**Penny's Anatomy Class**

by

**Chapter 1**

Penny made sure to be punctual at her disciplinary hearing with the Dean of Barrett University. She was doing poorly in most of her subjects, and was recently written up for being caught after curfew, drunk on the campus grounds. The University was a very small, private, all-girls institution with very high standards and strict regulations. Students unable to live up to the University’s expectations were expelled without much fanfare.

Penny looked very professional in her business suit. Her reddish-brown hair was pulled up, and her skirt showed off her lovely legs. She took a deep breath before knocking. She waited a moment before entering, realizing that the situation was similar to her younger years when she would get sent to the principal, but the stakes this time were much higher- her entire future was on the line!

Dean Kenneth Richards was a well-built man in his forties. He sat behind his desk hardly acknowledging the girl. The office was sparsely furnished with medals and plaques hanging on the walls from the man’s military career. He trained men to jump out of airplanes or something, Penny recalled hoping to fit her knowledge of his past into the conversation.

“Good Afternoon, Dean Richards,” Penny said cheerfully as Richards motioned for her to take a seat. She sat slowly, gracefully crossing her legs. She scanned the walls and added, “You must have had some career, sir. Airborne Division wasn’t it?”

Richards expression remained unchanged as he replied, “Yes, Miss Yoder, it was a very promising career- until my injury.” He folded his arms symbolizing the end of the token pleasantries and said, “Miss Yoder, I’m afraid that your hearing is going to be very brief. You see, your behavior was in clear violation of the student handbook, and I truly have no choice whatsoever except to recommend your dismissal.”

Penny knew how hard a man Richards was rumored to be, but she was overwhelmed by his quickness to pass sentence. Penny took a deep breath to keep herself from tearing up. She had studied the student handbook prior to this afternoon and was hoping that her time studying the manual wasn’t in vain. She produced her wrinkled copy and turned to the page she had marked. In her sweetest most pleasant voice she said, “Dean Richards, Sir, I understand that I did something very wrong, but I do think that I could do better academically with more time. My good friend Susan had stayed with me on the weekend of my lapse of good judgment. I admit that we got carried away, but-,” she paused to collect her thoughts, “I was hoping that you could let me do a University Service Project,” her finger pointed to a rather unknown disciplinary option described in just a few short lines in the handbook.

Essentially, the service projects were assigned completely at the discretion of the Dean of the University. There were some guidelines suggested in the book such as amount of hours necessary for completion, and so forth. Richards read the passage to himself and smirked. A thought occurred in the dark recess of his mind. Hmm? He sure hated to see one of the prettiest girls on campus leave. And she was, indeed, in a very compromising situation. He would first have to put on an act, make her think that the projects weren’t meant to be easy.

He looked at the girl’s adorable pixy-face as if she were joking. “Let me get this straight, Penny. You want me to have you rake leaves and put stamps on envelopes so that I’ll forget the whole matter? Would that be fair?” he said in an intimidating, booming voice.

The young woman was truly on the verge of crying now. Her last hope was being dashed. She looked down and said with resignation, “Oh, I see. I was just hoping to make it up to the school, that’s all.” she said like a true patriot.

Richards continued the bluff for a moment, “Miss Yoder, I will make out your transfer forms and have them sent to you. In the meantime, I suggest that you gather your belongings from your dorm room.”

She turned her back and stood. Her eyes were watery. “Good Day, Sir.” she said with a sniffle as she strode toward the door.

Richard’s mind raced. It was time to offer her “the deal”. He half stood, “Wait one moment, Miss Yoder”, he said hesitantly as if questioning himself.

She turned with renewed hope, “Yes…Sir.”

“Penny, I am not sure of the details, but there just may be a project waiting for you. You see, I understand that our affiliate school- the Warner Institute for Men has a dilemma. Their medical program is quite good, one of the very best. I teach a few courses there part-time, myself. Anyway, the graduating class completes special projects every year with volunteer patients. The only problem has been that with the campus being exclusively male, there are no projects concerning the opposite sex. I would like to see that change this year with your help. Now, it may not be fun for you, but I would be willing to forget the alcohol matter, and maybe arrange for some tutors if you’d be willing to spare a few hours of your time for the next couple of weeks helping the young men, and actively becoming a part of their studies. I will have to discuss things with the medical professors first, but what do you think?”

A thousand questions raced in the girl’s mind. She didn’t like the idea of volunteering to be some sort of guinea pig, nor did the thought of being surrounded by biology nerds appeal to her, but she knew that any hesitation on her part could allow Richards to retract the offer- she had no choice! “Sir, I would be pleased to help out in any way that I could.”

Richards realized that she had no choice but to accept his demands. Barrett was a school that promised its graduates success. He knew how hard it was for the women to get in, and also realized the strain that tuition put on families. Her parents would kill her for ruining such a promising future.

Holy shit! What did I say? She thought. A contract had just been signed with the devil, himself! I know nothing about these projects, she thought. What could they entail?

She came out of her daze and heard Richards speaking on the phone:

“Yes, Eugene, I have her in my office right now.” (Pause) “Yes, nineteen I believe.” (Pause) “Wednesday should be fine, we’ll be there, thank you- Bye.” (Click)

Richards was beaming on the inside and suppressing a sinister smile. “Well, Miss Yoder,” he said extending his hand, “Welcome back to Barrett University!”

She shook his hand uncertain of how to take the news. “Thanks, Sir.”

The man wished that he could lean back and have a cigar. Instead, he looked at Penny in a different way. He would be seeing this gorgeous young lady over the next couple of weeks in ways that she couldn’t even imagine. The power was overwhelming! He wanted to remind Penny, however, that she was, in fact, being punished and his words came out harsh and in a threatening tone, “Now a few words are in order. First, you will be working with three groups of young men. These gentlemen are among the finest future doctors in the country. They are involved in intense studies, and will be relying on you. Once you begin, there is no quitting. I hope that you understand,” she nodded.

She redirected her gaze listening to Richards intently hoping for any clues to the nature of the projects. “Secondly, I expect you to be prompt, helpful, and courteous to the gentlemen. You are not working with them, you are working for them- keep that in mind. If I hear so much you failed to perform your duties, you will be expelled immediately. This is your second and last chance at this University.”

“Yes, Sir,” Penny responded in military fashion.

“And lastly, Miss Yoder,” Richards said choosing his words delicately, “I don’t want to make you blush, but you are a big girl now and I hope that you are at the age that you are mature enough to handle some of the subject matter that will be covered. Down the road, these gentlemen will perform hundreds of examinations of women. By then, you will just be a faint memory. I want you to understand that the nature of some examinations you’ll receive may possibly deny you of your modesty. This is a disciplinary project and not meant to be fun or enjoyable, Miss Yoder. If you find yourself somewhat embarrassed, perhaps a bit humiliated at times, then I can only say that I am sorry, but that is all part of your required participation.”

**Chapter 2**

Penny sat on the side of her bed with her face in her hands. Today was Wednesday- her first meeting with the young men from Warner Academy. It had been three days ago when her school’s Dean had prescribed an unusual punishment for her. For her behavior, she was going to have to volunteer to be a part of the affiliate school’s senior medical projects. These men were to use her for their Female Anatomy studies, and according to Dean Richards, the projects would in fact cover some personal areas of study.

She had been mortified and obsessed for the past few days thinking about her impending doom. She clung to the hope that the professor over at Warner would have different notions regarding her involvement in the classroom projects. She knew little of Professor Eugene Thompson, but she feared that he was from the same old school as Richards. Any other University in the country would never allow her to be involved in a project that could jeopardize her privacy in a room full of male peers. There would be discrimination suits, harassment charges and all kinds of lawyer crap. Not here. Barrett, and Warner operated with their own stringent, “If-you-don’t-like-it-get-out,” code. The ancient professors and faculty kept it that way, too.

Penny cursed when her phone began to ring. It was Richards. “Good Afternoon, Miss Yoder. I was just calling to make sure that you were ready to meet your first group over at Warner Academy today.”

Her top lip was quivering a bit, but she managed to let Richards know that she was ready. “I can meet you out front, sir, “ she said realizing that there was no way out now.

The girls were forbidden to have cars on campus. They were thought to distract the ladies from learning. They ordinarily took the campus shuttle bus for trips into town, but it was not uncommon for the professors to occasionally drive the girls places.

Her ride showed at exactly one o’clock. It was just like Richards - military precision. The ride to Warner was quiet. The two said very little to each other, and Penny preferred not to hear any more details of the projects-she was scared enough. She was looking good for her debut. She wasn’t sure how to dress for such a thing, so she opted for a basic white cotton blouse with a fairly long, pleated skirt. And, God forbid, if it indeed came down to it, she selected her cleanest and most conservative bra and panties. Her hair was pulled back into a pony tail, but a few strands of hair fell forward in a sexy, glamorous way. Her facial features were those of an intellectual young woman’s. Everything about her suggested confidence, sophistication and class.

Warner’s campus was not much different than her own. The buildings were the same fortress style, ivy covered structures with wrought iron gates everywhere. The main exception was the young men that walked between the buildings enjoying the spring air. She began to wonder about the thoughts of the med. students at this time. No doubt they had discussions at her expense. Undoubtedly, they swapped a few high-five’s after being told that a girl was going to be involved in the projects. A real live woman, no more looking at Penthouse magazines - they’d be getting the real thing- up close and real personal! The thought revolted her.

Richards could tell that the girl was feeling stressed once he parked in his reserved spot in front of the Medical Department. “Miss Yoder, are you going to be all right?” he asked her with derisive interest.

She took in a breath and said, “I guess I am a little nervous, Sir,” her words were dainty and petite.

Richards acted like he was doing her some big favor and added, “Miss Yoder, until you become accustomed to working with the men, I’ll accompany you into the groups, myself.”

Penny realized that it was not an offer, it was a statement. She could not tell him that she didn’t want him around while the bio-nerds did God-knows-what to her, so the only alternative was to thank him, and curse him simultaneously. He escorted her into the building watching the streamlined young woman walk before him.

The classrooms were small and much like her school’s. There were none in session at the moment. A gray haired man met the two in the hallway and greeted Richards formally. “Dean Richards, a real pleasure to see you again,” the man said warmly. “And the young lady must be our volunteer, Miss Penny Yoder,” he said as if his name didn’t need any introductions, gently taking the girl’s hand. The gray-haired man wore a bow tie and wire rimmed spectacles.

Penny nodded politely, “Good Afternoon, Professor Thompson.”

Thompson raised his eyebrows a bit looking at Penny with a mock scornful expression and remarked, “I understand that this was not entirely your decision to volunteer, Miss Yoder, but in any case, I still thank you for joining us and adding a new element to our senior projects.”

Penny was escorted into the lecture hall. The chattering that was audible was completely shattered as Penny nervously strode into the room. All eyes were on her. She looked unbelievable to the young men in the room. She surpassed even their wildest expectations. Her thin body was extremely attractive, and what could be seen of her legs looked lean and shapely. Apparently, the groups were all meeting here first, where they’d get general instructions, then they’d be separated, and report to their respective classrooms within the building.

Thompson tried to make Penny feel comfortable, but she still was unable to look out at the young men. She understood all too realistically what she represented to their juvenile minds.

Group number five sat in a corner speaking in a hushed tone. Their group leader was named Raymond Whitmeyer. He was a scrawny young man with reddish hair and glasses. He and his group members were speechless upon seeing her for the first time. Her slender, petite frame was incredible. She looked like a spoiled rich girl. The type that wouldn’t give these guys the time of day. They were the lucky first group to whom Penny had been assigned, and they still could hardly believe it.

She met with each member of Whitmeyer’s group; Dale, Zachary, Edward, and Glen. Each one looked like he spent far too much time studying and not nearly enough time outside. Then she was introduced to the entire class. She and her group were given a classroom lab where they could begin their project thesis. It had taken the gentlemen in Whitmeyer’s group long hours to come up with their senior thesis. They wanted to take advantage of the hapless young woman who was essentially ordered to follow their instructions to the letter. Yet they took caution to avoid going too far, thereby forcing faculty to shut down their project in order to save the young woman’s modesty. In addition to the proving or disproving of a basic scientific premise- using the volunteer as a means of creating data, the group would use the volunteer to demonstrate a basic general practice technique before the others in a final exam type of setting.

The men decided that any exams that required nudity would never never get approval. They intended instead to do a study of a woman’s body fat content. A rather mundane subject, but when done scientifically, it requires the subject to undergo lots of pinching with calipers to numerous areas of the body. She’d be wearing minimal clothes during the pinching- like a bikini or something, so all agreed that it was a cool project. As far as general practice technique was concerned, the men decided that they would demonstrate how to conduct a chiropractic exam. This examination of the straightness of the spine required the patient to remove her top and bend as if doing a dive into a pool. Conservative, they thought, but could be interesting if the girl’s got a nice ass.

Richards approached Penny while she stood awkwardly with her group. “Penny,” he said, “Professor Thompson and I have been called in for a very important assembly. I will have to catch up with you and your group in a half hour or so. At this time, you may report to your assigned room and wait for the gentlemen. I wish to speak to them for a few moments.”

The five young men knew what was coming; Richards was going to read their project proposal and see right through it. Their attempts to hide the fact that they wanted to force the girl into wearing as little as possible would be all too apparent. He would probably attack them for their lack of professionalism. He instead chuckled to himself. “Do you gentlemen think that this proposal has even scratched the surface of feminine anatomy?”

Whitmeyer raised his eyebrows, “Sir?” he asked surprised.

“Gentlemen, this proposal is exactly what I expected of your group. It lacks depth. It lacks courage. That woman has opted for this. Don’t go easy on her. While she is working with us, the idea is to explore elements of feminine anatomy that are exclusive to females. Fat content - rubbish!”

He took their proposal and tore it in half. He produced a typed paper from his folder of notes and miscellaneous Dean’s paperwork. “This will be your project. I expect you to follow it to the letter. You’ve got a lot of work gentlemen, now go find your ‘patient’ and get started. I’ll check on your progress later.”

The men waited until Richards had entered the hallway before diving into the pages of typed text. Page one casually explained that today’s scheduled class was going to begin with a complete examination of the volunteer. There were many asterisks explaining how thorough the exam was going to be. It included a breast examination, pelvic and rectal examination. In the margins, Richards scribbled alternative means of doing certain procedures and explained that in some cases he wanted certain things done both ways, and he wanted every group member to have a chance. It seemed that they’d be taking her temperature both orally and rectally!

Holy shit! This was nearly too much for the young men to handle. Each one’s mouth became dry, and hundreds of sensations ran through their bodies like electricity. Each one found himself attracted to a certain element of the examination. Raymond kept rereading the part about the pelvic examination, Dale shivered at the thought of touching the girl’s breasts, and Zachary the nerdiest of them all was completely obsessed with the thought of recording her temperature rectally- that very notion had been a childhood fantasy of his. Glen and Edward were simply too overwhelmed to speak.

Further reading was unnecessary. At least for now… they took deep breaths to regain composure…

**Chapter 3**

Penny walked into room B-22, and looked around the classroom nervously. There was no one there yet. The room was half classroom and half doctor’s examination room. In the front of the room, there was an examination table, cabinets, and an office chair that looked totally out of place in front of the three rows of desks, a teacher’s podium off to the side, and a movie projector in the back. These rooms were designed specifically to demonstrate medical techniques. Everything a young med. student would ever need to know was taught in this room. From their seats the med. students could watch all different types of procedures, and the front of the room would provide an environment which felt more like a doctor’s office. It was working as far as Penny was concerned. She had her usual stomach flutters which she would get when she visited her own doctor- only today’s, were about five times worse.

She sat in one of the chairs imagining herself on the table from the biology nerds’ perspective. She shuddered. The chairs were almost arms’ reach from the table, and positioned in such a way as to let everyone see exactly what’s going on up front. She noticed cabinets above the examination table and didn’t even want to think about the contents in them. Would they really sit in these chairs and take notes all pertaining to her? She never liked attention and was a rather shy person- especially around young men.

It didn’t seem fair. She was a “nice girl”. Everyone told her so. She had sex only a few times in her life, and wasn’t the type to use her killer looks to take advantage of guys. She was the type who was embarrassed about letting anyone see her bare feet, let alone any more of her. She only wore one piece bathing suits in public and would get covered up at the first signal of male attention. Why couldn’t this be happening to Dana? That little slut would probably be in her glory with all this male attention. She’d play shy, but on the inside she’d be loving every second as they eyed her. Life sucks!

Just then the door opened, and the five young men walked in. Where the hell was Thompson? No way was she going to let these guys tell her what to do… unchaperoned.

The group leader, Raymond Whitemeyer was enjoying this. The power he held over the gorgeous girl was unbelievable. He smiled at her and opened his project notebook. “Hello again, Miss Yoder,” he began, “I have our project guidelines here, and I’ll be directing our meeting with the notes that I have in front of me. So if you would come to the front of the room please, we can begin.”

She shuffled to the front of the room and looked away from the young men. She was biting her lip a bit- which was her usual nervous habit. The men were seating themselves in the desks closest to the examination table. It was going to be hard for Raymond Whitemeyer to get up the nerve to give orders to Penny - his instructions were definitely going to be questioned. He took a few deep breaths and strutted to the front of the room mustering his take charge attitude - he was, after all, the leader of the group.

Raymond began right off the get-go with a damning proclamation. “Well, Miss Yoder, it seems that our professor has outlined our first meeting already. After reading his notes and comments, it looks like we’ll be starting off our project with you by giving you a physical examination,” he paused licking his dry lips, “You can hop up on the table, please and we can begin.”

Wow! The young men were nearly cheering - it was really going to happen! Without any chaperones present, these young men were going to examine this pretty, young lady and be intimately familiar with everything God had given her.

The physical began with Penny’s basic vitals. Raymond demonstrated the proper procedures for checking blood pressure, ears, eyes, and throat. This was easy stuff and Penny sat on the table with her legs crossed feeling extremely conspicuous sitting higher than the boys, up on the tabletop.

There was silence as Raymond shuffled his papers. Everyone knew that the impersonal categories of her exam were finished. Things were going to get interesting! Raymond steadied his voice and rehearsed his speech once in his head before he looked towards Penny without making eye contact, “All right Penny, at this time, we are going to move forward and check your body’s general state of fitness, condition of your muscles and joints, skin, and so forth. I would like you at this time to dress down for us so we can have a look at you. You may keep your undergarments on- only.”

There was a small rear chamber behind the classroom where films were kept, and filing was done. Raymond thought about giving her some privacy by letting her undress in the large closet, but his juvenile love for a good strip tease took hold of him. Instead, he pulled a chair towards her in front of the table- center stage, and said, “You can put your garments on here until we’re finished.” He then slid over to the door, pulled the make-shift screen over the door’s window, and locked it- “Let’s keep out any unexpected company,” he said watching the girl stand up with a shocked look on her face. “The under-classmen sometimes wander around the building.”

She started with her thick heeled shoes like all of the girls were wearing. She slid them under the chair carefully. The boys couldn’t help looking up at her while she parted the buttons on her skirt and slowly stepped out of it. She was feeling extremely self-conscious and stared at the far wall. She knew that they were watching her strip. Her shirt hung down past her waist covering her underpants. She was shocked that Thompson and Richards were allowing the boys to do this.

Her bare legs were lean and smooth. She took a deep breath, parted her blouse and slowly brought it off her shoulders and arms. All eyes leapt to her chest. Her breasts looked nice tucked away under her white cottony bra. Her undergarments were conservative and no more risqué than the average bikini, but she was nearly shaking with all eyes forward, directed at her.

She took her seat back on the examination table. A few of the young men readjusted their trousers to accommodate some swelling which followed her little act. The girl was so incredibly pleasing to look at. Her skin was so consistent and beautiful. She possessed a small, quarter-sized birthmark around mid-thigh which would have never been visible with her wearing shorts or a mini-skirt, but the blemish actually added to her looks in an odd sort of way. Her stomach was tight with a little, adorable navel. Her best feature, by far however, was her hot little ass. Oh dear! The young men were entranced by the folds in her cottony panties which veiled her womanhood.

**Chapter 4**

Penny was sitting on the examination table wearing only her white cotton bra and panties. She had not said a word since they had started, nor had she even made eye contact with any of the medical students in the classroom. Her pretty, bare feet hung down a few inches above the floor as she crossed and uncrossed her ankles.

The young men looked at her as if they were studying her with professional interest. Dale was analyzing her young, beautiful breasts which were turning him on immensely. She isn’t busty, he thought, but you definitely wouldn’t call her flat-chested either.

She has classic teenager tits, very perky and most likely “B” cups.

Raymond was about to speak when there was a knock at the door. Edward unlocked and opened it to see Dean Richards standing in the hall with more students. Each one carried packages of all different sizes and shapes.

Holy shit! Penny’s privacy was being invaded by yet another band of young men with over-active hormones. These guys were even younger- most likely underclassmen- possibly not even med. school guys. For Christ’s sake, was Richards selling tickets? There were eight of them and they had a great deal of trouble acting casual upon seeing her on the table partially undressed. The packages they fumbled with were making her very uneasy.

Richards looked across the room at Penny as she fired a stare back at him which was icy and unfriendly. “How are things going, Mr. Whitemeyer?”

Raymond responded like he was prepping someone for surgery. “Sir, the patient has had her basic vitals checked, and we were about to record her height and weight-since she has very recently- uh, stripped down.”

Richards seemed to enjoy seeing her intimidated up in the front of the room, but what he had in the boxes was going to really get an infuriated reaction out of his little, helpless “patient”.

The ultimate treat for his students had just flown in from a university in Germany and delivered to the school second day air. He had to make a few phone calls, but the resourceful pervert managed to find some rather old and out-dated gynecologists’ equipment. He opened the box which contained a set of special collapsible stirrups- that would easily mount onto his examination table. In the other boxes was an assortment of sterilized equipment designed specifically to spread, poke, and prod the female anatomy!

He even had some downright weird stuff like flexible micro-video cameras linked to high-resolution monitors- like the type used for orthoscopic surgery, but these could travel inside any orifice. This stuff was outdated and the instructions were all written in German. It had all been donated to the college’s medical department. Fortunately, Richards knew one of the instructors there from his military days.

Along with his high tech equipment, he made sure to bring a heavy supply of latex examination gloves which he intended to “share with the rest of the class”. Oh yes, everyone was going to get a turn examining this pretty little lady!

Richards moved toward the back of the room with the packages, and encouraged Raymond to continue. The younger students took seats watching the spectacle. Penny scooted off the table, adjusted her panties in the back and was led around to the other side of the table to the scale. She stood up on it and straightened herself as Raymond got an opportunity to look at her from behind. Oh man, what a rear! She weighed in at 118 lbs, and stood 5 feet, six inches tall.

Richards came forward and announced, “Gentlemen, let’s keep in mind that the point of these projects is to get experience- first hand, practical experience. I want you all to come up to the front so you can see better. And secondly, I want to make sure that each of you gets a chance to perform a segment of Penny’s examination today.”

The young men advanced toward the shy freshman girl, and created a solid, circular wall of surging hormones around her. Much to Penny’s displeasure, they stood very close- all within arms’ distance. Her eyes widened involuntarily.

Dean Richards was getting aroused now. It was time to start into the intimate areas of her body. He pondered the situation. We’ll start off easy- let’s see those nice, firm, girlish tits of yours, Penny. Mmm, hmm! How I waited for this!

Richards looked right into Penny’s eyes. She looked up blankly with a face that pleaded for a break. Her eyes were saying: Let me go home, Richards. Come on, I’ve had enough, damn it! She was beginning to show signs of discomfort and embarrassment. The punishment was only about to begin thought the sinister dean.

There was some tension in the room. Richards smiled. “Let’s remember our manners gentlemen. Is that understood?”

There was a resounding, “Yes, Sir!”

“Very well.” Richards sighed. “Miss Yoder, I’ll be stepping in for a moment. I hope that you’re not feeling bashful today. I promise, in time these meetings will become easier for you. The novelty will eventually wear off once the men begin to get accustomed to working with an attractive young woman. Until then, you’ll just have to bear with the awkwardness. At this time we’re going to perform a few basic breast examination techniques- I’ll need you to unhook your bra strap in the back, and lie face up on the cushion with your shoulders up here, and your hands at your sides.”

Penny almost fainted. Was he serious? She was unable to control herself, “Sir- Are you really going to make me… show myself, right here? In front of all of these men?” she asked in a hushed, insulted whisper.

Her worst fears were becoming real! She took a long, deep, audible breath as she faced Richards with wide eyes.

Richards smirked and nodded with a serious expression. How could he make her do this in front of a room full boys? She looked down at the floor for a moment in disbelief unable to move if she wanted.

Richards asked, “Miss Yoder, is there a problem? I’m sure that you don’t need me to remind you of our arrangement.

Do you?”

“No, Sir,” she replied faintly.

After a moment of collecting herself, she realized that stalling would only bring more attention to herself. Her facial expressions looked like a deer trapped in front of a spotlight. With all of her will, she managed to unclasp her bra and separate the straps in the back. She held the cups against her soft flesh for dear life, making sure that the shoulder straps kept everything in place. Carefully, she moved her body into position on the sheet of sanitary paper laid out for her. Her back straps hung down the sides of the table, and her little feet stuck out just a bit off the end of the examination table.

Richards began scrubbing his hands in the sink, which meant that there would be contact between him and the patient soon.

She looked so cute as she stared up at the lights, wishing she was elsewhere, with an embarrassed expression. Her bra still covered her perky, teenaged breasts which pointed straight up, but the unfastened material could easily be slid off by Richards with a single hand. She knew that her breasts were about to be unveiled and touched while the boys watched- the thought was mortifying. This whole experience couldn’t really be happening! They were surely staring and fantasizing at her expense!

Richards loomed over Penny like a predator. “We’ll begin first with a visual examination, gentlemen.”

The boys eyes widened as Richards hands slowly pushed her shoulder straps down to her elbows. He took one last look at her, and continued- as if opening a very delicately wrapped present. He gently touched the fabric covering her breasts and brought the cups up very, very slowly. Penny could hear the silent cheering going on inside the boys’ juvenile heads!

He took in the sight of the girl gradually, inching the fabric off her mounds, teasing the boys and himself, until at last, her marvelous nipples were visible. They were the perfect pinkish-brown color and stood up directly in the center of her tits. Her shape and size was absolutely marvelous!

Richards spied her lovely, nickel-sized nipples. Ahh, nothing like a teenager’s breasts! A bit small, but so beautiful!

He took hold of the back straps carefully, and started moving her bra down the length of her arms- making it dismally clear to Penny that her bra would be coming all of the way off. Reluctantly, Penny raised her arms a bit, and allowed Richards to slide her bra off completely.

As she lay topless, she blushed uncontrollably, and nearly covered her bare chest instinctively. Instead, she kept in control with her arms at her sides. Her only direction to look to evade the stares was straight up at the fluorescent lights. It was so darn bright in the room. Her half nude body was flooded with abundant light putting her on display in a manner which allowed every pore to be viewed.

“All right, Penny,” Richards said, “I want you to put your hands behind your head and try to relax.”

She moved her arms under her head which made her chest wiggle a bit, and pushed her boobs higher up off the table. She looked defenseless now that her arms were behind her, and her chest was totally unobstructed. She rolled her eyes in disgust, and made a sarcastic half-smirk. This is unbelievable, she thought. He’s really turning this into a show, isn’t he?

For many of the younger men in the room, this was their first naked female body part they’d ever seen up close. A few were so aroused and fully erect already, they feared that they would soak their underpants! Dale was the breast man in the group and one of the five lucky members of the original group. He was loving this! Oh, how he wanted to fondle Penny’s beautiful tits! He made sure to look interested in Richards words. “Gentlemen,” the instructor said looking at Penny as if continuing, but he suddenly stopped- distracted by a thought, “For once, you all may be capable of paying attention!” he said which was his way of saying that he thought Penny’s tits were extremely pleasing to the eye.

The room filled with a chorus of laughter from the young men. It was not controlled, dignified laughter, it was horny, lustful laughter. Penny listened to the painful laughs at her expense- Oh, God!

Richards stood over her and said, “We begin by analyzing size, basic shape, and coloration. What can we say about Miss Yoder?” Not a single hand went up.

“Don’t be shy, gentlemen. Edward, what can you tell me about Miss Yoder’s breasts?”

Edward was snapped out of a locker room fantasy. Penny felt his eyes focus on her breasts. “Sir, I guess you would call the shape and size regular, and there are no obvious abnormalities. She looks very healthy.”

“Good,” Richards said, “Zackary, what can you add?”

He suppressed the urge to blurt out how magnificent she looked! Instead he just shook his head. “Everything appears fine. I don’t see any suspicious moles, nor are there any discolorations to the surrounding skin, Sir. I would proceed to the manual examination at this point.”

Richards agreed. “Yes, Zackary. I concur. All right, Miss Yoder?”

She mumbled a soft response which was neither yes nor no. She had no choice anyway.

He stood on one side of the table, reached out, and touched her left breast. Her neck muscles contracted for a moment as the unwelcome hand touched her private area. Her skin was so soft and smooth. There was very little “give” in her young mounds. Richards began to feel sensations of glory and was becoming truly aroused. Touching this girl was a powerful, sexual, dominant thrill- unlike anything he’d ever experienced. His authority put him in control of this gorgeous girl! She would obey any instructions. Her displeasure was making it all the better. He was bringing this all on the young lady, and he knew that right now, she was cursing him, and probably wishing blindness on him.

Richards and the students were truly enjoying the sight! Penny looked away and breathed a bit erratically. At first, he used only the tips of his fingers, making small delicate circles around the base of her breast. As his fingers ascended her breast with slow rhythmic circles, he reached the crest and used his fingertips to lightly molested her slightly hardened nipple. Then, becoming a bit less cautious, he began moving her entire mound slowly and rhythmically with his palm.

He stopped and repeated the entire procedure again with her right breast. “Everything feels fine, now I am just going to make the patient’s nipples rise just a bit.” He announced his intentions to embarrass the girl. The boys licked their dry lips waiting for her body to respond.

He made small, sweeping, circular motions on both of her nipples simultaneously with the soft part of his fingers. This wasn’t science- it was Richards’ way of humiliating Penny. He wanted to force her body to respond in a sexually suggestive manner.

She fought, but inevitably began reacting involuntarily and Richards felt her nose-cone like nipples rising up under his palms. Her body was betraying her, but she couldn’t help it! It wasn’t pleasant for her- far from it! However, the stimulation brought her nipples to a fully erect state. The appearance was that she was getting turned on. Penny cursed Richards and her sensitive breasts!

She was jutting out farther than even Richards imagined. Her nipples were puckered and were the size of pencil erasers. Oh, yes! He thought. This is great. “You can see that she has responded to my manipulation. Now, it is important to pinch the nipples to make sure that there is no discharge.” He reached out and pinched her nipples firmly-like a tight handshake concentrated on one single point. She took in air- gasping at the momentary pain. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to hurt you, Penny.”

Penny’s stomach was in knots and she began trying to think of other things; her homework, her house back in Indiana. Her thoughts were shattered by Richards’ proclamation, “I hope that you all paid attention, because I want two of you to repeat the process…”

What! No freaking way! Penny exclaimed in her mind. Young men touching me! Right on my bare boobs! Oh my God, he must be kidding!

“…Mr. Glen Hurley, and…”

Dale took some initiative and raised his finger slightly, “I think I’ve got it, Sir.”

Richards smirked, “By all means, Mr. Thomas. Go ahead.”

Glen washed up and suppressed a perverted smile. Penny covered herself while waiting, and was sitting with her arms folded across her bare chest. She was already on the verge of losing her mind after being forced to consent to let a forty-some-year- old handle her breasts. But Richards was way out of his freaking mind! She could not possibly allow the young men- her peers, to touch her! “Dean Richards!” she said defiantly with a harsh look in her eyes. “I think that this examination is going a bit too far. Is it really necessary for there to be physical contact between the students and me? I am rather shy, and I’m very uncomfortable with that notion, Sir. “

Richards liked her audacious attitude. She was becoming a bit mutinous. How dare she! “Miss Yoder, I need to see you in the storage room for a moment, please.”

The two walked into the film room together. Penny with crossed arms, walking behind Richards. She was a fair amount shorter than he, coming up only to his broad shoulders. She knew that she might have been better off keeping her mouth closed.

Richards spoke calmly, “Miss Yoder, do you know what Barret University’s punishment would have been a few years ago for your transgression?”

“No, Sir,” she replied.

“Faculty at that time kept the ladies in line with the paddle’. It has not been used for many years, Miss Yoder, but believe me, no one at Barret would ever question me for using it again if any student challenged my authority!”

“Sir, this is the most embarrassing day of my life!” Penny said holding back tears.

“Yes, I’m sure that it will be, Miss Yoder,” Richards said. “That’s exactly why you are here. If I have to speak to you again, I will be forced to prescribe an additional punishment for you.”

The examination resumed with a hostile young female returning to the table. Once she finally returned her shoulder

blades to the sanitary paper, Richards motioned for her to return her hands behind her head. She let out an annoyed gasp, and exposed herself fully once again.

Glen’s heart kick started as he stood above her. “All right, Mr. Hurley, it seems that our patient is ready,” Richards said mocking the poor girl.

He started out very cautiously, barely touching her. He was too nervous to enjoy manipulating the girl’s breasts. His technique was jittery and stiff. “Not bad, Mr. Hurley, but relax. It’s an art that you’ll have to work on.”

Glen continued for another half minute and received some other comments. He forced the girl’s nipples to rise again, and the feeling was quite sexual as the med. student gazed down at her perky nipples, which he, himself had caused. He delivered a firm pinch as his instructor demonstrated. Penny tightened her stomach abruptly and issued a soft grunt.

The helpless girl was feeling very humiliated. With Richards against her, it was unlikely that she would be getting any breaks for the rest of the examination. She was truly scared what might come next.

Dale finished scrubbing, next in line. He stood over her, first looking into her soft, gentle eyes for a moment. He relaxed and let his hands glide over her breasts ever so firmly, yet gently. He was growing erect with excitement and pushed his throbbing member against the side of the table in an attempt to hide his enthusiasm. His fingers happily kneaded and molested her perfect skin. This was heaven for the connoisseur of breasts. He examined her longer than either of the others, and Penny realized that his attention was far from purely professional.

Dale shook his head. “Everything seems fine, Penny. I’m going to get your nipples to rise now.”

Oh, no! Not again! This is so embarrassing!

He used his fingertips in a rhythmic, winding motion. He looked like he was setting two dials as he guided her nipples into a very erect state.

Richards noticed the effect was even greater than before. “Very good, Mr. Thomas. She is looking quite erect!”

Penny’s body looked aroused and ready to be sexed. The men discreetly adjusted their aching cocks. He certainly didn’t hold anything back when it was time to give her nipples a little pinch. “MMMMmmmmmphh!” Penny grunted harshly as Dale pinched her sensitive nipples a third time.

Richards was quite pleased. He realized that his emphasis was no longer teaching Anatomy. He was punishing the poor, helpless girl- especially now after she showed defiance! Things were turning out to be even better than he’d expected. He was quite certain that the boys weren’t disappointed either. Fortunately, they still had a few hours this afternoon with the girl!

**Chapter 5**

Penny sat back up on the examination table, now topless, and folded her arms across her lovely chest. After three men examined, handled, and pinched her breasts, there was little need for her to show retroactive modesty. Everyone had already had his fill of her boobs.

The men were now beginning to look at the rest of her body like wolves. Everyone was waiting to see her expose more - especially a little peach fuzz - she was bound to have an adorable little pussy. The younger men were unconsciously staring at the triangle of fabric between her legs. Richards looked at Raymond Whitemeyer’s clipboard. It seemed that Raymond had either forgotten, or didn’t have the guts to follow Richards’ instructions properly. Her temperature was never taken.

Richards handed the clipboard back to Raymond as he stood next to the student, “Raymond, it appears that you have forgotten to record the patient’s temperature. Why did you skip that particular category?”

The young man cleared his throat remembering that the outline called for both her oral and rectal temperature to be taken and compared. Is he serious? She’ll freak out if I suggest such a thing, Raymond thought. Does he really want me to stick a thermometer in Penny’s ass, right here, right now? I can’t make her do that! Even the sexually frustrated Raymond figured there had to be a line drawn. That would be downright inhumane to make the girl undergo such a thing with an audience of young men.

He said in military fashion, “No reason, Sir. I guess I just didn’t see it.”, he paused thinking of a way to phrase his question, “However, do you think it would be appropriate for ME to take Penny’s, uhhhm - second temperature reading, Sir? You describe in our notes that want her rectal temperature to be recorded as well.”

“I am aware of my instructions, Mr. Whitemeyer! I certainly do feel that it’s appropriate. You have the knowledge - now here’s your first-hand training. As a matter of fact, I want each member in your group to get a feel how to properly administer a rectal thermometer.”

“Yes, Sir,” Raymond said in shock.

Raymond moved toward the cabinets and took out a thermometer. He explained to Penny that he had forgotten to take her temperature, and needed to record it. She was fine until she heard Raymond explain the unabridged explanation of what was about to happen.

“It seems that our instructors feel that it would be good experience for us to use more than one method to take Miss Yoder’s temperature. Although somewhat outdated, taking a patient’s temperature rectally still has its place in modern medicine.” Penny nearly fell off the table. What?

All eyes looked away from the poor girl, taken back for a moment. The younger men couldn’t believe their ears. They never imagined that there would be any nudity at all during the lecture Richards invited them to attend. Holy shit, this was getting good! Her hot little ass was going to be bared right before them in a few moments - and penetrated!

Richard’s piped in to make the travesty seem a bit more feasible, “Let’s say for instance that Penny’s mouth is severely swollen, or another possibility - she’s in an emergency room with oxygen affixed over her nose and mouth. The only way to record an accurate temperature in those instances would be “the old fashioned” way.” The class nodded. Penny was furious! She knew he was speaking rubbish. It was a set up. Richards was going out of his way to humiliate her. He’s getting his rocks off at my expense, she thought angrily.

Whitemeyer moved toward Penny with the oral thermometer and motioned for Penny to open her mouth. He gently placed the instrument under her tongue.

Raymond moved toward the cabinet again, and to Penny’s extreme displeasure took out a second thermometer and some type of petroleum jelly! She stood with her wide eyes betraying her feelings. The breast exam was a surprise, but this was completely outrageous! This was eight times more degrading! Richards was really screwing her over!

Penny saw Raymond looking at his watch, smiling at her periodically. She looked at him for an instant which was long enough for her to telepathically send him a “Go to Hell,” glance. He abruptly stopped smiling at her, but knew that he’d be getting the last laugh. Fine, he thought, give me dirty looks! Go ahead. He knew that after the three minutes were up, the thermometer would be removed from her mouth and she would then experience embarrassment beyond anything she’d ever known.

Ray removed the thermometer and recorded it. “All right. Penny’s temperature is perfectly normal at precisely 98.6 degrees.” He took his time putting away the thermometer, after disinfecting it first, of course, dragging out Penny’s misery - forcing her to dwell on her desperate predicament. She looked at Richards with an outraged look, but she said nothing. He ignored her harsh stare.

Richards was feeling extremely aroused. Not only was he enjoying seeing Penny slowly stripped and “conned” out of her clothing, he also liked the fact that she was being told what to do by a boy her own age! That must be killing her - a bumbling, inexperienced, sexually frustrated med. student touching her, eyeing her and giving orders!

Raymond’s hand was nearly shaking with the rectal thermometer carefully held between two fingers. No matter how he phrased it, it certainly wasn’t going to sound polite. “Uhm, Miss Yoder, If you are ready, you can lie flat on your stomach please and we’ll get your - uh… other temperature reading.”

Penny was blushing again. She couldn’t stop it. Her motions were fluid and erotic as she turned face down on the examination table. Her incredible ass was face up covered by the enticing white cotton panties.

Richards had a certifiable erection, but it was nothing compared to Zackary Martin’s. His member was completely stiff with anticipation. This is what he’d been waiting for! Rectal thermometers, for some reason, had always been a huge turn-on of his. The thought had excited him since boyhood. Zackary stood scanning her from his side of the table. Her calves were tight and lean, legs smooth and slightly muscular, her incredible buttocks was shapely with no sag at all. Her bare back was smooth and unblemished. She put her shaky arms at her sides on the table to steady herself.

All eyes were on the white, cottony fabric which gathered between her legs. She lay rigid, waiting. The men stood behind so closely that they could reach out and grab the delicious ass if they wanted. There wasn’t any shoving going on behind Penny - not quite, but everyone tried to get the best, unobstructed view of the girl’s soon to be naked rump. With some cooperation, they finally formed two semi-circular lines - the front row knelt while the back row crouched somewhat - in umpire stances, with their hands on the backs of their classmates. The boys were frozen by the sight. Holy shit, what an ass!

Raymond opened the container of Vaseline and put it on the table right next to Penny’s waist. The grease looked wet and shiny, thick and gloppy. It was undoubtedly cold. She was struggling not to break down and cry. No, that would probably turn Richards on! And it sure wouldn’t make him stop. Oh, how she wanted him to die!

“That will do fine,” Raymond said. Penny’s chin dug uncomfortably into the tabletop and she heard a familiar sound which tensed her even more. Raymond was putting on a pair of latex examination gloves! They made accursed snapping sounds as he pulled the rubber up his wrists. He flexed his fingers a few times like a safecracker. “All right Penny, I’m going to lower your panties now, and then I’ll explain a few things to the gentlemen.”

Penny felt the stares. It was as if her body was absorbing the energy from their lustful gawking, and right now she felt all of their young eyes concentrated on her little butt.

Raymond’s hands slowly touched her slim waistline. He let her get used to feeling his touch for a moment, then carefully put his fingers inside the elastic waistband. He was careful not to seem like he was yanking her panties off, yet he wanted to be firm about it. He was in charge, and wanted Penny to know it!

Her white, cottony panties begin sliding down her well toned hips! Holy shit, this was awesome! Ray watched his own hands, in disbelief, as he brought the fabric down gradually exhibiting the girl’s crack. Mmmm! Incredible! He watched as the material covering her ass turned inside out, and at last, her bare ass was fully exposed! He stopped right before exposing any fur. That would come later.

Not a single penis was without an erection at the sight! Richards smiled a bit behind the girl’s back, unconcerned what his students would think. Some of the boys exchanged unprofessional glances and giddy smirks outside of her peripheral vision. Penny was not feeling like a volunteer “patient”. There was nothing medical or educational about her examination. She lay on her tummy with her panties bunched between her legs feeling utterly humiliated. She felt like a little girl about to be spanked “bare-bottom” by a stern father. Actually what was about to happen was even worse.

All eyes were glued to the girl’s exposed ass as Raymond produced a slim penlight from his pocket. He spoke as he turned it on and shined the light directly into her private area. “Gentlemen, please take note exactly where the instrument will be administered,” he pointed with the thermometer which he still held in the other hand.

The light brightened the area between her legs, but she was tightening her buttocks involuntarily - making any “deeper” observations impossible. “Now, now, Miss Yoder,” Raymond Whitemeyer said, “I’m sure that you feel a bit uncomfortable, but you really need to relax your body. We can’t see what we are doing with you clenching up back there.” His tone was condescending, like child-speak. She crinkled her nose and held back tears of frustration.

Richards was enjoying the scene. He would have made her take her panties all of the way off, and would have had her bent over the table by now. That would have taught her.

Raymond was a bit more subtle as he coaxed her to loosen her buttocks. “Relax, come on…” He carefully arched his left hand across her taut rump with his fingers lightly touching her flesh. “Okay gentlemen,” he spread her cheeks carefully with his hand and Penny’s little anus was clearly visible. The boys all spied her hole, captivated by the fact that such a beautiful teenaged girl was on display in such a way in their classroom.

Raymond spoke about the young lady’s outer anatomy for a few moments in scientific terminology. The mumbo jumbo was brief and for the most part ignored. That scientific crap was ruining the excitement! Who wanted to hear about sphincter muscles when there was a naked girl in the room? Instead, everyone stared back and forth between the glass tube poking out of the cool, slimy lubricant and her pink, crinkled butt hole. The boys waited in suspense for the slim glass instrument’s inevitable intrusion.

Raymond handed the flashlight to a classmate and picked up the greased thermometer. “All right, at this point, we are ready to administer the thermometer,” he said shaking down the thermometer. “It’s a good idea to put a small amount of lubricant on the patient with your fingers in order to make insertion easier.” He continued to hold her rear end spread apart with his left hand as he put his index and middle fingers in the Vaseline, swirling them slightly. The class nearly wet themselves as they watched his fingers smear the lubricant on her opening. The look on her face was an utterly hopeless look of mortification.

Raymond enjoyed the sensation even through the glove. “Text book procedure recommended penetrating the rectum with part of your finger to ensure that the instrument slides in easier,” he said as he wriggled his middle finger part way into her asshole, stopping at his first knuckle . She took in a deep breath - unable to believe that some biology geek had his finger in her!

Penny knew that the thermometer was next. All eyes looked at her hole which glistened with lubricant. Raymond was nervous, but was determined to stay in charge. He spread her buns even farther, and exposed her slightly stretched rectal passage.

“All right Miss Yoder. I’m going to administer the thermometer now. You’ll feel just a little pressure. Try to relax. It may feel a bit weird at first.”

The glass tube came toward her opening and Penny scrunched her little toes in anticipation. The mercury tip was shiny and wet. Slowly, Raymond introduced the cold mercury tip to her orifice. All eyes watched as the instrument slid inside her, centimeter by slow centimeter. “The thermometer should be inserted up to the blue line.” Raymond said. Moving his hands away and stepping back a bit so that he could take in the masterpiece before him. From his vantage point, he could look between her legs, and see right between her lovely, golden buns.

The thermometer was such an invasion into the girl’s body. For some unknown reason, seeing Penny’s crinkled anus close around the shaft, and the look on her face sent shivers through everyone. One of the prettiest girls on Barret’s campus was lying on one of Warner’s examination tables with a thermometer protruding from her ass! Her discomposure and humiliation was erotic to the boys as they looked on with case-hardened members.

Penny felt the strange sensation of the glass tube sticking out of her body. She felt so violated with them gawking between her legs, staring unmercifully at her opening. Richards was a real creep! Penny could feel the bastard’s eyes on her.

Raymond remembered that Richards wanted a few of his group members to also get “the feel” of administering the thermometer. “All right, let’s see I need two of you to repeat the procedure I just demonstrated-“

Edward was a thin, lanky computer guy. His heart hadn’t slowed since Penny first sat on the table. He was delighted to be picked.

Zackary didn’t wait to be picked. He simply walked forward and received a nod from Raymond, “Yes, very good Zack. You and Mr. Holtz both wash up and don examination gloves, please.”

Long before the time was up, Raymond slowly extracted the thermometer from their sexy patient and wiped it off on a paper towel. Glen’s body was trembling ever so slightly as his classmate handed him the instrument.

Her butt was still bare, and her nude hips were beginning to stick a bit to the light blue sanitary paper under her body. Her face was frozen with a sour look on it.

Ed stood looking at her incredible shape. Richards stood close by in case Edward needed assistance. “Go ahead,” Richards prompted, “She’ll be all right, Mr. Holtz.” His voice changed as he addressed the female, “You’ll feel the same unusual sensation a few more times Miss Yoder. These men need to get ‘the feel’ for these kinds of things you know.”

The shy young man gently spread the girl’s buns and carefully inserted the thermometer into her rectum a second time. Penny’s body tensed again upon the initial intrusion and she breathed a stuttered breath - like jumping into cold water.

Richards stood by analyzing the technique, “Good, a little slower, Mr. Holtz. Let her get used to it a bit more gradually.” They looked at her for a moment, “OK, good. Now extract it, and Mr. Martin is next.”

He slowly removed the thermometer and wiped it on a paper towel. Zackary was nearly drooling! Oh yeah! He let his fingers touch the glass tube. This was his idea of paradise!

Richards stroked his chin. “Same thing, Mr. Martin, but have your patient stand up this time. I think the rest of the class will be able to see better with her leaning against (bent over) the table.”

Penny pulled her panties back up and stood after Zackary gave her instructions to move to the narrow end or what would normally be considered the head of the table.

The group rearranged themselves around the table to get a better view. Penny gasped, as once again, she felt like she was in the middle of a huddle. Zackary liked his doctor role and stood proudly. “All right Miss Yoder, at this time I’d like you to reach out and put your chest on the table while keeping your knees straight.”

She stretched her lean frame out and found that she was in a very immodest position. She was literally bent over the table. It was most degrading, and submissive looking. Her butt was rounded and stuck out at the students. She took deep breaths in an attempt to relax herself.

Richards was like a sadistic chess player, and his next move intentionally put Penny’s modesty into check. He brought out a tall, flexible, halogen light which sat on a high stand. The base of the lamp was right by Penny’s bare foot, and he aimed the flexible lamp directed at her lovely butt. He clicked the light on and illuminated her lower quarters to a level that went far beyond necessity. It was so bright it was actually warming her rear through her panties.

Her knees were bolted together as Zackary’s hands reached out to take Penny’s little panties down again. Zackary enjoyed the authority of lowering Penny’s underwear down her hips. His hands nearly shook as he exposed her ass once again. He too stopped before exposing any more of her body than was necessary. It was a common love for suspense that made all three of the boys let her pelvic area remain covered. The waistband remained covering her most intimate body parts for now, with the light making the hairs behind the fabric almost visible, but everyone knew that her little furry slit would be on display soon enough - they had all read the project proposal as modified by Richards. Unknown to her, she was yet to receive a complete gynecological exam!

Everyone was looking directly into her opening which was brilliantly illuminated. Even the most subtle freckles and the practically invisible tiny hairs were visible on her lovely ass at this time. Her hole no longer seemed sufficiently lubricated as far as Zackary was concerned. “Well, I may as well reapply some lubrication to our patient,” Zack said grinning to himself.

He put his index finger into the Vaseline and got a very light coating on his latex covered digit. Her buns were spread enough just by her being bent over, but Zackary was unable to resist touching her flesh. With his open hand, he put his palm on her left cheek and spread her apart even more. He slowly inserted his finger into her and gave it a gentle twist. “There, that should do it, Miss Yoder,” Zackary Martin said sweetly, retracting his finger.

He took the thermometer and shook it. Richards looked over. “You may as well let this one go to duration, Mr. Martin. We’ll record her temperature this time. Let’s say three minutes,” he pointed to one of the younger observers. “Give us the word after three minutes.”

Zackary lowered his body a bit and was looking directly into her anus. He bridged his left hand across her taut buns and pushed her apart wider while moving the thermometer near her opening. The mercury tip slowly moved in circling toward the “target” until the cold metal and lubricant hit the girl’s rectum again. She took in air as her hole constricted momentarily. Zackary waited for the “rebound” and he let the tip enter her slowly with a gentle twisting motion.

The boys stared at the thermometer for three whole minutes sticking out of the beautiful girl standing before them - bent over a table. Zachary was giddy with delight. This was a good day.

After recording the degraded young woman’s temperature, Dean Richards determined that it was time for a recess. The class had been working with the girl for over an hour now, and in accordance with his usual lecturing procedures, he was stopping for fifteen minutes to let his students absorb everything he’d discussed during the first half.

He needed some time to set up for the next segment of Miss Penny Yoder’s examination, and besides, his boys looked like they needed a few moments to cool down.

The next part of the unlucky girl’s examination would leave absolutely nothing left to the imagination. It was certain to put the students into euphoric bliss, and was certain to upset and humiliate Penny to an ultimate extreme. He was impressed so far by her ability to cope with the procedures. She hadn’t shed a single tear. That was likely to change as the entire class was moments away from exploring her most private, intimate feminine parts.

Penny opted to remain in the classroom during the break. The others went to the rest room or drank from the fountain. She quickly put her clothes back on, pretending to believe that the examination was finished. Richards strode toward her with a few of the younger students, all carrying boxes. She looked away from him disrespectfully as she buttoned her blouse back up. Richards was smirking upon seeing her dressed again. What’s the point, Sweetie? He thought in his dirty mind. You’re going to be naked with your legs spread in a few minutes.

“We’re going to need a few moments, Miss Yoder,” he said authoritatively. “Why don’t you go get a drink, relax and take a short walk. We’ll be resuming in another ten minutes or so.”

She nodded, put her feet into her shoes, and walked out of the room past the students in the hall who became silent as she approached. No doubt they were discussing her. It was if they were suppressing laughter as she walked by. The younger ones, made her feel especially uneasy. Their eyes seemed to grow wide with excitement while she was up there baring herself, just like immature little boys! They had no place being in the room. It was all part of Richards’ punishment, of course.

The “crew” was busy setting up for the grand finale. The cold-looking, stainless steel stirrups were clamped to the side of the table securely, and Richards showed the helpers how the device worked. The obsolete German model was a bit unusual. It was shaped like a “V” that rose vertically into the air, with the two armatures ending with ankle stirrups on top. The bottom of the “V” went to a gear box that had a large knob that adjusted the angle between the arms. A stainless steel surface extended out from the table where the patient’s tush would be seated. The position assumed was hips forward, knees bent and ankles in place. Once the helpless girl’s ankles were secured, the knob could be turned to spread her legs to any desired degree. Richards showed the stirrups spreading to three quarters of the maximum angle, and the young men’s hearts raced, imagining the view they would soon be getting.

Richards pushed a cart over to the table and began setting up the micro-video camera. The expensive instrument resembled a tiny flashlight with a slim, collapsible, car antenna-like telescoping handle, which was linked to a high-resolution monitor by a flexible cord. The computer monitor-sized screen was put up on the cart and the cables were all put into place.

Richards turned the screen on, and as he pointed the thin wand at his hand the image of his fingers on the screen became visible. After a few adjustments everything was in working order. He even learned to use the magnification function which made the folds in his palms and ridges on his fingers crystal clear. Richards opened a sterilized tray that held a few other tools specific to the field of gynecology. He took special interest in the outdated, translucent glass speculum. The funnel-shaped instrument spread the patient’s labia allowing her to be viewed internally, without obstructing the view of her in any way. The heat cured glass was unbreakable, yet there was something unnatural about putting glass anywhere near that body part.

Penny walked back into the room and nearly fell over upon seeing the new instruments. She put her hand over her mouth and walked right up to Richards. “Sir, if all of this is what I think it is…”

Richards stood waiting. She continued, with a stuttering voice that was on the verge of total collapse, “Then, I…I mean, there is no way I can continue, Sir. You don’t seem to understand…”

Richards smiled, “I warned you that you would eventually feel this way, Miss Yoder.” A burst of anger took hold of him and he raised his voice, “You had plenty of time to get used to the idea. You decided to volunteer, Miss Yoder, now stop acting like a little girl! This is science, damn it! You have a job to do!” he said as if she was being totally unreasonable.

The students trickled back into the room and were shocked at what they were seeing. The girl’s Irish temper got a hold of her. She was pushed too far!

She shrieked, “This is not science! This is a disgrace, Dean Richards! I will not get up on that table and I am definitely not getting into those fucking stirrups!”

She had committed a fatal mistake. One of Barrett and Warner’s primary rules was to always show professors and faculty respect at all times. This violation had to be quickly punished! He could not allow his students to see her get away with such an outburst!

Richards thought for a few moments as time seemed to stop in the classroom. The room was totally silent and still. At last he spoke.

“Miss Yoder, you will be reprimanded after this session is over–I guarantee it! But for now, we have a lesson in Female Anatomy to attend to! It is certainly a shame that you are feeling embarrassed. After showing us your sassy attitude, I have no sympathy for you. As a matter of fact, Miss Yoder, I think that we should include others to see you cope with your misfortune!”

Oh no! She thought. Richards pointed to one of the students. “Go round up all of the students from all of the classrooms. I want them present during our next segment. After we are finished with the lesson you are all invited to stay and watch me reprimand Penny for her harsh tongue.”

In no time, the entire room was full of students. The entire med student body was present. There were at least forty-some students cramming into the seats and area surrounding the examination table. At long last, the waterworks began. There were so many boys in the room, Penny felt like she was going to die of embarrassment. A sudden series of sobs issued from the frustrated girl and she was tearing up.

“Good afternoon, gentlemen,” Richards began. “You’ve all met our volunteer, Miss Penny Yoder. It seems that she has a problem respecting authority, and I wish for you all to watch as she receives her most intense series of examinations. I originally intended to keep the groups small so that Penny wouldn’t feel too awkward or overwhelmed, but I have recently abandoned my concerns for her feelings.” His sentences were interlaced with sounds of the young woman’s sobs in the background, but no one acknowledged her misery. There was a great deal of excitement in the room as they eyed the gorgeous girl.

Richards was feeling ruthless. He wanted to get right into it. “We are ready to begin, Miss Yoder. Strip! Remove all of your clothes!”

She began crying harder and her make-up smudged a bit. She started stripping–slowly. First came the shoes, then her blouse, then she simply froze. She stood unmoving, looking out into the faces of the young men like a deer trapped in headlights. She was paralyzed in mid- tease.

“Miss Yoder, today! Come on, quit stalling!” Richards yelled at the already petrified girl. She shed her skirt while the boys watched her muscular legs step out of the material. She was now left in her undergarments only. Richards foot tapped as he looked into her horrified eyes. She was not going to bare herself again, at least not under her own power.

“Get up on the table, Miss Yoder.” She sat up on the table which had a new sheet of sanitary paper on it. Whitemeyer’s group stood around the table closest to Penny. These men were truly ready with pants that bulged in anticipation. It was the dark thinking of Zachary who looked at all of the attendees realizing that they wouldn’t be able to see much of the girl. An idea occurred to him. He whispered to his instructor an idea which sent shivers through the dean’s body. The projector television had the same connectors as the micro-video camera’s tiny monitor. Her womanhood could be flashed on the wall in super-size for all the young men to see. It took the computer-literate group two minutes to rewire everything and in no time the class could see Richards’ hand on the wall. The resolution was perfect and the clarity astounding! He zoomed in, making his hand fill the entire screen, then out, making his shoulders and face appear on the screen. The tiny camera could actually be used like a video camera! This was going to be an incredible tool for humiliation.

Richards was feeling ruthless. He wanted to get right into it and take in her totally nude form. He was beaming on the inside. This young woman was going to be given the most personal exam of her life–with a live audience present!

“We are ready to begin, Miss Yoder. I want you to remove all of your clothes and sit back on the table. “ There was no “please.” He ordered her like a warden searching an inmate.

The boys’ stares were direct and intense. They were not even giving her the courtesy of even pretending to look the other way. She simply couldn’t go on.

“Sir, I can’t! I just can’t expose myself in front of everyone! Please!” she howled through tears and sobs.

Richards knelt in front of the girl- like a little league baseball coach consoling a pitcher who just let up three runs. His stance looked sympathetic, but his words had a razor edge that meant business.

“You are only making things worse for yourself Penny. Stop crying this minute and get hold of yourself!” She looked at him with her hands clasped together tightly. Richards continued.

“They are relying on you, Penny! Don’t you understand? Their senior projects are due in a few weeks! Don’t you think that you owe it to the gentlemen, and the school, to try and help them as much as possible?”

She steadied her voice, “I- I’d be happy to help them with anything… As long as… I can keep… my clothes on…Sir.”

The absurdity of Richards’ logic was bringing her close to another outburst, but she refrained. She was so close to getting dressed and leaving Barrett for good, but the disappointment she would get at home would be unbearable! Her father would simply die! He’d worked a second job on weekends since he got married to afford first rate education for his “Little Penny”. All that work would be destroyed, gone, because his daughter couldn’t stay sober for a few months out of the year! She realized that she had to stay no matter what.

Richards stood next to her and pushed her chin up gently. “Look out at the men, Penny. Apologize to them, and tell them that you are going to cooperate.” He let the words sink in. “And if you don’t, Miss Yoder, I may have to show these men that showing faculty disrespect is one hell of a big mistake!”

She stood facing the men with all of their eyes glued to her. Her soft, timid voice said, “I’m s- sorry that I have been… uncooperative. I’m just… a little nervous, I guess…”

It seemed that the girl was physically incapable of undressing herself. Her nerves were simply overloaded. The dean had no problem with that. He would enjoy sliding her little panties off!

Richards ordered Penny to get up on the table and to bring her legs up with her feet up at the same end as the stirrups. This was going to be it! Holy shit! The boys were so anxious to see her naked with her legs spread, it was killing them! Richards put the wand-like camera on a miniature tripod stand that attached to the table with suction cups. He pointed the lens directly where Penny’s soon-to-be bared crotch was going to be. The image on the wall looked like a stainless steel goalpost with a blurry girl beyond.

“Move your hips forward, Miss Yoder, and raise your ankles into the stirrups.” She looked at him, whispering one last time, knowing that her request would be ignored.

“Please, Sir”, she was begging. “Don’t make me do this.”

Her little feet found the stirrups with the help of Richards’ large, rough hands, and Penny was in position. Richards’ member was getting sore in his trousers as he adjusted the focus, flashing the hourglass shape of the white cottony material that clung between her legs. The view was perfect. The stirrups were together, and he realized that a few stray hairs would probably poke out once the knob was turned and the armatures spread her smooth, bare legs. But, he simply wasn’t going to wait to find out. He was going to get her panties off right now!

“Is that pretty clear, gentlemen?” Richards asked the room full of drooling young men who looked at the wall to see Penny’s four-foot tall, panty covered crotch. They responded, trying to act casual. “That should do, Sir….Yes, fine, fine.”

“All right, gentlemen, at this time I’m going to display our subject of study,” Richards said, making Penny wince and shut her eyes. His arms stayed out of the camera’s line of sight and he put both thumbs into the elastic on her hips. His heart was beating so rapidly he feared that Penny would hear it, and realize the excitement he was feeling!

All eyes remained unblinking as the material slid down the sexy “patient.” Richards lifted the girls ankles together, out of their stirrups, with one hand, like he was powdering a baby’s behind, and brought the material all of the way down her ankles and off her feet. There before the entire class was the neatest, tidiest little pussy they’d ever seen! Some of her reddish-brown hairs spilled over her orifice and twisted in front of her lovely outer lips, but for the most part she kept herself to Penthouse quality crotch grooming standards! Her thin slit looked like a flesh colored peach pit from the side. Richards load nearly surged. The screen displayed her in epic scale! And the class was totally silent for ten seconds or so.

She was clutching the side of the table still unable to believe what was actually happening. Her helpless looking expression had reached the limits of mortification. A large room full of men staring, gawking at her most private part which was flashed on a large screen television!

Dean Richards reached for the knob connected to the stirrups and slowly cranked it. “All right, Miss Yoder, I’m going to put you in a position that will let us examine you a bit more easily.”

Her eyes squinted as the device pulled her feet apart. Her legs tensed up, but there was no fighting the mechanical device which exposed her even more graphically. Each twist of the knob made her legs separate a few more inches, “click-click-click”. The view between her legs became increasingly more and more primal looking. Once the poor girl had reached her own flexibility’s limitations, Richards clicked on the “clutch”, holding the armatures in place. There were silent gasps and moans in the room at the wonderful sight of her spread in such a way. Both her vagina and anus were in view to onlookers. Richards moved from between penny’s outstretched legs suspended in mid-air and paced a few steps picking up a chair and placing it right in front of the stirrups, the best seat in the house, Richards thought to himself.

“Gentlemen, who would like to guide us, using this pointer, through the basics of the pelvic triangle?” Richards expected to see an ocean of hands raise. Instead, the students sat motionless. A chance to get six inches away from a naked, gorgeous girl in stirrups, and no takers? They were all undoubtedly fearing that their “enthusiasm” would be visible. Raymond Whitemeyer was the default candidate, and he really didn’t mind once Richards handed him the slim, conductor’s-like pointer.

“Have a seat Mr. Whitemeyer, and we’ll begin.”

Raymond took a seat and looked up to see his beautiful “specimen”. He looked up at her through her knees and could see her chest encased in the white cotton. Beyond, her adorable face was visible with an expression that looked both miserable, yet cute and innocent. The baton was shaking slightly in Raymond’s hands. This was really unbelievable!

The drill started. Richards asked for Raymond to point to her “mons pubis” first. The pointer moved slowly across her crotch and stopped a few millimeters above her pubic mound. He let the point ever so lightly make contact with the area directly above her pussy.

“Yes,” Richards said, “That’s correct. Now show me her ‘outer labia’.” The pointer swept across her carefully, lightly dragging across the delicate skin and stopped as the med student traced the entire outline of her pussy lips, letting the plastic tip lightly tap her rose-petal-like lips. He was beaming, but concentrated to keep the pointer from shaking too much.

“Show us the patient’s clitoris, please Mr. Whitemeyer.” Penny tensed up and her toes scrunched. Oh no! She thought in her mind. His pointer crept upward and hovered directly over her pinkish, delicate body part. He let the tip lightly touch her right on the most sensitive spot on her body. He received a, “Well done, Mr. Whitemeyer,” before he was kicked out of the seat by the aroused dean. He took the seat and reacquired the pointer from his student.

Richards was no longer looking at the girl’s curly haired “sideways smile.” He was now ready to probe the subject deeper.

“All right gentlemen, I think that we all have a pretty good understanding of the outer feminine region. At this time, we’ll move on to Miss Yoder’s internal examination. We’ll be making use of the micro-cam, to allow everyone to see our subject.”

He looked directly at Penny’s face to see what type of reaction registered. Her expression didn’t let him down. He didn’t think it was possible for her face to get any more red, but it did!

“Bring me a pair of gloves, Mr. Hurley. I’ll need both you and Mr. Holtz to don a pair also. Our patient will need to be well lubricated in order for the camera to be… uh… administered.” He was proud that he thought of a nice way to phrase the procedure. In reality, he would enjoy sliding the phallic instrument inside her tight, glistening vagina and sphincter. It was like a high-tech sex toy, one with an “eye” that would let him see into her gateways of pleasure!

“While we are at it, we might as well take the opportunity to see inside Penny’s rectal passage, and farther up into her digestive tract.” Penny was not listening to the man, yet she couldn’t block out his proclamation either…

More later…

Female Anatomy Class (Part 2)

Arthur Willis was the leader of the next group that Penny would be subjected to. Like most of his classmates, Willis had first begun thinking of attending medical school as a horny adolescent fantasizing about ways to see girls naked. His interest had taken a detour from the usual ob/gyn realm, however, due to his passion for athletics. Although short, skinny, and underdeveloped himself, Arthur was a sports fanatic - always watching, betting on, or arguing about games and players. He was secretly interested in women’s sports, because he loved to see fit, confident girls bouncing around in skimpy clothing. He saw himself as a doctor specializing in treating and advising these types of women - examining their muscles, keeping track of their reproductive cycles, and so on.

Working closely with Dean Richards, he had developed a program for Penny that had something to suit everyone. Well, everyone but Penny. In fact, Penny very definitely would be doing without a suit of any kind. The girl arrived, as usual, with no knowledge of what lay ahead for her on the particular day. The classroom was empty, however, except for Pete Lyons, one of the Willis team members.

“We need to go down to gymnasium for today’s session,” he told her, hopping down from the examination table on which he was seated with his legs crossed. His casual posture on the instrument of so much of Penny’s humiliation reminded her of her powerlessness against these dweebs.

“What’s so great about the gym?,” Penny asked, trying not to show any dread of what might be in store for her. In truth, she couldn’t think of anything in the gym that could be worse than this examination room. Maybe she was in for an easy day, today!

“You’ll see when we get there,” Lyons said, brushing past her with an open-mouthed grin and beckoning for her to follow.

Penny had dressed a little bit more informally today. She knew Richards preferred skirts and blouses, but since the damn things kept coming off anyway so what did it matter how she started out? It was a minor act of rebellion to show up in a pink T-shirt, Levi’s, and tennis shoes, and small shows of defiance helped to keep her morale up. Lyons was walking swiftly down the hallway, like a man with a very definite mission in mind. Penny had to hustle to keep up, despite her instinctive desire to run the opposite way. Clearly one member of this pair was eager to see what was about to happen. A desperate thought took hold in Penny’s mind. This was the first time she had been alone with one of the science nerds. If she played her cards right, maybe she could make an ally.

Penny caught the redheaded boy’s arm at the elbow to slow him down. “You’re Pete, right?,” she said, looking up at him with shining eyes. “Um, yeah,” Lyons replied, clearly surprised at this sudden show of friendliness by the girl he had so enthusiastically helped victimize.

“Well, Pete, do we need to walk so fast? We could use this time to get to know each other a little better,” Penny said, having adjusted her grip on his elbow so that her wrist was linked around his arm. The young man’s mouth worked silently for a minute as Penny savored her breakthrough. Yep, there was no better way for an attractive woman to get control over a man than by pretending to be interested in him, especially if the man was a total loser to begin with.

Penny’s heart sank, however, as the goofy smirk reappeared on Lyons’ face. “I feel like I already know you pretty well, Miss Yoder. From that cute little mole on your left cheek to…” Penny snatched her hand back angrily and proceeded the rest of the way with her arms folded and a scowl on her face. Lyons opened a door marked “Exercise Room” with a flourish and Penny slouched in. The room featured a great deal of weight equipment, treadmills, and the like. The class was gathered around a stationary bicycle, however, and a number of medical machines had been positioned nearby.

“Ah, Penny, good to see you,” a smiling Arthur Willis said. “Your participation in this project should prove quite interesting for us, and provide some healthy benefits for you.” The gleam in the eyes of the other students confirmed Penny’s fears. Something bad was going to happen.

“What we propose to study is the effect of vigorous exercise on the cardiovascular system of a healthy young woman,” Arthur said, addressing Penny but in a voice and tone designed for the class to follow. “We’ll be measuring the flow of oxygen and carbon dioxide into and out of your lungs, heart rate, blood pressure, and so on. Now if you’ll be so good as to strip to your underwear we can get started.”

Penny felt a sense of confusion and slight relief. He hadn’t asked her to get naked, and there seemed to be no reason to undress her further for this sort of experiment. The class watched intently as she pulled off her T-shirt and struggled out of her narrow-leg jeans. She was only too conscious of how her butt was wiggling and her tits were swinging and began to regret her sartorial choice after all. When she was down to bra and panties, the students descended on her, directed by Dean Richards. One member of the group attached electrodes to her back and chest while another slapped the blood pressure cuff around her right arm. A breathing apparatus, consisting of a mouthpiece and a mask that covered both nose and mouth was strapped onto her head, forming a tight seal with her face. A band to measure respiration was positioned around her thorax, just below the bra. The students then began fiddling with the machines that all these devices were attached to - calibrating them and recording initial readings.

As Penny stood by the bike, Dean Richards stepped forward with one more instrument in his hand. It was a slender black probe whose wire plugged into a tiny box with a digital readout. Richards picked up the tube of gel that the students had been using on the electrodes and began smearing lubricant along the length of the instrument. Penny unconsciously crossed her ankles as she noticed the Dean already had a latex glove on.

“There!,” he said finally, holding the glistening device up for all to see. “Now, if our cyclist would be good enough to step out of those panties we can get underway!”

Penny’s heart sank. Why did they need her bottomless to test her heart and lungs? She turned to speak to Richards but the mouthpiece and mask made it impossible for her to do more than make unintelligible noises.

“Miss Yoder, I trust that all the equipment that you are attached to has not affected your hearing,” Richards said pointedly. “The students have a very busy agenda planned and lack of cooperation on your part has not been factored into the timetable. Get those panties off - NOW!”

Penny gulped and pushed the waistband to her knees, then let the garment fall to the floor.

“Mount the bicycle, please,” Richards said. More confused than ever, Penny swung her left leg over the seat and settled herself into riding position. At least while sitting her genitals were off limits to these perverts, she thought.

“Excellent. Now stand up on the pedals,” Richards said, moving behind her and out of her line of sight. Penny steadied herself with her grip on the handlebars as she straightened her trembling legs. The position elevated her buttocks and her forward lean caused them to spread open. Penny craned her neck to see what Richards was doing, but could only see his left shoulder. “Lower your head, please, and breathe normally.”

Penny’s butt was now the highest point on her body. She stared at the floor, listening to her breath echoing raspily inside the apparatus and to Richards as he spoke to the students.

“You gentlemen have already installed the tachometer, odometer, and so on. What I hold in my hand is the temperature gauge.” The class laughed. “The basal thermometer allows us to take a long-term reading of the subject’s temperature. Because it is wired in to the recorder, its insertion is slightly different than the standard rectal thermometer. Usually a nurse or some other aide would take care of this part, but you should all know how to do it yourselves. You’ve noticed that I’ve already prepared the instrument. Next comes the patient. The rectal area is very delicate and must be prepared with care. The first step is to lubricate the external area of the subject, that is, the anus and surrounding flesh. Don’t skimp on the lubricant.” Penny heard an obscene squirting sound. “A big glob like this might appear wasteful, but believe me, the patient will thank you. Use the left hand to spread the buttocks and hold them open.” Penny felt her cheeks being parted. “Then apply a generous layer of gel.”

Penny stiffened at the first touch of the cold ointment. Richards pressed hard as he rubbed it in, making a wide circle with her tiny anus at the center. “All right. The final preparatory step is the rectum itself. Note that I used my index finger to smear the jelly around the outside. I’m putting the lubricant for the inside on my middle finger so that contaminants don’t come in contact with the tube of gel.” Penny heard the squirt again. “Now I can use my thumb to get the whole of the middle and index finger coated. There. I prefer to use two fingers rather than just one because stretching the flesh allows me to hit every nook and cranny inside. But watch how I use just one finger for the initial penetration.”

Penny felt something poke at her sphincter. It was hard, cold, and plasticky. Suddenly it popped in and began sliding up, causing a sensation of fullness. Then it began slowly circling inside her. Penny realized that this man she loathed, who she had traded angry words with, now had his finger in her butt! OUCH! Make that fingers! Penny blotted out what she was hearing as she heard Richards saying something about an “overlapping technique” and “scissors motion.” All she knew is that two big, greasy fingers were grinding around in her most intimate area while a class of boys watched!

Once Penny was sufficiently greased, Richards shoved the thermometer into her. “Since she’ll be exercising vigorously, I need to plant the probe as deeply as possible to keep it from being displaced by the churning action of the buttocks. Luckily, we have a wire attached to the head of the instrument so there is no need to worry about retrieving it once the experiment is done. “Okay!.” Richards let Penny’s cheeks close and gave her a light slap on the rear with his left hand. “Have a seat, Miss Yoder!”

Penny tentatively positioned herself on the cycle seat. It felt weird having something coming out of her butt like a tail. At a signal from Willis she began pedaling. It soon became clear that she was in for some hard work as the experiment leader made her go faster and faster while consulting the readout of the bike’s speed. The class shouted encouragement as she poured on the effort until Willis let her level off. Her legs were pumping furiously as minutes went by. She looked imploringly at the young man as her lungs and limbs began to burn. “Keep it up,” was all he said, looking at his stopwatch.

Penny was soon covered in a sheen of sweat which, combined with her increasing body heat, was causing the thick layer of lubricant between her buttocks to liquefy and migrate to the soft leather seat below her. Her naked genitals were the major point of contact between her briskly grinding pelvis and the lightly textured, rapidly slickening cowhide. The resulting sensation of sexual stimulation came as an utter shock to the angry, exhausted girl. Still, it gave her a measure of self-motivation to continue the exercise. At least, until Willis spoke up.

“Sir, I can’t tell for sure with her nipples covered, but I believe the subject is becoming sexually aroused.”

“Well then, check the nipples, Mr. Willis,” Richards growled. “We can’t have outside factors influencing the experimental data.”

“Just keep pedaling,” Willis told Penny as he reached over her left arm and pulled down her bra cup. Penny herself looked down and could see the verdict. Fully erect.

“Let me show you how to confirm your diagnosis,” Richards said to Willis. “Lean back, young lady.” Penny released the handlebars and sat back. Richards put both hands between her pumping thighs. Without ceremony, he pinched a clump of pubic hair at the bottom of the mons between each thumb and index finger and pulled upward, spreading her labia. There for all to see was a healthy pink clitoris, totally engorged and glistening under the fluorescent lights. Richards gave a snort of disgust, well-acted since this was precisely what everyone had anticipated happening. “The additional element of sexual excitement renders the data we’ve gathered so far useless. Now we need to wait until the young lady cools off, both literally and figuratively, before we can start again. Mr. Willis did well to identify this potential anomaly and enable us to stop it before it could skew his figures.”

Willis beamed and accepted the congratulations of his colleagues while Penny hung her head in shame. She climbed down off the cycle and tried not to watch as the seat was wiped dry. It took several minutes for her pulse and respiration to slow to their initial levels - the longest minutes of Penny’s life. No one attempted to unhook any of the apparatus, so she had to stand there, bottomless, while everyone waited for her sexual arousal to subside.

Eventually, her readings were back to normal. “Mr. Willis, if you’d be so kind as to visually confirm that your subject’s body is no longer in a state of stimulation, we can get on with the experiment again,” Richards said. Willis made a move for Penny’s bra cups. “Just remove it completely, Mr. Willis. Given the young lady’s, shall we say “passionate” nature we will need to monitor her body’s signals at all times to ensure that we are getting legitimate readings of physical exertion and not simply tracking an impending orgasm.” Willis eagerly stripped the garment off the dejected woman. How many times had he tried to get the bra off a date only to get his hand slapped? Christ, this was the most sex he had ever had, and he stood a good chance of getting an “A” for it as well! Willis took a breast in each hand and carefully surveyed the soft nipples. “No problems here, sir,” he reported.

“Very well. Now check down below.” Willis knelt and placed his hands on Penny’s thighs, pushing outward slightly. She took the hint and opened her legs wider. She could not look as his trembling fingers delicately opened her cunt. The clit had retracted, but the flesh was still moist and gave off an odor of sexual readiness. Willis’ penis instinctively stiffened at this natural signal, and he had difficulty standing up. “No overt signs of arousal,” he said in a slightly strangled voice, ignoring the telltale lump in his own trousers.

“Good! Now Miss Yoder, this time we’ll just have you remain in a standing position in order to prevent any repeat occurrences. Back up on the bike!” Penny climbed aboard, and began pedaling without sitting down. She was acutely aware of the way her backside was presented in this posture, grinding saucily as her legs whirled. At first, the black cable from her thermometer hung down and partially blocked the view of her vagina, but someone had the presence of mind to throw the cable over her right hip, thus ensuring an unobstructed opportunity to study the effects of spirited cycling on the female sex organs. Her newly released breasts also offered the possibility for much interesting research. Hanging directly down, they wobbled in counter-rotation to each other, much like a stripper twirling pasties. Penny’s respiration, pulse, temperature and so on were all being silently recorded on the efficient machines, leaving the young men with nothing to do but enjoy the spectacle from every angle.

Penny was close to collapsing when Willis gave the signal to stop. She staggered slightly getting down from the cycle, and found many friendly hands waiting to steady her. As she gasped for breath, the men busily disconnected the many devices attached to her body. A casual observer, had he been unaware of the serious scientific nature of the exercise, might have assumed that the girl was submitting to a protracted groping session. Soon all but one appliance was detached.

“Bend over and grab your ankles, please,” said Willis in a friendly tone, but with his hand on the small of her back for emphasis. Penny quickly found herself in the most humiliating position possible for a naked girl. She couldn’t help but look back between her legs at the fully dressed young men standing behind her.

Framed between her tan, muscular thighs and her puff of pubic hair, they were pausing from their duties of putting away the equipment in order to watch something getting pulled out her exposed asshole. Penny grunted slightly as she felt the probe moving deep within her bowels.

“Nice and easy,” Willis said. “Don’t try to help it along or you might wind up making a mess on the floor.” Penny’s face burned, both from her upside-down position and from the utter degradation of what was happening.

With the basal thermometer recovered, Penny stood up and realized that she was completely nude. Somehow the electrodes and other equipment had provided a sense of her flesh being covered to some extent, and given a purpose to her level of undress. Now she was buck naked, at the gym, with the guys. Penny wondered at what point the overwhelming embarrassment would fade. She resisted the impulse to cover up with her hands, even though her body craved even a moment’s modesty. Penny was left to stand awkwardly while the gear was stored and tried not to pay attention when the shit-smeared thermometer was delicately placed in a pouch marked “BIOHAZARD.”

Penny was given a small towel to wipe herself down with. All but four of the students now left the exercise room for points unknown. Meanwhile Willis was distributing something to the remaining team members from a cardboard box. Penny could see that it was white circles, about an inch in diameter. “Okay, for the next experiment, we need to attach these markers according to the chart,” Willis said. Penny caught a glimpse of a line drawing of a human figure with tiny red X’s all over it.

Once again the boys swarmed her, peeling the adhesive backing off of the circles and pressing them onto her flesh. They marked every major joint, front, back and sides. Her nipples and the center of each buttock received a sticky circle. The gulping young man who took her left breast into his hand and applied the decal over her aureole put it on crooked. Penny gasped in pain as the sticker was pulled off and reapplied. There was some serious glue on those things!

Willis carefully compared Penny’s finished appearance with the chart, having her turn around several times. Wordlessly, he handed her her shoes and socks. Something about this gesture pissed Penny off. Apparently, she could put them on now. Since he didn’t give her any of her other clothing, apparently it was going to stay off. She had no control over her own clothes! Despite her bad mood, however. Penny looked irresistibly cute in just her little white socks and sneakers.

“Come this way. please.” The men headed out into the hallway. Penny balked at leaving the room and entering the public corridor. “Can I get a robe or something?”

“It’s okay, there’s nobody around,” Willis said with a laugh. “Come on. Richards hates having to wait.” Penny double-checked and found the hall empty. The guys walked on ahead, and she scurried behind them, praying that none of the doors along the way would open and that no one would come around a corner.

The men stopped when they reached a big set of double doors. Willis opened one side and Penny obediently began stepping through. The rush of fresh air and burst of daylight halted her immediately, however. She was outdoors! She turned to run back in but it was too late. Willis and the others were now coming out, blocking the way and jostling her to one side. The door closed behind the last dweeb and Penny saw with horror that there was no handle on the outside.