**Ally Volunteers for a Medical Study**

by[Haibane42](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=4665914&page=submissions)©

I was basically fucked. Financially speaking, I mean.

It was my first college semester, and I'd moved in with a couple friends, thinking we could save money by splitting the rent. We found a house not too far from campus that just barely fit our budget. I'd wanted to hold out for a cheaper apartment, but my roommates convinced me it would be fine. It was fine, at first.

"Ally, we need to talk," said my roommate, Chelsea, a couple months into the semester.

"Don't say it like that," I laughed, "Bad memories." It was exactly the way Brian had started our breakup conversation. Funny how every relationship is different, but every breakup starts with the same line. He'd broken up with me the night before I left for college, and I still hadn't gotten over him.

Chelsea smiled at me, but it didn't reach her eyes. I didn't know it at the time, but she was about to drop a bomb on my fragile little life.

"What - you're not breaking up with me too, are you?"

Chelsea lead me to our living room, where my other roommate, Caitlin, was waiting on our hideous but comfortable floral-print couch.

"Ally, something's come up," began Chelsea. "My mom's in the hospital. I've got to give up on this semester."

"Oh my god, is she okay?" I said. I tried to put real concern into my voice, but in my head I was already doing the math to calculate how much my rent would go up.

"She'll survive, but she needs someone at home to take care of her for a while. I feel terrible, but... I was hoping you'd maybe let me off the hook of our rent agreement so I can go home her?"

"Oh - of course!" I said, forcing myself to smile, "I'll pick up a few extra shifts at the call center. We'll manage without you. Right, Cait?"

"Um, actually," said Caitlin. I felt the smile begin to slide off my face. "Ally, my grades are horrible. I'm going to fail almost every class this semester. I'm not smart like you. I can't keep up with the work."

Tears began to well up in her eyes, and her voice grew thick with emotion as she spoke the last few words. Don't do that, I thought. You'll get me going too.

"I feel so fucking stupid for thinking I could handle college," she continued, "I'm thousands in debt, and I've got nothing to show for it. I... I was thinking about dropping out and moving back home."

"What?" I said, "No, Cait. You've got this. I can help you study. There's still time. We'll work something out with your professors."

"I'm sorry, Ally. I just don't think I'm cut out for college."

And here she broke down into full on tears. Face in her hands, big noisy sobs. Shit. Shit shit shit.

"Cait - look, I get it, I'm here for you. There's no way I can pay for this place on my own, and-"

"We've saved up some money to help you pay next month's rent," Chelsea interrupted. "We thought you could find someone else to move in during that time. I know some people looking for a place. You'll have new roommates in less than a week, and then you can pocket the extra rent from me and Cait, as an apology gift from us. Please, Ally?"

So, they had already discussed this together and were planning on dumping the lease agreement on me. Those bitches. They stared at me with pleading eyes, like two lost little lambs. "Jump in front of the bus for us," said those tear-filled eyes, "Be a real friend and take the fall."

I inhaled deeply, remembering what my therapist said about how I adapted badly to change. Maybe she was right. Maybe I needed to see the opportunity instead of the crisis. Maybe I'd make some new friends. Maybe a previously unknown rich uncle would die and leave me his billions. Positive fucking thinking.

"Okay," I said. "You two do what you need to. I promise I'll only hate you for a month or so."

Honestly, I am the biggest sucker of all time.

They both thanked me profusely, and we cried together and watched cooking shows into the night. We ate 2 pints of ice cream each - a splurge I felt was justified, given the situation. I started the next day hopeful that I'd be able to find new roommates without much trouble.

So much for hope. Chelsea's contacts fell through, saying that they'd decided on a place closer to campus. I put an ad in the school paper, but never got a call back. A month and a half went by, and I still hadn't found another roommate. I guess not many people are interested in moving to a college town halfway through the semester.

I asked the landlord about letting me out of the agreement so that I could look for a cheaper place. Unfortunately, he was much less gullible than me, and responded to my tears with stony-faced indifference. Even worse, this particular landlord was part of a housing partnership with the university; if I missed my payments, I wouldn't be able to attend classes next semester.

The full month's rent started to loom over me, occupying all of my thoughts, even haunting my dreams. My social life vanished as I struggled to find more ways to make money. I took extra shifts at the call center as often as I could, but it was the slow season, and they didn't have much for me. I worked as an Uber driver during my nights off. I donated plasma for extra cash, but they made me wait two weeks between sessions. I didn't bother to ask my mom for money. Her gambling addiction had cost her every penny she owned, and then some.

During one late-night google search session (How to make money fast while in college), I learned about volunteering for medical studies. I checked my school's website and sure enough - there was a page with studies and prices listed for volunteers. Some of them offered too little to be worth the time, or required you to have a specific type of cancer to participate. Others seemed way too extreme - sorry, but I wasn't about to go under the knife just for some quick cash. I scrolled down, and one of them caught my eye:

"Clinical Research Study of an Investigational Medication for Human Sexual Response. $1000 compensation. Healthy female volunteers only."

The title of the study gave me some pause, of course. I'd never even been to the gynecologist, and the idea of a pelvic exam made me nervous. I'd only ever slept with my ex-boyfriend. But $1000 for a couple hours? That would cover the rest of this month's rent, and some of the next month's.

The listing didn't haven many details about what was involved. Surely it couldn't be so bad, I thought. It certainly beat giving out blowjobs in back alleys, which was starting to look like my second-best option. Maybe they would just make me try a drug or something. I dialed the number listed in the ad.

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"Remove your clothes - under garments included - and put on this gown. Open in the back is fine. I'll be back to check on you in a few minutes."

The nurse smiled and walked out the door, leaving me to change alone. She had an Australian accent, I noticed - not something I'd heard much except on TV.

I slipped off my blouse and pants. My arms prickled with goosebumps in the overly air-conditioned doctor's office. I was feeling a bit nervous - I still had no idea what to expect. If they were making me take off my clothes, this was definitely going to be more involved than taking a pill. Not for the first time, I thought about the possibility of just walking away. I could simply put my clothes back on and walk out the door. Thanks for everything, but I've decided I don't really want my "human sexual response" studied.

A knock on the door made me jump, and I instinctively covered my chest with my arms. I realized I'd been staring off into space for the past several minutes as I worried and fretted.

"J-just a minute!" I stammered, "I'm still changing." Damn, but it was cold in here. I unhooked my bra and slipped out of my panties, carefully folding them and placing them on one of the chairs. I put my blouse on top - for some reason I didn't want the nurse to know about the matching black, lacey set of bra and panties I'd worn today. Even if she was about to see me naked.

I slid on the hospital gown, noticing with annoyance that my nipples had grown firm and poked out prominently against the thin material of the gown. Why the hell were doctor's offices always as cold as goddamned Siberia? I sat in the exam chair, which was padded and slightly elevated off the ground. The leathery material was cool against my bare skin. I felt self-conscious, like being in the locker room on the first day of gym class. My teeth chattered. Would it be weird for me to ask for a blanket?

The nurse knocked again, opening the door just a crack, so as not to startle me by flinging the door open.

"Come in, I'm ready," I said. Ready as I was going to be, anyway.

The nurse was perhaps 15 years older than me, in her mid thirties, with pale blonde hair and freckles - a little overweight. Behind her followed a man in a white lab coat and slacks. Tanned skin, curly brown ringlets of hair, a bright smile. He was also older than me, but didn't seem quite old enough to be a doctor. I felt myself tense. I'd hoped that the doctor would be a woman, or else an older, frumpy guy in his sixties, not someone so... attractive, honestly. Maybe it was the uniform that did it for me. Maybe it was how long I'd been without my boyfriend.

He held out a hand for me to shake.

"You must be Ally," he said. Cheerful, mature voice, like a news anchor. "I'm Tom, the lead researcher on this study. Thanks so much for helping us out today!"

"No problem," I mumbled, looking down at my knees.

"Do you have any problems with me conducting the experiment? Jennifer is required to be here at all times for your comfort and safety."

"That's fine." Deep breaths, I told myself.

"Excellent! And you've already signed the disclosure agreement, I see. So no problems with us touching you, even around and inside the more, ah, sensitive areas? And you agree to everything else in the disclosure?"

Woah! I suddenly wished I'd read that disclosure agreement more closely. But I didn't want to look stupid at this point, so I just nodded. Sure, guy I met thirty seconds ago! Touch me wherever you please - as long as I get my $1000. I'm not technically a whore if it's for science. I gulped down the uncomfortable amount of saliva that had built up in the back of my throat.

"Great," said Tom. "Let's get started." He plopped into a wheeled chair and rolled over to my side. He pressed a button, and the chair began to lift with a dull electronic hum. The legs of the chair folded out like a recliner. Then, I felt the alarming sensation of my legs being spread apart as the bottom section of the chair slowly separated. My seat, I realized, was actually a fancy gynecologist chair. I felt my pulse racing and wanted to press my thighs together, but had no way of doing so without looking ridiculous. The legs went wider and wider, forcing me into a spread eagle position. It kept going until my knees were elevated slightly above my hips. Cool air flowed underneath my gown, the sensation strange against the parts of me that normally stayed under layers of clothing. The compulsion to shut my legs was strong. I shifted in my seat to get into a more comfortable position. The leathery material made a sound like velcro as it unstuck from the skin of my bare backside.

Tom wheeled his chair around to my front, facing me.

"Before we get started, are you currently taking any drugs?"

"No." If you've got any on you, though, I wouldn't mind something to calm the nerves.

"And, have you had any sexual activity within the past 72 hours - masturbation included?"

I felt the color rise to my face. "No, nothing like that."

He made some marks on his clipboard, then set it aside. "Okay Ally, that's all we need to know at the moment. I'm going to lift up your gown now."

With so little ado, he rolled his chair closer to me, and then folded the bottom half of my gown until it was resting on my stomach. My naked pussy and ass were revealed to the room. I wanted to cover myself with my hands, but knew that I would look incredibly childish. Instead, I gripped the armrests of the chair like I was on holding the handlebars of a roller coaster.

"Oh, I forgot!" he said. Decidedly not the most comforting thing to hear the first time a man sees you naked. I laughed nervously.

"Sorry - for the purposes of the experiment, we need you to be shaved. I guess they didn't mention that when you called us."

"Oh," I said. My face must have been bright red. I tried to keep well-trimmed down there, but I never shaved completely. "Should I come back later, then?"

I felt a little relieved that I might have an excuse out of this situation. Did I really need the money so badly, after all?

"No need. We have supplies here to shave people during pre-op. Jennifer can do it for you, if you don't mind?"

"I suppose..." I said, though the idea made my heart start pounding again. What can I say? I'm not the most assertive personality.

"Not to worry, you're in good hands," said the nurse, already putting on a pair of latex gloves. She changed places with Tom and began pulling supplies out of a nearby desk drawer. For some reason, I thought about how the list of people who'd seen me naked as an adult had nearly doubled in the past five minutes. My ex, my two roommates, and now these two strangers.

"While she's doing that," said Tom. "I'm going to attach some sensors to you so we can record bio-feedback during the experiment. It's just to keep track of heart rate, perspiration, breathing, that sort of thing. Okay?"

I nodded, and he began to stick little plastic bits with wires to my neck and arms. With so many attached, I imagined I must look something like an exhibitionist cyborg.

"Little bit of shaving cream," said the nurse. There was the hissing sound of an aerosol can, and then her hand was pressed against my crotch, spreading the cream from side to side. I shivered.

I couldn't quite see what she was doing down there with the razor, but she was gentle enough. I tried not to think about just how close of a view she was getting of my genitals, but it was difficult. I felt her pulling my lips apart to get a better angle, felt the blade sliding across my mons pubis, over my labia, across my taint. I'd never been touched like this by another woman. It didn't feel bad, somehow.

With a shock, I felt her part my ass with her fingers, and then the cold touch of the little medical blade on my asshole.

"Ah!" I said, tensing my fingers around the arms of the exam chair.

"Oh, did I hurt you?" asked Jennifer, pausing to look up at me, concerned.

"I'm fine. You just startled me." Good lord. Isn't it polite to warn a girl before handling her asshole?

"So sorry!" she said, but she resumed shaving me without much concern for my delicate sensibilities. The blade left a tingly, tickling sensation as it flitted over my sphincter. Jennifer was \*very\* thorough. I doubted whether any place on my body had ever been so well-shaved as my asshole was right now.

After a minute or two she announced, "All done! Let me just clean you up a bit."

She pressed a warm towel against me, brushing downward to catch stray hairs. She followed this up with a dry towel, which she used to pat the moisture away. When I noticed that she pushed the towel up against the entrance to my vagina, I tensed up again. Jennifer was being awfully presumptuous, wasn't she? Then I realized what she was doing. I was sopping wet down there, and she was wiping away some of my fluids. Oh god, was I being turned on by this situation?

"Take a look," said Jennifer. She had a round mirror pressed near my crotch so that I could see myself. It was strange to see all the hair gone - all the folds exposed to the air. I hadn't been that bare since puberty. Spread wide like this, I could easily see my clit poking up, the entrance to my vagina, the soft rosebud of my asshole. I wasn't sure what response the nurse was expecting (what does one say in such a situation?) so I just said, "Thank you."

"All ready?" said Tom. He stood behind Jennifer and stared between my legs. "Much better!" How bizarre to have a man who had been a complete stranger a mere 10 minutes ago complement my freshly shaved pussy. I had certainly not expected something like this to happen when I'd woken up for the day. Nurse Jennifer dabbed at my vagina again, sending a whole new wave of embarrassment shooting down my spine. I could smell myself clearly now - the musky smell of arousal. I hoped it didn't offend the other two people in the room. If it did, they were too professional to mention it.

"Now, let's get back to the study," said Tom. He was in the rolling chair again, having traded places with Jennifer. He scooted forward until his face was less than a foot away from my vagina.

"Ally, what we're going to do today is test an experimental cream that's intended to help women who have trouble with lack of sensitivity during sex. I'm going to apply the cream to various erogenous zones to see what kind of response we get from you. If anything starts to feel uncomfortable or painful, let me know, okay?"

"Okay," I said. At least now I knew what this was all about.

"Subject is a 19-year-old female," said Tom into a voice recorder. "Subject's base heart rate slightly elevated, perspiration levels normal, breathing normal. Some arousal fluid prior to application."

Oh, so he had noticed.

"Applying first sample to labia minora."

There was the sound of a tube being squeezed, and a smell like an open bottle of lotion. I felt him rubbing my labia, and I couldn't help wiggling a bit in response. He worked his finger up and down, applying some kind of cream. It felt nice, like good foreplay, but nothing special. My ex and I had experimented with lubes which made you tingle, or feel hot, or cold, and they were all much more dramatic than this. I wondered if I'd been given the placebo.

A minute passed in silence. I looked up at nurse Jennifer, who was studying the spot between my legs intently. She caught my eyes, gave me a quick smile, then went back to staring at me. I began to have a horrible feeling that I was turning blue or something down there.

"Testing sensitivity," said Tom, and he ran a finger along my lips, where he'd applied the cream.

Immediately, I realized that I had not gotten the placebo. "Ahh," I moaned, entirely involuntarily, then clapped a hand over my mouth. I felt incredibly sensitive, like I had a hundred times more nerves running to my pussy. I had no idea that part of me could be so sensitive. He hadn't even gone near my clit or vagina and yet...

"Ahhh!" I said, twisting in my seat, as he stroked again. It was almost too much.

"Subject's heart rate has increased by 20%," said Tom in a steady, clinical voice. How could he be so calm in this situation? He continued to rub up and down as he spoke, his lubed fingers gliding smoothly. "Perspiration and breathing levels also increasing. Clitoris showing signs of engorgement."

I moaned with each stroke, sure that if I had been wet before, my vagina must now be a deluge. My ex had never paid much attention to my labia - he tended to fixate on my clit, overstimulating it. I resolved to make sure that my next boyfriend knew what he was doing before I agreed to have sex.

The sensation was like an electric shock in its intensity, but it brought pleasure instead of pain. I pressed the roof of my tongue to my mouth to stifle the highly sexual moans I was making and managed to keep them to soft exhalations of air. Then he surprised me by touching both sides of labia at once, moving his fingers torturously slow. I felt my hips buck off the chair a bit, and my pelvic muscles tightened.

Abruptly, Tom stopped that wonderful stroking sensation. I frowned, looking down. He was jotting some notes on a clipboard. I wanted to touch myself in the same place that he had, just to see how it felt, but I resisted the temptation. This was supposed to be a scientific experiment. I'd forgotten what was happening and started to enjoy myself a little too much. I was probably making both Tom and Jennifer uncomfortable.

In an attempt to calm myself down, I tried not to imagine what was coming next, but my mind kept wandering to images of me being fucked in this exam room, right in front of the nurse. I was way too turned on. What was that thing men did when they wanted to not be so aroused? Think of baseball players? I went through some in my head: Babe Ruth, Mark McGuire, uh... Yogi Berra? It turns out I don't know too many baseball players. I decided to switch to celebrity chefs - Emeril, Rachel Ray, Gordon Ramsey - but was interrupted by Tom speaking into the voice recorder.

"Applying the second sample - inner opening to the vagina."

This time my body responded immediately to the substance being slathered on me. Between the gel and my natural lubrication, he had no trouble getting his finger inside. His finger worked in and out of the opening between my legs - not too far, but it felt so good. He made sure to thoroughly coat my vagina, pressing up and around the entrance. I quickly forgot my previous promise to keep this purely scientific and began to enjoy the sensation of a man playing with my now hyper-sensitive vagina.

"Oh, \*fuck\*," I said.

"Subject's heart rate and breathing have grown more rapid. Vaginal lubrication is... substantial. Subject responds dramatically to even the slightest touch." He punctuated this last statement with a series of light taps which sent waves of pleasure deep inside me.

"Ohhhh," I said. I needed to get some of this stuff, whatever it was. I couldn't ever remember being this turned on. I caught nurse Jennifer smirking at me.

"That good, huh?" she said.

"Mmmmf."

He continued playing with the entrance to my vagina - never going too deeply inside, occasionally stopping to write more numbers on his clipboard. I wondered what it would be like if a dick coated entirely in this gel stuff was pushed inside of me, lighting up all the nerves inside my vagina at once.

After a while, Tom stopped fingering me to add another dab of the gel to his palm.

"We're going to try something different now. Ally, could you lift up the gown so that I have access to your chest?"

Despite the fact that this man had just recently had his finger in my vagina, his command for me to expose my breasts shocked me a bit. Nevertheless, I did as I was told.

He applied some of that cream to my left nipple first, brushing it in with circular motions. Then he did the same for my right nipple. I was no longer sure if my nipples were standing up from the cold, or from arousal.

"Testing breast sensitivity," said Tom.

He took a nipple in each hand and rolled them around between his finger and his thumb. The cream worked just as well on my nipples as it had on all my other body parts. I threw my head back, letting the pleasure wash over me. There was a piece of me that tried to remind me to remain calm - to not forget where I was or what I was doing. I shoved that piece of my mind into a little box to shut it up for now.

Tom massaged my breasts, alternating between playing with the breast as a whole, the areolae, and the nipples. He kept speaking into the voice recorder - noting how aroused my body was, no doubt - but I was beyond hearing him. I felt some pressure begin building in the back of my mind and realized that I was close to orgasm. I hadn't thought it was possible for someone to orgasm via their nipples. It was a strange feeling that made me realize how little I understood my own body.

I glanced up nervously at the nurse and noticed that she had her back to me at the moment, organizing some supplies on the countertop. I took the opportunity to slide a hand between my legs, running my fingers over my clit while Tom continued to play with my nipples. I saw him glance down at what I was doing, but he didn't tell me to stop.

Nurse Jennifer turned around before I could finish. I quickly returned my hand to the arm of the chair. Tom quickly pulled away from my chest at the same time. He cleared his throat and wrote some more notes onto his clipboard. I was frustrated to have been interrupted, but I was eager to find out which body part would be the next subject of the experiment. Tom didn't leave me wondering for long, as he added another drop of gel to his gloved finger, easing back into the rolling chair. Jennifer went back to watching me, a slightly amused expression on her face.

"Moving onto the fourth trial - anus and perineum."

I felt something sudden and cold against my asshole, but I didn't resist this time. I wanted to know what it felt like, wanted him to touch me there. At the same time, I something said that this was wrong - this couldn't be a real medical experiment. This was just some excuse a pervert had made up to finger college girls. It was just the gel, I told myself. Normally I would never allow this. And yet... it felt too good for me to ask him to stop.

The sensation didn't disappoint. It was less dramatic than the feeling in my vagina or nipples had been, but still felt amazing. I'd never done anal before, but after this, I thought I might be open to trying. Tom rubbed his finger in small circles around my anus, causing little fireworks of pleasure to go off with each circuit. He pushed his finger gently inside, and then out again, repeating this action several times in a way that didn't seem entirely clinical to me. He was enjoying finger-fucking me. For that matter, I was enjoying being finger-fucked.

"Subject's arousal levels continue to rise. Her hips have begun moving in time to my touch."

It was true. I hadn't noticed it, but I was moving my body up and down each time he penetrated me. I wanted him to go deeper. My hands balled into fists as I resisted the urge to resume masturbating. I couldn't bring myself to do it in front of the nurse, for some reason.

He stopped again, and I burned with frustration. Every ounce of me wanted him to keep going. Play with my nipples, finger my vagina and ass again - anything! I was more aroused than I'd ever been, and I needed to cum, badly. Tom just jotted more notes on his damned clipboard, pretending there wasn't a naked woman in front of him who needed to be touched. It was enough to drive me mad.

Tom clicked his pen thoughtfully, staring off to the side. "Come on," I thought. "Come on and do the next test!" I was panting, a sheen of sweat covering my arms and legs. I no longer felt the chill of the room.

"That's enough for now," said Tom. "Thanks for your assistance! I'll leave so that you can clean yourself up and get dressed."

"No!" I said, surprising Tom. Nurse Jennifer stifled a laugh at my outburst.

Tom raised an eyebrow at me. "Is something wrong?"

"I..." I trailed off, looking at Tom with pleading eyes. Don't make me say it. How could he stop now? I needed this, needed something hard inside me, needed to be touched.

"You what?" said Tom. Oh god, was he being intentionally being dense?

"I..." I took a deep breath. "I need you to fuck me. Right now."

His eyebrows shot up, and he glanced sideways at nurse Jennifer, who seemed terribly amused at my predicament.

"I'll go do some paperwork while you finish up with the patient," she said. She quietly stepped out of the room, giving me a devious look that made me want to slap her. Whatever. Let her think I'm a slut, if she wants.

"I was hoping you might ask me that," said Tom, once she had gone.

He stood up from his rolling chair and began to undress. Was I really going to go through with this? Did the drug do something to me? Did I really just ask a stranger to fuck me?

He hung his lab coat on the back of the exam room door and then pulled his shirt over his head in a smooth motion. He clearly worked out - he had nicely toned abs and arms, with barely an ounce of extra fat anywhere on him. He removed his belt, and then pulled down his slacks and boxers at the same time. I was excited to see that he was already hard, the tip of his penis dripping with pre-cum. So. The clinical detachment he'd feigned during the exam had been an act. He was turned on by me after all. I took some satisfaction from that.

His cock was bigger than my previous boyfriend's. He was un-cut, but the head had already pushed past his foreskin. There was a slight bend in his dick about halfway down, but it didn't bother me at all. He took a couple of steps toward me, and I admired his body - and I admired him admiring my body. It had been too long since I'd been with a man.

He placed his hands on my thighs, which were still spread wide open, presenting to him. He stepped close and lifted my knees up toward my chest to get a better position to fuck me. The tip of his dick bumped against my pussy, and the sensation felt even more intense than before. I moaned with pleasure at that brief touch from him. He smiled at my reaction, and then rubbed the head of his dick up and down and around my spread pussy, touching it against the places which had been made more sensitive by the cream without actually entering me.

"Oh my god," I breathed, my toes curling with pleasure, the muscles in my thighs flexing involuntarily.

"One more thing," said Tom. He took the tube of cream he had set aside and pushed out a pea-sized dollop onto his finger.

"You're going to like where I'm putting this next."

He was right. He touched the tip of his finger to my clit - which, prior to now, he'd carefully avoided. He rubbed around it, then flicked it lightly with his finger. Believe it or not, I orgasmed immediately from that touch. I let out a loud moan at finally being allowed to cum, not caring if anyone outside the exam room could hear me. My vision went slightly blurry at the edges, my muscles tightened all at once, and my hips rocked forward. Tom let me to revel in the glow for a few seconds before pushing my legs up and pressing himself close against me.

"And that's just getting started," he said.

He thrust inside me with a force that pressed me flat against the chair. The sensitive opening to my vagina lit up with pleasure as his cock rubbed against it, in and out, in and out. I felt another orgasm beginning to build already. I shut my eyes, enjoying the warmth and fullness of his cock inside me. He reached down again to stroke my clit with his thumb, I came powerfully, uncontrollably. That wonderful cream had turned my clit into a virtual orgasm button - though I think Tom's technique did wonders as well.

I played with my hyper-sensitive nipples as he fucked me. He had a lot of stamina - able to maintain a good steady pace while his powerful thrusts pushed deep inside me. I tightened my vaginal muscles around his dick - an act my ex had always enjoyed. Tom moaned his appreciation.

After at least four orgasms on my part, I felt Tom's thrusting and intensity begin to pick up - combined with his low grunts, I recognized the signs that he was getting close. I put my hands between my legs and fingered my clit, wanting to cum with him one last time. Faster and faster he went, his fingers pressing indentations into my legs as he started to lose control. My fingers twirled around my clit, and I pushed my hips forward to match his thrusting as I felt yet another orgasm beginning to build. Finally, with a last, powerful thrust, I felt him cum inside me, and my own orgasm lit up in response.

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I left the exam room a few minutes later, dressed again, having cleaned myself up as best I could. A trio of female nurses sat at the receptionist table - one of them Jennifer. They giggled together when they saw me, and I felt the heat rise to my face as I looked at the ground. I wondered how much Jennifer had told them and how much they had heard going on in the exam room.

"Just need your signature here, Miss Ally," said Jennifer. I noticed the wicked glint in her eye when she looked at me.

"Oh, right," I said. I wished I could sink through the floor and disappear as soon as possible. I fervently hoped I would never see any of these women again.

"By the way," said Jennifer, a conspiratorial edge to her voice. "They're conducting phase 2 trials for the same stuff next week. If you're interested. Sign up sheet is just over there. Same payment for participating."

I glanced at the sign up paper and saw that there were only two spots left. The most recent name on this list read: 'Jennifer Williams'. I bit down on my tongue and ignored the giggles from the nurses as I added my name to the list. I needed the rent money - that was all.

"See you next week," said Jennifer.