I wanted to scream as one went to each side of me. I soon felt other hands on my boobs, gently squeezing and teasing my nipples. I just hung my head between my arms as they felt my boobs. I felt the doctor’s hands at my hips and bit my lip as he pulled my underpants down! They were just under my cheeks, but my entire ass was bare! Then one hand pried open my cheeks and the other smeared something on my anus. I sobbed quietly as I felt something prod, then poke up my bottom.  
  
“Just be still for five minutes for your temperature.”  
  
I whimpered softly. The hands were still at my boobs, fondling me, making my nipples even harder than they had been. The doctor walked away, whistling softly and one of the men let go of the boob he had been fondling and walked to the end of the table. I moaned as he stared at my bare ass with a thermometer sticking out of it. He stared until he had his fill and then returned to my side cupping and squeezing my boob once more and I watched to the side as the other walked behind me. Oh god, I was so embarrassed!  
  
Soon the doctor was back and removed the thermometer, noting the temperature. The two managers still fondled me. I was absolutely crushed!  
  
“Now, over on your back Ms. Johnson.”  
  
One of the managers held the gown down so as I turned over my arm pulled out of it. The other tugged it over me and let it drape off the side of the table. I was bare to my underpants that were down, showing just a bit of my pubic hair. My bare butt was on the table. The doctor came back and measured my nipples again. This time the managers were standing on either side of me staring hard at my boobs and nipples. When he finished and made his notations, unhappy that they hadn’t gotten any longer, all three gazed down my belly to my underpants.  
  
“Now we need to measure arousal of your clitoris, Ms. Johnson.”  
  
“Nooooooo!”  
  
I clamped my thighs together and started to rise, but Mr. Wilson held my shoulders. I stared as the doctor reached for my underpants.  
  
“If you’ll just relax, Ms. Johnson, this will be over in a jiffy.”  
  
I surrendered and slumped back as he slowly tugged on my underpants. My bush was bared, then my thighs and soon they were off me, leaving me naked as the day I was born!  
  
“Ah, they seem a little sticky here.”  
  
I sobbed and the two managers left my sides to peer at the gusset of my underpants. Soon I heard snickers as they inspected my underpants and the wet spot that was clearly visible. I was so humiliated! I squeezed my thighs together as tight as I could. I heard a drawer open and close and clanking by my feet. Then the doctor lifted one leg and placed my foot in the stirrup. Oh god no! A strap went around my ankle to hold my foot in place. He took my other leg and lifted into the other stirrup, binding that one also. I closed my eyes, embarrassed as never before.  
  
“Mr. Martin, would you please hold her open so I can take the first measurement.”  
  
I tried to clench my thighs together, but they had fastened me open. I felt a cold hand on my pussy and then my lips were pried open. Cold air flooded over my pussy and a finger pushed back the hood of my clitoris. I felt a scratching there and wondering what it was I lifted up and peered down, seeing the doctor using the calipers to measure my clitoris. Oh god! I looked over the doctor’s head to see Mr. Martin and Mr. Wilson peering at me over his shoulders. I could have died! The doctor wrote the measurement in my file and then gently began to rub my clitoris. I turned absolutely scarlet and laid back down. My eyes closed as he rubbed and teased my clitoris. He was gentle and actually very good and kept teasing me until my hips began to lift and little gasps came out of my mouth.   
  
Then, with Martin holding my lips open, he measured my clitoris again, murmuring disappointedly at the results. My thighs were still twitching from the teasing I had just received. My breath was coming in little panting breaths.  
  
“Now we need to do one last thing before we are done. She says she is sexually active and we need to verify this.”  
  
I lifted up again to see the doctor moving a thick glass rod towards my pussy. I began to squirm, but with my feet tied in the stirrups it was no use. He rubbed the rod up and down my pussy lips. He then twisted it back and forth and eased it into my pussy. I gasped. He fed it in deeper and deeper until he was sure that my hymen was no longer there. Then he left it up me and went to make another note in my file, while Martin and Wilson stood at the end of the table staring at my stuffed pussy. The doctor came back and was going to remove it.  
  
“Ah doctor, shouldn’t we check her bottom also. Some of these young girls have deviate intercourse.”  
  
I wanted to scream out loud.  
  
“Yes, I suppose we should. Roll your hips up girl.”  
I refused to move, but Martin and Wilson did it for me and pulled my cheeks open.  
  
“Looking at this I don’t expect we need any lubricant.”  
  
I wanted to bawl, but bit my lip as the rod poked at my anus. He prodded and poked and then twisted it. I clenched my bottom to no avail and moaned as the rod penetrated my anus. He pressed up further and I whimpered.  
  
“I think we can safely say her bottom is virgin, gentlemen.”  
  
He left to make another note and there was a knock at the door.   
  
“Come in.”  
  
The door opened and closed and Jane, a young woman who had started the day after me came into my sight. She stared at me, horrified at seeing me naked with a rod up my ass. I could have died all over again, turning beet red.  
  
“Have a seat Jane, we are almost done with Ms. Johnson.”  
  
I wanted to crawl under the floor. Jane sat down, unable to take her eyes off my naked body. I could tell she was scared to death and I couldn’t have been more humiliated, I thought.  
  
“Now one last thing, Ms. Johnson. We need to get a urine specimen from you.”  
  
As he said that, he set a large beaker on the floor. I stared at him in shock.  
  
“Just get up and squat down. We need to get this done quickly. Jane’s appointment for her physical is in five minutes. I sat up and quickly undid the straps holding my ankles. I slid off the table, pulling that hateful rod out of my ass at the same time. I just dropped it on the table, leaving it lie there.   
  
“Can’t I use the bathroom?”  
  
“Hurry up Ms. Johnson. We need to take care of Jane quickly.”  
  
I watched as the three men took positions in front of the beaker. Suddenly feeling the intense need to pee, I hurried to it and squatted. My legs were open wide and my lips spread open also. Jane watched in terror as I squatted and squeezed down. I moaned as pee squirted out and then stopped.  
  
“Just relax dear and it will soon be over.”  
  
I began to cry as my bladder let loose, pee gushing out of me to splatter in the beaker, in front of my boss, the interviewer and another secretary. I sobbed the entire time I peed in front in them. Finally I was done.   
  
“Do you have some paper, please?:  
  
My panties were tossed to me.  
  
“Use these, they are dirty anyway.”  
  
I wiped myself and stood up shakily, leaving the beaker with pee in the floor. I dropped my soiled underpants in the wastebasket. I picked up my clothes and just slipped on the skirt and top, anxious to leave. As I opened the door I heard.  
  
“Now Jane, put on the gown, you may leave your underpants on.”  
  
I began to laugh hysterically as I closed the door and began to walk down the hall to my desk.