**Female Sexual Response: Subject 341**

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*Part Four - a college girl signs up to participate in a research project where she is forced to orgasm in public, but when her sorority sisters find out about it, it gets worse. Or does it get better?

Please read Parts 1-3 first (Subject 326, 334 and 337) to get some of the back story. It was hard for me to pick a category for this one, because there are elements of first time, lesbian, nonconsent, erotic coupling and toys. So, I just picked one.*

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I told myself I hated it. But I knew I couldn't deny it anymore. I loved every minute of it. Dr. Matthias had said that it knew me, it knew what I liked and he was right. How would I be able to enjoy real sex after this? How would I be able to use my favorite rabbit vibrator after this? With my home monitoring device, which I had started calling Wes, after my first boyfriend, I could just lay there as it fucked me, bringing me to orgasm again and again without using my hands or telling it where to lick or suck. It was like it could read my mind, but it wasn't just some mindless robot that always followed orders. No, Wes was cruel. He would tease me, and when I wanted him to fuck me harder, sometimes he would slow down, as I screamed and cursed at him. Sometimes he would just completely turn off before I had reached my climax, leaving me frustrated. But when he did let me come, he always led me to the yummiest of orgasms. Not just 3 or 4, but lately, 9 or 10.

I named it Wes, because Wes was the one who had given me my first orgasm. I was in 7th grade and Wes was older, he was in 8th grade and I loved him, in that naïve puppy love kind of way. After school, he would come over to my house and we would kiss for hours. Strangely, I always felt like I had to pee when we kissed. We would watch MTV together in our family room and just kiss and kiss. It was perfect. He was perfect. All the girls liked him, but he had chosen me. And we spent weeks just kissing. After I sent him home--just before my parents came home from work--I would finally go to the bathroom and my panties would always be wet. Embarrassed, I thought I had leaked a little bit, but now I know that Wes had woken up my body, my sexual desires.

It took him a month to finally venture underneath my shirt as he rubbed my breasts over my bra. I had no idea how sensitive they were, and how there seemed to be a nerve connecting my nipple and my crotch. But the first time he put his mouth on my nipple, I thought I was going to die. Gasping, I had to push his face away, and he apologized. But he didn't understand. I didn't want him to stop. I wanted him to continue but I was too embarrassed to ask for it. It took him another week to do it again. This time I let him. I couldn't help moaning as I squirmed underneath him, wanting to push him away and yet wanting to press his head closer. I could feel his erection pressing against my thigh and I wanted to touch it but I was too afraid. He licked and sucked my nipples for a really long time. My panties were so wet afterwards, I really thought I had peed in my pants.

It was just a week later that I got up the nerve to touch his erection through his jeans. He moaned as I rubbed it up and down while he licked and kissed my breasts. I thought it couldn't get better than this. I smile now when I think how young and innocent I was. Just a month later, I experienced my first orgasm.

We had gotten brave by now and we would strip down to our underwear. I still wouldn't let him look at me though so I covered us with a blanket from my bed while we embraced and kissed in the family room, MTV always playing in the background. His skin felt so good as he rubbed himself all over me and I pressed my breasts into him, loving the way my nipples felt as they grazed his chest. Then one day while I was feeling his cock through his underwear, I decided to slip my hand underneath his boxers and touch him. I stroked his cock up and down, surprised at how hard he was and how hot his skin was. He closed his eyes and stopped kissing me, moaning as I continued rubbing him. I liked knowing that I was making him feel good. A short time later, he let out a loud grunt and my hand was suddenly wet and warm as he humped my hand. I continued rubbing him, it was easier now that his penis was slick and then he asked me to stop. I held his penis in my hand as I felt it twitch. I looked at his face. He was so cute. His eyes were closed and he had a smile on his face.

"Thank you," he said. I just smiled back, hoping we would continue kissing, wanting him to put his mouth back on my nipples but too shy to ask. He kissed me, softly. His cock was still hard as I held it, but it was sticky now. He got up to use the bathroom and I lay there, wondering how much time we had until my parents got home. He came back and got under the blanket and continued kissing me. I reached my hand inside his underwear again, his penis still erect, and he moved down to kiss my breasts. He started rubbing my crotch through my underwear. I wasn't ready for him to touch me there yet, and I was prepared to stop him if he tried putting his hand in my panties. But he didn't. I spread my legs a little, encouraging him to keep going. He just kept rubbing and rubbing and circling his tongue around my nipples. And then it really felt like I needed to pee. I wanted him to stop, but I couldn't talk. I was moaning into the top of his head as he rubbed and rubbed and then I exploded. A warmth spread from my pussy to the rest of my body and I just lay there, tense, unable to stop the noises I was making. I had never experienced anything like it before. He continued rubbing until I had to push his hand away. It was too sensitive. As I lay there panting, he kissed my neck softly. I closed my eyes and we just lay there quietly underneath my pink blanket. He smelled so good.

I told him I loved him. And he told me he loved me. Looking back on it, we were such a cute couple. It took him a few more weeks before he attempted to put his hand in my underwear. He never tried putting his fingers inside me though, he just rubbed his fingers on the outside, which was incredible (little did I know how much better it feels to be penetrated). For months, we would rub each other until we both came while MTV played in the background. Whenever I hear certain songs now, it always takes me back to 7th grade and my afternoons spent with Wes. We never did more than that and we broke up during the summer right before he went to high school. When I finally got to high school, we were both dating other people but we always stayed friends. And he always held an important place in my heart.

We actually go to the same college now. But I hardly ever see him. I'm busy with my sorority and he's on the volleyball team, which is nationally ranked, so he's busy with practice and traveling to games. But I've been thinking about him a lot now, especially since I named my monitor after him.

I've been in the study for almost 3 weeks now, and this week I can wear the monitor whenever I want, and wherever I want and for however long I want. I'm actually wearing it more now. Hours at a time. My favorite time to wear it is at night though. I live in my sorority house and there are four of us sharing a small room. As I listen to my sorority sisters sleeping, Wes quietly pleasures me until I fall asleep. So far they haven't suspected anything.

One night, towards the end of the week, I was dreaming about the beach. I was naked and swimming in the warm clear water and the ocean was caressing me. I moved with the waves as it splashed against my nipples, and then the water was seducing me. It was flowing over my breasts and stimulating me. Everywhere I was being sucked and kissed by the ocean and then it was fucking me. Water flowed in and out rhythmically over my body as the salty water brought me closer. I was surrounded with pleasure, I couldn't escape the tantalizing touch of the water. It was everywhere, bringing me closer to orgasm and then I woke up and realized that Wes was fucking me gently.

"Shhh.... She's having a sex dream," I heard one of my roommates whisper and they giggled.

I pretended I was still asleep as Wes teased me, bringing me closer as I tried to lay still. Without warning--always without warning--he increased the pressure on my g-spot and I heard a moan that I knew had to be me. My roommates giggled and I wanted to die. But Wes wouldn't let me. He continued sucking my nipples while circling his tongue lovingly around my clitoris and the pressure on my g-spot wouldn't stop. I was almost there and I didn't want to be. I dug in my heels, protesting, but Wes just picked me up and carried me. He was reveling in my humiliation as he threw me over the cliff, but he didn't let go. He pulled me back, laughing as I lay there gasping for air. Then he threw me over again, but he still wouldn't let go. He still held on to me until I was begging and pleading with him. Please. Please. Please. And then he let me fall. And I fell hard, so hard. I could feel myself thrashing on my bed, no longer caring if I was quiet or not. He was so ruthless. After a few more powerful orgasms, I slowly floated back to earth.

The room was quiet now. The silence took me by surprise. I expected more giggling or snide comments. But then I heard something. There. I heard the familiar sounds of slurping, the sound of fingers furiously working towards an orgasm. And there was a hum. The quiet hum of a vibrator. Then moaning, and rhythmic sighs. All around me, my roommates were masturbating towards their own orgasms. As I listened to them, Wes fucked me again towards another orgasm. Smaller than before. As I lay there, breathing heavily, I couldn't hear anything else. Then I heard the steady breathing of my sleeping roommates, now fully satiated. I rolled over and took Wes off and pushed him under my bed before falling asleep.

I woke up early the next day. I showered before my roommates woke up and I left. I was too embarrassed to face any of them. I didn't know how I was going to be able to look them in the face ever again. During pledge week, I had to do some humiliating things, but that was nothing like what had happened last night. When I was a pledge, I had to strip and parade around naked with the rest of the pledges as we were poked and prodded. They had written all over our bodies with markers. Slut, bitch, whore. Even on our nipples. They pinched us and paddled us. Later I was embarrassed by how wet I was by the punishment. The next year when it was my turn to punish the new pledges, I didn't really enjoy it as much as I had when I was the one being forced to endure their cruelty. I was surprised that I really wished I was naked, standing in front of the rest of my sisters as they inflicted pain and humiliation on me.

I had to come back to the sorority for dinner though. Today was the mandatory weekly dinner. I got back to the house late, giving myself just a few minutes to get dressed because I didn't want to be in the same room with my roommates as they got ready. I wanted to make sure I would be alone as I got dressed. But I couldn't be late to dinner. I would be punished for that. But I would rather face the consequences for being late than have to see my roommates.

I unlocked my room and was surprised to find my roommates sitting on my bed. They had Wes in front of them and they looked up when I entered. Delia smiled at me as I stood there, horrified. Delia was a senior and was assigned as our room's big sister. I was so happy when I was assigned to her room because she was the nicest girl in the sorority. And she was beautiful and a cheerleader and dating one of the lacrosse players. She had long dark hair that always had that perfect flyaway look, her waves falling perfectly on her shoulders. She was supposed to help the rest of us adjust to living in the house with all of the little, silly rules about hierarchy and respect. She could also tell us what to do, and we had to obey her, although she never abused her rank. Mostly we just had to run to the kitchen to get her a diet coke or something.

"You've been holding out on us," she said, her voice teasing.

"It's for a study," I stammered. "For research, I signed up to--"

"I know what it's for," she interrupted. "I'm a psych major too, remember?"

Then it dawned on me. She had probably participated in the study herself, or knew of someone who had.

"Strip," she said as one of my roommates giggled.

I looked at her and noticed with trepidation that something had changed in her eyes. She was looking at me, her eyes narrowed and I knew I had to obey. I took off my clothes without looking up.

"Put it on," she ordered. I quietly complied. I stood in front of them wearing Wes, waiting for her instructions, humiliated and aroused. "Remember to get your nipples harder," she said. I put my fingers inside the bra and pinched my nipples. "No. Undo the bra so we can see." I unclasped the bra, exposing my hardened nipples. I pinched and pulled them, while they watched me. I could feel my juices lubricating the phallus that was firmly inserted into my wet pussy. "Okay, get dressed now. If you make us all late, you'll be punished later."

I glanced at the clock, I had two minutes. I got dressed as fast as I could but then Wes turned on, sensing my arousal. I had a hard time slipping on my shoes with Wes fucking me, taking me where I didn't want to go yet. I realized with dread it was too late. We were all going to be late. We arrived in the dining room and had to serve dinner, our punishment for being late. As I served my sorority sisters, Wes continued assaulting me and I could feel the eyes of Delia and my other roommates watching me. Delia would bump into me on purpose as I walked by, knowing that any slight touch would send more pressure to my nipples or my clitoris.

Finally, we could sit down to eat. Girls who were late not only had to serve but also had to eat in the kitchen as punishment. By the time we sat down at our small table, Wes had worked me up to a high state of arousal. I was at an 8, bordering on a 9. "What is it doing now?" Delia asked.

"It's--it's sucking my nipples," I said, barely able to get it out.

"Is it fucking you?"

I nodded.

"Is it being gentle, or is it fucking you like the slut that you are?"

One of my roommates gasped. They all looked at me with big eyes, wondering how I would answer.

"It's fucking me like a slut," I whispered, looking down at my plate as Wes brought me closer. I was hoping he would tease me. I didn't want to come in front of them, with all of them watching me. I would rather be teased than have them witness my shame, looking into my eyes as I came.

"Say it," she said and I didn't even have to ask. I knew what she wanted me to say.

"I'm a slut," I whispered as Wes took me to my first orgasm. I gripped the table, knocking my fork to the floor with a loud clatter as I rode my orgasm.

Delia laughed. "You're such a whore." They all sat there eating their dinner, doing their best to ignore me as I came over and over again. Delia told me to raise my hand after each orgasm and I obeyed. I tried to keep quiet, knowing that any loud noises would echo into the dining room where my other sorority sisters were eating. But knowing I couldn't fully let go made my orgasms more intense. I don't know how many I had while I was sitting there, but it was too much. I wanted it to stop but Wes was relentless. Dr. Matthias's words echoed in my mind. *"The device knows what you want."* And I knew that Delia was right. I was a slut.

After dinner, they walked me up to our room and layed me down on our bed as Wes continued fucking me. Delia explained the research study to my roommates while I continued to climax in front of all of them. She described the device I was wearing and what it felt like, the hungry mouths and inquisitive fingers and the constant hum and vibration on my clitoris and the incessant fucking that caused the delicious pressure circling my g-spot. Finally Wes stopped and Delia noticed. She told me to take it off and I did. She told me to stand in front of her, naked.

"Is Dr. Matthias still studying bondage and pain?" Delia asked me.

"I don't think so. He mentioned something about exhibitionism."

Delia nodded. "They were studying BDSM when I was in the study. I really learned a lot about myself that month." She opened a drawer and brought out a paddle. It was made out of wood and had our sorority's letters burned into the wood. "My big sister gave me this when I became an active," she explained, running her fingers over the shiny surface. "We had a lot of fun using this."

She told me to turn around and bend over my bed. I heard the paddle swish through the air and then make a loud smack as it made contact. It took a fraction of a second for me to realize it had made contact with my ass. She paddled me a few more times and then she told me to stand up and I obeyed, tears streaming down my face.

"When I was in the study, they were researching the connection between pleasure and pain. It's a fine line, you know. Sometimes pain can bring so much pleasure," she said as she pinched my nipple. I let out a cry, and felt some of my juice trickling down my leg. "So, tell me what you've learned about yourself," Delia ordered.

"I learned--I learned," I had a hard time saying the words as sobs caught in my chest.

"I'll make it easier for you," she said, pinching my other nipple. "Just answer yes or no."

My chest heaved up and down as I sobbed uncontrollably, almost hyperventilating.

"Do you like watching other girls come?"

"Y-yes," I whispered.

"Do you like it when the pretty grad assistants suck your nipples?"

I heard one of my other roommates gasp. It sounded so dirty. "Yes."

"Do you like it when they rub your clitoris with their fingers?"

"Yes." I closed my eyes. I wasn't crying anymore. I was even more aroused than ever.

"Do you like it when you orgasm in front of other people?"

"Yes."

"Does it turn you on to get fucked while we're in the room sleeping?"

"Yes."

"Do you like it when we watch you come?"

"Yes"

"Are you attracted to me?"

I wanted to lie. But I knew I couldn't. "Yes."

"Do you want me to finger you right now until you come?"

My eyes shot open. "But--but you can't!"

"Relax. I know the rules. No intercourse and no masturbation. But that doesn't mean you can't lick my pussy."

My eyes grew wide. This was crossing the line. I had never been sexually intimate with another woman before. I wasn't sure I could do it, especially in front of my other sisters. But Delia was already taking off her clothes. She lay back on her bed, propped herself up and spread her legs wide. I was shocked. I had seen her naked before, but not like this. I was completely turned on. I think I was more shocked at my own arousal than the sight of her wet pussy, splayed open for all of us to see.

"Lick me," she said while she pinched her own nipples.

Slowly I walked over to her bed and knelt in front of her. "Oh fuck," I heard one of my roommates say. I closed my eyes and leaned in and took a tentative lick.

"Kiss it deep," she instructed and I kissed her pussy like I kiss a lover, my tongue exploring her pussy. She moaned.

I continued to lick her, circling her clitoris and then frenching her slit, my tongue flicking in and out of her cunt over and over again. She had her hands pressed onto the back of my head and I could tell she was getting close. I attacked her clitoris, circling it with my tongue over and over, just like Wes licks me. I was surprised how badly I wanted to make her come. I took it into my mouth and sucked her clitoris, alternating between sucking and twirling my tongue around it, faster and faster until she squeezed her legs onto my head. "Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes," she cried over and over again.

As she let go of my head, I fell back onto the floor, wiping her fluids from my face. Delia lay there, panting. She closed her legs and pulled them up, letting them fall to the side.

"You're such a lesbian slut," she said. "How many times have you licked pussy?"

I shook my head. "Never," I whispered.

"Liar."

She got up and put her robe on. "You loved it, didn't you?"

I nodded.

"Slut," she said and she opened her closet and got her shower caddy. She turned to my other roommates who were just sitting there staring. "If any of you want her to use her lesbian tongue on you, go ahead and use her." I slowly got up and collapsed on my bed. I started crying with shame, not even bothering to cover myself up.

None of my roommates took Delia's offer that day. They left the room, leaving me crying on my bed. I know they thought I was crying because of what Delia had made me do. But I was crying because I had loved it. I was a slut. I was a lesbian slut, and I didn't want to be.

Delia came back from her shower and I was still naked on my bed, crying. She came over and put a gentle hand on my shoulder. "Are you okay?" She asked me.

I cowered away from her, crying harder. "I'm sorry I did that, but I knew it's what you wanted. I knew when you were a pledge that you're just like me," she said. I looked at her. She handed me my robe and I covered myself. "When we were hazing you, it was turning you on. That's what I learned about myself when I was in the study." She smiled. She was back to the old Delia. "It's too bad they're not studying bondage anymore. I think you'd get a lot more out of it, although you do have a touch of an exhibitionist in you too. I think the ultimate experience for you would be to get tied up and raped and forced to orgasm in front of someone else." I was horrified. I shook my head, denying it. "Of course, you probably don't know that about yourself yet. You'll have to experience it to know how much you love it, I guess." She leaned over and moved my hair out of my face, lovingly. "If you'll let me, I'd like to use my paddle on you while you're wearing your monitor."

I felt myself get aroused just thinking about that. "Would you like that?"

I lowered my eyes. I didn't even have to answer. My silence said it all.

She left me alone for the rest of the night. My roommates came home later, silent. Delia was the only one who chattered on as if nothing had happened. Everything was totally back to normal, but I knew it never would be.

The next day I wore my monitor and went to the weekly appointment. Wes was being gentle with me today. I had to answer the typical questionnaire in the waiting room with the other girls. After a few minutes, they told us all to go into the same room with the chairs arranged in a circle. The other doctors who had observed us the past two weeks weren't there. It was just Dr. Matthias and a few of the graduate assistants. We were told to sit in the circle with our clothes on. I was surprised how disappointed I was that no one was going to check the hardness of our nipples today.

"Today we're going to do things a little differently. I'd like to have a frank and open discussion about your experiences. You don't have to talk if you don't want to, you can just listen. Feel free to turn your chairs around and straddle them if you want to, I know some of you enjoy that position more." A few girls got up, turned their chairs around and sat down, grinding their hips back and forth while holding onto the back of the chair for support. Wes started fucking me again. He was showering my nipples with gentle kisses today, lovingly caressing my clitoris at the same time.

"I'd like to tell you a little bit more about this study. Two weeks ago, you were randomly divided into three groups. During the second week, one group experienced an orgasm every time you wore the monitor, usually after about 45 minutes. Another group never experienced an orgasm at all, like the first week. And the third group experienced random orgasms. You never knew if you were going to get aroused to a certain point and left hanging, or if the device would let you climax." I knew I had been in the random group. It was pure torture.

"After this session, we're going to download your data to see if the average time you wore it this week increased for the random group, stayed the same for the orgasm group, and decreased for the non-orgasm group, which is what we're expecting to see. It's called the 'slot machine effect.' People will sit for hours in front of a slot machine because they never know when the coins will come spitting out. Just like for the random group. If you never know if you'll be reaching an orgasm, or if you'll be teased, you'll increase the behavior, just to experience the orgasm again. This past week, however, those of you who decided to wear your monitors for over two hours were always treated to an orgasm. How many of you were in the random group?"

I raised my hand along with 1/3 of the other girls. "And how many hours did you wear your monitor yesterday?"

"Twelve," answered a girl to my left. We all gasped and murmured.

"For those in the non-orgasm group, how many hours did you wear your monitor yesterday?"

"None," answered some of the girls in unison.

"If you had worn it for over two hours, you would have experienced some strong orgasms," he said. A few girls grumbled.

Dr. Matthias talked a little bit more about the study. He said that by the end of the month, we should all be experiencing more powerful and intense orgasms. If we found that we weren't, then we could come see him and he would let us know how we could alleviate that problem. While he was talking, Wes continued to fuck me gently, but he never let my arousal get above a 7 or an 8. I could tell that the other girls were experiencing the same thing. A few moved their hips back and forth slightly, hoping I think to increase their feelings.

"But how will our orgasms be more powerful afterwards? I can't imagine that I'll want a real partner after this," one of the girls said.

"That's a very good question," he said. "Some of you had no idea what you liked and what you didn't like before this. Taking part in this study forced you, and I mean forced you against your will, to experience things you probably never would have experienced on your own, and most of you highly enjoyed it. According to your questionnaires, most of you said you weren't an exhibitionist in the beginning, but as time went on, most of you indicated on the questionnaires that you were. And I'm sure most of you have learned quite a bit about yourselves during these past few weeks. The device is programmed to know exactly what you like based on the nonverbal cues your body is sending. And steadily throughout these past few weeks, your inhibitions have gone down. Already, I can see some of you moving around in your chairs in ways that you never would have just a week ago. Sexual pleasure is all about letting go, allowing yourself to be vulnerable and letting go of your guilt and any repressed feelings you have. Some of you have discovered that you enjoy being touched by another woman. That doesn't necessarily mean you're a lesbian. It's just a new experience, but don't let the fear of being a lesbian prevent you from exploring your sexuality. Some of you have extremely enjoyed being watched, and watching others. Don't repress that. Use it. If you don't enjoy it, that's normal too. If you haven't already, by the end of the month, you should be able to know what you want, and to enjoy it without any feelings of guilt or with any inhibitions." While I was listening to Dr. Matthias, I was thinking about what Delia said to me. I knew I would be taking her up on her offer.

"This next week, you are required to wear your device for just two hours total, one hour each on two days. But, of course, you can wear it for more if you want. Explore your sexuality on your off days and if you have any unmet desires, I would encourage you to pursue it." I think some of you will be pleasantly surprised by how strong your orgasms will be when you're not wearing your device. Remember, the more you try to hide your true desires, the least likely you'll orgasm."

What he said made perfect sense to me.

"For the last twenty minutes, I want you all to just enjoy the sensations that your monitors are giving you. Don't hold back. You can disrobe if you like." Just as he said that, Wes started fucking me harder. I stood up and moved my chair forward a little bit and straddled it. I crossed my arms over the back of the chair and leaned my head against my arms just as I felt Wes sucking my nipples and vibrating against my clitoris. I watched the other girls as they were taken to a higher level. Some of them watched me and when I made eye contact with someone, I didn't look away. I reached my orgasm pretty quickly and I didn't hold back. I screamed out in pleasure as I ground my hips back and forth in the chair. It felt so good. So good. I noticed that some of the girls had moved their chairs closer to the wall so they could enjoy their orgasms in private with their backs to the rest of us. One girl had taken off her clothes and was laying on the floor, grunting loudly with each thrust of her hips. Two of the girls were facing each other shirtless. They were straddling their chairs while one girl had her hands inside the other one's bra, fondling her nipples. They were staring into each other's eyes and as I watched them climax in unison, I experienced another powerful orgasm. I looked over and saw another naked girl who had unclasped her bra and she had two other girls latched on to each nipple, sucking and biting as she tossed her head back and screamed in pleasure. I finally took off my clothes and watched the other girls watching me disrobe, some of them climaxing as they watched me. For the rest of the session, I watched the other girls come again and again, each of their orgasms sending me towards my own.

I left that day, knowing I wanted to let Delia have her way with me. They told us that we could now have intercourse and masturbate and I knew I wanted Delia to tie me up and fuck me and use her paddle on me while my other roommates watched.

I went back to the sorority house, looking for Delia, but she wasn't home yet. My other roommates were avoiding me. As I sat on my bed doing my homework, they walked into the room, quickly said their excuses and left. I left Wes in a box under my bed. When Delia finally got home, she took one look at me and she knew what I wanted. We stared at each other for a moment and then I nodded once. She smiled. She undressed slowly as I watched her, wondering if this would be it. She had an amazing body with incredible breasts. She stood in front of me, twirling her fingers around her nipples, an evil smile on her face. Then she put on her robe and got her shower caddy. I returned to my book but the words blurred together. I was extremely aroused. She slipped a note on the book I was reading and there was only one word on it.

"Tonight."

I actually felt a twinge on my clitoris as I read that simple word, almost as if Delia had pinched it between her fingers. That simple word that could mean so many different things. But I knew what it meant for me, and I knew there was no turning back.

During dinner, I could hardly eat. I was aroused, and scared. I saw Delia talking quietly to my other roommates and I knew they were talking about me. I saw them glancing over at me every now and then. I sat there, worried that I had made the wrong choice. Would I be able to handle this? Is this really what I wanted?

I saw Delia and my roommates get up and walk up the stairs to our room. She looked at me with narrowed eyes, the same look she had on her face that one day she demanded that I lick her to orgasm. I knew I was supposed to follow.

When I got to our room, it was completely dark. Someone slipped a blindfold on me and they led me down the stairs. As we left the room, I heard a lot of cheering and laughter from my other sorority sisters. A blindfolded girl being led out of the house was a common sight in our sorority. Younger girls were often kidnapped by their big sisters for more hazing or birthday celebrations, and I knew that's what everyone thought we were doing. Little did they know what would really be happening later.

I didn't know where they were taking me and I couldn't see anything. I walked, stumbling as they led me to a car. We drove around in complete silence and I had no idea where we were. My heart was beating so fast, I was sure everyone could hear it, and my panties were getting wetter and wetter with each passing minute. Finally we stopped and I was led up a few steps and then inside a building. I walked down a long hallway before turning into a room and the door shut behind me.

"Strip," I heard Delia say.

I complied, my fingers shaking as I tried to unbutton my shirt. Suddenly, I felt my shirt rip open and all of a sudden, my bra was open in the front as if someone cut it, exposing my breasts. My shirt was roughly removed from my arms and someone pulled my pants down, taking my wet panties with them.

"Slut, look how wet you've made your panties," Delia said. I heard giggling. Suddenly, something came up behind me, making me fall backwards onto a hard surface like a table. I was dragged up until I was laying down. My pants were violently removed from my ankles and my legs were spread wide until my lower legs fell off the side of the table, bending at the knees. I felt my pussy lips separate and I realized how turned on I was by my vulnerability. I felt something wrap around my ankles, and I couldn't move them.

My arms were tied above my head and then I heard footsteps retreating and a door was opened and shut. And then all I heard was silence. I was scared to move at first, but after a few minutes, or a lot of minutes, I couldn't really tell, I tried to see if I could move. I couldn't. They had done a good job of tying me up. I started to get scared. Where were they? Were they coming back? Did I want them to come back?

I heard the door open and a lot of footsteps entering the room. There were more than three people this time. I felt hands touching me everywhere. They pinched my nipples and violated my pussy.

"Look how wet she is," I heard an unfamiliar female voice say.

"What a slut," I heard another girl say.

Fingers entered me and rubbed my g-spot, others circled my nipples, but they all stayed away from my clitoris, the place where I wanted the most attention. And then all I could feel was pain. Pain on my breasts and on my legs, and on my pussy. Someone was whipping me. I starting crying.

"Bring out the device," Delia said finally.

They untied me and put Wes on me. I was comforted by the familiarity of him. I was violently bent over the table onto my belly and tied down as Wes started urgently fucking me, and I knew that's what I wanted. I wanted him to fuck me as hard as he could right now while I was being punished. My breasts were pressed into the table and the licking and sucking on my nipples intensified and the rubbing and vibrating on my g-spot and clitoris intensified in turn. Wes slammed harder into me as I was violently fucked and I felt the first blow on my ass. The pain turned into delicious pleasure as Wes expertly sucked my clit into his mouth. I felt another sharp pain, and I moaned as I started to enjoy the sensation. Delia was right. As the paddling continued, faster and harder, the pain was blurring together with the pleasure, driving me higher and higher. When I came, it was exquisite. I cried out both in pain and pleasure as Wes continued taking me higher. I came again and again as the paddling continued. I don't even know when it stopped, but finally I lay there, wanting to cry.

I was finally untied and placed on the floor on something soft like a mat. A pillow was placed under my head propping it up as my hands were tied above my head. I felt my legs being tied as Wes started fucking me again. I lay there, enjoying the feeling of his mouth sucking my nipples and a wet tongue swirling on my clitoris when I felt something soft warm and wet cover my mouth and I knew someone was sitting on my face.

"Lick it," Delia said from somewhere off to the right.

I stuck my tongue out and I knew I was being forced to pleasure someone and it wasn't Delia. I kissed her deeply and I heard moans from above my head. I explored her pussy with my tongue, swirling her clit with my tongue as Wes made the same movements on my clit. As Wes took me closer, I could tell that the girl above me was close too. She was grinding her pussy onto my face. As I swirled faster and faster, both of our moans got louder and louder until finally I came hard and clamped onto her clit with my lips and screamed into her pussy, sending her over the edge.

She slid off me and I lay there, panting, trying to catch my breath. Then someone else got on top of me and I was forced to lick her until she came. I lost count how many anonymous girls I licked to orgasm and how many orgasms I had. My tongue was numb and my jaw was sore and my face was sticky from the juice of countless girls. Wes was finally removed from me and a blanket was wrapped around me as I was led out of the building and back to the car. As I was sitting in the car the blanket was lowered and I was abused some more. My nipples were pinched and fingers were rammed harshly into my still wet pussy. I heard honking and hooting through the closed windows and I knew that people in other cars had seen me, but I was still assaulted. Back at the sorority house, they wrapped the blanket around me again and led me up to our room where my blindfold was taken off.

"Go take a shower," Delia told me and I obeyed. My ass was red and it was painful to sit down. The rubber panty had protected me somewhat and I knew it should have hurt more. My tongue was sore and my jaw hurt, but I had loved every minute of it. As I washed my tender body, I realized how much I loved being tied up and abused. Delia had been right.

Delia used her paddle on me again that week, this time without Wes, and Dr. Matthias was right. My orgasms were more intense. She made me lick her again, and this time she returned the favor. It felt unbelievable and I was starting to come to terms with the fact that I was probably a lesbian. One of our roommates walked in on us while Delia's face was between my legs and she watched us while Delia expertly sucked and licked me to another incredible orgasm. I was hoping she would join us, but she politely declined. She brought out her vibrator instead and watched us in a 69 position and we all came within seconds of each other. That was amazing.

The day before the last appointment of the study, I was at the gym on a weight machine working my triceps when I heard some rhythmic grunts behind me. It was definitely male and he was obviously struggling with his reps. I was incredibly turned on listening to him as I imagined him making those noises during sex. For some reason, I pictured Dr. Matthias making those noises and I had this overwhelming desire to fuck Dr. Matthias. When I finished my reps, I turned to see if I could put a face to those grunts and it was Wes.

He smiled at me and gave me a huge sweaty hug. "How are you?" I recognized his smell, after all these years, he still smelled good to me. We talked for a little bit, and then he said he wanted to get together with me later that night. After I showered, I met him at a coffee shop on campus and we talked for hours. We talked about our old friends, and old memories. A friend of ours from high school, Cade, was his roommate now and we laughed about some of the stupid things we had all done in high school. I had a really great time with him and as I looked at him, I realized he was still gorgeous, and I was still really attracted to him.

"Excuse me, but we're closing now," an employee said to us. I looked around and noticed we were the last ones there.

"Do you want to come back to my place? I know Cade would love to say hello."

"I would love to see Cade," I smiled. As we walked back to his apartment, I was surprised at how easy it was to talk to him. We teased each other and we gossiped about some of our old classmates. He told me about being on the volleyball team. I told him about my sorority (not everything, of course).

We got to his place and after talking for awhile, we just eased into watching a movie that Cade had rented. And then after the movie, we sat around talking some more until Cade went to bed, and then we continued talking. I realized I hadn't laughed this much since, well, since I started college. As I looked at Wes, I had an unbelievable urge to lean over and kiss him. But wait, I told myself. Aren't you a lesbian? I was so confused.

"Do you remember back in junior high?" Wes asked me.

"What about junior high?"

"How I went to your house everyday after school?"

I blushed and looked down at my hands. "How could I forget?"

"I've been thinking about that a lot. About you," he said softly.

"Me too."

Then he leaned over and kissed me, so gently. So tenderly. "You were my first love," he whispered.

"Mine too." And then he kissed me again, bringing me back to all of those afternoons spent underneath my pink blanket at my parent's house. As he kissed me long and deep, I felt my panties get wet and I smiled, thinking back to those days when I thought I had peed in my pants.

"What?" he asked.

"I was just thinking how young and stupid we were back then."

"I was the stupid one," he said. "I was stupid enough to break up with you." And then he kissed me, awakening my sexual desires once again.

The next day as I walked to the last appointment, Wes inside a box, I was so confused. Was I a lesbian? Maybe I'm bisexual? The last appointment was a meeting with Dr. Matthias. He smiled at me as I sat down in a chair across from his desk. "How was the experience for you?"

"You were right. I did learn a lot about myself," I answered. "But it also raised a lot of questions too."

"About what?" he asked and I could see genuine concern in his eyes as he leaned forward to help me answer them.

I told him about my experiences with Delia and her paddle. I told him the orgasms I experienced with her were intense and incredible. And then I told him about Wes and how I was attracted to him, probably more than I was attracted to Delia. How I enjoyed being with Delia, but how I didn't want to be a lesbian.

"I'm just so confused," I finally said. "Am I a lesbian? Am I bi? Am I straight?"

"Your sexual preferences evolve and change, just like you do. You may enjoy something now, but later you'll find that you just don't care for that anymore, or you don't need it as much as before. Just be flexible, don't label yourself. And love and sex are completely different things. When sex is an expression of love, it's a beautiful thing. One of the most beautiful gifts God gave us. But good sex won't satisfy your need for love. Sex is an enjoyable act, but ultimately we were created to share our lives with someone else. If you live your life just enjoying sex for the sake of just enjoying it, then you'll soon find yourself wanting more. And if you make the mistake of thinking that what you're craving is more sex, then from my experience you won't be happy. But if you find someone to share your sexual experiences with, someone you love deeply, then I think you'll find that it'll take your pleasure to an even higher level."

I slowly nodded. I understood. "You're good," I said, smiling.

"That's why they give me all the grant money," he said smiling back.

Instead of going back to the sorority, I found myself walking to Wes's apartment. We had a lot of catching up to do and I felt my panties get wet just thinking about him.

I knocked on his door. For a few seconds, I thought no one was home. The door finally opened and I saw Wes standing there, his hair was wet and he had a towel wrapped around him. He was no longer a boy, but he had grown into a tall, muscular yummy man. He saw me eyeing his body and he smiled.

"I'm not sure I need whatever it is that you're selling," he teased.

"Well, then I'll just have to take whatever you're offering." I entered his apartment and removed his towel and stared at his cock, which was starting to get erect. I took a step towards him and kissed him, deep. He was still a great kisser and I still loved the way he smelled. He stood there naked, kissing me as my hands explored his body, his back, his firm round ass. I could feel goosebumps rising on his skin. "I need you," I whispered and he led me into his bedroom.

He lifted my t-shirt above my head and unclasped my bra, exposing my excited breasts, my nipples already hard. I was so incredibly turned on by the hungry expression on his face as he looked at my breasts. I wanted him to eat me, to devour all of me. "You are so beautiful," he whispered as gently caressed my breasts. He kissed me again and I realized how good he smelled, intoxicatingly good. I sat on the edge of his bed, his fully erect penis right in front of me. His penis was also much larger than I remembered. I stroked it up and down, rubbing his balls as I inhaled his clean soapy scent. He started playing with my nipples, rolling them around in his fingers. His touch felt so good.

I looked up at him and saw his eager eyes watching me. I took his cock into my mouth and sucked long and deep. I heard him moan. As I continued licking and sucking him, he staggered a bit.

"Fuck, that feels too good," he moaned. I stood up and pushed him onto the bed. He lay there, looking too big for his twin size bed. He was gorgeous. I slowly removed the rest of my clothes while he watched me. I got on top of him and straddled him, rubbing the outside of my wet slit on his penis as I kissed him deeply. I wanted to fuck him so badly but I held back. I didn't want to rush it, I wanted to savor each lingering moment. I moved up and let my breasts dangle above his face. He lifted his head and tried to grab one in his mouth, but I pulled away. He lowered his head with a groan and I slowly lowered a nipple into his waiting mouth. Fuck, it felt so good. He twirled it around in his mouth and then I pulled away, giving him the other nipple. He was making me so wet. I finally pulled away, but he didn't want to let it go. He bit down on my nipple and I cried out in pain and pleasure. His tongue making delicious circles around my trapped nipple.

He grabbed my arms and before I knew it, he had flipped me onto my back and lay next to me, holding my hands above my head in his strong hands. He attacked my breasts while he held me down with his leg. I struggled to free myself, but he was too strong for me. He roughly sucked my nipples, as I moaned loudly. I couldn't move and I lay helpless as he pleasured me with his mouth. He got on top of me, my hands still trapped, and I cried out as he roughly rammed his cock deep inside me. I heard myself grunting involuntarily as he pummeled me. I'd never had sex this rough before, and I was so turned on by Wes as he overpowered me. I spread my legs as wide as they would go, bringing my legs up to my chest so he could drive his cock in deeper. As I lay there, my hands still imprisoned by his strong grasp, he thrust deeper and harder. I loved this man. I loved fucking him.

I felt my orgasm building inside me. It felt so good, but I didn't want him to stop fucking me. I wanted it to last forever, but I could feel it approaching fast. He was fucking me harder and faster as I felt the pressure boiling inside me. And then he paused, I felt his cock quiver for a second and then he rammed into me again. I exploded into bliss as he cried out, lost in his own orgasm. He fucked me harder than I thought possible as confetti showered down on us in pure pleasure. It was the first time I had ever experienced a simultaneous orgasm with a man and I knew we were made for each other.

Afterwards, we lay panting. He finally let go of my hands and I realized my wrists were sore. We lay in each other's arms, trying to catch our breath.

"I'm sorry," he whispered as he softly caressed my shoulder, my hair, my wrists which were a little red.

"Don't be," I said. "I loved it." He had no idea how much I loved it.

"No, I'm sorry. I don't know what happened. I just couldn't help myself. I just wanted you so badly."

I smiled up into his eyes and kissed him. "Just promise me it'll always be like that."

Hours later as I walked back to my sorority house, I realized how perfect we were together. Each step reminded me of just how sore he had made me as we fucked over and over again until Wes had to go to practice. I felt my abused nipples get erect as I walked home, braless. He had used my bra to tie my hands, but afterwards he couldn't get the knots undone, so we had to just cut it off. I was totally in love with him. I had always been in love with him.

As I walked up the stairs to my room, I wondered how he would feel about a threesome.