**Female Sexual Response Internship**

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**Female Sexual Response Internship Ch. 01**

This story was inspired by the excellent story series "Female Sexual Response" by Kianareeves. Although you do not need to read those stories for this one, I would still recommend it as they are really good.  
  
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Kristi raised an eyebrow as she read the email. An internship for the summer, getting paid helping a company do research? With the economy still stuck in neutral, paid internships were increasingly hard to come by. Further, it seemed to fit her to a tee. They were looking for juniors, female, with over a 3.5 GPA and availability from the end of May to the middle of August. The research was a continuation of Dr. Hansen's work, along the lines of the psychology study on female sexual response that had been conducted on campus last semester.  
  
She had been selected, she supposed, because of her temporary involvement in that study at the start of the semester. She had not felt comfortable with the intimate questions raised and had dropped out after the initial question and answer session. Throughout the semester, she had run into a few of the other girls who had interviewed with her and had felt silly for dropping out.  
  
Sex was, of course, an extremely private matter to her, but research needed to be done. Although it could be awkward, she understood that the professors and graduate assistants needed participants, and that they would be as professional as possible.  
  
The email had come through the campus internship office, so it was already vetted. They were also providing room and board, which meant she would be able to bank nearly the entire paycheck to help pay for school. A link was provided at the bottom of the email and Kristi reviewed the webpages thoroughly. They simply repeated most of the information in the email. The interns would be hosted at the company's research facility--on a beach, no less!--with travel to and from the facility provided. The webpage also noted that all major cellphone carriers had excellent coverage in the area. Although she had a few other applications out for internships, she knew the competition was fierce and she submitted her information.  
  
A week later she received an email to report for an interview on Friday. Forty-five minutes before her appointed time, she arrived in her best business suit and joined three other girls in the waiting area. Kristi recognized a few faces from campus, but didn't know anyone.  
  
The door at the end of the room opened and a young woman escorted the latest interviewee out and summoned the next one. Every fifteen minutes or so the process was repeated. Kristi wondered how many interns they would select and how many other schools were being recruited. Two more internships had fallen through in the past week, and this one was starting to look bleak also.  
  
She was called in only a few minutes late and escorted into a conference room where she sat at one end and four older people, two men and two women, sat at the other end. After opening pleasantries were exchanged, they got down to business.  
  
The older woman, Dr. Gaines, explained that this research was designed to develop a database regarding female sexual function and desire. It occurred to Kristi as she listened to the woman drone on that sex had never sounded quite so boring as when it was being described by this woman.  
  
"Women's health issues are legion," she was saying, "and some issues may be related sex. We are looking for women who are willing to help their sisters by generating a robust database of female sexual response. Are you still interested in applying?"  
  
Kristi nodded affirmative immediately.  
  
"We'll need you to speak your agreement," the woman said, motioning to the recorder on the table.  
  
"Yes, I am still interested in applying."  
  
From that point on, the questions came fast and furious, covering a wide range of intimate topics. The woman who had been talking alternated questions with the man sitting to her right, while the other two people scratched out notes as she answered.  
  
"Are you single?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Sexuality?"  
  
"Straight. Always."  
  
"Religious?"  
  
"I believe in God, but don't attend any organized religion."  
  
"How many sexual partners have you had? By sexual partner, we mean vaginal penetrative intercourse."  
  
"Two," Kristi answered truthfully, amused at the wording they used.  
  
And so it went. Questions about her boyfriends, whether she had ever been assaulted, what kind of pets she had, what kind of underwear she wore, her health status, even her opinions on sexual promiscuity.  
  
Abruptly, they stopped.  
  
"Thank you for your participation, expect an email next Friday telling you whether or not you made the second round. Please do not discuss this question session with others, so that our data remains clean."  
  
With that, she was escorted out, nodding politely to the other girls in the waiting room as she gathered her things and left. Kristi grinned and shook her head as she walked back to her dorm, replaying the interview in her head. "Vaginal penetrative intercourse," she snickered. Sex had never sounded so clinical.  
  
Kristi was elated to find she had made the second round, and the email directed her to schedule a physical with one of several doctors. After the doctor verified that she was healthy, she was asked report to the lab in gym clothes the next day. The lab was a treadmill test, like the ones she had seen athletes take, with monitors all over her and a breathing tube in her mouth as she ran through a light workout. Kristi worked out at least three times a weeks, and her workouts were much more strenuous that the test.  
  
A week later, just before the start of final's week, she received a call on her cell phone from a Dr. Gaines. Dr. Gaines informed her that the internship was hers if she wanted it. Kristi jumped at the opportunity, but Dr. Gaines stopped her.  
  
"We will be sending you a package. Please review it thoroughly, initial each page and sign with your acceptance, and mail it back to us by May fourteenth."  
  
Kristi happily agreed, as this internship paid much more than the other two she had been offered. She called to the other programs to turn down their offers and eagerly awaited the arrival of the package. It was in her mailbox when she returned from the library on Monday, roughly fifty pages thick.  
  
A glossy brochure discussed the research facility, which looked more like a resort to her. Some of it was employment information, such as where she wanted her paychecks deposited. Other papers asked for details of how she planned to get to get to Charleston, South Carolina. She marked the flight option. The final form was the contract itself, a thick stack of pages of single spaced text. She scanned it and found it full of boring technical jargon. She shrugged and initialed each page before signing the last one, placed it into the Fed Ex envelope, and dropped it off in the bin outside of the student center.  
  
Kristi landed in Charleston and called her contact from the baggage area. She was greeted by a lovely, young black haired woman, Megan, who escorted her to a van. Three other women were in the van already, and they picked up two more before Megan started the drive to the facility.  
  
Megan had a method for making the girls meet, and gave them cards of questions to ask each other. Further, margaritas and wine were available. In no time, Kristi and the other five girls were chatting like old friends. Two hours later the girls 'ohhed' and 'ahhed' as they pulled up to their destination, looking around at the paradise they had found.  
  
Kristi decided to room with Erin, a strikingly, lovely freckled face redhead with whom she seemed to share an immediate connection. Megan had warned them that their room was quite small, and she wasn't joking. The rooms were little more than closets off of a main living area. They were so small that the girls' luggage had to be unpacked into the dressers in the common area. The shower and bathroom area was also shared. All in all, it was a lot like living in a dorm, only the fixtures all seemed to be top of the line.  
  
Ten young women were apparently already there, although they were all out exploring. After unpacking, Kristi and the rest of her group started to explore also. The place was amazing, really more a resort than a research facility. A large pool with a waterfall, two hot tubs, a white sand beach leading to ocean. Kristi, Ann, Tracey and Erin walked up a hiking trail to a scenic overlook, giddy from excitement.  
  
By the time they returned, it was dinner time. The kitchen was large, well-stocked, and a chef came in to prepare dinner for them. The last group of interns had arrived, bringing their total to twenty.  
  
The rest of the evening was spent on "get to know each other" games run by Megan and the four other hostesses. They also went on a "get to know the building" tour. Five iMacs were set up for Skyping, and the girls were reminded to check in with their families before turning in. They were also introduced to the video diary computers, where each girl was to record their thoughts every night. Work would start at seven am sharp the next day.  
  
After breakfast with the other girls, they gathered in the conference room. For the rest of the day they received lectures. In fact, the day was just like college, only longer. A stream of professors and doctors came in, lecturing them on everything from databases to physiology.  
  
During the lecture on demographics, the realization struck her: all the girls were beautiful. Really beautiful. She looked around the room and noted the group. There were six blondes, including her. Seven brunettes, six with black hair and Erin, with red hair. Sixteen were white, two were Asian, one black girl and one looked Latino. Most were petite, but one was pretty large, probably well into the teens in size. Kristi made a special note to be extra nice to her in case she felt bad about her size. Even their five hostesses were gorgeous. Kristi knew she was pretty and had a hot body, but nonetheless she felt a little self-conscious as she looked around.  
  
The lectures went on and on, and only seemed to have a passing relationship to anything sexual. Kristi felt a little intimidated as some of the other girls asked technical questions that were way over her head. When they finally gave a lecture that was in her major, business, she was quick to jump in with a question, if only to show she wasn't a dunce.  
  
Before dinner the whole group went for a workout on the beach. After cleaning up and having dinner the lectures continued for a few more hours. The next two days were more of the same. At some point Megan mentioned that they were effectively taking nine credits in the space of three days, minus the papers and exams.  
  
At the start of Day 4, they were introduced to their personal trainer. "You will learn to hate me," he teased, "but you will get incredibly toned."  
  
The girls divided into five workout sessions, and both Erin and Kristi both took the morning session, joined by an Asian girl named Grace, and Lucy. Megan also took the morning session and became their mentor and primary interface for the study. They named themselves Team Dawn.  
  
After the workout, the girls were split up. Kristi was sent to a room where she found Tina, one of their hostesses. Sitting across from her in a comfortable chair and with a spectacular view of the ocean, Tina spent the next few hours asking incredibly detailed questions about Kristi's sexual preferences. Topics ranged from what turned her on to what she noticed first in a man.  
  
After lunch, Kristi met with a different hostess for continued conversation. Talking with Erin before bed, Kristi discovered that she had done the same thing. All the talk about sex had gotten to her, and she was feeling a little horny. She realized that she hadn't been able to masturbate since she left home, something she usually did every night.  
  
Living in a single for the past year, her nightly habits hadn't been an issue, but here it would have been immodest to touch herself with Erin only a few feet away. The next day the Team Dawn girls worked out and then were taken to a hospital where they received a full gynecology exam as well as an MRI.  
  
Over the weekend Megan took her team on a trip to the mall, went on a boat ride, and had a nice picnic on the beach. It was during their trip to the mall that Kristi found herself eyeing up a cute boy. There weren't many males at their resort, just the trainer and a few of the lecturers. She wondered if she would be able to meet some guys while she was here. She also wondered if she would be able to spend a few private moments alone in order to take care of certain tingling nerves.  
  
On Monday, after the morning session workout, Megan's group met up and were taken to the library room. There, each of the four girls picked books of erotica. They spent the rest of the morning giggling as they started reading. One by one Megan escorted a girl out. Kristi was last and found herself alone, horny, and reading a smutty story. She considered using these moments to pleasure herself, but the reading room was too open and too well lit, and she settled for a few pinches of her nipples. Finally, Megan returned for her.

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Kristi followed Megan out into a wing of the complex she had not been in before. Megan was bubbly and all smiles as she ushered Kristi into a changing room and asked her to completely undress and put on a robe. Kristi changed quickly into the robe, grateful that it was a bathrobe and not a medical robe. She opened the door and Megan escorted her down the hall.  
  
Megan was happily explaining that they were now going to take some baseline data and she led Kristi into a room. Kristi's eyes swept over the room as she entered: a gynecology table in middle, racks of computers and monitors, and most unexpectedly, several men. In all there were about fifteen people present dressed in lab coats.  
  
A remarkably handsome older man walked up and Megan introduced him as Dr. Roberts, head researcher. Kristi shook his hand and in short order she was guided to the gynecology table. Megan asked her to remove her robe and lay down.  
  
Suddenly Kristi's heart was thundering and her mouth was dry. She was going to be nude in front of all these people? She swallowed and looked around. No one seemed to paying much attention to her, they were all working on the instruments. Megan snapped her out of her brain lock by repeating her request, patting the table for emphasis. Kristi swallowed again and then took off the robe and handed it to Megan.  
  
She laid down on the table and moments later several people descended on her. Her legs were put into the stirrups, leaving her completely exposed. She tried to cover herself with her hands, but a technician quickly pushed them down to her sides. A man hooked up an EKG to her as two women carefully positioned an instrument on either side of her head.  
  
Kristi looked around, wide-eyed, paralyzed with shock. She could feel her cheeks burn from embarrassment. Megan's smile reappeared in front of her, asking if she was comfortable. Dr. Roberts joined her and laid out the basic plan for the test.  
  
"We are going to get a baseline of your arousal level. It is absolutely critical that you do not move, as that will disrupt our measurements. The device around your head is measuring your brain activity, and it is very sensitive. As a result, we need to place a prosthetic around your neck to hold your head in place. Is that okay?"  
  
Kristi stared at him.  
  
"Kristi, we need you to say yes, or we cannot begin the test."  
  
"It's okay, Kristi, I'm right here," smiled Megan. "If you get uncomfortable in any way, just let me know. I'm right here."  
  
Kristi looked at Megan and nodded, her heart racing.  
  
"I need you to state your agreement."  
  
"I agree," Kristi heard herself say.  
  
Moments later a collar was fastened around her neck and attached to the table, completely immobilizing her head. Kristi found that she was unable to even raise her head to look down. A wave of panic washed over her and she struggled to get a grip.  
  
Another man's face appeared before her.  
  
"Kristi, your heart is racing. This is a completely normal reaction, but we need you to calm down." He pulled a computer monitor in front of her, showing an oscillating sine wave. "I want you to focus on the wave, and breathe deeply in time with it."  
  
Kristi nodded as best she could and focused on slowing her breathing. The instruments on either side of her head meant that unless someone stood over her, she couldn't see them. She could hear voices around her and movement, but couldn't tell what was happening. She heard someone say that her heart rate had stabilized, and she noticed that the breathing exercise had calmed her down. Dr. Roberts reappeared.  
  
"On a scale of one to ten, with ten being in the midst of an orgasm and one being not aroused at all, what is your current arousal level?"  
  
"Um, zero," she said, completely put off by the situation she was in. "No, one," she corrected herself.  
  
"Good. The first step of this procedure will be stimulating your breasts."  
  
Just as his face vanished from view, two hands suddenly appeared on her breasts, coating them with a lotion or oil. Looking down as best she could she could see two separate technicians fondling her, one man and one woman. They then placed something firm over her breasts and stepped away. The screen that had shown the breathing wave was now showing two beautiful girls making out.  
  
"Kristi," a voice said, "We need you to continue to watch the screen. The screen has retina sensors in it, monitoring your eyes. If you look away, I will remind you. Also, on the adjacent screen you can see you own face. We will begin shortly."  
  
Kristi's eyes widened as she looked at the other screen. She was being video taped! She hadn't even noticed cameras when she came in. She stared at herself, wide blue eyes, a flushed face, blonde hair still neatly in place. She looked up to the ceiling and saw the camera almost directly overhead. She wondered how many other cameras were recording her. Had she agreed to this? She regretted not reading the contract more thoroughly.  
  
"Beginning breast stimulation."  
  
Kristi twitched as suddenly both of her breasts were gently squeezed. She raised her hands but technicians immediately caught them and put them back on the table.  
  
"Please look at the screen," a voice reminded her.  
  
Kristi turned her dazed eyes to the kissing girls as her breasts felt like they were being caressed by a boy standing over her. Or maybe it was two boys. She looked down, but there was no one standing beside her, it was some kind of device working on her boobs.  
  
"Please look at the screen," a voice reminded her.  
  
"What is your arousal level?"  
  
"Three," she stuttered.  
  
Awkward minutes passed as the machine fondled her.  
  
"Moisture visible between her legs at two minutes," she heard a man say.  
  
She apparently had raised her hands again, causing Dr. Roberts to tell her they were going to restrain her wrists. Moments later her wrists were attached to the table with cuffs, and all she could do was lay there watching two girls make out while her breasts were fondled. She noticed that her nipples hadn't been touched yet and experienced an unexpected twinge of anticipation.  
  
"You're doing great, Kristi," she heard Megan say. It dawned on her that Megan had watched the other girls on her team do this.  
  
"Five minutes, add nipple stimulation," a voice said.  
  
A moment later both of her nipples were sucked. Kristi's squeaked at the new sensation and her eyes looked down, trying unsuccessfully to see what was happening. Her hands tried to rise, but she rediscovered they were cuffed.  
  
"Please look at the screen," a voice reminded her.  
  
"What is your arousal level?"  
  
"Six," she gasped. "Seven!"  
  
The girls on the screen were topless now, and one girl was licking the other's breasts. Kristi could almost imagine it was her. She continued to lie there, watching porn as a machine manipulated her breasts and nipples. She could feel the sweat starting to form on her body and couldn't help but writhe against her bonds.  
  
If this had been her boyfriend, she would have thrown him down and fucked him, but instead she was helpless. A female face appeared in her frame of view, studied her face for a moment, and then left. Another face appeared over her, this one male.  
  
"What is your arousal level?"  
  
"Eight and a half," she told him.  
  
"We are going to start clitoral stimulation shortly. It is imperative that you do not allow yourself to orgasm. If you do climax, we will have to end the test and try again in a few days. Mary is placing a control button in your hand. As you get close to orgasm, press it to stop your stimulation. Understand?"  
  
Kristi gaped at him. Stop her orgasm? She was desperately horny already, her breasts were completely stimulated, and she had been watching porn. She wasn't sure she could stop. She nodded numbly. Megan reappeared in front of her.  
  
"You're doing fine, but you really need to do this right. Do not let yourself cum just yet. I know it's hard, it was hard for me also when I was in your position. All your other teammates did it successfully. I know you can do it. Don't let us down; if you fail we'll have to kick you off the team."  
  
"Okay," Kristi answered numbly.  
  
She twitched as she felt fingers touch her clit, and then something was placed over her bud and strapped into place around her thighs. A belt was fastened around her waist, securing her even more to the table.  
  
"Ten minutes, begin clitoral stimulation."  
  
With that it felt as if a hot, wet tongue licked her pussy.  
  
"Oh my God," she groaned. Her hips would have flown off the table if they were not strapped down.  
  
"What is your arousal level?"  
  
"Nine," she panted.  
  
"Remember, do not let yourself cum. Press the button when you get close."  
  
The girl on the screen was naked and getting her pussy licked, and Kristi imagined it was her. The machine—at least, she assumed it was a machine—was expertly sucking on her clit, while the machine on her breasts was still fondling and sucking her nipples. She knew she was about to cum, so she hit the button. A panicked few moments passed and she mashed the button again. Mercifully, this time everything stopped. Her thighs shook with arousal, stopping just on the brink of a huge orgasm.  
  
"Very good. What is your arousal level?"  
  
"Oh my God!" she groaned, completely incoherent.  
  
"Good, very good."  
  
"Two minutes, forty one seconds for orgasm onset," she heard a voice say.  
  
"Kristi, cool down until you are below an arousal level of eight."  
  
Her head started to clear and Megan reappeared. "Good job, keep it up. Do you need a drink?"  
  
Kristi shook her head as best she could. She didn't need a drink, she needed to cum!  
  
The monitor over her head had replaced the lesbians with the wave video. The monitor guy reappeared and asked her if she wanted to watch something else while she cooled off. She declined and instead stared at the wave and tried to forget that she was completely naked in a room full of people, strapped to a table with her legs spread and waiting to get stimulated to an orgasm. A male face appeared over her with a soft smile and dabbed the sweat off her forehead.  
  
"What is your arousal level?"  
  
"Eight."  
  
"Four minutes twenty two seconds to return to level eight," a voice said.  
  
Dr. Roberts stepped into her view. "Are you ready to begin again?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Same as before, do not let yourself orgasm," he said and left.  
  
Kristi's heart sank a little. How many times was she supposed to tease herself to the brink of an orgasm? And could she continue to stop in time?  
  
Megan reappeared to offer encouragement. She idly kicked one leg and discovered that her calves had been strapped to the stirrups at some point. She was completely immobilized. The screen flickered changed again, this time a softly lit room with a guy and a girl.  
  
"Begin breast stimulation," someone said, and a moment later her breasts were being fondled again.  
  
She watched the porn video as the guy and the girl made out and groped each other. She could hear the technicians making comments about her reactions: blood pressure rising, heart rate at 90. This time there was no command to "begin nipple stimulation," it just started at the same time the actor on the screen began licking the girl's nipple.  
  
She watched as the guy peeled the pants off the girl, then her panties. Again, the machine began licking her pussy at the same time as the actor. Kristi was so taken by the scene she forgot where she was and let out a long gasp.  
  
A voice interrupted her. "What is your arousal level?"  
  
"Nine," she hissed.  
  
Megan leaned in and reminded her not to cum. Kristi refocused on her body. Unlike the girl in the video who was being loved by one boy, she felt as if three boys were on her, one on each breast and one between her legs. The thought seared her and she smashed the button. All stimulation stopped immediately, leaving her thrashing in frustration against her bonds. "Four minutes, forty three seconds to orgasm onset."  
  
"Kristi, calm down to level eight again."  
  
Megan reappeared to offer her encouragement as the sine wave played on the screen.  
  
"How many times do I have to do this?" Kristi asked, her voice hoarse in desperation.  
  
"Just one more time, you're doing great. Keep it up. One more time."  
  
Kristi nodded as best she could and tried to catch her breath. One more time, she could do this. A thought struck her...after she stopped herself one more time, would they then turn the machines on to stimulate her to an orgasm? Or would they kick her out without allowing her release?  
  
"Please focus on your breathing," a voice said, and Kristi tried to calm herself.  
  
Minutes passed as the voices filtered in and out from around the room. She heard words like plateau and rhythm. Kristi tried her best to ignore them and focused instead on calming herself.  
  
"What is your arousal level?"  
  
"Eight," she answered.  
  
"One more time, Kristi," a smiling Megan reminded her. "Don't let yourself cum! You're almost done."  
  
The monitor displayed a lovely girl, reclining on a white satin bed. Her hands were tied over her head, and to one side stood a pretty girl, to the other a cute boy. They each leaned in to kiss each other and then kissed the girl. They started touching and licking her breasts. The machine on her breasts again activated with the action on the screen. The woman was in ecstasy, and Kristi's eyes flicked to the view of her own face, seeing a similar look in her own eyes.  
  
Kristi gasped aloud as a hot tongue licked up between her legs, and the screen showed that a third man had joined in, positioned between the woman's legs and licking her. Three on one. Kristi clenched the control button tightly, trying to maintain enough focus to press it before she climaxed. She heard herself mutter an oath as the three switched positions on the woman, the other man now between her legs.  
  
Kristi knew she was getting really close. When the three switched again, she smashed the button as soon as the girl started to lick the woman. Kristi's body spasmed in frustration, her hand clenching and her toes curling, the only things she could still move.  
  
"Great job!" Megan beamed. "You had me a little worried there, you pushed it really far. Great job!"  
  
Dr. Roberts reappeared. "Good job, we took really good data on you. For this next part, we will use our data to predict the onset of your orgasm. Press the button as you did before, only now our model will decide when to stop stimulation. You will also get audio, as we will not need to communicate with you."  
  
Kristi gaped at him as he vanished from her view. Now the machine was going to tease her? She wondered if she should protest, but wasn't quite sure what she was going to protest about. She certainly wasn't going to demand to get an orgasm!  
  
She tried to focus on the sine wave and calm down. She noticed that it sounded like she was in a tent during a rain storm and she couldn't hear the other technicians in the room.  
  
Without warning, the screen suddenly turned to a beautiful couple, and Kristi could feel her heart start to race in anticipation. She could hear the couple talk and kiss. The man started fondling the woman, and the devices on her body followed suit. Kristi lost herself in the scene, and as the man started making love to the woman she felt she was close and pushed the button. The stimulation continued and she remembered that the button didn't stop anything anymore.  
  
A long whimper escaped her lips, but just as she felt herself start to cum, all stimulation stopped. Kristi found herself babbling in frustration, pulling against her cuffs with reckless strenght as her unfocused eyes stared at the sine wave. She started her calming breathing pattern, as if alone in her ownworld.  
  
Another video came up, this one with a long intro that kept Kristi on edge waiting for the stimulation to begin. This time she completely forgot about the button and was left gasping in helpless frustration again.  
  
"Megan!" she begged.  
  
Megan immediately appeared over her. "Yes?"  
  
"How much longer do I have to do this?"  
  
Megan looked up and checked with someone and then back to her. "Only a few more times. Hang in there. You need a drink?"  
  
"No, just that I...," she started, but couldn't figure out what she wanted to say.  
  
"Okay, great. I'm right here if you need anything."  
  
"I need to cum," she grumbled to herself.  
  
The screen changed to a new video, this one of a solo girl masturbating herself. Cruelly, the machines stopped stimulating her at the edge of her orgasm, but she had to endure watching the girl on the screen have a powerful one.  
  
This time the sine wave never came on, and instead a new video came on. Kristi found herself getting stimulated again, loving the sensations but dreading of the tease at the end. She felt herself getting so close, knowing the machine was about to stop. The collar seemed to be even tighter than before.  
  
Suddenly, her body tensed as the machines flung her into the abyss of her orgasm. Her climax surged through her body as her most sensitive parts were manipulated. Images flashed by on the screen of women cumming, of sex, of ejaculations. Her orgasm seemed to go on and on and on, and she knew she was making a lot of noise. The machines were relentless, perfectly working her body. Finally, mercifully, the machines backed off.  
  
Kristi lay speechless, her body trembling with aftershocks, eyes closed in post orgasmic bliss as she tried to catch her breath. She listened to the idle chatter of the room. People moved around her, taking off her bonds, removing the collar from her neck. Her jellified legs were removed from the stirrups and placed flat and she was covered with her robe.  
  
"How're you doing?" Megan asked quietly.  
  
Kristi nodded slowly with an embarrassed grin, too tired to open her eyes.  
  
"Okay, well we need to get you out of here, there's a new customer due. Here, let me help you put your robe on."  
  
Kristi allowed Megan to help her get the robe on and staggered to her feet. Her dazed eyes took in the scene, people milling around working on the racks of equipment and having discussions. A woman stood nearby with cleaning tools, doubtlessly waiting to clean off the table. She leaned heavily on Megan as she led her out into to the hallway and then back to the dressing room.  
  
"Okay, here you are. You can get dressed now, come down for lunch when you are ready."  
  
Kristi nodded absently as the door shut. She looked at her clothes, but instead slumped to the sofa and took a brief nap. Before she fell asleep, an idle thought crossed her mind: only eleven more weeks.