

Res Publica: Isabel's Medical Exam

Lorenzo Marks

Copyright 2023 Lorenzo Marks.

All rights reserved.

All of the characters in this book are over the age of eighteen years old and have no existence outside the imagination of the author.

Cover Art Copyright 2023 Lorenzo Marks.

Chapter One

Assistant District Attorney, Isabel Ruiz, read the message on her phone with a sense of foreboding. It displayed the official silver and black logo of the Corporate Government, and a quick check with her vetting app confirmed that it was genuine. She would find out in half an hour anyway, because she had just been given notification of her official medical exam at Civic Headquarters—they were on their way to pick her up. That didn't give her much time to think things through—while was quite deliberate, of course. But why did they think that was necessary? Had she inadvertently done something to attract their attention? And why conduct a medical exam at Civic Headquarters instead of the usual public City-State hospital?

Isabel was not a woman who scared easily, but there was something about the timing of this appointment that didn't feel right. First, the message didn't indicate which government-appointed doctor she would be seeing—or whether they would be male or female. It was as if this order had been planned to catch her unawares, and indeed it had!

And yet, despite the endless spot searches and harassment dealt out on the streets by the dreaded Civic Police, Isabel's professional world hadn't changed all that much under the new regime—although her responsibilities and workload had now been considerably reduced by the newly installed Attorney General. She had been careful to appear to tow the Corporate Government line, and like most of the population, she had opted to keep her views to herself until the day when hopefully, normal order would be restored. So far, she had been lucky. Some of her more outspoken professional peers had been summarily fired for no reason forbidden to practice law anywhere else, but Isabel seemed to have escaped the initial purge.

Which was why this medical appointment had come as such a surprise—and seemed so suspicious. She was up to date with her vaccinations and never missed her compulsory monthly check-up at the City-State hospital, so why was she being taken to Civic Headquarters now? No citizen in their right mind went near that forbidding white building—except those hapless souls who had been arrested by the sadistic Civic Police. Some of these random victims were never seen in public again, and those released were never quite the same again.

The most nerve-racking problem with the evil clowns running this senseless oppression—the populace quietly referred to them as the *Mad Uncles*—was you didn't have to do anything wrong. Innocent people were being arrested every day. Women were being molested in the street, personal possessions randomly confiscated for inspection, never to be returned. Houses were being raided without warrants, and anyone who had worked in any capacity for the old government had been turned out of their homes and relocated to the dilapidated slums on the edge of the city. And all this insane chaos reigned because the Corporate Government had filled the ranks of the Civic Police with ex-criminals and other reprobates evidently to strike terror into the hearts of the populace—and it had most certainly worked!

Although the original judiciary system was still operational, Isabel's authority had been considerably curtailed and now she had to report to a new District Attorney—who had of course been hand-picked by the *Mad Uncles* which meant there was no point in calling him for advice on this.

Isabel looked at her phone and saw that she had twenty minutes left—the Civic Police were never late—and briefly considered making a run for it. She could go into hiding at a friend's place until she could get some more information about this. But that would mean breaking the law, and as the Assistant District Attorney, they would surely make an example out of her if she was captured—and sneaking out of the City-State was nearly impossible as the borders were all but sealed.

She took a deep breath and decided that her best option would be to cooperate. If she kept her composure and said everything that was expected of her, she might be able to talk to somebody in authority and get this straightened out. And yet, she couldn't shake off this feeling that she was being set up for something bad—really bad.

Three Years! Three years of living hell!

And it wasn't just the prison guards who had beaten and humiliated him—the other inmates had been even worse, because not only was he a convicted sex offender, but he had committed his crimes while carrying out his duties as a licensed doctor. With another fifteen years of brutal confinement ahead of him, the former Doctor Richard Small was in the process of planning another suicide attempt—the stupid guards had revived him during his first attempt—when he heard the news about the Corporate Government takeover following the pandemic. Listening to the gossip about the crazy events taking place outside, he decided to wait and see how things developed.

Rumors were spreading that violent offenders were being released early on condition that they serve in a newly formed armed unit called the Civic Police. Hardened criminals enforcing the law? What was going on? Then he heard that the former president had been executed and his family sent into exile! Now the City-State was being run by a band of corrupt politicians and businessmen called the Civic Committee—or the *Mad Uncles* as his fellow inmates were calling them. It seemed that the pandemic had offered up an opportunity for a select group of political gangsters to take total power and quickly gobble up most of the City-State's assets in the process. This revolution was all about power, greed and retribution—and it was taking revenge on one particular person that the debarred doctor had been obsessing about for the past three years!

During the trip to the intimidating Civic Headquarters building, Isabel had plenty of time to puzzle over this peculiar and deeply concerning situation. She had tried asking some questions to the two goons sitting in the front seats but neither of them had said a word to her. It seemed she would be getting all her answers on arrival.

Now she mentally reviewed her recent cases, trying to deduce if there might be a connection with this. Nothing came to mind. The only person who might have had a vendetta against her was Frank Kramer, who she had successfully sued for defamation. Kramer was a widely read journalist and blogger and a champion of the so-called *manosphere*, but as far as Isabel was concerned, he was a toxic misogynistic, while Kramer had publicly labeled her a misandrist and *feminazi*.

Their mutual animosity came to a head when Kramer accused Isabel of having a bias against men while she was prosecuting a high profile sexual harassment case. Isabel had made a public statement, Kramer had retaliated, and it had all spiraled out of control to the point where Kramer had crossed the line and Isabel had pounced. Kramer may have been a master wordsmith, but he was no match for Isabel when it came to the law.

The financial settlement hadn't been that much, but the hammer blow came when the judge ordered Kramer to shut down his hugely popular sexist blogs. This had resulted in a full-on social media attack against Isabel from thousands of members of the *manosphere* movement.

But that ill will had simmered down well before the pandemic and subsequent takeover, and other than that, Isabel couldn't see why somebody in a position of power would be raking over those old coals, unless—

A position of power!

The old government was gone, and a power-mad regime had been installed in its place. Her heart beating a little faster, Isabel took out her phone and looked up Frank Kramer in the search engine. As the black sedan turned into the parking lot of the Civic Headquarters, Isabel found the information she had feared—Kramer had joined the revolution and was now a ranking member of the Corporate Government!

As Isabel was marched through the echoing, high-ceilinged halls of the Civic Headquarters, she made one last plea to her guards to be allowed to speak to somebody in authority.

“I am an Assistant District Attorney,” she said with as much bravado as she could muster. “There has obviously been some kind of mistake. I’m sure this can be cleared up if I can just speak to someone higher up.”

One of the guards shot her a hostile glance and Isabel concluded that her attempts at reasoning with these two grunts were futile. She would just have to speak to the doctor and hope that she would understand the mix up. But as they descended the stairs to the examination rooms, Isabel was becoming even more convinced that Kramer was somehow behind this. But why a medical exam? In these uncertain times, if he wielded enough power he could just have her arrested on any trumped-up charge.

When they stopped outside one of the green metal doors, she finally made the now obvious and quite terrible connection. The nameplate on the door read—*Doctor Richard Small, CGMD*.

There were three men waiting inside the examination room. They were all wearing white coats adorned with the ubiquitous Corporate Government badge, and when they saw Isabel their faces lit up with wicked grins.

The last time Isabel had seen the former Doctor Richard Small, he was wearing handcuffs and being led away to serve an eighteen year sentence that she had personally pushed very hard for. Now he was sitting in a swivel chair at a desk with his arms folded and looking very pleased with himself.

“Madam Assistant District Attorney!” he said. “How professional of you to show up so promptly. I’ve been looking forward to this meeting for a very long time.”

With her back pressed against the locked door, Isabel said, “You’re supposed to be in jail!”

“I know—for a further fifteen years, thanks to your considerable efforts,” he said. “But I was unexpectedly offered early release in return for serving our new Corporate Government—which I eagerly accepted, of course.”

Glancing nervously at the other two men, Isabel said, “Why have I been brought here?”

“Oh, I thought you knew,” Dr. Small said. “I have been appointed to give you a full and thorough medical exam.”

Isabel was suddenly finding it hard to breath.

“But I have my check-ups at the public hospital,” she said.

“I know that,” Dr. Small said. “And your regular doctor is Dr. Carmen Garcia, I understand—a fellow Latina who is almost as attractive as you, I might add.”

“So, what is the purpose of this examination?” Isabel said, already fearing the answer.

Instead of answering her question, Dr. Small stood up and approached her. “Have you ever been inside the City-State Prison, Isabel?”

Irrked that he had just presumed to use her first name, Isabel said, “I once made an official visit, yes.”

“And during your guided tour you saw model prisoners behaving themselves in clean and hygienic conditions no doubt. I’m sure everything was to your pompous satisfaction. Well let me set the record straight for you. Life inside that prison is no picnic at all—especially for a sex offender like me.”

Even though she was feeling increasingly anxious, Isabel raised her chin and said, “You committed a crime—several crimes, in fact—and your victims trusted you in your capacity as their doctor. For that, you had to pay.”

“Oh, and pay I did,” Dr. Small said. “You made certain of that didn’t you, Madam Assistant District Attorney?”

“I was doing my job,” Isabel said.

“And so shall I, in my new capacity as *your* doctor,” Dr. Small said. “Did you see the CGMD initials outside? Corporate Government Medical Doctor. I have my license back—and you are on my list of patients!”

“Under whose authority?” Isabel said.

“Why, your old friend Undersecretary Kramer, of course!”

Kramer!

Isabel shuddered. It was all fitting into place now. This wasn’t going to be a genuine medical examination at all—it was payback time!

Chapter Two

Dr. Small could hardly contain himself as he studied the beautiful Latina attorney who was now completely at his mercy. Oh, the things he planned to do to her paled into insignificance compared to the crimes for which he had been convicted! But to enhance his pleasure, he had decided to role-play this perverted charade. Despite his burning hatred for Isabel, he would try to keep up the act of the polite and reassuring doctor throughout as he gradually reduced this arrogant bitch to a sniveling, begging wreck!

Staying in character, he said, “Forgive my rudeness. I haven’t introduced you to my two assistants, Harvey and Antonio. They aren’t at all medically qualified, but I requested their early release from jail so that they may assist me with your exam. Like me, they are sex offenders who suffered terribly at the hands of their fellow inmates—but they still haven’t lost their appetite for, shall we say, cruel depravity.”

Isabel regarded them with disgust and said, “Alright. I’ll agree to take the exam here—but I demand it be conducted by a female doctor!”

“You *demand*? Have you forgotten where you are? One phone call from me and you’ll be taken downstairs to the Civic Police interrogation cells. Would you prefer that?”

A look of panic flitted across Isabel’s face and she shook her head.

“And in case you were wondering, the new Attorney General is perfectly aware of your appointment today, so you won’t be getting any assistance from your old legal network,” Dr. Small continued.

He observed that Isabel had now gone a little pale.

“So are you prepared to cooperate?” Dr. Small asked.

Isabel let out a trembling breath and nodded reluctantly. Dr. Small couldn’t imagine the anxious thoughts that must be running through her mind right now, but he was willing to wager they weren’t anywhere near as bad as the reality she was about to face!

“Very good,” Dr. Small said. “Now stop trying to push yourself back through that door and step into the center of the room. We’re going to begin by taking some measurements—that won’t be too difficult will it?”

Clasping her purse in front of her, Isabel reluctantly shuffled deeper into the room until she was standing underneath a very bright ceiling light.

Dr. Small said, “Antonio, please take Isabel’s purse.”

Antonio stepped forward with his hand out, but Isabel clutched it tighter to her chest. Dr. Small was aware of the details of Antonio’s case—he had been convicted of serial molestation and the way he was looking at Isabel right now, it seemed he was keen to continue where he had left off!

“Isabel, if you continue to be awkward, I will have no choice but to hand you over to the Civic Police. Last chance.”

With a resigned sigh, Isabel handed her purse to Antonio who dropped it into a plastic basket on the floor.

“Be careful with that! My laptop is in there!” Isabel said.

“Still giving orders?” Dr. Small said. “You still don’t quite get it, do you? Now here’s an order for *you*—put your right foot up on that stool.”

Isabel blinked at him in confusion, and when she made no move, Dr. Small said, “Really, Isabel. I am a very busy doctor. Now for the last time, do as I say, or I *will* make that call!”

Isabel looked desperately around the large examination room which was well-stocked with an assortment of intimidating medical instruments and devices—along with some other dubious-looking equipment that surely had no place in a medical environment!

“Is there a room where I can change in private?” Isabel asked.

“I’m afraid not,” Dr. Small said, as he felt his cock stiffening. “You are going to have to undress right here.”

“In front of you?”

“Of course, in front of us—we are going to be conducting your examination after all. Don’t worry, you’ll only have to strip to your underwear for the measuring,” Dr. Small said.

Poor Isabel looked as though she were about to faint!

This cannot be real!

Only a couple of hours ago, Isabel was preparing herself for an important meeting at the courthouse, but now she was locked in a room with three convicted sex offenders—*perverts!*—one of whom she had been instrumental in putting in jail! And it was becoming apparent to her that this so-called medical exam was merely an excuse for Dr. Small and his sidekicks to have as much fun with her as they wanted!

Resisting was no longer an option. She had been denied access to any officials who could get her out of this, and on the contrary, if she continued to be obstructive, she could very well end up in the Civic Police interrogation cells for a very long time! Dr. Small had her exactly where he wanted her and he was reveling in the moment!

When she still hadn’t made a move, Dr. Small said, “Let me help you—”

“No! That won’t be necessary!” Isabel said.

“Oh, but I insist,” Dr. Small said. “As you are fully aware from your prosecution notes, my patients were unconscious when I satisfied my carnal pleasures with them, so I have become quite skilled in the art of undressing a lady.”

Isabel took a step back and said, “Really, I can do it myself!”

Dr. Small sighed and took out his phone.

“Oh dear, well if you must persist in being this unhelpful—”

At the sight of his phone, Isabel’s eyes widened and she said, “Okay! You can—do it!”

She was on the verge of tears now, but she was powerless to prevent this sex freak from touching her!

“Do what, Isabel?” Dr. Small said, still contemplating his phone.

“Y-You can undress me!” Isabel said.

“How very accommodating of you,” Dr. Small said. “Now once again, you can begin by raising your right leg and putting your foot on that stool.”

Feeling somewhat faint, this time Isabel did as she was told. Dr. Small leaned down and plucked her shoe off her foot—and then to Isabel’s utter disbelief he held it up to his nose!

“Ah, a beautiful fragrance!” he declared as he inhaled the interior of her shoe. He examined the label on the insole and said, “*Jimmy Choo*, no less. Very expensive, but quite befitting of a lady of your status.”

He handed the shoe to Harvey, who turned it over and said, “Sensible heels—but I reckon she’d look much hotter in a pair of red five-inch pumps!”

“And now the other shoe,” Dr. Small said.

Isabel went to take her left shoe off but Dr. Small said, “No, put your foot on the stool as before. You must remember to obey your doctor’s orders at all times.”

Feeling as foolish as she was afraid, Isabel raised her left leg and allowed Dr. Small to remove her other shoe. This time, he just tossed it straight into the basket.

“Now for your coat,” he said.

Isabel instinctively raised her arms, but under the threat of being turned over to the Civic Police, she slowly lowered them to her sides. Dr. Small reached out and undid her buttons and then slipped his long fingers inside her coat.

He’s actually touching me! I think I’m going to throw up!

Isabel held her breath as Dr. Small worked the coat over her shoulders and then pulled the sleeves down her arms. When he had removed the coat, he checked inside the collar and said, “*Max Mara!* My, doesn’t Madam Assistant District Attorney dress well!”

“For now, she does!” Antonio said.

Isabel was already down to her blouse, skirt, and stockings as she watched her luxury coat dumped unceremoniously into the basket—and very soon she would be standing there in just her underwear!

“Hmm, what next?” Dr. Small said, stroking his chin. “Blouse or skirt?”

“Let’s have a look at her bra first!” said Harvey eagerly. “She’s got big titties!”

“Calm down, Harvey,” Dr. Small said. “This is a medical examination, not a strip show.”

Harvey was a little on the dense side and his sexual misdemeanors ranged from masturbating in public to stealing underwear from a female college students’ dormitory.

“What would you prefer, Isabel?” Dr. Small said.

Prefer? I’d prefer not to be locked in here with you!

“Make a decision now or I’ll let Harvey and Antonio finish undressing you.”

“No!” Isabel said. “My skirt! Take off my skirt first!”

“Please—” Dr. Small said.

Isabel blinked back a tear of shame.

“P-Please take off my skirt,” she said.

“Doctor—?”

“Please take off my skirt, Dr. Small,” Isabel said.

As he deftly popped the buttons and pulled down the zipper on Isabel’s gray pencil skirt, Dr. Small said, “If you’re finding this a little embarrassing, please feel free to cry to your heart’s content. I do enjoy watching a proud woman cry.”

How could I not find this embarrassing?

Dr. Small pulled Isabel’s skirt down to her ankles and motioned for her to step out of it. He checked the label and said, “*Ann Taylor.* Of course!”

Then he flung it at Harvey who dropped it in the basket.

Dr. Small straightened up and said, “I assume that lovely white blouse is a top quality garment, too. Would you mind telling us the brand?”

What is this obsession with my clothing brands?

“W-Why do you want to know?” she said.

“Oh, I’m just curious about the quality apparel that Madam Assistant District Attorney treats herself to. None of my victims wore such expensive clothes—and *I* had to make do with a worn out Corrections Department overalls while I was inside. Just the one set. Sometimes I was forced to wear it for weeks without washing it. And when I did get to wash it, guess what they made me wear in the meantime—a tatty, pink woman’s frock. Such humiliation! Anyway, I digress. Let’s get back to your blouse.”

Without warning, Dr. Small grabbed the lapels of Isabel’s blouse and yanked them apart with such force that all of the buttons flew off! Isabel shrieked and dropped into a crouch, covering her chest with her arms.

“Stand up and give me the blouse, Isabel,” Dr. Small said. “We’re not done yet.”

Suppressing a sob, Isabel slowly rose and slipped the damaged garment off her shoulders. Dr. Small snatched it from her and looked at the label.

“Ah, *Vince.* Nothing but the best, huh?”

For Isabel, this was beginning to feel like a clothes shopping trip ass-backwards!

Dr. Small lowered his gaze and Isabel placed one hand over her crotch. All three of these convicted perverts were hungrily ogling her underwear—and they hadn’t even begun with the measuring! Was it too late to take her chances with the Civic Police? Surely somebody out there must still have respect for the rule of law.

But somehow she doubted it. If Frank Kramer, now a government undersecretary, had rubber-stamped this cruel punishment—for that was what it was—and the Attorney General had been

installed by the Civic Committee—the *Mad Uncles!*—she literally had nobody to turn to. In her capacity as Assistant District Attorney, she had been privy to some ghastly rumors as to what went on in the basement cells here. Miserably, as nightmarish as this situation was, she realized she had no choice but to tough it out.

“Those tights look quite awful,” Dr. Small said. “I doubt you spent too much on them, so I’ll have Harvey and Antonio rip them off.”

What?

As the two repugnant men descended upon her, Isabel squeezed her thighs together, but she couldn’t stop Harvey from getting his fingers inside the waistband of her tights. He yanked downward and the flimsy nylon ripped apart easily. Behind her, Antonio dropped to his knees and tore the material away from Isabel’s shapely behind. The two sex freaks made quick work of tearing the tights away from her legs and then pulling them off her feet. Now Isabel was down to her bra and panties—and her nightmare was accelerating fast!

Chapter Three

“Step up onto the scales and put your arms by your sides where we can see you properly,” Dr. Small said.

Her whole body trembling, Isabel reluctantly did as she was told. Another spotlight was situated in the ceiling directly above the scales, leaving Isabel’s partially clad body brightly illuminated.

Dr. Small sighed. “Ah, Latina women, always so shapely. Narrow waist, wide hips, flat stomach, and full, buoyant breasts. And that natural copper colored skin! Absolutely flawless!”

Dr. Small had a full-on erection now. This process of slowly dismantling the dignity of his victim was a pleasure he had been denied during his illicit sessions at his office. His drugged victims had all been unconscious, and although he had enjoyed unwrapping them, they were really no more than warm-blooded sex dolls to play with. Exciting enough, but this was a whole new scenario. Now he could revel in the growing shame and misery on Isabel’s face as he gradually cranked up his perverted games!

“How old are you, Isabel?” he said.

“Excuse me?”

“Your age. I could look it up, but I want you to tell us yourself.”

Blushing deeply, Isabel said, “I-I’m thirty-six.”

“So young for a woman of your lofty position. And yet with a body and face like that, you could easily pass for twenty-five.”

It was meant as a compliment, but being a *feminazi* as Kramer had branded her, Isabel bridled at being regarded as a mere sex object.

Looking suitably outraged, Isabel said, “Can we get this done quickly so that I can get out of here, please? I have a lot of work to do.”

“I’m afraid that will have to wait,” Dr. Small said. “We have much to do here as well.”

Dismayed, Isabel said, “So how long do you think this will take?”

“Oh, we should be done around five.”

“I’m to be here *all day*?” Isabel said. “I can’t stay here that long! I have legal meetings to attend.”

“Think of the alternative,” said Dr. Small. “Weeks, months, maybe even years, locked in a dark cell down in the basement.”

Isabel tried to get her breathing under control.

Five o’clock! What the hell has he got planned that could take that amount of time?

“Now then, back to business,” Dr. Small said. “Oh dear, that is a very sensible matching bra and panty set, although the black material does go well against your bronzed skin. But it is a workday—I expect you save your sexy satin lingerie for your gentlemen friends.”

Isabel flushed again. This was becoming uncomfortably personal for her!

“Now before we weigh you, I’d like you to remove your wristwatch, earrings, and necklace. We don’t want them to affect the results, do we?” Dr. Small said.

Standing up on the weighing scales in her underwear, Isabel again had to fight back the tears as she underwent the indignity of removing her earrings, undoing the clasp of her gold crucifix chain, and then unbuckling her watch, while they all stared at her.

Dr. Small took them from her and examined them for a moment.

“I might have guessed it would be *Bulgari*,” he said, admiring the watch before casually tossing Isabel’s expensive jewelry into the rapidly filling basket.

Isabel hoped that her watch wasn’t broken, but this time she decided to keep her counsel.

“So there she stands,” Dr. Small said, slowly circling his helpless captive. “The woman who stole three years of my life. I’ve got plenty of horrible tales to tell about that awful prison, and I may give you some details as we proceed. I’m sure you’d enjoy hearing them.”

He returned to her front and said, “How are you feeling, right now? A little exposed?”

Isabel's cheeks burned with indignation, but she refused to acknowledge his mocking question. The only way her body could be any more exposed than this was if she were—stark naked!

Isabel's stomach twisted as the unthinkable rushed to the forefront of her mind. Dr. Small had said she would be measured in her underwear, and she had taken him at face value because she had been in denial of the terrible reality that he could do whatever he liked with her. The three sex criminals were all studying her body intently and it was now plainly obvious to Isabel what the next step was going to be!

"I do like the way your bra holds your breasts up," Dr. Small said. "And your panties are surprisingly snug around your vulva, if a little plain. I'll bet they make you feel quite horny as you strut around the courtroom—let's take a look at the label, shall we?"

"No!" Isabel said. "I'll tell you! I bought them from *Victoria's Secret!*"

"They won't be a secret for much longer," Harvey said.

"Now, Harvey," Dr. Small said. "I told Isabel we would measure her in her underwear, and that's what we are going to do."

He pulled out his phone and Isabel's heart skipped a beat.

"Who are you calling?" she asked.

"Nobody," Dr. Small said. "I'm just going to enter your measurements into my phone while Antonio and Harvey call them out to me. Is that acceptable to you, Madam Assistant District Attorney?"

Isabel pressed her knees together and balled her fists as Antonio crouched down to read the scales.

"A hundred thirty-five pounds on the button," he said.

Dr. Small raised his eyebrows. "I'm surprised. With tits and ass like that, I thought you'd be heavier."

Isabel bit her lip and stared grimly at the opposite wall.

"Would you please step over to the height scale?" Dr. Small said.

Isabel stood rigidly in front of the upright beam while Harvey moved the headpiece down until it touched the crown of Isabel's head.

Then he read from the vertical ruler.

"Five-seven exactly."

"Amazing! Everything about you is so precise!" Dr. Small said.

He tapped the information into his phone as Isabel glanced at her pile of clothes in the basket—she really wanted to get dressed now.

"Now I'd like you to hold your arms straight out to the sides," Dr. Small said.

Isabel sighed and grudgingly obeyed. Standing a little too close to her for comfort, Antonio and Harvey stretched a tape measure from Isabel's left armpit to the tips of her fingers and then read out the length which Dr. Small duly recorded. After measuring her right arm it was time to measure the length of her legs. So far, this was all being carried out in an unexpectedly professional manner, and for a fleeting moment Isabel wondered if she might have been overreacting.

"You'll need to part your thighs so Antonio can get the inside measurement," Dr. Small said.

Until now, Isabel had been keeping her thighs firmly clamped together, but she knew he was right—except for all the wrong reasons. Just by opening her legs she was making a subtly suggestive gesture, and she could only guess at the dirty thoughts going through these three creeps' minds as she shifted her feet slightly apart.

"A little wider, if you please," Dr. Small said. "We wouldn't want Antonio to accidentally brush his fingers against your gusset!"

Isabel most certainly did not want that, so she hesitatingly shuffled her feet a little farther apart. Now came the part where she had to draw upon all her reserves of self-control as she felt Antonio press the tape against the inside of her left thigh. Harvey was down on his knees, the top of his balding head uncomfortably near Isabel's crotch as he called out Isabel's inside leg measurements. After they had repeated the exercise on the outside of her shaking legs, Dr. Small said, "Now we're going to measure your hips and waist."

As he circled the tape measure around Isabel's waist, Antonio's fingers made direct contact with her skin for the first time—and much more so than was necessary! She tensed as he measured her hips and recited the measurements to Dr. Small.

"You are a very nicely proportioned young lady, Isabel," Dr. Small said.

Isabel drew a breath. Surely the worst of it was over, right?

Wrong.

Dr. Small licked his lips and said, "So the last part of your luscious body we need to record, is of course, your bra size."

"Y-You don't need to measure that!" Isabel said. "I can tell you right now! It's thirty-eight, DD!"

Isabel couldn't quite believe that she had so eagerly volunteered that personal information, but that last thing she wanted was Antonio's probing fingers touching her breasts!

"I don't doubt that for a moment," Dr. Small said. "But we have to be sure, don't we?"

"I just told you!"

"How do I know you're telling the truth?"

"Why would I lie about it? You can check the tag if you don't believe me!"

As soon as she opened her mouth, Isabel realized she had set herself up.

"What a good idea," said Dr. Small. "Just hand it to me then, and we can be done with this part of the exam."

Isabel was beginning to panic now.

"You mean you want me to take it off?"

"It's the only way I can be sure. I can't report false information. I could get into trouble."

"C-Can't you just check inside the band?" Isabel said.

"That's what Antonio was going to do, but you wouldn't allow it."

"Please—won't you just come around here and take a quick look at it?" Isabel said, barely able to believe what she had just said to this fiend.

"Too late, Isabel," Dr. Small said. "You had your chance."

"But you said I could keep my underwear on—"

"If you don't give me your bra, I'll have to ask Antonio to take it off you."

Oh God! Is this really happening to me?

"No! I'll do it myself!" Isabel said.

Feeling Antonio's fingers creeping on her bare skin again was not an option—but now she was voluntarily stripping in front of these vile pigs! And they had her surrounded! She could feel Antonio's hot breath on her shoulder, and Harvey stood to her left, his mouth agape, while Dr. Small stood patiently in front of her.

Her breath coming in short puffs and her face getting redder by the second, Isabel reached behind and unhooked her bra and then slipped the straps over her shoulders. Now she paused and held the cups in place as the three perverts moved in closer. Then she deftly pulled the cups down to her stomach while simultaneously covering her breasts with her free arm. She held her bra out and Dr. Small took it and examined the tag.

"Yep. Thirty-eight Double D," he said as he tapped the numbers into his phone.

"Big jugs!" Harvey said.

"Yes, Harvey, they most certainly are," said Dr. Small.

Keeping her breasts covered, Isabel said, "Can I have it back now?"

"Have it back? But you just gave it to me Isabel. Now it goes with the rest of your clothes."

Isabel looked on in horror as Dr. Small tossed her bra into the basket. All that remained now were her black panties!

"Well, that's the measuring session over!" Dr. Small said. "Now we are going to take a urine sample!"

Chapter Four

Doctor Richard Small, CGMD, gazed with unconcealed delight at the expression of sheer terror on the face of the Assistant District Attorney. Wearing nothing but her panties, tightly hugging her large breasts, she visibly squirmed before him.

During his three years of endless torment in prison, Dr. Small had initially harbored thoughts of revenge toward this feminist lawyer who had pushed for the severest penalty possible. But as the days had turned into months, and Dr. Small's life had become a continual struggle to avoid being beaten and violated by the other inmates, he gradually became aware that he was likely going to end his days inside this terrible institution. He realized that one day they would surely kill him, probably torture him to death—and that was when he had made the decision that he would deny the system that pleasure.

However, after two failed suicide attempts, he was separated from the rest of the population and put under twenty-four hour watch. Left alone with nothing to do but think, his thoughts of revenge had been replaced by the sorrowful awareness that he would never see or touch a naked woman again. Despite the misery he had suffered in jail, his bizarre sexual urges had still dominated his thoughts—and now his twisted needs that made living worthwhile had been cruelly denied to him.

But life is always full of surprises, and after the City-State had apparently gone crazy, he had suddenly found himself a free man, and not only that he was also now being paid by the government to indulge in the wicked carnal pleasures that had landed him in prison in the first place! If a civilian needed to be reeducated or simply cease to exist, the Civic Police had many cruel methods at their disposal to make that happen. And although Dr. Small was now legally practicing as a doctor again, healing the sick was most definitely not on his list of duties!

And then he had been presented with the cherry on top of the cake thanks to Undersecretary Kramer. Here she was, Assistant District Attorney Isabel Ruiz, totally in his clutches, and not only would he be able to torment that voluptuous body at his leisure, but also satisfy the craving for retribution that had been burning inside him for all those years!

“A urine sample?” Isabel said.

“Yes, it's a normal part of the procedure.”

Isabel looked frantically around the room again but she saw no cubicles or curtains she could use for privacy.

“Where should I do it?” she asked.

“Go stand on that rubber mat over there,” Dr. Small said. “Antonio, would you please give Isabel the urine specimen container?”

Antonio went over to a cabinet and returned with a transparent plastic receptacle which he held out to Isabel. Visibly mortified, Isabel made no attempt to take it.

“Isn't there a private room where I can—?” Isabel said.

“Pee?” Dr. Small said. “No, there isn't. I *am* a doctor, you know. There's nothing to be ashamed of.”

In fact, there was plenty for Isabel to be ashamed of—he was playing with her, and she knew it!

“I-I don't think I'll be able to go with everybody looking,” Isabel said.

“You'll do fine,” Dr. Small said. “Just take the container and stand on the mat.”

Isabel reluctantly accepted the container from Antonio and then slowly crossed the room to the rubber mat. Just as with the weighing scales, there was a bright bulb directly above her highlighting every inch of her body.

“Whenever you are ready,” Dr. Small said.

With one arm still covering her breasts, and the other holding the container, Isabel shifted from one foot to the other with her thighs still clamped together.

“You're not going to get very far like that,” Dr. Small said. “Part your thighs and bend your knees while holding the container beneath your crotch.”

Her cheeks turning bright crimson, Isabel adopted the absurd semi-couched position and averted her eyes.

“Haven’t you forgotten something?” Dr. Small said.

Isabel gave him a bewildered look so he nodded at her panties.

“Are you going to take them off or do you intend to piss through them?” he asked.

Her eyes were getting quite moist now, her earlier show of bravado totally gone. She was no longer reluctantly following doctor’s orders—this choice was hers alone, and either way would be equally humiliating.

While she was stalling for time, Dr. Small said, “Oh, my goodness! I almost forgot! Harvey, go fetch the video camera.”

Isabel’s jaw dropped and she said, “You’re going to film me?”

“Have to, I’m afraid,” Dr. Small said. “The Corporate Government is very strict about keeping full and detailed records.”

Isabel stared at him in horror. Not only was the wretched woman going to have to perform a most personal bodily task in front of him, but it was all going to be preserved on film! Who knew where that might end up?

Harvey scurried back with the camera and Antonio checked to make sure the little retard had it set up correctly.

“Okay, let’s get this urine sample,” Dr. Small said. “We’ve much more to do.”

Isabel glanced anxiously at the door, even though she knew it was locked, and Dr. Small reveled in her dilemma. If she opted to remove her panties she would effectively be choosing to show them her cunt, but if she opted to urinate through her underwear she would be disgracing herself on camera!

“Make a decision now, Isabel,” Dr. Small said, taking his phone out of his pocket and waving it at her. He didn’t have to say any more for her to know what that meant.

“I’m going to count to three and then—”

Isabel hurriedly swiveled around so that she had her back to them. Then she reached down with her free hand and worked her panties over her hips and buttocks, and then down her thighs and calves and let them drop to her ankles.

“What a glorious ass!” Antonio said.

Dr. Small couldn’t agree more! Her butt cheeks were big and firm and there was absolutely no sign of them going south!

“So you’d rather show us your naked ass than suffer the shame of wetting your panties,” Dr. Small said. “Antonio, would you please pick up Isabel’s panties and bring them over to me?”

Antonio tapped Isabel on the leg and she recoiled slightly before raising up onto her toes to allow Antonio to retrieve her last remaining piece of clothing. Antonio handed the panties to Dr. Small and he held them to his nose and inhaled.

What a delectable feminine odor! It’s been so long since I last sniffed a woman’s panties! Never in my wildest dreams did I think I would ever be doing this again!

He folded the panties and put them into his coat pocket.

“I admire your sense of decorum, Isabel, but I’m afraid Harvey won’t be able to record the exam properly with your back turned against us.”

He saw Isabel’s shoulders tense as she let out a weak moan of protest. Dr. Small wondered if he was going to have to beat off yet another round of resistance from her, but by now Isabel must have realized that the threat of the Civic Police cells was never going to go away, and to his delight she very slowly began to turn around!

When she was facing them again, naked and crimson cheeked, Dr. Small said, “Remember the position you must hold while you give us your urine sample. We can’t have it running down your thighs now, can we?”

A tiny whimper escaped Isabel’s lips as she removed her hand from her crotch, parted her thighs and bent her trembling knees. Dr. Small and his assistants gawped at her neatly manicured

black bush and Harvey moved in closer with the camera. But there was still one more minor adjustment to Isabel's posture required.

"You'll need to hold the receptacle with both hands," Dr. Small said.

Isabel, who was still resolutely protecting her breasts, said, "I think I can do it one-handed."

"That may be, but you *will* hold it with both hands—as your doctor has just ordered."

Isabel let out a shuddering sigh and lowered her other arm, setting her buoyant breasts free. Her areolas were large and the color of dark chocolate, and because Dr. Small had deliberately set the aircon high, her nipples were sticking out like bullets!

"Well, there you finally are—as naked as the day you were born! Now all you have to do is take a piss in front of us!" Dr. Small said.

Still maintaining her ridiculous half-squatting pose, Isabel looked down at the plastic container in her hands. She emitted a little sequence of staccato grunts, but nothing came out of her sweet honeypot.

After a minute, still with her head bowed, Isabel said, "I can't do it with you all watching!"

"Think of the sound of running water," said Dr. Small. "Better still, Antonio, go turn on a faucet."

With water now tinkling loudly into the sink, Isabel opened her legs further and bent forward, letting her splendid breasts dangle enticingly.

"Do you not drink enough plain water?" Dr. Small said. "You should drink ten cups a day to avoid dehydration, but I suppose a busy attorney like yourself is more of a coffee person. Let's see if we can help you."

"N-No, just give me a little time—please!" Isabel said.

"Come now, Isabel, Doctor Small knows best! Antonio, would you please fit the head harness onto Isabel?"

Antonio let out an excited laugh and went over to one of the steel cabinets. Isabel, looking visibly distressed now, watched him return with a brown tangle of leather straps and buckles. As he neared her, Isabel took a step backward, so Dr. Small said, "Civic Police, then?"

A tear trickled down Isabel's cheek as she meekly succumbed to the indignity of permitting Antonio to fasten the straps around each side of her nose and then over the crown of her head and back down to join up with a neck collar. The cringeworthy contraption also had an extendable metal bracket attached, which Antonio opened up to force Isabel's jaws apart.

Now little gargling sounds rose from the back of her throat, and she started to jerk around in panic and dropped the urine container. Antonio calmly picked it up and handed it back to her but instead of taking it, she reverted to her automatic defensive position, crossing her left arm over her breasts and placing her right hand over her crotch.

"Isabel, dear," Dr. Small said. "We've just seen you naked. There's nothing left for you to hide. Now we can do this the easy way or the hard way. I have plenty more restraining equipment for you to wear if necessary. Would you like that?"

Isabel shook her head and stopped moving.

"Take the container, then. Both hands."

This time Isabel did as she was told and lowered her head again.

"And please do look up at the camera," Dr. Small said. "It's for the medical records, you understand."

Isabel shamefacedly raised her trussed-up chin, her eyes glistening and mouth agape as she looked into the camera lens. Dr. Small could fully empathize with her emotional pain under these humiliating circumstances—and he was loving every minute of it!

"I must say you do look quite the picture, Madam Assistant District Attorney, stark naked with a preposterous harness on your head and your mouth wide open. Whatever would your legal colleagues think should they ever see this film?"

Isabel shook her head and gurgled her inarticulate objection.

Dr. Small said, "Now Antonio is going to give you a diuretic. Don't worry, it's only furosemide. It'll have you peeing in due course—and we have plenty of time to wait."

Antonio filled a large syringe and Isabel's eyes followed it anxiously as he approached her. The hairy Latino then stood directly in front of her and chuckled as he thrust the syringe to the back of Isabel's throat and shot the entire contents straight down her esophagus. Isabel gagged and coughed, but had no choice other than to swallow the urination inducing drug.

Dr. Small scratched his chin and said, "You know, we could use the time constructively. While we are waiting for your bladder to fill, we can run you through the fitness program."

"Uh?" Isabel said.

"Nothing overexerting," Dr. Small said. "Just a few quick exercises to see if you are keeping yourself in good physical condition."

Chapter Five

“Stand in front of the mirror so you can see how ridiculous you look, Madam Assistant District Attorney,” Dr. Small said. “Harvey, move out of the way but make sure you capture everything on film.”

There was a floor to ceiling mirror on the wall and Antonio took Isabel by the arm and positioned her in front of it. Now she *could* see exactly how utterly freakish she looked! There was drool on her chin and her tongue was wagging around in her yawning mouth and the head harness made her feel like a farm animal! She stared in horror at her naked form, and it took all of her resolve not to cover herself again, but she managed to keep her arms straight and her fists balled by her sides.

“We’ll begin with some squats,” Dr. Small said. “Put your hands behind your neck and follow my count.”

In a mortified daze, Isabel meekly locked her fingers together behind her neck. She couldn’t believe she was about to exercise naked in front of these madmen!

“And one,” Dr. Small said. “Bend your knees a little more. Lower than that. Good. Now hold your position.”

With Harvey filming to one side of the mirror and Antonio leering at her from behind, Isabel could only stare back at her red-faced reflection as she struggled to maintain the demeaning semi-crouch. She was vaguely aware that Dr. Small had wandered off to one of the cabinets, but she was so flustered that she was completely taken by surprise when he returned with a wooden paddle in his hand!

“When I spank your lovely round bottom, you will straighten up fully, stretching your body and standing up on your toes,” Dr. Small said.

Before she had time to digest this order, Dr. Small gave her a sharp smack on her right buttock. “Ah!”

Isabel instantly stood up straight, legs apart, balancing on her toes, with her hands behind her neck and her mouth wide open—and as she shamefully watched herself in the mirror, Harvey continued to video every inch of her exposed body.

“Stay in place,” Dr. Small said. “Did you know they used to make me do this in the shower room when I was in jail? Physically uncomfortable and highly embarrassing, isn’t it?”

Whack!

Isabel shrieked as the paddle landed hard across her left buttock.

“Two!” Dr. Small said.

Isabel squatted down again, her calves already aching and her knees trembling. She braced herself for the next smack of the paddle but Dr. Small deliberately made her wait.

“You have quite muscular thighs,” he said. “I assume you work out at a gym.”

Crack!

Isabel yelped and jerked upright, her breasts jiggling and her rib cage showing through her skin as she strived to keep her body straight.

“They used to slap my balls with a wet towel,” Dr. Small said. “Quite an agonizing experience, I can assure you.”

Slap!

Down Isabel went, her buttocks now stinging furiously as she once again adopted the uncomfortable crouch.

Whack!

“Gah!”

“You’re not getting down low enough,” Dr. Small said.

Isabel bent her knees further and wondered through her pain and humiliation how much more of this cruel punishment she was going to have to endure.

It turned out that Dr. Small was in no hurry, and he had her perform another four squats, slowly and accurately, each one punctuated by an excruciating blow across her buttocks.

Just when Isabel thought she was about to collapse onto her knees, Dr. Small said, “I think you need a bit of a rest before the next exercise. Are you thirsty?”

Isabel’s mouth was dry, and she was panting hard but she was also wary of the diuretic doing its work inside her bladder. It turned out to be a rhetorical question anyway, because in the mirror’s reflection, she saw Antonio filling yet another syringe with water—and this one was very large indeed!

She nervously watched him fit a rubber tube to the end of the syringe and then carry it over to where she was standing. Isabel didn’t need any explanation as to what was going to happen next—but she was still taken unawares as Antonio quickly inserted the tube into Isabel’s gaping mouth and all the way into the back of her throat! Isabel began to panic as the invading tube triggered her gag reflex—but there was to be no mercy as Antonio steadily pushed the plunger, sending the entire contents of the syringe directly into her stomach!

While Isabel retched and coughed, Antonio withdrew the syringe and returned to the sink. As she tried to control her breaths, Isabel felt a dull ache in her stomach from the sudden rush of water. When Antonio returned with a refill, Isabel shook her head wildly. She could feel cramps in her gut and in the mirror she saw that her belly was now visibly bloated!

“Be still, Isabel,” Dr. Small said. “We don’t want you getting dehydrated during your exercises.”

Antonio pushed the tube down Isabel’s throat again, and as before, she started to choke and gag and when he pushed the plunger, Isabel felt the pressure growing in her abdomen. When the syringe was empty, Antonio pulled the tube out and left Isabel gasping and staring in dismay at her swollen belly! The cramps were more severe now, and she nodded toward the urine container, trying to convey that she was now more than ready to go!

But Dr. Small evidently had planned this little scenario in advance, because he said, “Now let’s continue with your exercises.”

Isabel shook her head desperately, and to her shame she resorted to pointing at her crotch to indicate her bladder was at bursting point! Dr. Small was obviously well aware of this but he was taking great pleasure in playing dumb.

“Yes, your cunt is quite a delight to behold,” he said. “And we’ll be giving it a thorough examination later. But let’s finish your exercises first. Now I want you to march in place like a well-trained soldier, keeping your knees up and swinging your arms back and forth.”

Oh God! Isabel thought despairingly. *My stomach is going to explode!*

“Come on, get to it! One, two, one, two!” Dr. Small said as he delivered another sharp blow to Isabel’s bright-red buttocks.

Her shame now at its peak, Isabel obediently marched in front of the mirror, her breasts bouncing, her distended stomach wobbling, and saliva dripping copiously from her open mouth.

“Higher! Faster!” Dr. Small said.

Isabel upped the pace, lifting her knees and swinging her arms as she struggled to suck enough air into her lungs.

Whack!

Dr. Small gave her another agonizing slap with the paddle and Isabel yelped and tried as best she could to go faster! Harvey was moving around her, capturing every angle of her sweaty body as she pushed herself to the limit.

“And stop!” Dr. Small finally said—and Isabel almost crumpled to the ground.

She leaned forward, hands on her knees, taking great gasps of air as she unwittingly presented her crimson ass to three perverted ex-criminals.

“Antonio, would you be so kind as to remove Madam Assistant District Attorney’s head harness? I think she’s struggling to breath,” Dr. Small said.

The big, long-haired Latino startled Isabel by grabbing both of her dangling breasts and pulling her into an upright position. Then he deftly undid the buckles and removed the head harness.

Isabel stared at her reflection as she gasped in more lungfuls of air. Her hair was a sodden mess, and her face was bright pink, and her eyes were practically bulging out of their sockets! She was a

proud woman who always took care with her daily appearance, but right now, she hardly recognized herself!

She wiggled her aching jaw and said, “I-I really need to pee—”

“That’s good news,” Dr. Small said. “But we still have to complete the final exercise on the list.”

More exercise?

“I have to go right now!” Isabel said.

“I’m sure you can hold it just a few minutes longer,” said Dr. Small. “Now get down on all fours and give me twenty squat thrusts.”

“Please! Let me give the urine sample first!”

“Isabel! Do not try my patience anymore! Now get down on your hands and up on your toes—and keep your legs wide apart. Harvey, come back here so you can take a nice close-up of Isabel’s pussy!”

With a groan of defeat, Isabel lowered herself into the obscene position, knowing perfectly well—as did the three perverts keenly watching her—that it was only a matter of time before she lost control of her bladder!

Isabel jumped into a forward squat, the pain in her abdomen now almost unbearable. Then she jumped back, her legs straight, and she felt a sudden movement inside her. Even though she was fighting a losing battle, she squeezed her vaginal muscles in an attempt to delay the inevitable.

“Count them!” said Dr. Small.

“O-One!” Isabel gasped, and jumped forward.

“T-Two!” she groaned as she leaped back.

And that was all she could manage before nature took over.

Oh God, it’s coming! I can’t stop it!

She looked back through her spread thighs and the sheer sense of release just about outweighed the humiliation of watching a line of her yellow urine arcing through the air! She also knew that there was a long way to go before she could stop, and her exercising came to a halt as she breathed a long sigh of relief.

“Antonio, quick! Get the receptacle!” Dr. Small said.

Harvey jumped back as Isabel’s urine landed on his shoes and then Antonio, seemingly unconcerned at getting wet, took his place behind Isabel’s splayed thighs and held the container up to catch her powerful emission.

Most of it missed, and Antonio had to keep moving the container around to catch the relentless flow. Then, to Isabel’s disgust, the dirty Latino opened his mouth to catch Isabel’s piss, and proceeded to take a facial shower as her urination went on and on.

Isabel let out a long, continuous exhalation as the pain in her abdomen gradually subsided. As she slowly regained her senses, Isabel glanced back through her legs in shame. She was still urinating, but the flow was now ebbing. Harvey was filming it all while doing a little dance, his boots splashing in the huge puddle that Isabel had just made.

Exhausted, Isabel knelt in her own piss and added to the expanding pool on the floor with large drops of tears from her eyes. In her professional life, she had always been strong-willed, and both her colleagues and adversaries did not regard her lightly. But in this topsy-turvy world that had emerged from the global pandemic, three of the filthiest scumbags on the planet had succeeded in reducing her to a sobbing, humbled mess! And she knew they were far from done yet!

“Oh, what a mess you’ve made!” said Dr. Small. “You’ve almost flooded the place!”

“But we got the sample,” Antonio said, raising the half-full receptacle above his head like a trophy.

“Well, don’t slip and lose it. Set it on the table and we’ll analyze it later.”

“It tasted mighty fine to me!” Antonio said.

“You’d better change your smock,” Dr. Small said to him. “I don’t want you stinking up the place when it starts to dry.”

“Whose going to clean up the floor?” asked Harvey.

“Why, Isabel, of course,” said Dr. Small. “But she can take care of that later. Now we move on. It’s time to take Isabel’s temperature.”

Chapter Six

“Climb up onto the gurney, Isabel,” Dr. Small said. “On all fours again, if you please.”

He had calmed down a little after the frenzied excitement of watching Madam Assistant District Attorney wet herself, and now he was attempting to play the serious doctor to patient routine again—even though his rock-hard penis wasn’t cooperating!

Isabel wearily arose from her rapidly spreading puddle of piss and shuffled toward the gurney. Interestingly, she made no effort to hide her breasts or crotch this time—she must have concluded that as they had seen all there was to see of her, what was the point of being modest now? Dr. Small also detected a certain dullness in her normally sharp eyes, as if she was finally accepting her fate—if only she knew what was coming up next!

Isabel climbed onto the gurney as instructed, and Antonio came back to the exam room wearing a clean smock. Dr. Small noticed that the big man’s face was still wet, and he suspected that he had chosen not to wash off Isabel’s urine!

Dr. Small went over one of the cabinets and returned with another bundle of leather straps with buckles. He tossed a few over to Antonio and said, “Watch how I restrain her legs, and do the same on your side.”

Isabel turned her head and said, “Restrain my legs?”

“Yes, we don’t want you struggling and falling off the gurney now, do we?”

“Why would I want to struggle?” Isabel asked.

“You may find this a little uncomfortable.”

“Taking my temperature?”

Without replying, Dr. Small grabbed Isabel’s left ankle and pulled it up until it touched her buttock. He then swiftly looped one of the leather straps around her ankle and thigh, securing it tightly so that Isabel was propped up on one knee. After watching carefully, Antonio then repeated the process on Isabel’s right leg.

“Very good, Antonio,” Dr. Small said. “Now we do the same with her arms.”

As they bound her wrists to her upper arms, Isabel nervously repeated her question.

“W-Why will I find this uncomfortable?”

“Ah,” said Dr. Small, giving her a little pat on the ass. “That’s because we’re going to take your temperature anally.”

“What?”

“We’re just going to stick a little thermometer into your rectum for a while,” Dr. Small said.

“Into my—?”

Isabel began to wiggle her backside around, as if that would somehow save her from her embarrassing fate. But Dr. Small had one more leather strap in his hand, much thicker than the others, and he passed one end to Antonio and together they stretched it across Isabel’s back and down underneath the gurney where Dr. Small buckled it together, nice and tight.

“There, you won’t be falling off the gurney and hurting yourself now, will you?”

Balanced on her elbows and knees and unable to move her torso, Isabel let out a pathetic whimper. Dr. Small doubted she had ever had anything inserted into her asshole before—unlike himself, unfortunately.

As he went to fetch the thermometer, he said, “While I was in prison, I was violated anally on numerous occasions—and not just by the queers wanting to relieve themselves. I had many objects inserted into that delicate orifice—some of them quite painful indeed. *Objects*, Isabel!”

He stood in front of her with his hands behind his back.

“Would you like to know what kind of objects they hurt me with?”

Isabel shook her head.

“Very well, I’ll spare you the sordid details,” Dr. Small said. “I just want you to know that I fully empathize with the discomfort you are about to endure. In other words, I know exactly what this will feel like.”

From behind his back, Dr. Small produced his novelty thermometer for Isabel to examine at her leisure—and her jaw dropped in horror! He had requested this custom-made thermometer specially—and Isabel was going to be the first of his so-called patients to try it out!

He waited patiently as Isabel tried to process what she was looking at. It looked just like a regular old-fashioned mouth thermometer—except that it was ten inches long and two inches thick! Worse yet, there were glass bulbs at each end that measured three inches across!

“The worst part will be the initial entry, of course,” Dr. Small said. “Having your anal sphincter stretched so wide will feel most unpleasant—but not to worry, I have prepared a lubricant to help ease it into your rectum.”

“Dear God, you can’t be serious!” Isabel said.

“Oh, I’m deadly serious,” Dr. Small said. “I thought of you quite a few times while I was being assaulted from behind in prison—and *without* any lubricant, I might add.”

Dr. Small pulled on a pair of rubber gloves while Antonio set a plastic tube on the table and then unscrewed the cap. Just like the thermometer, this so-called lubricant was another creation from Dr. Small’s twisted mind—and it most certainly wasn’t designed to make the penetration any more comfortable for the trussed up, naked attorney on the gurney!

Dr. Small squeezed a glob of the ointment onto the thermometer, and began rubbing it up and down the instrument’s length. He repeated the process several times until the thermometer was fully coated. The pungent odors of methyl salicylate and menthol now filled the room as he approached Isabel from behind.

“W-What is that stuff?” Isabel said.

“I told you—it’s just a lubricant. Antonio, open her ass cheeks for me, will you? And Harvey, make sure you get this in close-up.”

Antonio’s large hands gripped Isabel’s buttocks and pulled them apart, exposing her delightful hammock as well as the bullseye of her little brown butthole!

Dr. Small, breathing a little faster as his cock pushed out the front of his pants, aimed the glass bulb at Isabel’s asshole and then made contact.

“Yah! It stings!”

“Only for a moment,” Dr. Small said as he began to push the large globe against her puckered orifice.

“Ow! That really does burn!”

Dr. Small pushed harder, but his gloved hands kept slipping along the thermometer and Isabel’s asshole had shriveled up to a pinpoint!

“Hmm, I think we’re going to need the expander for this,” Dr. Small said.

Antonio grinned and hurried over to the cabinets.

Dr. Small said to Isabel, “Your cute little hole has shriveled up on us, so we’re going to use a simple instrument to open you up—don’t worry, it won’t hurt too much.”

Isabel sucked air through her teeth in reply.

Antonio came back and eagerly handed the expander to Dr. Small. The stainless steel device consisted of a ring with four petals-like blades attached to it. He placed the narrow ends of the petals against Isabel’s anus and pushed until they gradually forced her sphincter open.

“Ah! Stop! Please!”

Dr. Small had no intention of stopping. Now that the petals had some purchase, he began to turn a screw that was fitted to the side of the ring. Slowly and steadily, the petals parted, and Isabel’s anus started to open up.

Isabel craned her neck, trying to see what was happening, and Dr. Small was delighted to see the twisted expression on her crimson face. He pushed the device in deeper, and now Isabel emitted a series of grunting noises as her asshole grew increasingly wider.

“S-Stop! I can’t take it!”

“Oh, you will take it, my dear woman,” Dr. Small said. “You’ll take it all!”

He continued to turn the screw until Isabel’s anus was stretched unnaturally open, and Dr. Small bent down and peered inside her body.

“I can see all the way up inside your rectum!” he said. “Harvey, come and get another close-up.”

After the little man had carefully recorded the interior of Isabel’s bowels, Dr. Small picked up the oversize thermometer again and this time the bulb at the end slipped into Isabel’s yawning anal cavity with ease. Once it was fully inserted, Dr. Small unscrewed the petals, allowing Isabel’s stretched anal ring to close around the bulb—and that’s when her yelling really started!

Dr. Small had previously tested the specially prepared cream on the back of his hand. The burning sensation had lasted several minutes—and it had been so intense that it had taken a great deal of willpower not to stick his hand under a cold water faucet! The effect on Isabel’s sensitive rectal membrane must have been infinitely hotter—and Isabel’s screaming seemed to very much confirm that.

“The thermometer should slip in quite easily now,” Dr. Small said.

Indeed, it did. And with each inch that disappeared inside her anal canal, Isabel’s cries grew louder and wilder. Nevertheless, Dr. Small continued to push the thermometer until all that could be seen protruding from between Isabel’s lovely buns was the bulb at the other end.

Meanwhile, Isabel was shaking her head crazily, and straining at the bonds that held her to the gurney. Dr. Small was confident enough in his layman chemist skills that the specially prepared ointment wouldn’t do any permanent damage, but he didn’t want to risk it by keeping the thermometer inside her for too long. He waited about a minute while Isabel screamed herself hoarse—although it must have seemed a much longer time for the tormented attorney!

Then he went across to the table and picked up another tube—this one made of blue plastic to avoid any mix ups—and positioned himself directly in front of Isabel’s face. She did present a picture, her normally elegant Latina features contorted into a grotesque mask of agony! Saliva dripped from her open mouth and tears of pain rolled freely down her bright red cheeks.

“I did say it might be a little uncomfortable,” Dr. Small said.

“T-Take it out! For pity’s sake, take it out!”

“I will once we’ve take the reading. But the lubricant will continue to burn for quite a while even after we have removed the thermometer.”

Isabel screwed her eyes tight shut and let out a woeful scream.

“However, I do have a soothing balm that will cool you down eventually.”

While Isabel had her tear-filled eyes closed, Dr. Small took off his smock, dropped his pants and then lowered his boxers to his ankles, revealing his quivering, stiff cock!

“Would you like the soothing balm, Isabel?”

Isabel, now unable to utter a single coherent word, opened her eyes and nodded her head. Seeing Dr. Small’s purple cockhead pointing at her nose, her eyes grew wide, and she turned her face away.

“No? Well, it’s up to you, of course. But I should warn you that the effects of the lubricant will last for quite some time if you decide not to take the balm.”

Isabel turned her face back toward him, looking directly into his eyes to avoid his rude, hard penis, and said, “Y-Yes—the balm!”

“A sensible choice,” Dr. Small said. “But first you should check that the balm actually works—you wouldn’t want me to trick you now.”

Dr. Small uncapped the blue tube and squirted a clear gel onto his cock. Then he slowly massaged his shaft until it was glistening under the bright overhead lights.

“Do you know what they used to call me in jail?” Dr. Small asked her. “Dickie Small. This was whenever they had me naked of course. You get it? Richard Small? Dick Small. Small dick? I don’t think it’s that small at all, do you?”

Even in her state of agony, Isabel managed to deduce what was now expected of her, and she clamped her lips together.

“You don’t want it then?” Dr. Small said. “Pity. It’s going to be an excruciating time for you without it. All you have to do is taste the balm and quite soon all your discomfort will disappear.”

Isabel let out a moan of despair. It was obvious that she couldn't handle the pain inside her even for a few more seconds. Dr. Small chuckled to himself as Isabel shut her eyes and tentatively poked out her tongue. The arrogant feminist Assistant District Attorney was about to voluntarily lick his glans! What a victory! But just before she made contact, he quickly stepped back, leaving her tasting nothing but thin air!

Chapter Seven

Isabel had never imagined that anything could be so painful! Her insides felt like they were on fire! Her humiliation at having that obscene thermometer jammed inside her was now secondary to getting it out of her at any cost—and the revolting price was to have to touch the tip of her tongue against this mad pervert’s disgusting glans!

But when she was unable to find it, she opened her eyes and saw that he had abruptly moved his penis out of reach! He was toying with her!

Unable to take any more of this intestinal agony, Isabel said, “Please let me lick your penis, Dr. Small!”

“Did you hear that, guys?” Dr. Small said. “Madam Assistant District Attorney is nothing more than a dirty whore! Her public feminist rhetoric is just a cover for her filthy mind!”

Antonio and Harvey laughed but even that additional shame didn’t change Isabel’s mind. If she had to perform this nauseating act to get that infernal thermometer out of her body, then so be it!

“Are you a whore, Isabel?” Dr. Small said.

“Y-Yes! I’m a whore! Just please take it out of me!”

“Alright, first you need to taste the soothing balm, just to be sure it works. But you’re not going to just have a quick dabble—you are going to suck my dick!”

Horrified, Isabel dearly wanted to refuse him but she was in no position to do so. At that point, with the burning inside her reaching a crescendo, she was willing to do *anything* to stop the pain—so she closed her eyes again, stuck her tongue out flat, and formed her lips into a circle.

“Keep your eyes open, Isabel,” Dr. Small said. “You can’t hide from us anymore!”

Dr. Small inched forward so that his shiny cockhead was just above Isabel’s tongue. Then he moved in a little closer so that the end of his prick was inside her mouth. No flesh had yet made contact, and even in this desperate situation, Isabel couldn’t quite bring herself to close her mouth.

“Well, do you want it or not?” Dr. Small said.

Hating herself for crumbling so feebly, Isabel closed her velvety lips around Dr. Small’s swollen glans. Feeling it against her lips, she very nearly pulled back, but the clear balm was so instantly cool on her tongue that she instinctively sucked on it. Dr. Small sighed and leaned forward so that his cock was almost fully inside Isabel’s mouth. Her mind and body were now at war—she knew she had to get the balm inside her rectum as quickly as possible, but somewhere deep within her frenzied mind, she was still acutely aware that she was willingly giving this hateful man a blow job!

“Keep sucking, my dear,” Dr. Small said. “I want you to swallow it all and feel how soothing the balm is as it goes down your gullet.”

Eager to accommodate this pervert’s wishes, Isabel sucked harder. She would have to come to terms with this degradation later—now she would do as she was told. The balm was indeed nice and cool as it slipped down her throat—but that wasn’t where she wanted it!

Then, without warning, Dr. Small ejaculated.

Isabel squealed and tried to pull her head away, but he grabbed her hair and said, “Swallow it all, Isabel!”

So she did, his disgusting briny semen mixing with the heavenly soothing balm as it descended into her aching belly!

Dr. Small quivered and thrust his cock all the way to the back of her throat before pulling it out of her mouth. Fresh tears appeared in Isabel’s eyes as she gagged and then caught her breath. This sick criminal had just deposited his seed inside her stomach!

“Would you like me to remove the thermometer now, Isabel?”

“Y-Yes please, Dr. Small!” Isabel said.

“Antonio, please help me turn the gurney around.”

The two sex fiends swiveled Isabel around so that she was looking into the large mirror again. In the reflection, she could see Dr. Small coating his penis with more balm. The sheer agony she was feeling had clouded her thinking, but she now understood how he intended to ease her suffering.

“Antonio, the thermometer, if you please.”

The big man came behind and took hold of the glass bulb protruding from Isabel’s anus. She braced herself as he began to pull, every muscle and sinew in her body tensing. The burning seemed to have eased a little while she was busy with the awful blow job, but as Antonio slowly withdrew the giant instrument, the searing pain intensified again.

“Do it quickly!” Isabel said.

Antonio grinned at her in the mirror and pulled the thermometer until the other glass bulb reached the inside of her sphincter muscle.

“Ready? One, two, three!” Dr. Small said.

Antonio yanked on the thermometer and Isabel screamed as her anus was instantly stretched wide open again and the cruel instrument exited her body with a loud plopping sound!

“Well, look at that temperature! You must have a fever, you poor thing!” Dr. Small said. “Are you ready for some relief?”

Was she ever! Isabel’s intestines felt like they were melting!

“Y-Yes, please!”

“Then get ready—I’ll have to enter you quickly before your hole closes up.”

Isabel looked up at him in the mirror and saw that he had already positioned himself behind her. Then she felt his cockhead pressing against her dilated anus—and it was so cool she could have cried with joy!

But instead of pushing in any further, Dr. Small allowed Isabel’s anal opening to contract around his engorged glans and then he kept very still. Isabel looked at his reflection quizzically. Her anus was already wonderfully chilled, but her rectum was still on fire!

“How does that feel?” Dr. Small asked.

“Very good, doctor!” Isabel said.

“Is that enough? Or would you like some more?”

Oh, you wicked bastard!

Tearfully, Isabel said, “I want more—please!”

“You want more of my cock inside you?”

“Y-Yes!”

“The same cock you just sucked!”

“Yes!”

Oh, please just do it! I’m dying here!

“Then ask nicely,” Dr. Small said.

Again? When will this humiliation end?

“P-Please will you put your penis inside me?” Isabel said.

“Talk dirty to me, you slut!”

Isabel took a deep breath and said, “Dr. Small—please fuck my ass!”

“Are you getting the audio clearly, Harvey?” Dr. Small said to his dimwitted little assistant.

“Yeah! I got it! She wants an ass-fucking!” Harvey said.

Isabel closed her eyes as Dr. Small’s hard cock slid slowly inside her rectum. The instant relief was pure bliss!

“How does that feel Isabel?” Dr. Small said.

Isabel could only let out a drawn-out sigh of satisfaction as the torturous burning finally ceased. She continued to breathe deeply and contentedly as Dr. Small gently eased his penis in and out of her asshole. But as the burning receded, Isabel’s mind suddenly snapped back to the horrible reality of this moment—she was being anally raped by this animal and it was only down to his fiendish ointments that she was actually enjoying the sensation!

She opened her eyes and saw the twisted look of lust on Dr. Small’s face, and now that her agony had passed, she just wanted him to get out of her!

“T-That’s enough,” she said.

“Excuse me?” said Dr. Small.

“I mean—I feel okay now. You can—take it out.”

“Are you sure?”

“Y-Yes—thank you. Quite sure.”

Something wasn't quite right here, because she was expecting him to keep violating her, but instead he pulled out and she gasped as his bulbous glans retreated from her body. Then he just stood grinning at her in the mirror as if he were waiting for something to happen—and sure enough, Isabel began to feel the burning sensation firing up again.

Oh, God no! This can't be happening to me!

“Well, if you're feeling fine now, we can proceed with the rest of the examination,” Dr. Small said.

The heat was rapidly building inside her again, and Isabel's eyes widened as Dr. Small bent down to pick up his pants.

“Wait!” she cried. “It hasn't stopped!”

“What hasn't stopped, Isabel?”

“Agh! The burning! It's getting worse!”

“But you said you were feeling okay.”

Oh, you evil shit!

“I-I was! But it's coming back again!”

“And what would you like me to do about it?”

Isabel bit her lip and squeezed out tears of humiliation.

“Will you please fuck my ass again?”

Dr. Small let out an exaggerated sigh. “Women! I wish you'd make up your mind.”

As the fire inside her continued to grow, Isabel said, “Please, I'm begging you!”

Dr. Small scratched his chin. “I wonder if Antonio's cock will make a difference. It's longer than mine so it will reach further into your guts.”

Huh? Antonio? That hairy Mexican?

But what difference did it make? A cock was a cock, and now she was reaching breaking point again!

“Antonio! Will you fuck my ass?”

“It will be my pleasure, senorita!” Antonio said.

He quickly undressed and stood naked before her. Dr. Small was right. Antonio *was* bigger—much bigger! Isabel gaped at his enormous manhood as he slathered the soothing balm all over it.

“Would you like a taste?” he grinned.

“No!” Isabel yelled. “Just stick it in me!”

“As you like, senorita,” Antonio said.

Isabel braced herself for the large penetration. She was sure her sore anus could cope after having already accepted the massive thermometer. Then she felt his giant cockhead touch her hole and the lovely chill that accompanied it, and in that instant all she wanted was Antonio's long, hard dick all the way inside her.

The big Latino didn't waste any time, and he pressed forward, forcing a loud grunt from Isabel's throat as his pubic hairs tickled her buttocks. It was humiliating and degrading, but all that was unimportant compared to the euphoria that engulfed her as the fire inside immediately began to recede. Antonio's cock was like a magic wand as it alleviated the terrible inferno again!

As Antonio slowly pumped back and forth, Isabel gradually realized she was groaning out loud and when she looked at her blushing face in the mirror, her carnal pleasure was plain to see!

“My word, Isabel!” Dr. Small said. “You're really enjoying this aren't you?”

“N-No! I'm—ungh!”

To her utter dismay, Isabel realized that she was getting wet! The ecstasy she had felt as the burning dissipated was now morphing into a sexual sensation! If she had an orgasm now in front of these dirty creeps, she wouldn't be able to live with herself! She was just about to ask Antonio to withdraw when she remembered how quickly the burning had returned before —so now what?

How long would Antonio have to keep his penis inside her rectum? Ten minutes? Twenty? An hour? For all she knew this could be a permanent condition!

“Oh, yes you are!” Dr. Small said. “Harvey, make sure you get a good shot of her wet cunt, and then come around and film the lusty expression on her face!”

“No, please! I’m not enjoying this at all, and you know it! How long will I have to—?”

“Be fucked in the ass?” Dr. Small said. “I really don’t know. The decision is all yours, Isabel.”

Antonio had increased the tempo now, gripping Isabel’s ankles as she rocked back and forth on her elbows and knees. Isabel could feel her climax building, but she was terrified that Antonio would stop too soon. What if the fire came back and they refused to fuck her ass again?

Her dilemma was quickly resolved as Antonio thrust in as far as he could, jerked his hips, and then silently spurted his cum inside Isabel’s bowels. Her tormented body reacted immediately, and she arched her back and moaned as her own orgasm shivered through her body.

Antonio stayed hard inside her while they both slowly recovered from their rutting—and then, overcome with remorse, Isabel started to softly weep. Dr. Small had totally destroyed her self-respect—and she still didn’t know if it was safe for Antonio to pull out yet.

“Well, that was some performance, Isabel,” Dr. Small said. “Imagine if that video were to be accidentally leaked onto the internet.”

“Y-You wouldn’t!” Isabel said.

“Of course I wouldn’t,” Dr. Small said. “I am a professional. The filming is for your medical records only—but as you can see, Harvey here is a little deranged. I can’t guarantee that he won’t upload it if I should forget to lock it away.”

Dear God! That would be the end of my career, my social life—everything!

“You can’t let that happen!”

“Tell you what,” Dr. Small said. “You give Harvey a nice blow job and I’ll make sure the camera is kept safely away from him.”

You deviant bastard!

“Harvey, give me the camera and drop your pants. Isabel wants to suck you off,” Dr. Small said.

Isabel watched with revulsion as the little retard posed in front of her. His dick was the complete opposite of Antonio’s and bent like a little banana. Harvey peeled back his foreskin, and Isabel grimaced as she looked at the purple head.

“Now would you like Antonio to take his cock out of your asshole?” Dr. Small said.

“No!”

“Oh, you want more ass fucking, do you?”

“I-I didn’t mean that! I just want to make sure it doesn’t start burning again!”

“You want Antonio to come in your asshole again, is that it?”

“Y-Yes.”

“Well, you’d better ask nicely then.”

Here we go again!

“Antonio will you please—”

“No, this time you have to ask Antonio and Harvey if they will spit-roast you,” Dr. Small said.

What?

Dr. Small stood next to Harvey and pointed the camera at Isabel’s face.

“And say it nice and clearly into the camera,” he said.

Chapter Eight

With her face perfectly framed in the viewfinder, Isabel looked directly at the camera and said, “Antonio and Harvey, will you please—spit-roast me?”

“Do you even know what spit-roast means?” said Dr. Small.

Isabel nodded shamefully.

“Of course you do—I’ll bet it’s not your first time, either.”

Isabel didn’t protest at all. In fact, she looked thoroughly beaten now.

“Okay guys,” Dr. Small said. “You heard the dirty trollop.”

Antonio began sliding his dick slowly in and out of Isabel’s ass again and she opened her mouth with an involuntary sigh. Harvey immediately slipped his little dick in between her lips, and she automatically began sucking on it!

What a sight to behold! Dr. Small thought, stepping back to get the whole performance in frame. Her instant compliance obviously had nothing to do with a sudden attack of sexual desire—Isabel was so focused on the cooling of her insides that she was probably only dimly aware what she was doing!

“Did you know that I was spit-roasted in jail, Madam Assistant District Attorney?” he said. “Several times in fact, but unlike you, I hated it.”

Isabel couldn’t have replied if she’d wanted to with Harvey’s penis slithering along her tongue. Meanwhile behind her, Antonio was working up a speedy rhythm. Avidly watching Isabel’s buttocks quivering and her breasts wobbling, Dr. Small reached down and freed his cock.

He circled the gurney, filming one-handed while he masturbated as the spit-roasting reached its peak. Isabel’s toes curled up and she gurgled around Harvey’s penis and Antonio made a rumbling sound deep in his throat, and as all three of them came together, Dr. Small rushed in and ejaculated over Isabel’s eyes and nose!

For a long moment they were all still. Then Harvey and Antonio pulled out of Isabel simultaneously and Dr. Small said, “Open your mouth, Isabel.”

Panting and shaking, Isabel did as she was told and Dr. Small zoomed in with the camera to capture the small pool of Harvey’s cum nestling on Isabel’s tongue.

“Go on, then. You know what to do,” Dr. Small said.

Isabel closed her mouth, swallowed and retched, and then opened her mouth and stuck out her flattened tongue to show the camera that it was all gone. As her physical passion subsided, she started crying again and Dr. Small recorded that too.

He had already gained a measure of revenge for the hell she had put him through, but he had no intention of letting up on her now. She looked crushed, physically and emotionally, and he intended to keep working on her until her famed fighting spirit was extinguished for good!

The examination room was silent except for the men’s heavy breathing and Isabel’s gentle sobbing, and Antonio and Harvey both looked at Dr. Small waiting for their next instructions. For the briefest of moments, Dr. Small’s vulgar imagination threatened to fail him—but then he looked down at the puddle of piss on the floor.

“Guys, help me lift Madam Assistant District Attorney off the gurney and set her on the floor.”

Antonio put his arms around Isabel’s middle—taking the opportunity to cup one of her dangling breasts—while Dr. Small and Harvey took a leg each, and on the count of three they lifted her off the gurney and lowered her to the floor.

“Before we continue with your examination, you’ll have to clean up that mess you made—you were only supposed to fill the container,” Dr. Small said.

Isabel looked up at him and waited to be released from her bonds.

“Well, get on with it,” Dr. Small said.

“Aren’t you going to untie me first?”

“No, I’m not.”

Now Isabel's eyes narrowed as she guessed what was coming up. With her wrists bound to her shoulders, and her ankles to her thighs, there was only one possible way left for her to clean up the urine!

Even so, Isabel had to ask. "So how am I supposed to clean it up?"

Dr. Small grinned wickedly. "With your mouth of course, my dear woman!"

For a moment, the deep hatred that must have been constantly boiling inside her, glimmered in Isabel's eyes. But after the agony and humiliation she had just been through, she seemed to have finally got it that he was in total control now.

With a look of abhorrence on her face, she poked out her tongue and hesitantly began to lick up her piss off the floor. Bound up as she was, her progress was slow and cumbersome—but a joy for the men to watch as she tottered awkwardly around on her elbows and knees.

After a few minutes of enjoying this titillating spectacle, Dr. Small said, "You'll be at it forever if you just keep lapping away like that—use your lips to suck it up."

Isabel paused and glanced up at him before lowering her face into the puddle to slurp at her own urine. She winced as she swallowed but then she sucked up some more as she continued to struggle around.

"Lick and suck! Lick and suck!" Harvey said, clapping his little hands together.

Dr. Small handed the camera to Antonio and then he took a seat to study the proud attorney as she demeaned herself once more in front of them. She was inching around in circles, and each time she went past him, Dr. Small savored the sight of her swinging breasts, followed by her big, beautiful ass cheeks and her inflamed labia nestled between them.

She was making steady progress drinking her piss off the floor, and he could see that she would be done soon, so Dr. Small considered the next part of her ordeal.

When there was nothing but Isabel's saliva left on the floor, Dr. Small said, "Okay, I think that's clean enough. Harvey, would you untie Isabel please?"

The little man eagerly set about his task, unbuckling the straps that had bound her limbs together so tightly and for so long. When he was done, Isabel stretched her arms and legs painfully, but remained on all fours.

"Antonio, would you please assist Isabel to her feet?"

"N-No, I can stand by myself—" Isabel said, but Antonio already had his strong arms around her torso and breasts and easily hauled her upright. Isabel wobbled slightly and then shook out her arms and legs as her circulation gradually returned.

"Now we are going to test your tactile and haptic sensitivity," Dr. Small said. He had just thought of that, but the variety of uncomfortable and embarrassing tests lurking in his dirty imagination now came to him in a rush.

"Tactile and haptic—?" Isabel said.

"Your sense of touch relating to texture, temperature and force upon your skin, as well as your body movement and muscle strength," Dr. Small explained.

"C-Can I put something on?" she said weakly.

"No, you will remain naked for the remainder of the examination—as I have already mentioned, we've seen every inch of your sexy body anyway," Dr. Small said. "Now go and stand on that exercise mat and place your hands by your sides. Harvey, get ready with the camera."

Isabel padded slowly to the mat and then turned to face them—her cheeks beet red with embarrassment all over again. Dr. Small wondered if she would ever get used to being butt naked in front of them—he knew that he would certainly never tire of the sight of her voluptuous figure!

"We'll begin with a little strength and balance test. We'll start off nice and easy and make it more demanding as we go along," Dr. Small said.

Isabel clearly didn't like the sound of that and she shuffled her bare feet uneasily on the rubber mat.

"Antonio, would you bring me the sports bag on that shelf?" Dr. Small said.

Antonio dutifully brought the bag over and said, "It's heavy."

Neither of his assistants had seen the contents of this bag, and they would soon discover that it most certainly did not contain any medical equipment—this was Dr. Small’s personal bag of toys!

He unzipped it and took out a digital timer.

“First we’re going to put Isabel through a series of poses to find out how long she can hold them,” Dr. Small said.

Antonio grinned, Harvey giggled, and Isabel let out a shuddering sigh of resignation.

“And we might as well start running the bath now,” Dr. Small said, nodding toward a plastic tub in the corner.

There was a hosepipe hanging over the rim of the tub and Antonio went over and turned on the faucet while Isabel looked on with trepidation.

“Just let it fill slowly,” Dr. Small said. “We have plenty of time.”

He admired Isabel’s nude curves for a moment and then said to her, “Face the mirror so you can see yourself.”

Isabel turned and waited, and Dr. Small noted with satisfaction that her knees were shaking—she would be doing a lot more trembling before *this* session was over!

“Harvey, try to position yourself so that you have Isabel in frame but without catching your own reflection in the mirror. Just off at an angle to one side of her. Yes, that’s it. Good man!”

Dr. Small stood in front of Isabel and after a second she reluctantly looked him in the eyes.

“As I explained earlier, we’ll begin with something easy—a simple balancing exercise. Now before we begin, it’s important that you follow my instructions as we continue. No complaining or resisting, just prompt obedience. Are we clear on that, Madam Assistant District Attorney?”

“Yes.”

“What was that? I didn’t quite catch it.”

Isabel exhaled heavily through her nostrils and said, “Yes, we are clear, Dr. Small.”

“Good girl! That’s the attitude! Right, let’s begin. I want you to open your legs and bend slightly at the knees while pointing your feet outward.”

Her cheeks glowing, Isabel quickly adopted the silly pose.

“Now hold your arms out wide and horizontal to your shoulders.”

Isabel again did as she was told.

“And finally, open your mouth and poke out that lovely pink tongue of yours!” Dr. Small said.

Isabel looked at her reflection as she put out her tongue. She looked totally ludicrous!

“I know you can push it out further than that,” Dr. Small said. “And open your mouth as wide as possible—that’s more like it! Now I’ll start the timer.”

Dr. Small didn’t care a damn how long Isabel could hold the ridiculous position. The objective was to hurt and humiliate her—and by now she would be well aware of that.

He pretended to be interested in the timer but he kept glancing up as Isabel gradually began to struggle to keep position. Her arms began to wave first, and her knees started to wobble even more, and eventually she couldn’t prevent herself from closing her mouth. Quite admirably, she opened it again, and raised her arms once more—a brave attempt at compliance that Dr. Small found most endearing!

“Well, you didn’t quite make a minute,” he said. “Let’s try it again with some technical assistance.”

Isabel rubbed her arms and wiggled her jaw as she watched him dipping into his bag again. This time he produced a rectangular stainless steel frame with a bar of angled metal teeth on each side.

“This will help with your mouth,” he said. “Open wide.”

Isabel’s ample breasts rose and fell as she stared at the sinister-looking device. Dr. Small placed it in her mouth so that the upper and lower horizontal bars were set behind her lips. Then he ratcheted it up, forcing her lips into an unnatural rectangle which fully exposed her gums and perfect white teeth.

“How does that feel?” Dr. Small said.

“Ugh!” Isabel replied.

“Now we need something to keep that tongue of yours stretched out.”

He rummaged through his bag again and held up a metal clip with a ring attached to it. He pinched it open, and said, “Tongue please?”

Eyes wide, Isabel offered her tongue again.

Dr. Small said, “This might hurt for a second.”

Then he snapped the clip onto Isabel’s tongue and she let out a squeal of pain.

“I warned you,” Dr. Small said, reaching into his bag again.

He took out two more identical clips and said, “Take a guess where these are going!”

Chapter Nine

Isabel stared blankly at her absurd reflection in the mirror—her mouth contorted into a rectangular grimace with the clip forcing her to push out her aching tongue—and she didn't quite know what to make of this depravity anymore.

Of course, she was still seething with fury inside, and the humiliation was beyond description, but a sense of inevitability had now descended upon her. This psychotic cruelty seemed to have been going on for so long that it was beginning to feel *almost* natural! Dr. Small was right—these creeps had seen everything of her there was to be seen, and apart from actually having vaginal sex, they had already hurt and abused her in more ways than she could have thought possible.

Her only hope at saving her sanity was to focus on the time that Dr. Small had mentioned earlier—*five o'clock!* Then it would all come to an end. As unbearable as this was, at least it was happening behind closed doors, and although she doubted if she would ever be able to expunge this devastating day from her mind, the general public knew nothing of the shame and pain she was suffering.

There was still the extremely worrying factor that this entire examination was being recorded on video, but she couldn't do anything about that now. When it was all finally over and she was back at her apartment, showered, dressed and recuperated, she would try to work out a deal with Dr. Small over that video. Meanwhile, even with no clock on the wall for reference, she decided to mentally focus on the endgame. At five o'clock, Dr. Small would finally set her free—that was all she had left to hold on to.

Aware of the perturbing sound of the water trickling into the tub behind her, Isabel now stared at the two other serrated clips that Dr. Small was dangling in front of her. Just like the one that was painfully biting into her tongue, these too were fitted with metal ring attachments.

Isabel obviously couldn't verbally respond to Dr. Small's question, but there was no need to—he was staring intently at her nipples, still erect from the cool air circulating in the room. Dr. Small ran his tongue over his lower lip and then opened one of the clips and placed it over her left nipple.

Isabel closed her eyes and braced herself.

“Ungh!”

She snapped her eyes open again as a searing pain shot through her *right* nipple!

“Ha! Ha! Fooled you! You should have been paying attention!”

Before Isabel had time to recover from the shock, Dr. Small snapped the other clip down onto her left teat. Isabel whimpered and looked at her crushed nubs in the mirror—they were totally flattened!

Dr. Small stood back and looked her up and down.

“You're not getting your knees bent correctly,” he said.

Once again, he reached into the sports bag and this time he pulled out a steel tube with two leather straps attached to each end.

He pulled on each end of the tube and Isabel watched it lengthen a few inches.

“It's telescopic,” he said. “Clever, huh?”

Now he got down on his knees so that his warm breath wafted over her exposed crotch. He buckled the two straps around her knees and then slowly inched the tube wider apart. Bound at the knees, Isabel had no choice but to part them to the exact distance that Dr. Small wanted—and by the time he was done, her feet were spread well apart!

“That's much better!” Dr. Small said, as he stood back up. “Now, what to do about your arms?”

Into the bag he went again, and this time he produced a red dog collar! Up until this point, Isabel had been keeping control of herself to the best of her ability—but a *dog collar?*

“Ngah!” she gurgled, and as Dr. Small attempted to place the collar around her neck, she turned her face away from him, tilting her head to one side.

“Now think, Isabel,” Dr. Small said. “You're still only one phone call away from the Civic Police interrogation cells—or had you forgotten?”

Tears of frustration sprang to Isabel's eyes as she reluctantly allowed him to fit the humiliating collar onto her. This physically painless addition to her other cruel ornaments was the most hurtful of them all! Dr. Small evidently intended for her to leave this building an emotionally broken woman!

Five o'clock.

"There are two small rings attached to the back of the collar," Dr. Small said. "Place your hands behind your neck and slip your thumbs inside them."

Isabel meekly obeyed, feeling for the circular rings and duly putting her thumbs through them. A second later, she squawked in pain again as she felt the rings tightening around her thumbs!

Dr. Small returned to her front and surveyed his handiwork before standing aside to allow Isabel to examine herself in the mirror. She looked absolutely grotesque, with her rectangular lips, dog collar, tongue and nipple clips, and the metal cylinder forcing her knees apart. She squeezed out a few more tears of misery as she waited for the next part of her trial. She wondered if he was going to time her again before she collapsed on the ground, but Dr. Small was far from finished decorating her nude body yet.

The reason for the extra weight in his sports bag now became apparent as he extracted two six-inch metal cylinders—and the way he hefted them in his hands told Isabel that they were most definitely not hollow! Each weight had a hook attached to one end and a ring attached to the other. Dr. Small inserted the hooks into the rings on Isabel's nipple clips—and then let them go!

Isabel sucked in air as the weights pulled her crushed nipples downward, and now her tears flowed even more freely at the excruciating pain! Dr. Small plunged his hand into the sports bag yet again and located another identical cylindrical weight and Isabel already knew where this one was going!

He looked deeply into her eyes and smiled wickedly as he hooked the weight to the clip on her tongue. Isabel braced herself for the additional pain, but Dr. Small deliberately paused to prolong her suffering. Then he released it, and in the mirror Isabel saw her tongue being extended all the way down over her chin. She gagged and tried to swallow and made a gargling sound in the back of her throat, but she was fully restrained now and there was absolutely nothing she could do but endure the agony!

"Just one more piece to go to test your muscular control," Dr. Small said. "And then I'll set the timer again."

One more? Where?

Isabel glanced quickly at the bag, wondering fearfully what else he had in store for her. Her thumbs ached, her tongue was stretched out to the max, her squeezed nipples were pulling her breasts down to her stomach, and her bent knees were pushed as far apart as possible. She thought of the other sensitive areas of her body that this sicko intended to violate. Her anus and rectum were still raw from the thermometer, but he had already had plenty of fun with that—which left only one more private part of her body for him to torment—and Isabel's blood ran cold at the very thought of it!

"Here we are," Dr. Small said.

Isabel drew a deep breath—he was holding a thick rubber phallus complete with an abnormally large glans!

"You're going to need to keep a tight grip on this with your vaginal muscles," he said.

"Nah!"

Isabel couldn't possibly accommodate that exaggerated replica of a penis!

"Be still," Dr. Small said, as he crouched down between her open legs.

He put his middle finger against her outer labia and worked it inside her.

No! Stop!

"You've gone a little dry," Dr. Small said, pushing his finger in deeper.

"Uh!" Isabel said.

Dr. Small withdrew his finger and slowly massaged her labia with the flat of his hand. Isabel let out a choked sob as she felt her body responding to his touch. She fleetingly thought of all the unconscious women that he must have perfected his technique on—and it made her feel sick!

Despite her revulsion, it soon became apparent that Dr. Small knew exactly what he was doing, and as her labia moistened and swelled, he pushed four fingers inside and slowly began to fingerfuck her!

Isabel looked up at the ceiling as her vagina became wetter. Of all the humiliations she had endured so far, this had to be the worst! This sick pervert, who should be rotting in jail, was going to make her come!

And she came quickly. She arched backward and Antonio had to grab her shoulders to stop her from falling as her legs trembled and a torrent of feminine juice ran down Dr. Small's forearm. Isabel panted like a wild animal while tears of shame rolled down her cheeks!

“Did you enjoy that?” Dr. Small said, wiping his fingers on his sleeve.

Then she parted her labia and pushed the massive rubber cockhead into her vaginal opening. Isabel looked down at the top of Dr. Small's head as she felt the gigantic invader sliding up inside her, but unlike the terrible thermometer experience, this time she felt her arousal quickly building again!

God forbid! I mustn't come again!

When he had implanted the dildo all the way in, Dr. Small stood up and winked at her before returning to the sports bag. If Isabel could have spat at him then she would have, but all she could do was watch her saliva dripping out of her rectangular gaping mouth in the mirror. Dr. Small came back with another of those fiendish cylindrical weights in his hand. Now she saw in the mirror that yet another ring was attached to the exposed flat end of the rubber phallus and Dr. Small hooked the weight on to it and let it swing free!

Even though the bulbous head of the fake penis seemed to fill her belly, with her insides slick with her vaginal fluids, Isabel already felt it slipping—what would he do to her if she couldn't hold it in?

Dr. Small promptly provided the answer to that question.

“Now when I set the timer, you are to remain perfectly still,” he said as he rummaged in the bag yet again. “But as this is a strength test, it is most important that you don't let the rubber cock go. Otherwise—”

He pulled a black leather flogger out of the bag.

No! He's going to whip me!

Dr. Small said, “Just so you know what to expect, I'm going to give you a little foretaste. It's all part of the test—I want to know how sensitive your skin is. As you can't speak, just make a noise if you feel it.”

Then he brought the flogger down across Isabel's breasts.

“Agh!”

The pain was intense!

“That's excellent!” Dr. Small said. “Just keep making silly noises.”

In the mirror's reflection, Isabel watched three red lines appear across her stretched breasts—and the phallus inside her vagina shifted a little more.

Oh, shit! Why am I so wet? I can't get a grip on it!

“Vaginal muscular control,” Dr. Small said as he circled around to her back.

“If you let your rubber friend fall to the floor, you'll be getting the next set of lashes across your beautiful Latina buttocks!”

Chapter Ten

“Look! It’s falling out!” Harvey said as he pointed the camera at Isabel’s crotch.

Dr. Small looked in the mirror and indeed there was an extra inch of pink rubber now protruding from between Isabel’s damp labia. He had earlier considered putting a lubricant onto the dildo, but that would have made the game a little too one-sided—he wanted her vaginal struggle drawn out for as long as possible! Eventually she would lose control of the phallus and then he would have his fun with the whip—and they could all pretend the punishment was her own fault for losing control of herself!

Looking at the sticky end of the dildo, he considered for a moment whether she was deriving some kinky pleasure from this pain and humiliation. Maybe he had awakened a masochistic streak in her that she had been hitherto unaware of. How embarrassing for the poor woman to be emotionally shamed but physically aroused at the same time!

Isabel’s knees began to tremble with the effort of trying to clamp her vaginal walls together with her legs spread so far apart—a near impossible task, Dr. Small certainly hoped. But the hard-nosed attorney was clearly making a go of it—that whip across the breasts must have stung terribly!

“Very impressive, Isabel,” Dr. Small said. “That cunt of yours must get a lot of usage.”

Isabel closed her eyes, trying to ignore his crude taunting.

“Eyes open, please,” Dr. Small said. “Study yourself in the mirror so that you will never forget how ridiculous you look right now!”

And that of course, was the whole point of this sick game. Even though he was timing her to prolong the pretense of a medical exam, Isabel’s skin sensitivity and muscle control were irrelevant. As the seconds ticked by on his digital timer, Dr. Small happily reveled in the sight of this proud attorney desperately trying to hold onto a rubber dildo with her cunt!

He relished every detail of her from head to toe—her thumbs tightly locked together behind her neck, her tongue stretched out with drool cascading from her chin, and her mouth forced into a freakish rectangular grin. Her normally buoyant breasts were sagging from the weights attached to her nipples, and her legs were shaking as she battled in vain to grip the dildo with her vaginal walls.

But it was the look in her tear-filled eyes that intensified Dr. Small’s erection. She had the look of a woman totally defeated, her earlier indignation and resistance now completely evaporated.

“Two minutes!” Dr. Small said. “I am impressed! But how did you develop such a muscular pussy? I’ve often wondered why a hot babe like you never got married. Are you perhaps a lesbian? Or do you have a dildo of your own? A nice big vibrator? I could picture you pleasuring yourself all alone in your fancy apartment.”

He was getting nothing back in response from Isabel. She continued to look at herself in the mirror and the dildo hadn’t slipped much further—which was beginning to annoy Dr. Small. He was looking forward to giving her ripe buttocks a good and hard flogging! Well then, it was time to make her task twice as difficult!

“Three minutes! Well done, Isabel!” he said. “I do believe that you’ve earned yourself a real test of strength!”

Now Isabel’s eyes followed him as he returned to his sports bag again. This time he returned with four of the cylindrical weights, two in each hand.

“My, these are heavy!” he said. “No wonder your legs are wobbling!”

Isabel’s eyes opened wide as he hooked the first weight onto the one already attached to her tongue. When he let go, she let out a high-pitched wail as Dr. Small quickly added the extra weights to the ones squashing her nipples—and her breasts drooped even further!

“Last one,” Dr. Small said, and he crouched down and hooked the final weight to the one attached to the dildo.

As he stood back, Isabel began to shake her head manically and the bestial howling from her throat grew louder. Sure enough, the dildo began to slip out of her cunt, only halting its descent when the oversize cockhead reached her inner labia.

Dr. Small waited as the dildo dangled obscenely between her legs, but when the head still failed to materialize, he ran out of patience and said, “Okay, let’s go for a little walk, shall we?”

Isabel made a strange little whining sound and looked at him questioningly.

“Just walk around the room,” Dr. Small said. “It’s quite simple.”

Isabel glanced at the flogger in his hand and took an awkward step forward. With her legs forced apart, progress was slow, but she eventually managed an ungainly waddle across the room, the steel weights all swinging from her tongue, nipples, and the stubborn dildo hanging from her cunt!

“Just keep going until you reach the far wall and then turn around and come back toward me,” Dr. Small said.

As he watched Isabel tottering away, he said to Antonio, “I think that’s enough water in the bathtub now. Turn off the faucet and fetch the ice will you please?”

Antonio donned a pair of gloves and hauled a plastic ice box over to the tub. He raised the lid and began scooping out handfuls of ice chunks and dropping them into the water.

Meanwhile, Isabel had reached the far wall and the head of the dildo was *still* stubbornly stuck up her pussy!

She shuffled back around, her face beet red as Harvey giggled hysterically from behind the camera. Because of the rectangular metal gag in her mouth, it was difficult to make out the expression on her face—but her wet, rolling eyes told Dr. Small that she was nearing both her emotional and physical breaking point!

When she was just a couple of feet away from him, gravity finally won the battle and the dildo popped free, the two weights clattering on the floor and the rubber phallus bouncing playfully beside them.

“Oh dear—and you were doing so well!” Dr. Small said. “But now you have to stick out your ass and we’ll see how sensitive your butt cheeks are.”

Panting heavily, her crimson cheeks streaked with tears, Isabel shuffled around until she had her back to him, and then she bent forward and arched her back so that her rotund buttocks presented a big and beautiful target.

“Just say *ah!*” Dr. Small said, and then he whipped the flogger viciously across her ass.

“Agh!”

Dr. Small lashed her again.

“Ah!”

He laid another three stinging blows over her rump in quick succession.

“Ah! Ah! Ah!”

She was wiggling her contused behind in a most sensual way and red welts were rising up over her soft skin as her whole body trembled in pain.

Just for fun, Dr. Small flicked the flogger up between her spread thighs so that the leather tails curled up and over her cunt lips. In the mirror, he saw the slightest change of expression in her eyes as she yelped again.

Interesting, he thought. *I could make a sexual masochist out of her yet!*

He knew that Isabel wasn’t enjoying the intense sting of the leather tails between her legs one bit—but they were having a powerful effect on her nonetheless. He kept up his assault, alternating between horizontal strikes across her ass and vertical flicks to her crotch. He could see her labia swelling again, and her cries of agony now alternated with a throaty groan as she bore his relentless barrage of pleasure and pain.

Eventually, her inflamed pussy couldn’t take the exquisite punishment anymore, and she collapsed onto her knees and then toppled forward onto her face as she squirted her feminine fluid into the air.

Dr. Small let her lie there until her body had stopped quivering, and then he nodded at Antonio who effortlessly lifted her up into a standing position. He spun her around so that she was facing the doctor and he guessed from the look of defeat in her eyes that she was now fully broken—but there was still one last thing he needed to take away from her before he set her free.

“Take off her bindings, Antonio,” he said. “But leave her thumbs locked to the dog collar.”

Isabel stood there passively as Antonio unbuckled the straps around her knees and removed the telescopic pole. She dragged her feet together unsteadily while he removed the weights and clips from her nipples and tongue, and after he had removed the metal gag, she wiggled her aching jaw and licked at her lips.

“You look like Isabel, again!” Dr. Small said.

Isabel just stared lifelessly at him. She had no fight left in her, but he was willing to bet that she was still boiling inside—in which case it was time to cool her down.

“For the final part of the tactile and haptic perception test, we’re going to see how you react to sudden temperature change.”

Isabel glanced at the tub full of ice water.

“That’s right, I think you need a nice bath after all that exercise,” Dr. Small said.

Antonio led her across to the tub and she looked glumly at the nuggets of ice bobbing around in the water.

“In you get,” Dr. Small said.

Isabel haltingly raised her right leg but then hesitated. Because her hands were still fixed behind her neck, she couldn’t hold that position for long without falling over, so she took a deep breath and plunged her foot into the icy water.

“Hah!”

Antonio kindly helped by holding her up by her breasts as she put her left leg in, and she let out another gasp.

“Just stand there until you get used to it,” Dr. Small said, approaching the tub.

Isabel was already shaking all over and goose bumps covered her skin.

Dr. Small looked at her fully erect brown nipples and then he reached over and tugged on them as if he were milking a cow!

“How does that feel?” he asked.

“I-It’s freezing!” Isabel said.

“Well, that is the point, after all,” Dr. Small said as he continued to pull on her taut nipples. “I think we’ve established that you can feel both pain and cold.”

“C-Can I get out now?” she asked.

“Not just yet,” Dr. Small said. “First, I want you to sit down in the tub.”

Isabel gave him a reproachful look, and he wondered if she perhaps wasn’t getting a second wind. He believed he *had* broken her spirit, but now he sensed that she had just dug deeper into her reserves and still hoped to leave here with her personality intact. This was both intriguing and worrying for Dr. Small. As delightful as this day had been for him so far, his main objective was to leave her so emotionally scarred that she would never be able to function as an attorney again. He wanted to fill her with so much self-disgust that she wouldn’t even be able to face herself in the mirror!

He waited for her to protest, to plead with him, but instead, Isabel drew another long, deep breath and dropped her whipped ass into the freezing water. Half-submerged, she inhaled sharply and then huffed and puffed rapidly.

Now only her head and shoulders and raised arms were above the water line, her breasts obscured by the bobbing ice on the surface. It was clear that she was suffering greatly in there—but the damn woman just stared straight silently ahead!

“In jail, they used to force me to take cold showers while snapping at my naked body with wet towels,” Dr. Small said. “Such a miserable feeling to be freezing cold, isn’t it?”

Isabel continued to focus on her rapid breathing and didn’t reply.

“Very well, if you refuse to chat with me, you can just sit in there,” Dr. Small said. “But I warn you—this test may take quite a while.”

There was still no response from the irritating woman.

“There is however, a way for you to get out of there and warm up quickly,” Dr. Small said.

Isabel remained stoic.

“If you ask to have sex with me,” he said. “I’ll let you out of the tub right now.”

Isabel’s lips were turning blue. Surely she couldn’t take much more of this.

“All you have to do is ask and I’ll gladly warm up your body in no time at all.”

He knew that the last thing on earth that she wanted was to have sex with him, never mind asking for it—but what choice did she have?

Isabel slowly turned her shaking head toward him.

Finally! he thought. *Now I get to steal away the last remnants of her self-respect!*

But instead of asking him for a fuck, she said, “W-What time is it, please?”

This question was so unexpected that Dr. Small automatically checked his watch, and said, “It’s just after four. Why—?”

So that’s it! I told her we would be done by five—and so we will! I have been ordered report back to Kramer and he does not like to be kept waiting! So the stubborn bitch has been clinging onto that knowledge the whole time!

Isabel turned away from him and again gazed at the far wall.

The arrogance of this woman! She’d rather risk hypothermia than fuck me! Well, she can just sit in there and freeze!

But Dr. Small didn’t want to risk any permanent damage to her perfect body—he just hadn’t counted on her being so resilient!

“Antonio, grab Isabel’s ankles and give her a dunking!”

The smiling Mexican dipped his hands into the frigid water, gripped her ankles, and pulled her legs into the air. Isabel’s naked body instantly slid down the tub and her head and arms disappeared below the surface.

“Hold her under there for a few seconds,” Dr. Small said.

Now we’ll find out how strong her resolve really is!

Chapter Eleven

I won't do it! I will not ask him! Only an hour to survive—I can do this!

It was quite possible that Dr. Small was lying about the time to give her false hope. He was cruel and vengeful enough to do that. But somehow Isabel didn't think so. She had noticed doubt and frustration in his eyes just before she had turned away from him.

And then—

The back of her head bumped against the bottom of the tub as she abruptly went underwater! She instinctively closed her mouth even though she wanted to scream from the extreme shock. Freezing water went up her nostrils and chunks of ice bumped against her floating breasts. She started to kick and struggle but Antonio's grip was too strong for her.

She focused on holding her breath and tried to assure herself that Dr. Small had no intention of drowning her. He wanted her to beg him for sex. That was to be his ultimate victory. Antonio would let her up very soon and again she would remain silent. Fuck him! But now her chest was hurting and the natural urge to breathe was becoming overwhelming. Panic rose quickly and she began to thrash again and started to blow bubbles.

Oh God, I've pushed him too far! He's really going to let me drown in here, naked and cold, and nobody will ever know what happened to me!

But then she was up again, coughing and spluttering, her whole body shaking violently. Her hair was plastered over her eyes, and she felt fingers brushing it away. She blinked and saw that Dr. Small was leaning over the bath and staring at her intently.

"Are you ready to ask me?" he said.

"N-No."

The word came out slightly slurred but he heard her alright.

Dr. Small straightened up and glanced at his watch again and that was all the encouragement that Isabel needed. He was running out of time!

She stayed motionless in the tub—her fingers and toes numb and her breaths now coming slow and shallow. She didn't know how long it took for hypothermia to set in but her thoughts were becoming a little jumbled and a weariness was starting to envelope her.

"Isabel," Dr. Small said. "Can you hear me?"

She nodded without looking at him.

"You are a very clever girl and you have correctly deduced that I have been given instructions not to kill you. That was never my plan anyway. Therefore you leave me no choice but to warm you up before you suffer permanent bodily damage."

Despite her befuddled mental state, Isabel realized that she had won, and she looked up at him and smiled. Dr. Small gave her a smile back but it was not a pleasant one.

"There are only two ways in which I intend to warm your body. Either you ask for sex with me now—or Antonio will carry you over to the gurney and I will take your temperature again. I will warm you up from the inside. You do remember that don't you, Isabel?"

Suddenly he was brandishing the huge thermometer again and Isabel's heart started pumping faster!

"I will use the lubricant too—the burning lubricant!" Dr. Small said. "And this time it will stay inside you until five o'clock exactly."

Isabel's senses rapidly returned as she recalled the agony she'd gone through the last time. There was no way she could face that torture again!

"So what's it to be? The red-hot thermometer shoved back up your asshole? Or are you going to ask very nicely if you can make love to me?" Dr. Small said.

Isabel was by now so cold that she could hardly move a muscle, but her brain was just about functioning. She stared at the enormous thermometer with the huge bulbs at each end, and even though she couldn't physically feel the burning right now, she knew she would end up begging him for relief once it was back inside her!

But if she rejected his pathetic advances now, if she made him feel even more like the loser he truly was, would he even listen to her pleas? Hadn't he just told her that she would suffer the unbearable pain until five? Woefully, she came to the decision that she wasn't prepared to take the risk—the alternative was horrible, and she might never get over it, but a choice had to be made.

“C-Can I make love to you, Dr. Small?” she said.

“You can call me Richard.”

I'd rather call you shithead!

“P-Please may I make love to you—Richard?”

“Why?”

His question stumped her, and even though her mental faculties were almost as incapacitated as her body, she caught on to the rules of this final game.

He doesn't want to rape me. He wants me to make love to him. He wants me to pretend to enjoy it and he wants that recorded on film! How can I possibly pull that off? Everything about him disgusts me! But that infernal thermometer! He has finally outmaneuvered me—but I never really stood a chance, did I?

“B-Because I find you—sexy,” she said.

Dr. Small gave her a childish grin and quickly stripped out of his clothes. His cock was standing to attention at a forty-five degree angle and pre-cum was already dripping out of its little hole.

“Do you want this inside your cunt?” he said, making it wag.

No! You know I don't!

“Y-Yes! I really want it!” she said.

Dr. Small massaged his penis nonchalantly and then fetched a bath towel from one of the cabinets.

“Let's get you dried off and we can finish this conversation on the gurney,” he said.

He held open the towel and nodded at Antonio who lifted Isabel's shivering body out of the tub and draped the towel over her shoulders. Isabel felt her legs giving way and Dr. Small and Antonio held an arm each as they wrapped her up and patted her dry.

Even though she felt humiliated and sickened at the way they were pawing her body through the toweling, she was still too weak from the cold to do it for herself. A feeling of total uselessness swept through her—something she was normally unaccustomed to. But she knew she still had this one final task to perform on Dr. Richard Small before this terrible ordeal was finally over, and she guessed she would have to play her part convincingly—or risk the hot hell of having her temperature taken again!

She was still shaking but her blood was circulating again and she could feel her fingers and toes—as well as Dr. Small's rigid cock prodding against her left buttock!

“Feeling a bit better?” he said closely into her ear.

Isabel nodded.

“Ready for some action?”

“I'm still a bit cold,” Isabel said.

Dr. Small slipped his hands inside the towel and gently pinched her nipples.

“Oh yes, they are rock solid! You still having a lot of warming up to do!”

This was not a stay of execution and Isabel was perfectly aware of what he was implying. He let go of her nipples and jumped up onto the gurney. Isabel felt the towel slipping off her shoulders as Antonio pulled it away.

She was naked again, and so was Dr. Small, one of the vilest men she had ever come across, and now she had to carry out her role to his satisfaction or suffer the frightful, searing agony of the giant thermometer!

She turned to see him lying on his back, his stiff cock pointing toward his navel, his balls pink and smooth. Isabel crossed her arms over her breasts, not quite sure where to start as Antonio leered at her and Harvey lurked close by with the camera.

“So where were we?” Dr. Small said. “Oh yes, you were saying something about my dick. Please continue.”

Feeling sick to her stomach, Isabel said, “Will you let me make love to you—Richard?”

“Make love? Do you really love me, Isabel? You had me thrown in jail, remember?”

How was she supposed to answer? What did he want from her?

“No, I don’t,” she said. “I just want to fuck you.”

“I thought so,” Dr. Small said. “Beneath that haughty exterior, you’re just a dirty whore aren’t you?”

“Yes—I’m a dirty whore and I want your cock inside me,” Isabel said.

“Well, I suppose I can satisfy your filthy urges,” Dr. Small said. “Would you like to start with some oral foreplay?”

Isabel sensed that he was getting impatient as their time together was running out—and it was clear that she was supposed to be making the running here.

She swallowed and said, “Yes, please. May I suck it?”

“You may, Madam Assistant District Attorney—and I would like to lick your cunt out at the same time.”

It took Isabel a second to understand what he meant.

“Harvey, make sure the sound is turned up on that camera,” Dr. Small said. “Antonio, please turn the gurney around so that Isabel can see herself performing like a slut.”

Antonio duly swiveled the gurney so that Dr. Small’s feet were facing the large wall mirror.

“Now Isabel, I want you to introduce yourself to the camera, describe the lewd act you are about to perform—and then climb aboard!”

Isabel took a breath and faced the camera—she just wanted this to be over and done with.

“My name is Isabel Ruiz, and I am the City-State’s Western District Assistant Attorney.”

“How old are you, Isabel?” Dr. Small said off-camera.

“I’m thirty-six years old,”

“That’s amazing,” Dr. Small said. “You’ve really been taking care of yourself—you have the body of a twenty year-old. Stand back and show them your naked body.”

Them? Who am I talking to? Who will be watching this?

Isabel reluctantly stepped back so that Harvey had her entire body in full-frame.

“Lift up your magnificent breasts,” Dr. Small said.

Huh?

Isabel sighed and did as she was told.

“Smile for the camera, Isabel.”

Oh, you evil shit!

Isabel smiled, although it felt more like a grimace.

“Such pretty teeth,” Dr. Small said. “Do you enjoy showing off your body in public?”

Isabel exhaled loudly through her nostrils and said, “Yes.”

“Then turn around and bend over and pull your ass cheeks apart.”

Isabel tried not to blush again, but she couldn’t help it as she turned and showed her unknown audience her cunt and asshole.

“Bend over further and look at the camera between your legs.”

Isabel complied, her face turning redder still.

“Wiggle your big ass for us.”

Isabel duly moved her hips suggestively from side to side.

After making her hold this obscene pose for a minute or so, Dr. Small said, “Okay, turn back around and tell them what you are going to do.”

Isabel approached the camera once more, aware that her eyes were now moistening with the shame of it.

Them again? Who are they? Are the Mad Uncles going to be enjoying this vulgar spectacle?

“And Isabel,” Dr. Small said. “You are behaving like a slut so I want you to talk like one.”

How? I am a respectable attorney. I don’t talk dirty!

But she knew the onus was on her to use her imagination, which of course would create the impression that she was indeed a hussy at heart.

“Hurry up, or we’ll have to spend the time remaining taking your temperature—”

That was all Isabel needed to hear!

“I’m going to suck your big cock, Richard! And I want you to make me come with your tongue! I-I’m a horny bitch and—I’ve always had the hots for you! T-That’s why I wanted you locked up! I heard the testimony from those innocent women you molested, and it made me so wet between my legs! I wanted to be one of them! I want to be your whore!”

She finished her outburst with a loud sob but she must have sounded convincing because even Dr. Small had a brief look of surprise on his face.

Surely he doesn’t think I meant any of that!

She waited for any further degrading instructions from him, but none were forthcoming. Isabel had to make her move right now—and whoever ended up watching this amateur porn movie would most certainly believe that she was a willing participant!

Forcing herself into action, Isabel mounted the gurney and straddled Dr. Small so that her crotch was above his face. She felt his hands on her ass and then his tongue probing between her labia. As she gripped his cock and began licking his glans, Isabel glanced up and saw herself in the mirror—and it was a sight she knew she would never be able to erase from her memory!

With Harvey filming in explicit detail, she took Dr. Small’s cock all the way into her mouth. She had already experienced its taste and texture, but this was different—she was *giving* him a blow job! And it got worse. Dr. Small had clearly had plenty of practice licking out his unconscious victims, because it didn’t take long for him to make her come. Still with his cock in her mouth, she groaned and shuddered as the contemptible little man brought her rapidly to a shuddering orgasm.

“Wow! That didn’t take long!” Dr. Small said. “Did you enjoy that?”

Isabel released his cock and said, “Y-Yes!”

“Then say thank you.”

“Thank you for making me come, Richard!”

“You are very welcome, you filthy bitch. Antonio, would you please turn the gurney back around so that Isabel can watch herself riding me?”

While she was still coming back down to earth, the room spun around her and Dr. Small slapped her on the ass.

“Come on now, the clock is ticking!”

Isabel reversed her position so that her pussy was now poised above his dick. She was facing the mirror again and she watched herself in a daze as she guided him inside herself and started gyrating her hips. She was already well lubricated, and she came fast again, arching her back and moaning loudly as Dr. Small simultaneously spurted his load into her womb.

Her tears began to flow again as she processed the enormity of what she had just done! Would Frank Kramer be watching this perverted movie later? What if he uploaded it to the internet?

These deeply troubling thoughts were interrupted by Dr. Small’s voice below her, “I know you’d like to keep going Isabel, but you’ve wasted so much time with your stubbornness that we must stop now. Time to get dressed.”

Isabel wiped her runny nose with the back of her hand and got off the gurney. Even if she had time to shower, she didn’t want one here. With Dr. Small’s semen running down her thigh, she went over to the basket containing her clothes and belongings and started to dress. She put on her bra and then rummaged around for her panties.

“Are you looking for these?” Dr. Small said.

He was already dressed and now he was dangling her panties from his fingertips.

Isabel wordlessly reached out but he pulled them away from her.

“Give me a kiss and say thank you,” Dr. Small said.

Bile rose in her throat as she obediently French kissed the pervert, and then meekly said, “Thank you for letting me fuck you, Dr. Small.”

“The pleasure was all mine!” Dr. Small replied.

He regarded her panties a moment and then bunched them up and put them into his pocket.

“You know, I think I’ll keep these as a little memento.”

For a second, Isabel had the urge to scream, but she just about managed to hold herself together as she finished dressing in front of the three of them.

“Time, Antonio?” Dr. Small said.

“Ten before five.”

“Perfect. Well, Isabel, your medical exam is now over. You may leave.”

Isabel blinked at him.

“That’s it?”

“That’s it. First you should say thank you to Antonio and Harvey and give them each a kiss—and then you can fuck off,” said Dr. Small.

Isabel numbly went through the final degrading process of tongue-kissing the two sexual deviants, and then Antonio simply unlocked and opened the door for her.

When no further commands were issued, Isabel walked woodenly out of the exam room and headed toward to the large lobby of the Civic Headquarters building. She received more than a few amused looks from the government workers as they passed but right now she didn’t care a damn.

When she finally got outside the building, she breathed in the fresh evening air and started down the marble steps. But before she reached the road, she felt another rush of nausea and this time she only just managed to keep it down.

She slumped down and sat on the steps and covered her face with her hands. She really needed to cry but not out here in the open. That could wait until she got home. Then she would strip off her clothes and throw them in the trash and then soak in a hot tub for as long as it would take to get the odious smell of Dr. Small off her skin.

She heard her phone vibrate in her purse which reminded her that she had been out of contact all day. She would have to make up a plausible excuse. Nobody must ever hear so much as a whisper about the details of her soul-crushing ordeal today! And that got her thinking about the video. She would need to find a way to extinguish that potential time bomb!

She pulled out her phone and read a message that briefly stopped her heart—

To Madam District Attorney, Isabel Ruiz. Please be advised that your follow-up medical examination has been confirmed for 9:00am on the first of next month at Civic Headquarters. Please do not be late. Kind regards, Doctor Richard Small, CGMD.

THE END