Tracey's Hospital Humiliation

By Katie Smith

Tracey never even saw it coming! Once second she was busy umpiring a cricket match for the boys when the next she was pole axed by a small object which seemed to be moving at the speed of light! The small object was of course the cricket ball, which had been struck very firmly in Tracey’s direction by John Chambers, one of the schools best cricketers. The ball had hit Tracey smack in the middle of her throat and she’d collapsed as if she’d been hit by a cruise missile which if anyone knows how hard a cricket ball is she may as well of been!

It was several minutes before she realised what had happened and came out of her groggy state to find herself laying on the grass surrounded by worried looking boys and a couple of teachers, all looking down at her. The world had snapped back into focus just as she heard one of the boys say, “Perhaps we should loosen her clothing Sir?”

And as the other boys sniggered she heard Mr Taylor, the cricket coach, say, “Don’t be silly Johnson, she’s not wearing any tight clothing.”

Which was true, she was dressed in a short gym skirt and low cut vest which was the required uniform for female teachers taking games lessons, the same as all the female pupils at the school The uniform was a constant source of embarrassment for Tracey as it did little to hide her curves from the leering boys who she was meant to be in charge of, and if she’d known how far up the skirt had ridden as she laid on the grass she would have been mortified, her small white panties were on full display and the boys were more excited at seeing them than worrying about how she was!

They quickly recognised that she’d come round and she heard Mr. Taylor telling the boys to stand back and he knelt beside her and asked her how she was.

“I’m okay.” She said, well that was the plan anyway, in fact no noise came out at all and her throat seemed to be imploding every time she tried to say a word. Panicking she brought her fingers up to her neck and tenderly touched the already large and angry bruise, relieved that there was no gaping hole on her throat but alarmed at the pain she felt when she touched it and her inability to make any sound.

“Okay I think we’d better get you to the hospital, make sure your okay.” She heard Mr. Taylor say and as she lay there she saw the boys surrounding her take another few steps back and she knew he was telling one of the boys to do something and then suddenly she felt herself lifted up onto her feet by someone standing behind her and hoisting her up by her shoulders. For a few seconds the world span at an alarming rate in Tracey’s eyes but then slowed and stopped until she felt stable enough to take a few steps and she realised that Mr. Taylor was leading her off the playing field and towards his car which was parked a hundred yards away. As she followed him she realised that she was hanging onto the arm of someone else and she saw that it was John Chambers, the boy who’d caused the damage in the first place!

All three of them got into Mr. Taylor’s car, him in the front and Tracey and John in the back and during the twenty minute drive to the hospital she was dimly aware that John was constantly patting and stroking her leg and reassuring her that she would be okay, she was also aware that her short gym skirt was giving John a lot of leg to pat!

By the time they arrived at the hospital and had stood in casualty while Mr. Taylor explained what had happened, Tracey was completely with it again. She knew the cricket ball had left a nasty bruise and for the time being she couldn’t speak at all but apart from that she was sure she was okay. They were told to take a seat and as she did so Tracey was now aware that she was getting a lot of attention from various men in the room, after all she was a pretty girl dressed in a very short skirt and flimsy vest top and she was very careful how she sat down trying to keep as much covered as possible!

After five minutes waiting Mr. Taylor suddenly turned to them both and announced that he must really get back to the school and he would leave John there with Tracey until she’d been seen, and then John could ring the school and someone would come and pick them up. Tracey wasn’t to keen on being left with the grinning John but as she couldn’t say anything she was soon waving goodbye to Mr. Taylor as he walked off down the corridor to the hospital exit.

They sat in a slightly embarrassing silence but then within five minutes of him leaving Tracey’s name was called, and as she stood up and took the first step towards the nurse who was waiting for her she realised John was following her. She went to say that he didn’t have to come with her but of course no sound came out and suddenly John was ahead of her and talking to the nurse. Tracey shrugged inwardly to herself and followed the two of them through the curtains like a lost puppy and into a cubicle with a bed in it.

“Right then young lady onto the bed with you, the Doctor will be along shortly to have a look.”

Tracey did as she was told trying to maintain as much dignity as possible in her short skirt as she got onto the high bed and laid down on her back with her hands in her lap.

“Okay make sure she doesn’t move, the Doctor will be along shortly.” The nurse said to John before disappearing through the curtains.

She didn’t like the way that she now seemed to be the naughty little girl who’d got herself into trouble and was now being looked after by John, who was after all a pupil of hers. A pupil she’d only yesterday given detention to for smoking in the school grounds and who’d sworn at her and called her a bitch for her troubles! Now he was standing over her looking down at her with an evil grin on his face!

Luckily within two minutes the curtains were pulled back giving Tracey a quick glimpse of the crowded waiting room outside before the doctor pulled them shut again behind him although she did notice there was an inch gap where he hadn’t closed them completely and she hoped nobody could see in!

“Right what happened here?” The Doctor asked and she saw straight away that he was speaking to John!

“The silly girl got hit by a cricket ball on her throat.” John replied with a small laugh.

Tracey couldn’t believe the patronising way she was being spoken about and it got even worse when the Doctor laughed and said girls shouldn’t be playing cricket anyway.

“Okay let’s have a look at her then.” He said and started to examine Tracey’s throat. He felt all round it and made Tracey open her mouth wide while he looked down her throat with a pencil light for a minute or two before telling John that the throat was badly bruised and swollen.

“She’ll have trouble speaking and swallowing for about a week but it should subside and she’ll make a full recovery.”

Tracey was quite relieved at hearing that and was going to start getting off the bed when the Doctor asked John if she’d lost consciousness at all and when John confirmed she had and had fallen to the ground the Doctor said, “Okay I’d better check her over then.”

Up till then he’d been sideways on to Tracey talking over her head to John but he now turned to Tracey and said, “I’m just going to have a look at you Tracey, make sure your all in working order.” And with that he suddenly took hold of the bottom of her vest and started pulling it up.

Tracey quickly moved her hands onto his to stop him and looked frantically at him and motioned with her eyes towards John.

“Come on, don’t be a silly girl, I’m sure your boyfriend won’t mind.”

Boyfriend! What had given him that idea Tracey thought, apart from anything else she was twenty-five and John was no older than eighteen. She still struggled with the Doctors hands as he continued to try and pull her vest up vainly attempting to tell him that John was a pupil, not her boyfriend but of course no sound was coming out.

“Now look young lady,” he suddenly snapped releasing his hands from hers, “either you be a good girl and let me examine you or I’ll have to restrain you with these.” And he suddenly held up a leather strap which Tracey hadn’t noticed was attached to the side of the bed, one on each side, each strap had a small loop in the end, just big enough to slip a girls hand through! Tracey’s eyes widened at the sight of the straps and suddenly made a dash to get off the bed. There was no way she was going to let the Doctor examine her in front of the grinning John and she almost made it off the bed before the Doctors big arm was around her waist pulling her back and pinning her to the bed, he was much stronger than her and Tracey could only struggle weakly.

“Right then missy you leave me no choice,” the Doctor said as he held the struggling Tracey in place,” push her hand through that strap will you son and then pull it tight.”

Tracey couldn’t believe it, not only was she being physically restrained on the bed her pupil was about to strap her down! She felt a strong grip on her right wrist as John grabbed it and even though she struggled she couldn’t stop him pulling her hand through the strap and she gasped as he pulled the strap tight and her wrist was pinned to the bed frame so tight she couldn’t move her hand away an inch! The same action was applied to her left wrist and before she knew it she was now laying on the bed completely helpless as well as being voiceless!

The humiliation was to much to bare for Tracey who started crying but that got no sympathy from the Doctor as it appeared that during the struggle Tracey had managed to scratch the Doctors arm and he wasn’t to happy about it!

“Feisty little bitch isn’t she!” he said angrily, “I hope you keep her under control at home.”

“Don’t worry Doc,” John laughed,” I’ve got her well trained there.”

“Good,” the Doctor laughed and then said,” Right let’s check her over quickly and you can take her home then.” And he once again started to lift Tracey’s vest. This time of course Tracey could not stop him and as she lay there crying she saw her vest lifted until her bra was fully exposed.

“That’s the only trouble when you restrain them, you have to cut their clothes off.” The Doctor laughed and to Tracey’s horror he pulled a large pair of scissors from his pocket and started to cut away her shoulder straps on her vest and her bra! All she could do was lay there with her hands useless by her sides as he cut away her top until he pulled her vest and bra off her in one swift movement and she was lying there topless!

All she could do was close her eyes and try and shut the shame and embarrassment out as she was laid with her large naked breasts fully exposed to the grinning schoolboy standing above her and looking down at the perfect view in front of him.

Just as Tracey thought it couldn’t get any worse she heard the Doctor laugh and say, “Of course it’s much easier with the bottom half.” And she felt his hands on her hips before he quickly pulled her skirt down and off her completely followed by her panties a second later leaving her as naked as the day she was born!

Tracey couldn’t believe it, no more than half a dozen men had seen her naked in her entire life and that included three or four lovers and now she was lying naked on the bed being stared at by a Doctor, okay that was allowable, but also by her young pupil! She wished the bed would just swallow her whole!

“Got yourself a good catch there son,” the Doctor laughed looking at Tracey “ I wouldn’t mind a piece of that myself.”

The Doctor then proceeded to do a fairly standard medical exam on her but none of it was fairly standard to Tracey, having your breasts touched and squeezed and prodded while the grinning John watched every move was definitely not standard to Tracey! Even worse was when he made her open her legs wide and he gave her a quick vaginal exam! Again closely watched by John whose face was only twelve inches from Tracey’s exposed pussy!

To her immense relief The Doctor finally straightened up and announced that he was satisfied that Tracey was okay and looking down at her naked body he said he’d better see if he could find something to cover her top half for when John took her home and with a cheery “I’ll be back in a minute” wave to John he swished open the curtains and went through them. This time he did an even worse job of closing them behind him and instead of an inch gap he’d left them at least nine or ten inches apart and Tracey could clearly see into the still crowded waiting room a few feet away! She turned her head away hoping against hope that nobody could see her!

In a way it was a relief that she couldn’t talk to John, what would she say as he continued to look down at her naked body! The curtain was suddenly pulled back and for a split second Tracey thought it was the Doctor but she saw with horror that it was Mr. Chambers, John’s father!

“Hello son, the nurse told me you were in here.” He said before glancing at the bed and on seeing the naked Tracey lying there exclaimed, “Jesus Christ!”

Tracey’s humiliation was complete, the last time she’d seen Mr. Chambers was at a PTA meeting four weeks earlier, Tracey had disliked him from the start, he was the kind of parent who thought his child could do no wrong and didn’t take constructive criticism very well. When Tracey had suggested that he try and take some extra time to help John with his reading ability her suggestion was thrown back in her face as he told her in no uncertain terms that his son needed no extra help and he was doing fine as he was and perhaps she’d better keep her snooty attitude to herself! He used that word again as he approached the bed and looked down at the naked and helpless Tracey and smiled, “Not so snooty now are we Miss Smith.” And calmly as you like he reached down and started squeezing her right breast! Tracey gasped as his hand touched her but she could do nothing to stop him, not even scream out, as he continued to squeeze and knead her breast in his large hand.

“Teacher’s didn’t have tits like this in my day.” He laughed and then turned to John and laughed again, “Come and have a feel son.”

Tracey recoiled in horror as the grinning John approached the bed and placed his hand on Tracey’s left breast and started squeezing. She now had a Chambers hand squeezing each breast!

“What did you do to her?” Mr. Chambers asked his son.

“Hit her with a cricket ball right in the throat, she can’t make a sound.” John laughed.

“Why is she naked then?” The father asked, and Tracey felt his hand leave her breast and start sliding down her body!

“Doctor stripped her; she scratched him so guess he’s a bit mad at her.” John laughed.

Throughout the conversation they were continuing the grope her breasts and now Tracey shuddered as she felt Mr. Chambers hand slide down between her legs and cup her sex for a second before pushing a finger inside her. She couldn’t believe this was happening to her in a crowded hospital and she couldn’t do a thing to stop them molesting her. As fresh tears streamed down her faces she saw that where Mr. Chambers had entered the cubicle the curtains were now at least two feet apart and people were very definitely looking in at the naked girl being groped on the bed and a few of the men were standing to get a better view!

Two Tracey’s immense relieve the large figure of the Doctor suddenly appeared in the gap and closed the curtains behind him before laughing at the sight in front of him and saying, “Hey guys, leave it till you get her home okay.”

“Sorry Doc,” Mr. Chambers laughed, “Can we take her home now?”

Tracey raised her head in shock!

“Sure, she’ll be okay, I’ve got her a little top to put on and I’ll just give her a quick shot, it’s only a sedative but from the way she acted earlier I think it’s best that we make her more docile don’t you.” The doctor laughed pulling a syringe out of his pocket.

“Sure do Doc, she can be a hell cat when she gets going, any chance of a further supply of that drug?” Mr. Chambers asked and Tracey was sure she saw him wink at the Doctor who smiled.

“Well normally I’d say no and it is against the hospital policies of course but I’ve seen first hand what she’s like when she gets going,” he said rubbing his scratched arm,” so I guess it wouldn’t hurt, I’ll write you out a slip, just give it to the nurse on the way out and she’ll give you a supply, just inject it into her bottom every time she gets a bit sassy and she’ll be docile as a rabbit for twelve hours or so.” He laughed.

“Great, thanks Doc.” Mr. Chambers laughed.

“Here I’d better show you how you do it.” The Doctor said and he pushed Tracey’s hip up until her bottom came into view and he quickly jabbed the needle into her left cheek and as he pressed down on the plunger he laughed and said, “This is a pretty strong drug so don’t inject to much at any one time, 10cc’s will be enough, that should keep her quiet all day, if you inject more than that, …. Well let’s just say it depends how docile you like your women!” he laughed and Tracey heard Mr. Chambers and his son laugh with him.

He’d injected the drug into her and although it hadn’t seemed to take any effect she allowed herself to be roughly dressed by John and his dad, which was more out of relief at being covered though! Eventually her hands were released from the straps and for a second or two she seriously thought about making a run for it but just as she thought about it the world seemed to go fuzzy again.

“God those lights are bright!” she thought to herself as she was led through the waiting room to a small nurses station where she stood propped up against the counter while Mr. Chambers handed the nurse the note the Doctor had written. A few minutes later she was back with what seemed to Tracey boxes and boxes of the drugs and she heard the nurse giggle and say, “If you’re going to give this stuff to her be careful.”

“Don’t worry.” Mr. Chambers smiled and as he took Tracey by the waist and turned her round towards the exit she heard the nurse say, “Oh we haven’t got her name and address yet, we need them for the patient records.”

She felt Mr. chambers hesitate against her and then he smiled and said, “No need for that now, she’s fine and we’ll look after her from now on.”

“Well if your sure, only there won’t be any record of her being here if I don’t get her name and address, nobody will be able to trace her.” the nurse giggled again.

“That’s okay love, don’t you worry, we’ll look after her well.” Mr. Chambers laughed, “won’t we son.” He smiled at John as he led the dazed Tracey out of the hospital.