



Reluctant Press presents:

Welcomed Humiliation

Maureen Glasgow



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS

A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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Welcomed Humiliation

By Maureen Glasgow

The elevator door was just closing when a young female, very pleasant, voice rang out. "Would you hold it please?"

Hey? What's a guy to do, ignore someone who sounds like that? Hastily, I slammed my arm between the closing doors and they shuddered open again. Instead of the one young lady that I expected though, it was three of them that entered. All of them blonde, all of them dressed identically in athletic bras, khaki shorts, white ankle socks and running shoes.

None of them looked alike, but apart from the clothes, they had one thing in common – each and every one of them was obviously in peak physical condition with small, though perky, tits.

"Good morning ladies!" I said gallantly and pressed the button to close the door. "What floor?"

"Doesn't matter," one of them laughed. "Fancy us, do you?" She smiled seductively.

I blinked with surprise at her answer and such forward behavior in a young lady, but then smiled back.

"Well, I must admit that I wouldn't throw any one of you out of bed," I answered, smiling to take the insult out of the words.

The three of them smiled pleasantly at each other and my spirits rose. Was there a possibility that they were actually interested in me? They obviously hadn't taken any offense in what I'd said.

"My! What a little *charmer* we have here!" another said, then pressed the button that stopped the elevator between the third and fourth floors.

I put on my most winning smile, though surprised at her action. “Well, there's no hurry, is there? Why don't you come up to my office on the sixth floor? I've a bar up there and ... ” I looked at my watch. “Although it's a little on the early side, the sun must be over the yardarm somewhere, and we could all get better acquainted?” I reached for the button to get the elevator going again.

Lightning-fast, the first one grabbed my arm and I could feel the strength in her grip like iron. “But Michael? Alcohol isn't good for you! I think we could get to know each other right here, don't you?”

The three of them were all smiling, but there was something predatory about them now, and I started to feel decidedly uneasy. Then it dawned on me. “How do you know my name's Michael?” I asked the three of them, then addressed the one still holding my arm. “Hey! Would you let go?”

She didn't release me. “Am I hurting you?” she asked sweetly.

“No! Well, kinda,” I admitted.

She spoke to the others. “I think we've got ourselves a little weakling, girls. Hardly a muscle here!” She took a hold of my other arm and pulled me towards her effortlessly. “Do you know that soft white weak arms are a real turn-on for me, Michael? And if it's anything to you, that's what you have. Would you like to turn me on?” she asked seductively.

“Hey! Enough of this shit!” I said, but the quaver in my voice gave away that I was frightened. “Stop it!”

The one who hadn't spoke until then came over towards me. She stroked my hair. “You know girls? I just *love* a guy with a pony tail! Looks cute, don't you think?” She paused for a second, and then I realized that she had undone the band I used to hold my hair. Then, delicately, she fluffed it out and around my face. “But, you know? I'm not so sure. Maybe he looks better this way? What do you think?” she continued.

“Not so sure – if it's *guys* you're talking about,” the first one said. “He looks kinda girlish now, at least to me, anyway.”

The one who was holding me replied, “Well, maybe,” then said, “now Michael, I'm going to let go of your arms. Okay? All I want you to do is turn around and look at my friends. You won't do anything stupid, will you?”

“No. I'll behave. But please, can't we stop this? If it's my money you want, my wallet's in my hip pocket.” I turned my back to her as I said this.

She giggled. “No Michael, we don't want your money. We want your *soul*.”

The insane idea that they were Jehovah's Witnesses crossed my mind for a second but crashed and burned when I realized that the girl standing behind me had put some sort of restraint and my wrists and my arms were now pinned behind me!

“Hey! Please! I never did anything to you. What are you doing? Please don't hurt me!” I cried out in alarm.

“Hurt you? Furthest thing from our minds. Right, girls?” the one in front of me asked. Then, as the other two nodded, she punched me in the stomach!

I doubled over and would have fallen if the one behind me hadn't grabbed on to me and held me up.

“Oh dear!” the one who'd hit me exclaimed. “Did that *hurt*, Michael? I'm sorry. It really was intended to be just a love tap. I wanted to let you know the worst we would do to you if you were naughty. Now won't you say you forgive me?” She put her hand under my chin and lifted my face so that I was looking directly into her eyes.

Still in shock, trying to control my desire to retch and keep myself from crying, I could only stare at her. From nowhere, a slap across my face rocked me! “I'm talking to you, Michael. I asked you to forgive me. Won't you forgive me ... please?” she cooed.

“Yes Michael, forgive her! You'll hurt her feelings if you don't!” the other two chorused.

“I ... I. You're forgiven!” I mumbled, then started to cry.

“Hey! I think he's crying!” I heard one say.

“Crying? Like a girl?” asked another.

“Y'know?” the one behind me said. “Maybe this isn't Michael at all? I mean, what with the long hair and soft arms and cries for just a few love taps? Maybe he's a girl! Think we should check?” As she said this, she reached around my waist and undid my belt buckle while one of the others unzipped my fly and then let my pants drop around my ankles as she yanked my underpants down and revealed my erection.

“Must be Michael after all! But just look at that tiny dick!” one said.

“Well, he IS kinda dainty, so it fits with his overall image, don't you think?” came from another.

“Whatever!” said the third, “But he seems to be enjoying this, if his tiny little erection is any indication.”

“Mmmm. I'm not so sure about those underpants of his,” said the first. “Certainly don't do much for his image.”

There was a pause as the three of them examined me closely. “Agreed. But that's an easy fix!” one said, then knelt down, pulled my shoes, then my pants and then my underpants. Next, to my horror, she pulled a pair of pink, frilled, satin panties from her pocket and fitted them around my feet, then hoisted them up and into position. “Better!” she said, then fitted my feet back into my pants, though she didn't pull them up, and then slid my loafers on again.

“Pout!” One ordered, approaching me with a lipstick in her hand.

“Please?” I whimpered, but she ignored me, grabbed my face and smeared the bright red cosmetic all over my lips, making no effort to do anything but make a mess. “*Isn't she lovely,*” she crooned the old song as she did this.

Then, from nowhere, something was being crammed into my mouth. It felt like a large hard ball that totally eliminated any chance I had of saying anything intelligible. Then I felt a buckle being fastened at the back of my neck and knew that the gag was firmly fixed into my mouth. But there was something unusual about the gag. Something was pressing up against my nose and if I squinted my eyes inward, I could see *something*, rising upwards. I sneaked a look into one of the elevator mirrors and let out a groan when I saw the huge dildo sticking upwards from my mouth.

“Don't think he likes that very much,” somebody commented.

“Hey! Never can tell. Maybe he'll meet a nice girl, and *she* can get some benefit from it?” another laughed.

“Maybe he'll like this better?” I heard. Next thing, my panties were being pulled down at the back, then something smooth and slick was being slopped up my backside!

“Mmmfff! Gmmmfh!” I squalled and tried to wriggle away, but a sharp spank on my backside stopped that. “Just relax!” I was commanded and something hard and large was slowly being shoved up my anus.

Through my gag, I pleaded and cried for mercy, but naturally made only unintelligible noises. Then I started to cry helplessly. This probably helped relax my rectal muscles. Whatever it was slid in easily, then the cheeks of my ass closed around it and, though it was very, very uncomfortable, it didn't hurt any more.

“Now listen, Michael!” one of them said. “You've been a very naughty boy and we've been hired to discipline you. Make you accept the fact that women are the truly superior sex. Now, do you like what we've done to you today?”

I shook my head vehemently.

She smiled gently. “Well? Look upon this as just an introductory course, Humiliation 101, perhaps. Now, we're going to leave you alone pretty soon and, once you've managed to get yourself cleaned up, we want you to hurry over to the address that's written inside this envelope.” She waved a pink envelope in my face, then put it in my pants pocket. “There, you'll explain that you've been sent over there. Do exactly what you're ordered to do. Understand?”

I nodded.

“Good! Now until we've decided that you've passed your training, any – I mean ANY, time that a person of the female gender approaches you with a pink envelope, you'll take it from her and you'll say thank you and curtsy very prettily. Got it?”

I nodded, but slowly.

“To repeat,” she said, “any time someone gives you a pink envelope like the one I just gave you, you'll say 'Thank you,' curtsy, then get your ass over to the address inside the envelope – very quickly! You don't do exactly what I've just told you? Us three watchers will be back to pay you a very quick – and painful – visit. Got it?”

My nod was quicker this time.

“Very good!” she said encouragingly and pressed the elevator button for the sixth floor.

My office was only one of about ten on that floor and, naturally, I had my own washrooms there. In the hallway, however, there were general washrooms for the clerical employees and/or visitors to use. When the elevator stopped, my three companions, laughing and chatting as if everything was perfectly normal, took me by the arms on either side and, moving at my speed, escorted me down the hall towards the Ladies restroom.

Now, it's obvious that the humiliation I was undergoing would force me to hurry. Believe me, I *tried!* But with my pants around my ankles and a huge butt plug up inside my rectum, the best I could do was inch along in the most ridiculous manner possible, a mincing parody of anything human. A couple of office girls (NOT from my office, thank God!) passed us in the hall and gave us an amazed double take, but just shook their heads, grinned, and walked on.

Inside the Ladies room, I was made to back up against a sink, then some sort of wire was used to attach my wrist restraints to a faucet. I had enough room to move about, but not enough to be able to turn away, or sit down. Each of the girls then came up and patted me on the cheek. Each warned me to behave or the whole group would be back to pay me a little visit. Then they waved a cheery good-bye and left.

There was nobody else in the bathroom and although I was grateful for the respite, I waited impatiently to be rescued, despite the embarrassment that I felt was coming. But the type and amount of humiliation I estimated came nothing close to the reality.

Finally, a middle-aged woman walked in. Didn't see me at first. “HLLLLPPMMMM” I yelled through the gag. She stopped dead in her tracks, opened her eyes wide in terror, screamed and scurried away! A little while later, she reappeared with a large, beefy, woman. That woman didn't appear scared at all, just angry for some reason.

“HHLLPPPMMNN?” I tried again.

Eyes blazing, she slapped me across the face! “Fucking pervert!” she yelled. “Get OUT of here!”

It dawned on me. Not being able to see the wire securing me to the faucet, she thought I was just standing there, exposing myself!

“KNNNT! DYYYYDDUUUPPP!” I groaned, tears from the pain of the slap.

She seemed disconcerted, but raised her arm as if to strike me again.

I cowered away from her as much as possible and I suppose that she finally caught on. “What's going ON here?” she muttered, then twisted me around. “Ah!” she said, when she saw how I was handcuffed and the wire. “Somebody playing a trick on you, huh?”

“MMNNNYSSS!” I wept, nodding furiously.

Then, to further my shame, the ladies who worked on the floor started edging into the bathroom, all curious to find out what was going on, their eyes drinking in all of the details of my appearance. I knew that I would be the subject of gossip and laughter for a long time to come as I was well known on the floor, having tried to come on to lots of the girls. I reddened as I heard someone comment on how lovely my panties were and how cute they looked on me. I was well aware that the comment was made in a voice just loud enough for me to hear.

Then a female security guard shoved her way through the growing crowd. “We got some kind of problem in here?” she growled. “Excuse me, ladies.” And there she was, directly in front of me, a slight grin on her face. “Well, well, well,” she sneered. “Finally went a little too far with some of the girls, huh? About time somebody nailed your ass to the wall, you little degenerate!”

“PPPWEEEEZZZZE HHHPP MMME?” I pleaded.

I knew she understood what I said, but she grinned some more, obviously enjoying my discomfiture. Then she said. “Okay!” and took some sort of tool out of her pocket and cut the wire. She seemed to be in no hurry to free my hands. I looked at her, desperately pleading.

Then, instead of freeing me, she undid the buckle of the ball gag and teased me. “*Really* want me to take this pretty dildo out of your mouth?” And the audience, now including my secretary Kathy, sniggered as I nodded vehemently.

“Oh, very well then!” She pulled the monstrosity out of my mouth.

My mouth felt all sore and my lips rubbery. “Please, guard? Would you pull up my pants, please?” I asked.

“What's that you say? Something about panties?” she giggled, intentionally misunderstanding me. “Yes, yes – very pretty! But don't you want to fix your lipstick first? It's all smeared!”

I shook my head, the tears falling again. “Please? Pull up my pants? This is embarrassing.”

She put a questioning look on her face. “Embarrassed because a big strong man like you is wearing pretty lacy panties? And looking so pretty in pink? Don't worry about it. I'd bet that everybody else here is wearing panties.” As she said this, she was lifting my pant waistband, zipping my fly and buckling my pants. I breathed a sigh of relief.

“Could you release those handcuffs guard – please?” I asked meekly.

“Sure, sweetie. Just hold on. I've got a key here, somewhere.

Seconds later, my arms were free. I swung them back and forward to get my circulation going, and trying to regain my composure in front of the audience of smirking women.

The guard interrupted my thoughts. “Okay *SIR*? If you'll come down to the desk with me, I'll have to make a report on this. Can you walk okay?”

“Yes,” I said, forgetting all about my butt plug.

“Very well then. If you'll come along?”

I reached for a tissue.

“What're you doing?” she asked me.

“Taking this lipstick off. What do you think!”

She shook her head. “Oh no sir! That's *evidence*! I'll let you take it off after I've taken some photographs!”

She obviously wasn't going to let me clean myself, so I took a step towards the door.

The ripple of laughter that came up when I minced away from the sinks was disbelieving. Then it turned raucous with “Oh my GAWD!” and “Wouldja look at that!” and “always *knew* he was a goddamn pansy!” being some of the comments issuing from the women surrounding me as I slowly made my way out into the hallway, taking the tiny little steps dictated by the presence of the butt plug.

A few ladies were on the elevator going down when the doors opened to let one out. “Could you hold that please?” the guard called out and they nodded. The expressions on their faces were indescribable as I minced towards them, my hands held out from my side to maintain balance and lipstick smeared all over my lips – and tear marks on my cheeks. I knew what kind of sissy I appeared to be, but could do nothing about it, so I just gritted my teeth.

The interview in the Security Office was infuriating. Let's face it, I'd complained to the owners of the building about the lax performance and the sloppy appearance of the rent-a-cops they used, a number of times. I was not unaware of the fact that, although the two women and one guy there treated me with exaggerated courtesy, they were enjoying my embarrassment to the hilt.

“Three girls did WHAT to you?” (The guard who'd released me was conducting the interview, while the other two looked on).

“They jumped me. I never had a chance! Punched me in the stomach, then handcuffed me!”

“Big women?” she asked.

“Well, not really big, but very athletic. Very strong!”

“So what did you do to aggravate them, huh?”

“Nothing! Nothing at all!”

“So, how could they possibly have known you were wearing pretty pink panties, huh? Take your pants down to show them? That what you did?”

“The panties? They're not *mine*!” I said, blushing furiously.

“Seem to fit you pretty good, and you don't seem to be in any hurry to get out of them. Not only that, but you walk like a pansy! Gonna say the girls did that to you, too?”

I stared at her. Not only did she think I'd done something to piss the girls off, but she thought the panties were my own and that I was walking the way I was

because I was some kind of goddamn *fairy*! And then it dawned on me – could I possibly admit that those awful girls had stuck that obscene butt plug up my ass? The whole office building would know before noon, and would laugh their heads off! I'd *never* be able to live it down!

“Can I wash this lipstick off?” I managed to ask, mostly to change the subject.

“In a minute. Let me get the Polaroid camera. But let me get this straight. The panties aren't yours?”

“Right!”

“They forced you to wear them?”

“Right!”

“Sounds like a felonious assault to me,” the other female guard said, while the guy snickered.

“Okay, *SIR*?” the first guard said, pointing a camera at me. “Smile, please. Let me see those lovely lips!”

And, to my everlasting shame, I did what everybody does when getting their photograph taken: smiled! Then I smiled again and again, while she took far more photos that I'd ever think would be needed.

“Now, take down your pants and lift your shirt out of the way, please?”

“Whatever for?” I cried out.

“Evidence! Now, if you wouldn't mind? We're all professionals here. All of us have seen women's panties before. Laura over there and me? *We* even wear them at times! Now, please don't argue! Pants *down*! And SMILE!”

Okay, some backbone on my part should have made me refuse, but I cravenly did exactly what I was told, even smiling at the camera again.

I did show some resistance though. I refused categorically to smile when they made me pose with the dildo firmly implanted in my mouth and my pants still down.

She did finally let me get dressed again, after giving me a photograph of myself standing, posing as if showing off the lacy pink panties I was wearing and smiling shyly into the camera.

She then sat at a desk and pulled a writing pad in front of her. She started taking down my particulars: name, age, sex, address and such.

“Now? I'm going to need all the particulars about these girls. Anything you can remember. What they looked like. What they said. What they did to you, in detail,” she said.

“What for?” I asked cautiously.

“I'll need all of that to swear out a complaint so that we can arrest them if we see them around here again.”

Suddenly, I thought of the consequences. Suppose the girls were actually caught? Arrested? Would they get much of a sentence, if any? Would they pay me

another visit in payback? I suddenly felt cold sweat run down under my armpits. I swallowed nervously.

“Oh, I don't know if I'd want *that* to happen. Ha ha. They're only young ladies, ha ha. Probably just having a little fun at a male's expense? Ha ha.”

A malignant light flickered in her eyes. “A few young girls jump you in an elevator. Punch you. Dress you in panties. Ram a dildo gag in your mouth. Humiliate you by taking your pants down and tying you up and leaving you in a Ladies restroom – and you think they were just having a little *fun*?”

Unable to speak, I nodded mutely.

“Well, *SIR*? If you're not going to lodge a complaint, I'd suggest that you get your sissified ass out of here. Us rent-a-cops, as you once called us, have many other things to do other than listen to your little masochistic fantasies! Bye!”

Face burning, the snorts of their amusement behind me, I minced out of their office knowing full well I had to get that damned plug out from inside my ass – and pretty damn positive I'd need help. I hadn't forgotten the pink envelope in my pocket, but I remembered clearly that I'd been told only to go where it indicated *after* I'd cleaned myself up. I figured that getting rid of the plug had to be part of doing that. I made my way across to the public telephones in the hallway. I called home.

Emily picked up on the first ring. “That you, Michael? How come I had the feeling you'd be calling?” Her voice was cold and distant.

“Huh? What's the matter, dear?” I asked hesitantly.

“Running around in women's restrooms wearing pink panties? And you ask what's the matter? What do you *think* is the matter, you goddamn pervert!”

I sighed. “Kathy called you, right?”

“Yes! And don't you dare give her any static because she did!”

“I'd never dream of it,” I lied. “But Emily? I need a favor.”

“What?” she asked shortly.

“Can you set me up with an appointment right now with your doctor? I need something looked at.”

“You want ME to make an appointment for YOU to see Doc Dallas Richards, the BIG LEZ? Starting to fancy her now? Want her to see your pink panties?”

“Aw God, Emily! You know I'm only teasing when I say things like that about her! It's just that I need something looked at and my own doctor's on vacation this week.”

“Well can't it wait? You seemed healthy enough when you left here this morning.”

“Emily? Please? I really need to see a doctor. It's a kind of emergency.”

“Okay. I'll check and call you back. You at your office?”

“No. I'm using a public telephone. Why don't I call you back in five minutes? Okay?”

“Okay,” she said curtly. “I'll see what I can do.”

Before I could thank her, she hung up.

Me and Emily have been married just over five years. Not a marriage made in heaven, if you know what I mean. From a warm and loving young woman, she turned into a cold, vindictive, frigid bitch. Okay, *some* of it may have been my fault, but I didn't cheat her out of her inheritance as much as she says. She's still got plenty left, doesn't she? And I've got lots more respect for the female sex than she claims – even though most of them are a bunch of stupid bimbos or feminist lesbians. I know that if I can ever find a woman who *really* turns me on I'll be as warm and caring a lover as anyone could ask for. And let's face it, I've met her doctor, a big muscled dyke if ever I saw one. So I made a few comments over the years, big deal!

I made it into the men's restroom and washed my face. I looked desperately for the band I used to keep my hair in place but it was nowhere to be found. I could see that the hair now framing my face was decidedly feminine. I sighed. I liked my hair long, but I figured I'd better get it cut. I went back out to the phones again.

When I called, Emily just said, “You know where Dallas's office is, right? Be there in fifteen minutes or don't bother. She's doing you a BIG favor. If I were you, I'd make sure I was there in time and at least show her some gratitude instead of being the ungrateful little prick you are normally!” With that, she hung up.

Fifteen minutes was plenty of time – I could normally walk to the medical building in five – but then I remembered that my walking pace was severely restricted, so I started hurrying as fast as I could. The giggles and guffaws of laughter I generated as I flounced along caused my face to flame, but there was nothing else I could do. Trotting like a drag queen, I made it outside the office building and was lucky enough to get a taxi right away. Once the driver discovered where I was going, she was on the point of throwing me out of the cab. I promised her ten bucks though and she finally dropped the flag and took off.

I made it into the doctor's office with about two minutes to spare. Her receptionist, a cold-eyed blonde in a sparkling white nurse's uniform greeted me coolly. “You're a new patient, correct?”

“Yes. And I'm very grateful to doctor Richards for seeing me on such short notice,” I said, acting humble.

She pulled a clipboard in front of her. “And what is the nature of your problem, sir?”

I blushed, guessing that she hadn't seen me enter the office. “Truthfully? It's of a personal nature. I'd prefer to speak to her privately?”

“Very well, sir. If you'll follow me to one of the consulting rooms, I'll give you the form that needs to be filled out for insurance purposes. But, may I ask if this visit will involve a physical examination?”

“It probably will, but why do you ask?” I replied.

“I’ll have to put you into a room with an examination table. You’ll have to take your clothes off and put on a gown.”

“Oh,” I said.

Luckily, the room she put me in wasn't too far from the reception area, but it was far enough away that she had a strange look on her face when she saw how I was walking.

I blanched when I saw the gown I had to put on. Sure, like everyone else, I’ve bitched about those skimpy paper gowns that most doctors have you wear but what awaited me was a pink, nylon thing that looked like a goddamn dress – with puffy sleeves, for Chrissake! I pointed at it. “Hey, don't you have anything else? Maybe something more masculine?”

She shook her head. “This is an OB-GYN office, sir. We don't get too many males in here. The doctor's only seeing you as a favor to your wife. If you want her to examine you, you'd better put the gown on. Otherwise, she won't speak to you.” She shrugged. “It's up to you.”

She left me so that I could have some privacy. Then came the next shocker: I’d forgotten all about the goddamn panties! Carefully, I hung my shirt over the back of a chair, put my panties on the seat, then covered them up with my pants. I put on the dress, because, let's face it, that's what it was. I let the receptionist know I was ready by knocking on the door. She came in with the clipboard and let a small smile show on her face as she saw me in the gown. “If you need to ask any questions about this form, just let me know, okay?”

There wasn't much to the form and I was just finishing it when a knock came at the door and the doctor stuck her head in. A big woman, well muscled and athletic, she grinned at me, obviously enjoying my discomfiture in the feminine gown. “Well, well, well. Never thought I'd ever see you here. And it's something very personal? Tell me more, why don't you?” With that, she went to sit down on the chair where I'd laid my clothes. She picked them up to move them on top of a counter, stopped cold when she saw the panties. She picked them up between her thumb and her finger, grinned salaciously at me, then threw them in my direction.

“Put your panties on, dear. I can't very well give a *man* an examination if he's not wearing underpants, can I?”

“They're *not* mine!” I said defensively. “I’m not going to put them on!”

“Fine! Examination over then!” She stood up.

I caught them as they floated through the air to me. “Aw c'mon, doctor. Please? This is embarrassing enough.”

Her eyes flashed. “Tough titty, junior! You've been calling me names for years now, but at this moment, you want a favor from me. Think I'm NOT going to take a chance to embarrass you? You want me to do something for you? Put your panties on! You won't? You can leave any time. What's it gonna be?”

“Okay!” I said sullenly, and stepped into the panties, then pulled them up into position under the gown.

“That's better!” she said cheerfully. “Now what's this all about?”

I don't think I've ever blushed so hard in my life. “I've got something stuck up inside me, doctor and I don't know how to get it out.”

“Stuck up? Whereabouts?” she started, then grinned delightedly. “Up your **ASS?**”

I nodded.

“Very well. If I'm to locate and remove something like that, I'll need a nurse in the room.”

“No *way!*” I retorted.

“Hey! When a male doctor is working on a female, he has to have a nurse present. No different here, though you *could* sign a consent form.”

“Consider it done!” I said quickly.

I didn't like the smile she gave me, but a few minutes later, I was signing all sorts of forms indicating that I didn't want any witnesses to what happened between the doctor and myself, under *any* circumstances. After I'd done so, the doctor told the nurse to go and prepare another examination room.

“What's wrong with this one?” I asked.

“The other has a much more specialized table. If you'd told the nurse what the problem was when you first came in, she'd have put you there right away.”

Once again, I was led out of that room into a maze of hallways. This time, there seemed to be a lot more traffic and I got quite a few amused glances thrown my way as I minced along in my pink dress (with, as I discovered later, a very visible panty line). The other room was larger and the table did look a lot different in that it was much larger and seemed to have many more control levers.

“Okay sweetie,” the doctor said after the nurse had left. “Hop up onto the table there and kneel on it. Okay?”

“Okay,” I said and followed her instructions, until I was kneeling along the length of the table with my feet and ass just sticking a little over the end.

“Good!” she said. “Now let me have you put your wrists just so. Yes. That's it.”

She was placing some sorts of wide bands over my wrists, effectively securing my hands to the table. Then she moved down. “Widen your legs please?” she asked. “Yes! That's it!” From somewhere under the table top, she had brought up constraints of some kind, and now my legs were firmly attached to the table.

“What are you doing? Is there any real need for this?” I asked plaintively.

“Just restraining you for your own good! I'll be working in a very sensitive area and can't have you moving around. I could hurt you. Understand?”

“Oh. That makes sense. Thanks.”