**Female Sexual Response: Subject 337**

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*This is Part Three told from the perspective of one of the graduate assistants who is helping Dr. Matthias conduct the research study. College girls have volunteered to wear a device that teases them and forces them to have multiple orgasms. Please read Part One and Part Two first (Subject 326 and Subject 334) in order to get the most out of this story. Enjoy!*

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I felt sorry for some of the girls. The ones who tried so desperately to retain some level of dignity or modesty. They were the ones who were struggling with it the most, the ones who always cried at the end. That had been me just a year ago when I signed up for the research study during my senior year. And I knew exactly how they felt.

I was just a few months away from graduating with a degree in Psychology when I participated. I wasn't planning on going on to graduate school. I was thinking about advertising or publishing actually. After 4 years of studying, I was done. I didn't want to open another book, unless it was a cheesy paperback that I had picked up at the local bookstore. But after I signed up to be a subject in the Female Sexual Response study, my life changed forever.

My number was 267. I had no idea what to expect when I showed up that first day. It seemed like a legitimate study, and now that I'm one of the graduate assistants, I know it is. Even more legitimate than the study that researched the effects of cocaine on laboratory mice. The machines they used on me weren't as sophisticated though. The girls in this study have no idea how good they have it compared to the bulky primitive home monitoring devices we had to wear. Technology has come so far in just one short year, thanks in large part to Dr. Matthias and his hard work. He's teamed up with the computer science department to perfect the data gathering sensors - that's why we're filming all the sessions, so the computer science department can analyze the results and make any adjustments that are necessary.

Dr. Matthias is a brilliant man. And he genuinely cares about women. I know some professors in our department think he's in this for his own selfish reasons, but he has always shown the highest level of professionalism and decorum. He's trying to help those women who are afraid to let go of their inhibitions, and he has helped me let go of mine. And the information he has gathered so far has been really eye opening. Everyone has always known that the data gathered from questionnaires--even anonymous questionnaires--is faulty. People lie all the time. But the sensors never lie. From the information we've gathered, we've discovered that more women are highly aroused by being forced to do something pleasurable against their will. And almost all women are aroused by homosexual sex, far more than the previous studies conducted by Masters and Johnson. Dr. Matthias wants women to feel liberated by their sexuality, to embrace it. I have to say that I owe Dr. Matthias so much more than just my time analyzing the data, fitting the women with their monitors, photocopying questionnaires and testing the new prototypes of home monitoring devices. I am such a happier person now.

The girls who dropped out of the study -- there were only 3 this time -- have no idea how detrimental it will be, not just to our study, but to their lives. After participating for two weeks, they were halfway done. But they just couldn't handle it. I know I thought about dropping out after two weeks. But now I know this is the turning point in the study. By now, most of the girls learn to embrace the feelings elicited by their experiences, but there are always a few who resist it.

It's my job to do a followup exit questionnaire and exam with the girls who dropped out. Really, it's a way to try and convince them to stay in the study, more for their emotional health than for our benefit. All the girls had signed an agreement saying they could always drop out of the study at any time, as long as they agreed to an exit interview and exam. If they refused, well, it basically meant they wouldn't graduate on time because all of their research credits would be taken away. But, I was always able to get most of the girls to continue on with the study after I met with them.

The first girl I had to see was Subject 337. I called her and scheduled her to come in for an interview and exit examination. She resisted, but after I told her it was just a formality, she agreed. Anyway, she needed to bring back her monitor.

When she came in, I immediately recognized her. She had long blond hair and a cute smattering of freckles across the bridge of her nose. I remember her because her smooth areola blended in with the rest of her skin, making her large breasts look like she only had coral pink nipples, but when you looked closely, her areola were the size of a half dollar. She wasn't one of the vocal ones, but I could always hear soft whimpers and moans as she climaxed. And she always cried at the end of every weekly appointment.

I led her to an examination room and told her to sit in a chair. She looked around nervously, but I told her to relax. I asked her some basic questions to get her comfortable before I started on the harder questions. And I knew these next questions would be really hard for her.

"Would you say your orgasms are more powerful now or before your participation in the study?"

She looked at me confused. "Do you mean while I'm wearing that thing?"

I smiled. "No, after you dropped out, are your orgasms more intense than they were before the study?"

She blushed. "I-- I haven't had any orgasms since dropping out"

"So, you're unable to climax now? Hmmm..."

"I don't know. I haven't-- I haven't tried," she whispered.

"Well, we would like to know if you are unable to orgasm now. Some of the dropouts have a hard time afterwards."

Her eyes grew large.

I flipped through some paperwork. "According to your original paperwork, your orgasms are the strongest with oral manipulation. We need to know if they're still just as strong." I reached over and gently placed my hand on her leg. I smiled reassuringly. "I know exactly how you're feeling right now. I volunteered to be a subject in this study last year, and I wanted to drop out too. But I'm so glad I didn't."

She looked up at me, surprised. I nodded. "I had to go through it too, and I'm glad I finished the study. In fact, when Dr. Matthias offered me a position on his team, I applied to the graduate program and now I'm helping him further his research. That's how much I believe in his work." I could see her resolve break down. "Here are your options," I continued. "You can either complete the study, or you can drop out. But if you drop out, you'll have to answer some more questions and we'll have to gather some orgasmic data without the use of any of our equipment. It's pretty simple, really. You'll be hooked up to the same monitors to check your heart rate, your breathing, brain wave activity, etc. And then we can gather the data while you masturbate. We'll need about twenty orgasms for comparison."

Her eyes grew wide. "Twenty?"

"Minimum. But you don't have to use your hand for all of them. We can help you as well, if you need help, and we have visual aids that can help you too."

She sat there quietly, I could see the gears in her brain, working it all out.

"Okay, I'll continue."

I smiled. "We've already lost 2 days of data though, so you'll have to put on your monitor now."

"Wha--?? Now??" She panicked.

I smiled again reassuringly. "Relax. We have a lounge set up and you can wear it in there. You'll have complete privacy. We'll need about two hours of data though."

She hesitated but then slowly nodded. I asked her to disrobe and I left the room so she could put everything on in private. When I returned, I told her I had to check to make sure her nipples were erect enough. I slipped my hands in the cups and found her hard nipples. They were probably hard enough, but I enjoyed watching her face as I aroused her even more. She looked so cute when she bit her lip. This was definitely one of the many perks of my job.

"Hmmm... they don't seem to want to get erect," I said. I unhooked her bra and used some lubricating gel to tease her nipples. She closed her eyes and started breathing heavily as I rubbed and pinched them.

"This isn't working," I said and I saw the apprehension in her eyes as she realized what was going to happen now. "Why don't you lie down? Are you nervous at all? Try to relax now."

She lay down and I hesitated a few moments, waiting for her anxiety to reach a certain level as she waited for it. I knew she was feeling dread mixed with eager anticipation and I waited for her brain to register her own arousal before I took a nipple into my mouth and suckled it. I bit them with my lips as my tongue made tight circles around and around. She was starting to struggle a bit on the table. I moved to the other breast and did the same thing while she made soft little noises.

I knew what she was thinking, because I had thought the same thing when I was in her position last year. She was hating herself for enjoying this. She wanted me to stop and she wanted to run out the door, but it felt too good. She was wondering if she was a lesbian for feeling attracted to me, and she wanted to rub her clitoris until she came right then and there. A year ago, I was so insecure, but now I believe it when people tell me I'm beautiful because I finally know it's true. I could tell right away on that first day that this girl was attracted to me, although she would always deny it, just as I had denied the feelings I had for Daniela, the pretty graduate assistant, who had convinced me to stay in the study when I had wanted to drop out.

I finally closed her bra and told her I was going to make sure the clitoral stimulator was in the right spot. I reached inside her panties and rubbed her hard clitoris, circling it with my finger, probably a few more times than I needed to. Then I pressed the stimulator into place. She had a dazed look in her eyes as she stood up. She was probably already at a 6 or 7. According to her chart, she always got aroused pretty quickly, and she always came pretty quickly too.

I led her down the hall to a room that was decorated to look like a living room, complete with sofas and chairs. There were some books on a shelf and magazines on the coffee table. "This is our lounge where we take our breaks," I told her. "No one will disturb you here." I showed her a sign I placed on the door that said, "Do Not Disturb. Research in Progress." I told her I could stay, if she wished. She quickly shook her head. I nodded and told her the room was soundproof and that I would be back in two hours to collect the data and then I closed the door. I walked down the hall to the control room to watch her on the closed circuit monitors we had set up all around the room.

I watched her walk over to a sofa and sit down. I could tell by a low moan that it had turned on and she was receiving a good fuck. She looked around nervously, presumably to make sure she was really alone and lay down on the sofa, her legs spread wide. She closed her eyes and started moving her hips, slowly at first. She stayed like that for a few minutes, her hips moving faster and faster. I could see sweat covering her body now. I jotted notes down with my observations. She started moaning and pressed her hands down on her breasts and I made a note of that. Her moans were getting louder, but not too loud. I had a feeling she didn't trust me when I said the room was soundproof, which it is, but she didn't know we had microphones set up all around the room. Her breathing was coming faster now, she had a hand pressed on top of her mound and her head was thrashing back and forth. She was close and I waited for it, unable to ignore the wetness between my own legs. I loved watching this, and yet I hated it too. But I knew I would have my fun later.

The device would know exactly when to stop, just a fraction of a second before her orgasm and I knew when that moment was because she screamed and frantically bucked her hips, hoping to make contact again before collapsing after a few frustrated thrusts. She lay there panting and then when she started moaning again, I knew it was pushing her further. I watched her as she was teased mercilessly for about an hour. She never moved from the sofa. Usually the girls walk around or try a different position, but this one stayed glued to the sofa.

She was screaming now, in pleasure and in frustration. Her whole body was covered in sweat and her hair was matted and covered her face.

"Is she close?" I heard from behind me. It was Dr. Matthias with Daniela. She gave me a smile and squeezed my shoulder. When I first started working for Dr. Matthias, I always thought he was dating Daniela. But now I know that would be against his ethics. They're both tall and beautiful and when they stand together, they remind me of a couple in one of those perfume ads where they're wearing riding outfits and standing next to a horse, or they're wearing evening wear and lounging on a velvet settee. Today they were both wearing white lab coats though.

"She's almost there," I replied. "She's really close."

"How long has it been?" he asked as he looked at my notes.

"About an hour."

"She's holding back, isn't she?"

I nodded. "But she'll learn to let it go in a few weeks," I answered, knowingly.

We sat there watching her as her moans got faster and faster, her hips moving faster and faster and then she let out a piercing scream as she arched her back, almost lifting herself off the sofa. "Yes!" she screamed. "Yes! Yes! Yes!" I jotted down what time she achieved her first orgasm. The second one followed pretty quickly. And so did the third, fourth, fifth, sixth.

"Stop," she whispered after about 30 minutes of continuous orgasms. "Please, stop," she cried. "Stop! Stop! Stop!" she screamed rhythmically and I knew she was having yet another orgasm. Then she lay there, quietly. Not moving. It almost looked like she had fallen asleep. I zoomed in on her face and I could tell she had passed out. The ones who are holding back almost always pass out. After about five minutes, she started moaning and moving her hips back and forth and I knew the device had woken up, and it had woken her up. She turned her head to the side and looked around the room as if she didn't know where she was. She sat up and threw her head back, and started crying and moaning at the same time, tears streaming down her face. She was grunting now and I could tell the device wasn't being gentle with her.

She was teased again and again for the next 30 minutes as she sat there, her legs spread as wide as they would go, her feet resting on the coffee table. The device wasn't being kind to her, but I knew that it was programmed to know what she wanted. The girls didn't know it at the time, but it could sense if they liked to be fucked violently, or if they liked to be teased over and over again, or how many orgasms their bodies would be able to handle. Most of the girls didn't even know what they liked, but that's the beauty of it. I know what I like now, and I can teach my lovers to give me exactly what I want. But most of these girls had no idea. Yet.

She was racked with another violent orgasm and I got up to go to her. She had been in the room for two hours now. Plus, I wanted her to orgasm in front of me. This was my favorite part. Walking in on someone in the middle of their orgasm, knowing how depraved and humiliated they would feel, especially in this room where they thought they were alone. And especially girls who secretly enjoyed being watched. I could almost pinpoint the exact moment when they realized that they were actually aroused by my presence by the shame and humiliation that dripped openly down their souls. I opened the door and her eyes shot open and then quickly looked away, in shame. But she couldn't control her body and she screamed out as she came again, hard. I sat in a chair across from her and watched her as she came three more times, refusing to open her eyes the entire time. When it finally stopped fucking her, she started whimpering. I just sat there quietly.

"This is so wrong," she cried. "I hate this, I hate it."

"No you don't," I replied, gently.

She cried even more. She knew I was right. "It's okay to enjoy it," I said. "Our research is showing that women are more repressed than we originally thought. Women enjoy being watched, they enjoy watching, and almost all women are aroused by the sight and smell of another woman. That doesn't mean you're a lesbian."

I could tell by her body language that I had hit the nail right on the head.

"Let's go back so I can gather the data," I said, extending my hand to help her up. She was really unsteady on her feet and she still refused to look at me. She was going to be a tough one to crack, but I hoped she would open up and let it all go because if she didn't, she probably would have a hard time reaching orgasm when the study was done. Unless, of course she agreed to additional therapy, which was another duty of mine. Most girls reported that their orgasms usually intensified after the study, but Dr. Matthias had a very special program for those girls who felt their orgasms had diminished in power, usually the ones who were repressing their desires.

I had a feeling this girl would be one of the ones who would need additional sessions in order to learn how to orgasm again after the study was concluded. She had called her monitor 'that thing' which was a huge clue to her state of mind. Most girls by this time were in love with their monitors, sometimes even giving them names and personalities. I left her alone in the exam room to get dressed while I plugged her data in to the computers and downloaded all the information. Before I cleaned it off, I made sure to taste the phallus and inhale her lovely scent. I loved my job.

I conducted two more exit interviews that day and convinced both of them to stay in the study. One had started her period and didn't know how to manage it. I explained to her that the phallus would adjust to the tampon and it wouldn't hurt her. In fact she might enjoy it even more. The other one had just entered into a relationship and thought it would interfere. But I explained to her that she would probably find that it would enhance their relationship, especially when I told her that the 'no intercourse and no masturbation ban' would be lifted during the 4th week.

I watched both of them in the closed room as they logged their two hours and I found that they were both very open about their sexuality. Neither of them had any inhibitions about using the furniture to enhance their orgasms as they humped cushions and rubbed against chair legs. The last one was a screamer and I had to turn the volume down in the control room.

I like to end each day on a high note, and watching them wasn't as arousing as watching Subject 337 so I popped in her DVD and watched her exam from the first day. The look of fear in her eyes was so real, it was almost like she was being raped. Even when she achieved orgasm after orgasm she still looked frightened. I fast forwarded the DVD to the second session and watched the last ten minutes. The girls didn't know this, but we had cameras in the ceilings trained on each girl throughout the whole hour session while they played the mental acuity games. Each subtle movement was captured on film, each hip thrust and each expression of pleasure was videotaped for further analysis and study.

Unlike some of the other girls who moved around the room, or straddled their chairs, 337 stayed in her chair with her legs closed tight. I could tell she had obviously experienced some powerful orgasms, raising her hand timidly after each one, but she wasn't enjoying it like some of the other girls. I could tell she was trying to hide, trying to blend in and not bring any attention to herself. I recognized the look of anxiety on her face because it was the same look I had on my face when I watched my own DVD. It reminded me of how far I'd come this past year.

At the end of the ten minutes, she lowered her head and wept. I almost felt sorry for her. I knew already she was going to need my help after the study was over. I felt flutters in my belly as I thought about what our sessions would be like as I taught her to enjoy her orgasms again.

I turned off the TV, returned her DVD back to the file and left the control room. As I walked down the hall, I heard familiar moans and grunts echoing through the hall as I walked towards the exam room. I opened the door and saw Daniela on the table, strapped to all the machines, which we all affectionately referred to as Ralph, a tribute to Judy Blume.

I watched her for a few seconds, enjoying the sight of her long tan legs and her smooth belly as I unbuttoned my shirt. I walked towards her and placed my hand on her slick thigh. She opened her eyes and smiled but immediately closed them as another orgasm overtook her. She reached up and removed one of the suction cups from her nipples. I lowered my mouth and sucked her nipple into my mouth.

"Yes..." she hissed. I twirled my tongue around and around her nipple as she had another orgasm. Finally, Ralph stopped fucking her and I glanced at the monitor.

"Wow, thirty minutes?" I asked.

"I needed it," she answered breathlessly.

"Now it's my turn," I said as I removed the rest of my clothes.

"Do you want me to stay?"

"Of course." She knew I always wanted her to stay.

She helped me attach the suction cups to my nipples, while I inserted the phallus and placed the clitoral stimulator on the right spot. I lay back and put my feet in the stirrups.

"Do you want to be tied up today?"

I nodded.

"The usual program?" she asked as she wrapped my ankles, thighs, wrists, pelvis and chest in soft Velcro strips.

"No, I think I want something different. Increase all the settings," I said. "I want to be punished."

She raised her eyebrows. "Are you sure? You remember what happened the last time."

I nodded. I did remember. Afterwards, I couldn't stop crying as I curled up in a little ball. She had been so worried about me. "I need it today," I said.

Dr. Matthias walked in the room. "How did it go with the rest of the dropouts?" he asked.

I smiled. "They're all back in."

He smiled at me. "You're so good," he said. "Mind if I watch a little bit?"

I smiled. "You know I want you to." He knew me so well. He knew what I liked and this was his way of rewarding me. It was for my benefit, not his.

He stood on one side of the table, standing above me while Daniela stood on the other. I looked up at their faces, their gorgeous supermodel faces about to watch me get fucked while I was restrained and helpless to stop what was about to happen.

I told Daniela I was ready and waited to be tortured. It started slow, so gentle. It was seducing me, tenderly. I kept my eyes open, looking into Daniela's eyes, then Dr. Matthias's as they watched me. Mechanical mouths circled my nipples sending a delectable shock to my clitoris just as the phallus started fucking me. By the time the vibrations started, I was moaning, loudly. It was fucking me harder now, bringing me closer until I was no longer able to keep up. It grabbed me and violently dragged me, carrying me higher.

I struggled to maintain eye contact with Daniela and Dr. Matthias. Part of me wanted to close my eyes as I felt the familiar feelings of vulnerability flow over me as I got closer, but I forced myself to watch them as they stood over me, their eyes reflecting the hunger that I was starting to feel deep within my core. As I came closer and closer, it stopped, hovering over me as I screamed out in frustration. I was left panting, exposed for the slut that I was as I begged, "please please please...."

It started its assault again almost immediately, calling me a whore with each punishing thrust. I grunted loudly, accepting it as I was led closer to my fate. I was so close, oh so close. I tried to raise my hips, wanting to meet it halfway but it stopped with a vengeance, taunting me. I lay there, gasping as I waited for the sweet torture to begin again. And again and again it denied me. It whispered in my ear that sluts like me don't deserve to experience such pleasure. It teased me over and over again as Daniela and Dr. Matthias watched, their eyes telling me I was a whore and a slut and a bitch while I was tormented over and over again. I was going to die. I wanted to die. But I didn't deserve the sweet death I craved. I only deserved to suffer its neverending agony as it held me back against my will. It fucked me hard, then stopped. Fucked me harder, then stopped, laughing at my utter degradation as I lay whimpering.

And then I felt myself being violently pushed over the edge of my sanity as I came. I came so hard. And still it wouldn't stop as it pushed me higher. I screamed out in absolute pleasure and pain as it continued punishing me with one orgasm after another. I felt myself drowning, going under, I couldn't catch my breath and I panicked as more orgasms slammed into me, knocking me over. When it finally stopped, I wanted more. I wasn't done. I was a slut and I didn't deserve any of it. I was an ungrateful whore.

I had closed my eyes sometime in the middle of my orgasms and I slowly opened them. Daniela and Dr. Matthias were looking at me with concern.

"Are you allright?"

I nodded as I looked away. I lay there, breathless, as Daniela removed everything from me. I wasn't going to cry, I told myself. I'm not going to cry. I'm stronger than this. I'm not going to cry.

Dr. Matthias got a white sheet from one of the cabinets and wrapped it around me as I slowly sat up.

"What's going on?" he asked me. Leave it to Dr. Matthias to think there was something wrong by the way I had climaxed.

I shrugged. I really hadn't known anything was wrong until this moment. I struggled to grasp my mind around it, trying to focus my thoughts into something coherent as I tried to catch my breath. "I'm not sure," I finally answered.

"I think I know," Dr. Matthias said as Daniela said goodbye for the evening, leaving us alone. "It's Subject 337, that blond, the dropout. She reminds you of yourself," he continued. He was right. She did remind me of myself, but I didn't know until just that moment that she had affected me more than I realized. "I saw you watching her tapes earlier. And I was watching you in the control room. When she finally reached orgasm, I saw it in your body language. The hairs on your arm were raised, your eyes darted back and forth a bit, you were a little unnerved watching her."

I slowly nodded, acknowledging what he was saying.

"And you're probably attracted to her, as well. And you feel guilty about the feelings you're having, because you're supposed to maintain distance with the research subjects, and as you watch her orgasm, and as you stimulate her nipples with your fingers--and probably your mouth--you're enjoying it, more than with the other subjects, and you feel guilty about it."

I lowered my eyes. He was right. "It's okay to be aroused during this," he continued. "When Daniela helped you at the end of your study, she was aroused, and she enjoyed your sessions. I watched her get fucked by Ralph after every session with you. I would be lying if I said I never get aroused either. But you're only human, and you shouldn't beat yourself up about it. Don't feel like you should be punished for having these feelings. Just because you enjoy touching her, pleasuring her and watching her orgasm, you have nothing to be ashamed of. You've kept everything professional, you haven't crossed any lines. You need to acknowledge your arousal, and move on. Don't repress them." He gently raised my chin, forcing me to look into his eyes. "And let go of the guilt."

As he spoke, I finally understood. I smiled at him. "You are so good!"

He shrugged. "That's why they give me all the grant money," he smiled. "Seriously though, I want you to stay away from Ralph for awhile. Go home to your boyfriend and fuck him as much as you want, but stay off the machines. At least until we're done with this group. Otherwise, we'll have to sign you up for some extra therapy as well." He was joking, but there was real worry in his voice. I agreed.

Dr. Matthias is such a great, caring man. He is perfect, and I know all the graduate assistants have had crushes on him at one point or another. But he has always treated all of us ethically and professionally. I know some of the other professors in our department think that he's fucking all of us, but not once has he even said or done anything that would raise an eyebrow. None of us have even seen him naked, or even shirtless for that matter. He has seen all of us, of course, as we fuck Ralph at the end of the day, one of our many job perks. He always encourages us to explore our sexuality and to let it all out. But not once has he made a pass at any of us, or any of the subjects. Whoever eventually catches his eye will be one lucky woman.

I went home and did as Dr. Matthias instructed. I fucked my boyfriend. Over and over again and experienced some great mind-blowing orgasms that night. Tender and loving orgasms. I loved my boyfriend, and as great as Ralph is, there's nothing as wonderful as achieving simultaneous orgasms with the man you love. And there is something truly gratifying about satisfying your lover.

When I got home I found my boyfriend watching TV. Without saying a word I walked over to him and started unbuttoning his jeans. He took his shirt off as I lowered his pants slowly, taking his boxers with them and he raised his hips to allow me access to what I wanted. I kissed his belly, his firm thighs, his calves down to his feet. Then I made my way back up, kissing and licking his legs, the inside of his thighs, slowly making my way up to his hard cock. Right before I took it into my mouth, I looked up at him and he had such a cute expression on his face. Surprise, lust and love. I love it when he looks like that. I watched his face as I licked the entire length before suckling just the tip. He let out a low moan and closed his eyes and I loved him for enjoying it. I moved my mouth up and down, taking all of him in. I sucked long and deep, fondling his balls with my hand. I sucked faster and faster and I felt him tense under me. As he ejaculated hard with a loud manly growl, I felt an even deeper love for him. I tried to swallow all of him, I love the way he tastes. Then I licked the spurts I had missed that had landed on his strong firm chest.

He slowly got up and undressed me. I stood there, just looking into his eyes as he unbuttoned my shirt and lowered my skirt and then he kissed me lovingly while he removed my bra with one hand. I let him lower my panties as his mouth began kissing my abused nipples, sending jolts of love through my body. Tenderly, he laid me back on the sofa and started kissing me all over. His hands and his mouth were everywhere and I closed my eyes, giving in to it. Ralph has a great mouth, but nothing compares to receiving a tongue bath from your lover. He moved between my legs and licked my slit up and down, which was still sore from earlier, but he was gentle and soon I was squirming under his touch. He swirled his tongue tenderly around my clitoris, worshiping it. I just lay there, loving it and loving him as he took me closer. He was coaxing me higher with every movement of his mouth. He expertly used his tongue and his lips faster and faster and I came hard all over his face as he continued to adore my pussy, to love me.

After we made love, we fell asleep in each other's arms that night, spooning each other as I took his hands into mine, clasping them together over my heart as I felt my clitoris quivering underneath the warmth of his body. He only said one thing to me the entire time we were making love. "I love you I love you I love you," over and over again until we both climaxed together. As I lay there, love rose above me, enveloping me in serenity.

But as I fell asleep, my thoughts drifted to Subject 337. I was looking forward to seeing her again. But before I could allow myself to feel guilty about it, I kissed my boyfriend's knuckles and drifted off into a peaceful sleep.